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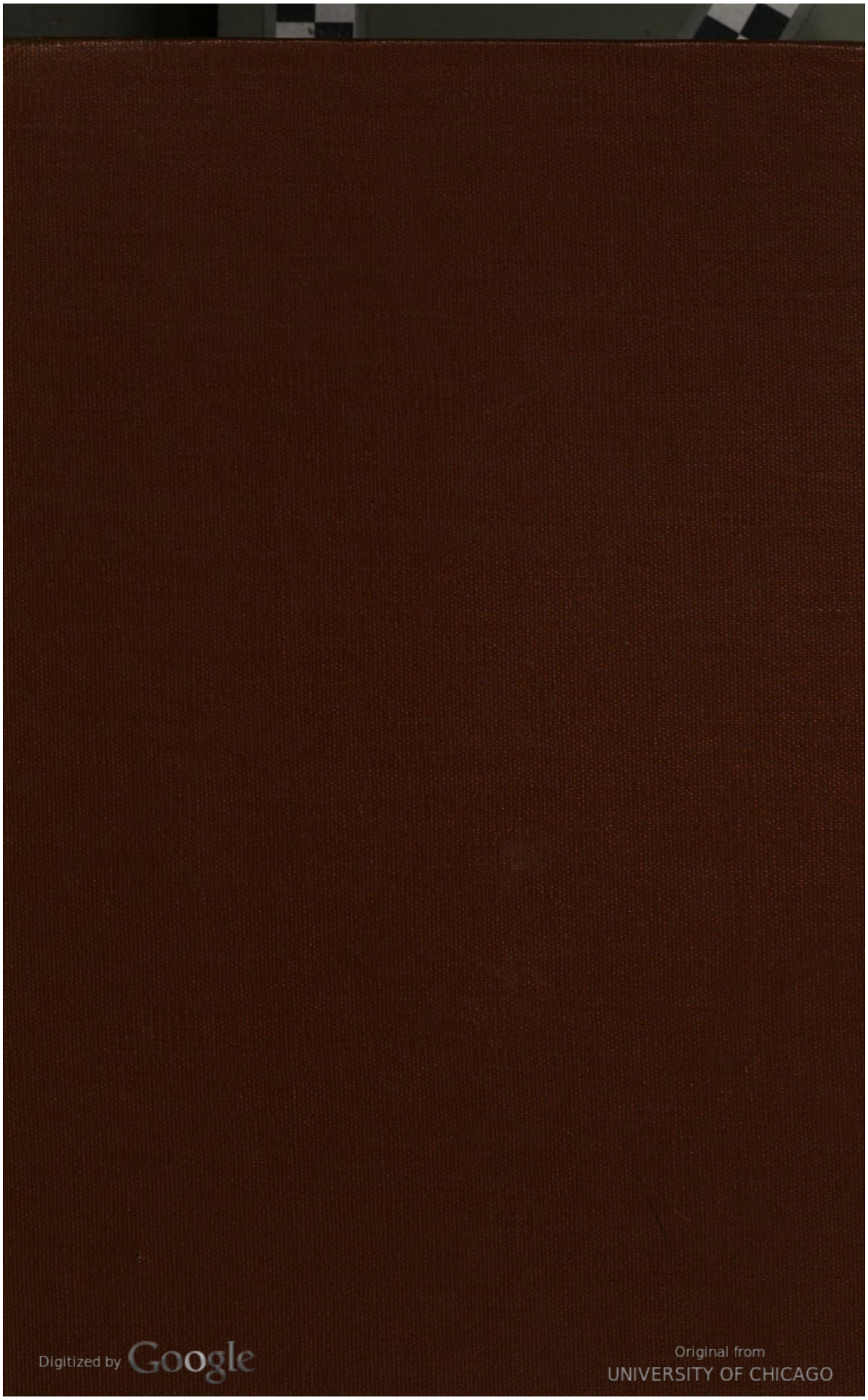


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HARPER'S WEEKLY

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY 3, 1914

Cover Design ..... James Montgomery Flagg

The Pessimist ..... John Sloan 2
Cartoon

Editorials 3

The Darkened Path ..... Perceval Gibbon 6
A powerful story of a weird life
Illustrated by George Bellows

Big Men and Little Business ..... Louis D. Brandeis 11
Telling where America's gratitude rightfully belongs
Illustrated by W. J. Enright

A Very Small Room ..... Lauder Clement 15

Deponent Testifies ..... George Bellows 16
Cartoon

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 18

Criminals I Have Known ..... T. P. O'Connor 19
III. Henri Le Caron
Illustrated by William M. Berger

Mum's Point of View ..... Vida Sutton 21

Cyril Maude as "Grumpy" ..... James Montgomery Flagg 22
Cartoon

Cyril Maude as "Foxy Grandpa" ..... N. H. 23
A new kind of detective

The Life of Ellen Key 23
Some of the secrets of her power

What Is Pantomime ..... Gertrude Marvin 24
An interview with Mirzah Cheslir

For the Women of Virginia 26
A step toward higher education in the South

Progress and Femininity ..... C. L. Meller 27

The Prodigal Son ..... Constantin Meunier 28
The work of a present day sculptor

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 30
More good bonds for investment

What They Think of Us 32

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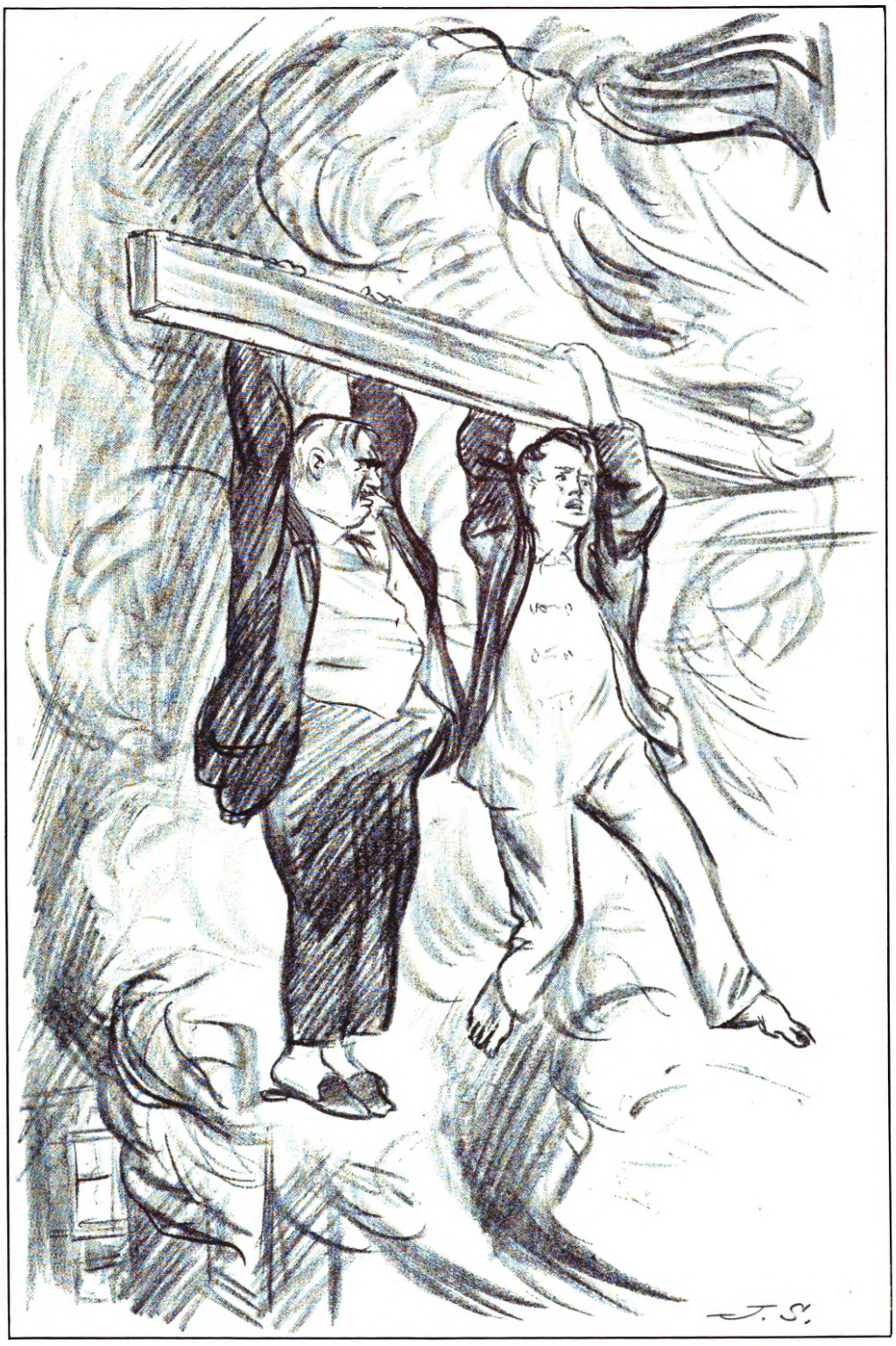
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The Young Man—"Oh Lord! If they don't get a ladder to us we're done for!"
The Other—"You're a pessimist!"

By John Sloan

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Elihu

THE original Elihu was one of "Job's comforters" to whom Job made the remark, often quoted since: "No doubt but ye are the people and wisdom shall die with you." It was after Elihu's long and able address, extending over six chapters, that the Lord inquired: "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" But this was Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram.

Senator Elihu Root, in a long and able address, prophesied such an inflation of the currency through the Glass-Owen Act as would weaken the confidence of European nations in our financial system. He referred to railroad securities in particular, mentioning the passing of the New Haven dividend. He might have mentioned the shock to American credit, especially in France, from the recent Frisco fiasco. Senator Root might also have mentioned the destruction of confidence in the former Street Railway system in New York City, through another kind of inflation by the Whitney-Ryan interests, ably engineered by Senator Root himself, as their attorney. The Senator was wise not to have any illusions about the presidency. The attorney of Ryan, Whitney, and of guilty New York aldermen and bosses will have enough to explain, if he attempts to retain his Senatorship in a popular election. The Senator's vigorous opposition to the constitutional amendment prescribing a popular election had a commendable degree of foresight.

The Senator from Illinois

CARL VROOMAN is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Senator from Illinois. So is Roger Sullivan. Mr. Vrooman is a man of very high standing, and of special education in public affairs. He is recognized as an expert in transportation matters. He spent four years investigating railway conditions and problems in Europe and America. His book on American Railway Problems has been praised by Franklin K. Lane, Commissioner B. H. Meyer, former Commissioners Knapp and Fifer, Louis Brandeis, Senator Gore and many other men especially qualified to speak. He has been a Regent of the Kansas State Agricultural College. He is a well-known public speaker.

About Roger Sullivan, we asked a few weeks ago if he had sold his gas stock. We understand that he has sold it. It would be a pleasure to know when he sold it, and to whom; when he got it, and from whom; and in what his money is invested now.

Food Standards

THE desire of the American people to know what they are buying is meeting a sympathetic response from enough food manufacturers, and enough periodicals and newspapers to assure the public of improving standards. The fact that one of the big publications for women has just engaged an expert chemist of national reputation to pass on all its food advertising is a symptom of the new spirit. Women are almost one hundred per cent. of the purchasers of the advertised foods. When the *Ladies' World*, therefore, with a circulation of over a million, engages Professor Allyn not only to write a page every month, giving such information about the food situation as he thinks needed, but to veto any food advertising that he wishes to veto, an important step ahead is taken. Professor Allyn's experiment at Westfield began on a small scale, and has in a short time become a national influence. A few grocers and a few consumers in a small New England town decide that it is for the welfare of everybody that purchasers going into a store should know that certain foods have passed the test of the Westfield laboratory. Therefore it speedily becomes impossible for any food to get a market at Westfield that has not Professor Allyn's endorsement. This little experiment, being so successful, is repeated on a national scale, with results so satisfactory that the leading manufacturers accept and approve it, and many change their standards in order to meet the test. Professor Allyn, in the *Ladies' World*, will continue his principle of giving special attention to pointing out the food that is exactly what it purports to be. He keeps the privilege of criticising undesirable foods, but will rely mainly on the constructive work of promoting the best. If attention is fixed upon the best, the survival of the poorer grades becomes difficult, and wide-awake manufacturers hurry to meet the standards insisted upon by a public that is being educated rapidly.

Two Kinds of Sweetness

THERE is a sweetness of the child, and a sweetness of the old. The sweetness of the child is largely independent of his personality. It is in his ways and in his looks, and the same thing is true, though not quite so much of the young woman. But when sweetness comes at sixty, it is the expression of the very nature of the soul. Mr. Barrie somewhere, we believe, has said that no woman is really beautiful until she is fifty-three. The beauty that is worth most is the beauty that is connected with the character itself.

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A Chicago Event

THE removal of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young from the superintendence of the Chicago Public Schools was a catastrophe that for once brought warring forces into complete accord on a public issue. The mass meeting at which their wrath against a clique of pettifogging politicians found expression was accomplished by Chicago women, armed with the ballot and no longer to be put off with courteous evasion. The official heads of five of Mrs. Young's enemies on the board of education fell into the basket. It was important as a demonstration of the power of enfranchised women, and significant also, because it brought together social forces that almost never meet in the public forum except for combat. Idealists have shaken their heads after watching the conflict at Lawrence and Los Angeles. On that Chicago platform sat socialists and trades-unionists, capitalists and reformers, defenders of the established order, and fiery rebels. There was even one anarchist. All were moved by the same wrath and demanded the same action.

To the people of Chicago Mrs. Young stood for something outside political or economic theory. Mrs. Young was head of the public schools. She taught neither capitalism nor socialism, neither conservatism nor radicalism. What she did strive to accomplish was that each of Chicago's 350,000 school children be permitted to develop into a man or woman with a healthy body, a mind capable of forming its own conclusions from evidence recorded by senses trained to accuracy, a spirit alert to beauty, and a fitness for doing some part of the world's work.

Smoot

WHEN in a recent article on "The Converted Senate" McGregor inadvertently omitted the name of Senator Reed Smoot from the group of Republican leaders who "reached their later prominence by regularity, experience and the operation of the old priority rule," patriotic inhabitants of Utah arose to claim the credit. Their claim is sound. Smoot was Aldrich's right-hand man in the debate on the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill and in the preparation of that fore-doomed measure. His chief characteristic is a remarkable memory for facts and figures, and Aldrich turned over to him the memory work necessary. Since Aldrich's retirement Smoot has sunk to his real level. He is one of the remaining "Old Guard" so fearfully injured by the election contests of the last four years. He voted with Gallinger, Penrose, Warren, Crane, Guggenheim and Wetmore, when even the other regulars revolted. Latterly, with the popular election of Senators becoming a reality, and his own term expiring on March 4, 1915, Smoot has tried to develop into an orator, rushing up and down the middle aisle of the Senate and shaking threatening fingers at the opposition, accomplishing on the whole a laughable performance. Smoot is likely to have as his Democratic competitor a Mormon, Judge King, appointed Judge by Cleveland. Unless Utah wishes to keep a reactionary Senator who will be merely able to protest against progressive measures, Smoot will be a desirable Senator to keep at home.

Virility

ONE of the most energetic thinkers of our acquaintance has written us a protest about the Mexican policy of the Administration. He says:

"I like your kind of Feminism which says women may do more, but I loathe the Bryanistic middle-class Feminism which says men shall do less. That stops fighting, swearing, and wars for conquest. In faith, the only excusable war is a sure thing war of conquest, when the superior crushes the inferior race. That's progress. Wars between equals are much less likely to make for progress. The other Chautauqua Feminism that is abolishing capital punishment and all other masculine sports,—nix. I think your old pal Wilson is troubled with that. We took a piece of Mexico, before, for the basest of reasons. *Aren't you glad we did it?* If not, would you give it back? The old hymn says, 'dare to do right.' Anybody dares to do right. What a nation needs now and then is a man who dares to do wrong,—to other nations, like various Romans, Peter the Great, Bismarck, and most English except Gladstone. I was for Wilson until he got sentimental in international politics. In this zeal for the higher, softer civilization, he is keeping civilization from spreading naturally. He's a damned vegetarian, I believe."

There is, in the first place, a vast difference between doing what you think to be wrong at the time, and what you later decide was wrong. The general conscience of the country was not against the Mexican war, although the conscience of certain enlightened individuals like Abraham Lincoln was. The conscience of the white man was not against the general treatment of the Indian, although it would have admitted the faults of individuals. Moreover, any one who reads the history of Pennsylvania and William Penn will realize that the Indian could have been put into a subordinate place without crime. It is something of a slip in logic to look upon a certain part of the world's history, and observe that it included progress, and therefore to justify all that was done. Is it not probable that progress would have come without the particular faults, and that it would have been a higher progress? The world is not perfect, and it might have been better if man had been guided by kinder motives. Mr. Wilson's policy in Mexico is exactly the opposite of timid or soft. It takes a great deal of boldness to state to the world that the United States will take the responsibility of avoiding war, and at the same time of skilfully steering the Mexican Revolution toward an outcome which may have some real advantage to the Mexican people. It takes much more courage for Wilson to pass a genuinely lower tariff, and then to proceed to a currency bill, and then to pass right on to grappling with the essentials of the trust problem, than it would to send some soldiers down to Mexico, to get a few of them killed, and a few Mexicans. If we are to use masculine as a word of praise, is it not more masculine to grapple with the profound economic, industrial, and ethical questions of today, than to imitate the violence of the past?

A country becomes great by carrying out greatly the ideals of its own time.

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Three P's in Pennsylvania

PENROSE, BOIES, is one of them of course. He will be the Republican nominee to succeed himself in the Senate. He stands for everything the American people as a whole have deeply resolved to be rid of in political methods and causes.

Palmer, A. Mitchell, is another. He is the leader of the Pennsylvania Democracy by virtue of sheer ability. He is urged to become the nominee either for the Senate or the Governorship in the pending campaign.

Pinchot, Gifford, is also a citizen of Pennsylvania, although as a figure he is national. Palmer has a worthy ambition to become Governor of Pennsylvania and to redeem the state from its long era of corruption and incompetency at Harrisburgh, an era replete with scandals that have cried to Heaven. The Democrats have no leader so conspicuous as Palmer, the Progressives none so acceptable as Pinchot. Under the primary system, Democrats and Progressives will each nominate a Governor and a Senator, and this will preclude any formal fusion. But with Palmer for Governor and Pinchot for Senator on their respective tickets, it will be hard to prevent, in the popular elections, a sentimental fusion on Palmer for Governor and Pinchot for Senator. There may even be formed an Anti-Penrose party, casting no inconsiderable vote, which will nominate Palmer and Pinchot, and hold the balance of power. The contest will be close, in any event. The vote in the Presidential election in 1912 was: For Roosevelt, 447,426; for Wilson, 395,619; for Taft, 273,305. But Roosevelt's powerful personality and Taft's inherent weakness will not be factors in the pending campaign. The Pennsylvania Progressives voted for the Democratic Tariff Bill. No one has ever accused Penrose of not being a Protectionist. There will hardly be a more interesting contest in the nation than that in which Palmer, Penrose and Pinchot will be the central figures.

A Sign of the Times

MR. KEITH has given orders that anti-suffrage jokes are to be cut out of his vaudeville circuit. The first standardized joke that he cut out was the mother-in-law joke. That was probably removed merely because of triteness, but the probable reason for stopping the anti-suffrage jokes was lack of sympathy in the audiences. Changes in vaudeville audiences are one of the best possible examples of the general change in the public's point of view. The only still more significant changes, as reflected from the stop, are those which take place in moving picture audiences.

A Change

AS late as 1694, actors, merely through being actors, were supposed to be damned through all eternity. It cannot be denied that the human race in some ways improves. We have no such superstition now, even about managers.

A New Othello

THE person who loves literature is likely to care more for tragedy when he is sixteen than when he is forty. Is this because his fiber grows softer? Not entirely. It is partly because high comedy, the picture of actual characteristics of mankind, becomes more interesting with experience. It is partly because tragedy strikes the high points in human experience instead of the details, and youth needs the landmarks of life. Youth needs background and gets it from these great generalizations. Youth is the age of reflection on its more emotional side, and tragedy gives thought highly colored with emotion.

As the distinguished actor, Forbes-Robertson, has just given an Othello new to this country, the question of the place of the world's greatest dramatist in the intellectual life of today is again naturally brought forward. If a genius as great as Shakespeare were writing about people and events of today, the populace would welcome him with gratitude and enthusiasm. The language and characters and stories of Shakespeare are far away from the average experience, and so our people go to see the work of inferior men dealing with matters within their range. Usually, when the spectator is heard making remarks at a Shakespearean performance, it is about some strictly human side. At "Othello," for instance, a woman who sat behind us remarked that Iago was "certainly some villain." She probably had not the training to appreciate the extraordinary eloquence of Iago, his richness in style, his nobility in expression. Never was villainy expressed in more magnificent language.

The great rôle played by Iago is indeed one reason that Othello has not as human an appeal as the other three of the marvelous quartette written so near together. In "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "King Lear," the spectator is not put so on the rack. There is more light and shade; there is more reconciliation, more acceptance. What happens to Hamlet does not seem outrageous. It is at least connected with his character. The horrors of "Macbeth" are all a part of the ambition of the warrior and his wife. The tragedy of "Lear" is accepted as the natural fate of an old man who has spoiled himself and spoiled his children. In "Othello," however, the frightful distress grows from an external cause. If Iago's villainy had caused a general catastrophe in which he himself was the most conspicuous sufferer, it would have been more acceptable tragedy, but his fate is a detail, and the main spectacle is of one character suffering through the villainy of another. Such a conception is almost entirely pain although it is a wonderfully constructed play, perhaps in construction the greatest of Shakespeare's, but it has nothing like his usual variety of mood and type. Nevertheless, although "Othello" does not rank in our affections with its three companions, or with "Romeo and Juliet," its greatness makes life less commonplace and makes purpose larger. Forbes-Robertson is not the violent, primitive Moor that Othello is usually conceived to be, but a highly civilized cerebral type, although goaded to frenzy. Not all sides of the Moor are realized, but the pathos, the tenderness, the pity of it are there,—and that is much.

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The Darkened Path

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

Illustrated by George Bellows

THE captain reached a hand forth and touched the mate's arm.

"Set down, James," he said quietly.

The mate made a curious quick grimace and sat forthwith. "Shove off," ordered the captain.

Johnny Cos, the yellow, woolly-haired boatman, plying his oars, sat perforce in face of his passengers and close to them. He would have preferred it otherwise; there had been something in the mate's face which daunted him. He glanced at it again furtively as he pulled away from the square-sterned American schooner which had ridden over the bar in the twilight of dawn and anchored, spectral and strange, in Beira Harbor. The mate's face was strong and sunburnt, the face of a man of lively passions and crude emotions; but as he sat gazing forth at the little hectic town across the smooth harbor, it had a cast of profound and desperate unhappiness. Johnny Cos had not words to tell himself what he saw; he only knew, with awe and a certain fear, that he moved in the presence of something tragic.

"James," began the captain again.

The mate withdrew his miserable eyes from the scene. "What?"

"There ain't any reason why—" began the captain, and paused and looked doubtfully upon the faithful Johnny Cos. "Do you speak English?"

"Yes, sar," replied Johnny ingratiatingly. "You want good 'otel, cap'n? Good, *cheap* 'otel? I geeve you da card; 'Otel Lisbon, sar. All cap'n go there."

"No," said the captain shortly. "We can talk better when we get ashore, James," he added to the mate.

"You c'n wait to take me aboard again," said the captain when the wharf was reached; and the two men went slowly together into the town, along the streets of ankle-deep sand, toward the office of the consul.

IT was an hour later that the loafers on the veranda of the Savoy Hotel observed their slow approach. They had done whatever business they had with the consul. They were deep in talk; the captain's grizzled head was bent toward his shorter companion, and something of the mate's trouble reflected itself in his hard, strongly graven face. In the merciless deluge of sunlight, and upon the openness of the street, they made a singular grouping; they seemed to be by virtue of some matter that engrossed and governed them, aloof and remote; a target set up by Destiny.

By the steps of the hotel the captain paused, wiping the shining sweat from his face. The eavesdroppers in the long chairs cocked their ears.

"James," they heard him say, "it's bad, it's just as bad as it can be. But it ain't no reason to go short of a drink with a saloon close handy."

He motioned with his head toward the shade of the long veranda, with the bar opening from it and its bottles in view. The mate, frowning heavily, nodded, and the pair of them entered and passed between the wicker chairs with the manner of being unconscious of their occupants.

From within the bar their voices droned indistinctly forth to the listeners.

"Leavin' you here," they heard the captain say, "James, I'm sorry right through; but you said yourself——"

"Sure," the mate's voice answered hoarsely. "Here or hell, or anywhere, what's the difference to me *now*?"

After that they moved to the window, and what they said further was indistinguishable. The loafers on the veranda exchanged puzzled looks; they lacked a key to the talk they had heard. When at last the two seamen departed they summoned forth the barman for further information. But that white-jacketed diplomat, who looked on from the sober side of the bar at so much that was salient to the life of Beira, was not able to help them.

BUT the mate's conduct continued to be as unusual as his words overheard on the veranda. He did not accompany the captain back to the ship, and in the afternoon he was seen sitting on the parapet of the sea-wall, his face propped in his hands, staring out across the shining water of the harbor. The vehement sun beat down upon his blue-coated back and the hard felt hat that covered his head; he should have been in an agony of discomfort and no little danger, clad as he was; but he sat without moving, facing the water and the craft that lay at their anchors upon it. It was Father Bates, the tall Scotch priest, who saw him and crossed the road to him.

"My friend," the priest accosted him, with a light tap on the shoulder, "you'll die the sooner if you take your hat off; but you'll die anyhow, if you go on sitting here."

At his touch the mate looked round sharply. The tall white-clad father, under his green-lined sun-umbrella, rested a steady look on his face.

"You're in trouble, I'm afraid," said the priest. "Is there anything a man can do for you?"

"No!" The word came hoarsely but curt from the mate's throat. "Leave me alone!"

The tall priest nodded. "Nothing a man can do, eh?" he said. "Well, then—you know who *can* help you, don't you?"

The miserable rebellious eyes of the young man hardened.

"Leave me alone," he growled. "Say, you're a kind of a missionary, ain't you? Well, I don't want none of your blasted cant—see?"

The father smiled. "I know how you feel. My name is Father Bates, and any one will show you where I live. Bates—don't forget! And I really wouldn't sit much longer in that sun if I were you."

A sound like a snarl was his answer as he passed on. Looking back before he turned the corner, he saw that the mate had returned to his old posture, brooding in his strange and secret sorrow over the irresponsive sea.

He was still there at sunset when the schooner went out, holding himself apart from the little group of Beira people who halted to watch her departure. Upon her poop a couple of figures were plain to sight, and one of these waved a hand toward the shore as though to bid farewell to the man they left behind. The mate, however, made no response. He watched unmoving, while she approached the heads and glided from view, her slender topmasts lingering in sight over the dull green of the mangroves, with the sunset flush lighting them delicately. Then she was gone, like a silent visitor who withdraws a presence that has scarcely been felt.

The mate crossed the road and addressed the man who stood nearest.

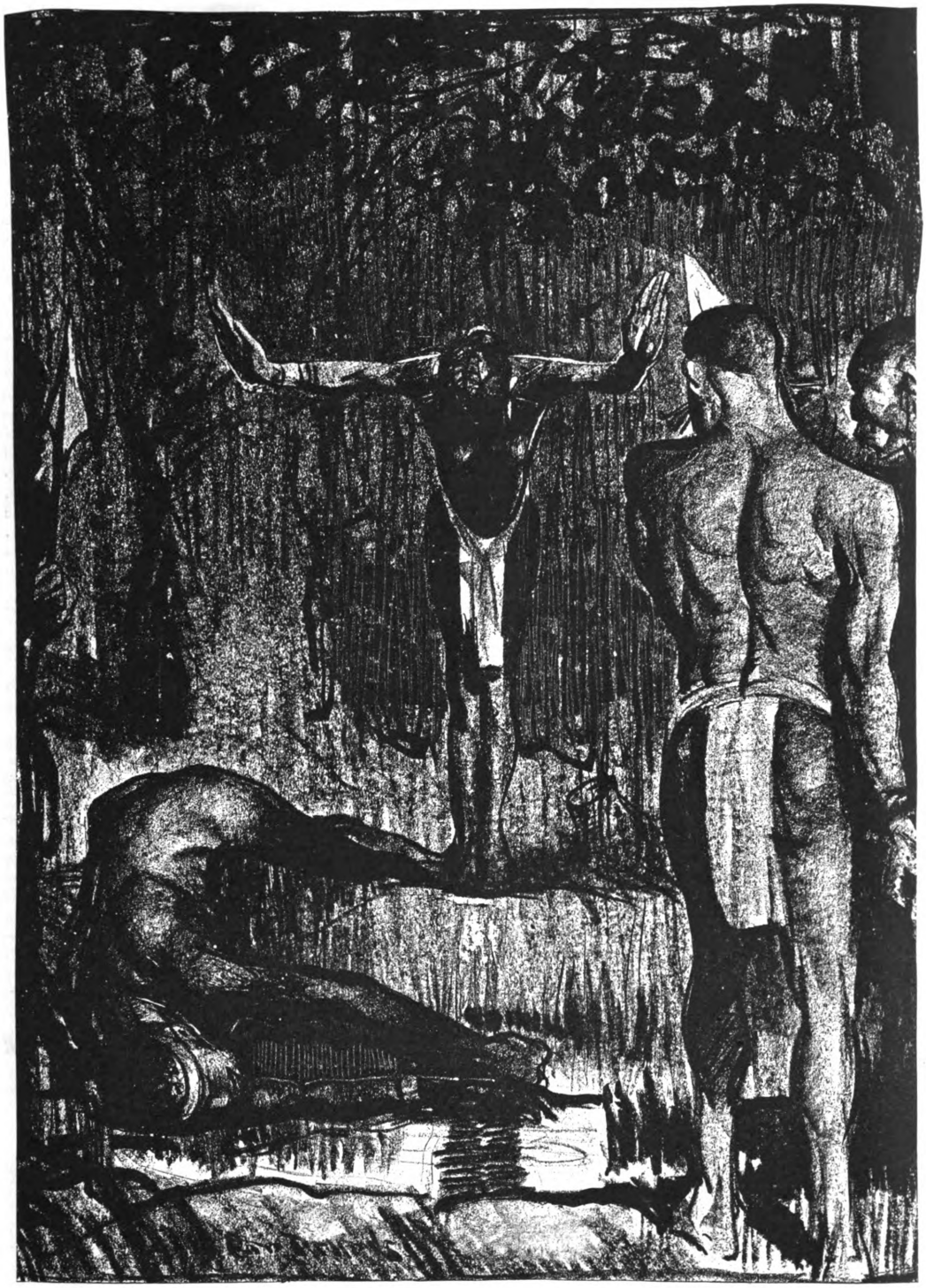
"Where's the deepo?" he demanded abruptly. "The railway station?"

The other gave directions which the mate heard, frowning. Then, without thanking his guide, he turned to walk heavily through the foot-clogging sand in the direction indicated.

IT was a hundred and fifty miles up the line that he next emerged to notice, at Mandigos, that outpost set in the edge of the jungle, where the weary telegraphists sweat through the sunny monotony of the days, and are shaken at night by the bitter agues that infest the land.

The mate dropped from the train here, still clad as at Beira in thick, stifling sea-cloth and his hard hat, though his collar was now but a limp frill. He came lurching, on uncertain feet, into the establishment of Hop Sing, the only seller of strong drink at Mandigos. The few languid, half-clad men who lounged within looked up at him in astonishment. He pointed shakily toward a bottle on the primitive bar. "Gimme some

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"She was crying and begging piteously for water. They said she held out her arms to them and bowed her head between"

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of that," he croaked from a parched throat.

The smiling Chinaman, silk-clad and supple, poured a drink for him, watched him consume it, and forthwith poured another. With the replenished tumbler in his hand the mate returned his look.

"What you starin' at, you Chow?" he demanded.

The subtle-eyed Chinaman ceased neither to smile nor to stare.

"My t'ink you velly sick man. Two shillin' to pay, please."

"Sick!" repeated the mate. "Sick! you—you *know*, do ye?"

"SAY," he demanded hoarsely, "it—it don't show on me?"

The Chinaman made soothing gestures. "My see," he answered. "But dem feller belong here, him not see nothing. All-a-light foh him. Two shillin' to pay, please."

The mate dragged a coin from his pocket and dropped it on the bar. He turned at last to the others, as though he now first noticed them.

"What's back of here?" he asked abruptly, motioning as he spoke to the still palms which poised over the galvanized-iron roofs.

"How d'you mean?" a tall, willowy man in pajamas answered him surprisedly. "There's nothing beyond here. It's just wild country."

"No white man?" asked the mate.

"Lord, no!" said the other. "White men die out there. It's just trees and niggers and wild beasts and fevers." He looked at the mate with a touch of amusement breaking through his curiosity. "You weren't thinking of goin' there—in that kit—were you?"

The mate finished his drink and set his glass down.

"I am goin' there," he answered.

"But look here!" The telegraphists broke into a clamor. "You've been too long in the sun; that's what's the matter with you. You *can't* go up there, man; you'd be dead before morning."

The tall man, whom the mate had spoken to first, had a shrewd word to add. "If it's any little thing like murder, dontcher know, why—the border's just a few hours up the line."

"Murder!" exclaimed the mate, and uttered a bark of laughter.

THEY were possibly a little afraid of him. He had the physique of a fighter and the presence of a man accustomed to exercise a crude authority. Their protests and warnings died down; and, after all, a man's life and death are very much his own concern in those regions.

He gave a half-nod to the other men, but no word, pulled his hard hat forward on his brow, and walked out to the aching sunlight and toward a path that led between two iron huts to the fringe of the riotous bush. The telegraphists crowded to look after him, but he did not turn his head. He paused beneath the great palms, where the ground was clear; then the thigh-deep grass, which is the lip of the bush, was about him, gray, dry as straw, rustling as he thrust through it with the noise of paper being crumpled in the hands. A green parrot, balancing clown-like on a twig, screamed raucously; he glanced up at its dazzle of feathers. Then the wall of the bush itself yielded to his thrusting, let him through, and closed behind his blue-clad back. Africa had received him to her silence and her mystery.



"He had run away from the sight of men of his own color"

BUT the end of the tale came later. It was told in the veranda of Father Bates' house at Beira, by Dan Terry, as he lay on his cot and drank in the air from the sea in life-restoring drafts.

It was evening when he told it, propped up on his pillows, with the blankets drawn up under his chin, and his lean, leathery face, a little softened by his fever, fronting the long, benevolent visage of Father Bates. The father had a deck-chair, and sprawled in it at length, listening over his deep Boer pipe. A faint, bitter ghost of an odor tainted the still air from the mangroves beyond the town, and there was heard, like an undertone in the talk, the distant slumberous murmur of the tide on the beach.

"But how did you first get to hear of him?" the father was asking, carrying on the talk.

"Oh, that was queer!" said Dan. "You see, I was makin' a cut clean across country to that river of mine, and, as far as I could tell, I was in a stretch of land where there hasn't been one other white man in twenty years. Bad travelin' it was—swamp, cane, and swamp again for days; the mud stinkin' all day, the mist poisoning you all night, the cane cutting and scratching and slashing you. It was as bad as anything I've seen yet. And it was while we were splashin' and strugglin' through this that I saw, lying at the foot of an aloe—of all created things—an old hat. I thought for a moment that the sun had got to my brain. An old, hard, black derby hat it was, caved in a bit, and soaked, and all that, but a hat all the same. I couldn't have been more surprised if it had been an iceberg. You see, except my own hat, I hadn't seen a hat for over two years."

Father Bates nodded and stroked the big bowl of his pipe with a practiced thumb.

"It might ha' meant anything," Dan went on: "a chap makin' for my river, for instance. So the next Kafir village I came to I went into the matter. I sat down in the doorway of the biggest hut, and had the population up before me to answer questions."

"They were willing?" asked the father.

"I HAD a gun across my knees," explained Dan; "but they were willing enough without that. And a queer yarn they had to tell too: I couldn't quite make it out at first. It began with an account of a village hit by smallpox close by. Their way of dealing with smallpox is simple: they quarantine the infected village by posting armed men round it until all the villagers are starved to death or killed by the smallpox; then they burn the village. It costs nothing, and it keeps the disease under. This village, it seems, was particularly easy to deal with, since it stood three hundred yards from the nearest water, and the water was placed out of bounds.

"It must have been about the third day after the quarantine was declared that the—the incident occurred. A man and a girl, carrying empty water-pots, had come out of the village toward the stream. The armed outposts, with their big stabbing assagais ready in their hands, ordered them back, but the poor creatures were crazed with thirst, and desperate. They were pleading and crying and still creeping forward, the man first, the girl a few steps behind, mad for just water. What happened first was in the regular order of things in those

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parts. The fellows on guard simply waited, and when the man was up to them one stepped forward and drove the thirty-inch blade of a stabbing-assagai clean through him. Then they stood ready to do the same to the girl as soon as she arrived.

"She had tumbled to her knees at the sight of the killing, and was crying and begging piteously for water. They said she held out her arms to them and bowed her head between. After a while, when they did not answer, she got to her feet and stood looking at the dead body stretched in the sun, the long blades of the spears and the shining of the water beyond. It was as though she was making up her mind about them, for at last she picked up her water-pot and came forward toward her sure and swift death. The assagai-men were so intent on her that none of them seems to have heard a man who came out of the bush close behind them. One of them, as I was told, had actually flung back his arm for the thrust—and the girl, she hadn't even flinched! The thing was within an inch of being done: the stabbing-assagai goes like lightning, you know: she must have been tasting the very bitterness of death. The man from the bush was not a second too soon. The first they knew of him was a roar, and he had the shaft of the assagai in his hand and had plucked it from its owner.

He must have moved like a young earthquake and bellowed like a full-grown-thunder-storm. All my informants laid stress on his voice; he exploded in their midst with an uproar that overthrew their senses, and whacked right and left with fist and foot and assagai. He was a white man; it took them some seconds to see that through the dirt on him; he was clad in rags of cloth, and his head was bare, and he raged like a sackful of tiger-cats. He really must have been something extraordinary in the way of a fighter, for he scattered a clear dozen of them and sent them flying for their lives. One man said that when he was safe he looked back. The white man, with the assagai on his shoulder, was stumping ahead into the infected village, and the girl—she was lying down at the edge of the water drinking avidly. She hadn't even looked up at the fight."

Father Bates nodded. "Poor creatures," he said. "Yes?"

"Well, the cordon being broken, those of the villagers who weren't too far gone to walk on their feet promptly scattered, naturally, and no one tried to stop them. When at last the people from the neighboring kraals plucked up courage to go and look at the place, they found there only the bodies of the dead. The white man had gone too. They never saw him again, but from time to time there came rumors from the north and east—tales of a wanderer who injected himself suddenly into men's affairs, withdrew again and went away, and they remembered the white man who roared. He was already passing into a myth.

"I couldn't make head nor tail of the thing; but one point was clear: since this white man had neither Kafirs nor gear he couldn't hurt my river, and that was what chiefly mattered to me just then. I might have forgotten him altogether, but that I came on his tracks again, and then, to finish with, I saw the man himself.

"HE must have been getting a reputation for uncanniness from every village he touched at. By the time I came up with the scene of his next really notable doings he was *umtagait* in full form—supernatural, you know, a thing to be dreaded and conciliated. And I don't wonder, really. Here was a man without weapons, bareheaded in the sun, speaking no word of any native language, alone and nearly naked, plunging ahead through that wild unknown country and no harm coming to him. You can't play tricks of that sort with Africa, the old girl holds too many trumps; but this chap was doing it. It was against nature.

"He'd made his way up to a place where I always expect trouble. There is, or rather, there was then, a brute of a chief there, a fellow named N'Komo, who paid tribute to M'Kombi, and was sort of protected and supported by him. He was always slopping over his borders



"A district with N'Komo's mark on it, torture, you know, mutilation—beastliness"

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with a handful of fighting men and burning and slaughtering and raping among the peaceful kraals. A devil he was—a real, black devil for cruelty and lust. He had just started on a campaign when this lonely white man arrived in the neighborhood, passing through a bit of a district with N'Komo's mark on it in the form of burned huts and bodies of people. A man N'Komo had killed was a sight to make Beelzebub sick. Torture, you know; mutilation—beastliness! The white man must have seen a good many such bodies.

"N'Komo and his swashbucklers had slept the night in a captured kraal, and were still there in the morning when the white man arrived. I know exactly the kind of scene it was. The carcasses of the cattle slaughtered for meat would be lying all over the place between the round huts, and bodies of men and women and children with them. The place would be swarming with the tall, black spearmen, each with a skin over his shoulder and about his loins; there would be a fearful jabber, a clatter of voices and laughter, and probably screams, horrible screams, from some poor nigger whose death they'd be dragging out hour after hour, for their fun. Near the main gate N'Komo was holding an *indaba* with his chief bucks. I've seen him many times—a great coal-black brute, six foot four in height, with the flat, foolish, good-natured-looking face that fooled people into thinking him a decent sort. I wish I'd shot him the first time I saw him.

"WELL, the *indaba*—the council, you know—was in full swing when up comes this white man, running as if for his life, and wailing—wailing! The Kafir who told me had seen it from where he was lying, tied hand and foot, waiting his turn for the firebrands and the knives. He said: 'He wailed like one who mourns for the dead!' There was a burnt kraal not a mile away, so one can guess what he had been seeing and was wailing about. 'His face,' the nigger told me, 'was like the face of one who has lived through the torment of N'Komo and is thirsty for death—a face to hide one's eyes before. And it was white and shining like ivory!' He came thus, pelting blindly at a run, into the midst of N'Komo's war *indaba*.

"He picked out N'Komo as the chief man there in a moment; that was easy enough; and he broke into a torrent of words, gesticulating and pointing back in the direction from which he had come. Telling him of what he had seen, of course—poor beggar! Can't you imagine him, with those tall, surprised black soldiers all round him and the great dangerous bulk of negro king before him, trying to make them understand, trembling with horror and fury, raging in homely, useless English against the every-day iniquity of Africa? Can't you imagine it, Padre?"

"Ssh! You'll get a temperature," warned Father Bates. "Yes; I can imagine it. It makes me humble."

"You see, I know what had maddened him. The first work of N'Komo's I ever saw was a young mother and a baby—dead and—and finished with; and it nearly sent me off my head. If I'd been half the man this poor beggar was, I'd have had N'Komo's skin salted and sun-dried before I slept. *He*—he didn't wait to mourn about things; he went straight ahead to find the man who done them and deal with him.

"Probably they took him for a lunatic; at any rate, they soon began to laugh at him, shaking and talking in their midst. He was a new thing to have sport with and N'Komo presently leaned forward, grinning, touched him on the arm, and pointed. The white man's eyes followed the black finger to where a poor devil lay on the ground, impaled by a stake through his stomach. It was N'Komo's way of telling him what to expect, and he understood. He stopped talking.

"THE nigger who saw it all and told me about it said that when the white man had looked round on all the horrors he turned again toward N'Komo, and at the sight of his eyes N'Komo ceased to grin. His brute face went all to bits, as a Kafir's does when he is frightened. But the white man made a little backward jerk with his hand,—that's what it seemed like to the nigger who told me,—and suddenly, from nowhere in particular, a big pistol materialized in his grip. He must have been pretty clever at the draw. His hand came up, there was a smart little crack, a spit of smoke, and N'Komo, the great war-chief, was rolling on the ground, making horrible noises like—like bad plumbing, with half his throat shot away, and the man who had done it was backing toward the main gate with the big revolver swinging to right and left across the group of warriors.

"And he got away, too. That, really, is the most wonderful part of the whole thing. I expect that as soon as N'Komo was settled, the usual row and the usual murders began by various would-be successors. By night they had all started north again, on a hot-foot race to occupy and hold the head kraal, and the country was clear of them, and the white man's credit as a magic-worker stood higher than ever. He could have had anything he liked in any of the kraals for the asking; he could have been lawgiver, king, and god. But he was off in the bush again, alone and restless and mysterious, with his ivory-white face and his eyes full of pain and anger."

"Aye," said Father Bates, "pain and anger—that's what it was! And at last you saw him yourself, didn't you?"

"YES," said Dan, "I saw him. I was at my river then, combing the gold out of it, when a Kafir trekking down told me of him. He was at a kraal fifty miles away—two days' journey, lying up with a hurt foot. The gold was coming out of that river by the bottleful; it wasn't a thing to take one's eyes off for a moment; but a white man, the white man who had killed N'Komo—well, I couldn't keep away. I spun a yarn to my men about a lion spoor that I wanted to follow, and off I went by myself and did that fifty miles of bush and six-foot grass and rocks in thirty hours, which was pretty good, considerin'. It was afternoon when I came through a patch of palms and saw the kraal lying just beyond.

"I hadn't much of an idea what kind of man I expected to see. I rather fancy I expected to be disappointed, to find him nothing out of the way after all, and to learn that nine tenths of the yarns about him were just nigger lies. I was thinking all that as I stopped in the palms' shade to mop the sweat out of my hat, and then—I saw him!

"He was passing between me and the huts, a strange lame figure, leaning on a stick, with a few rags of clothing bound about him. His head, with its matted thick hair, was bare to the thresh of the sun; he was thick-set, shortish, slow-moving, a sorrowful and laborious figure. I saw the shine of his bare skin, and even the droop and sorrow of his heavy face. I stood and watched him for perhaps a minute in the shadow under those great masts of palms; I saw him as clearly as I see you; and suddenly a light came to me, and I knew—I understood it all. His loneliness, his pain and anger, his wanderings in that savage wilderness, the wild misery of his eyes and the ivory-white of his stricken face—I understood completely. He had run away from the sight of men of his own color—he would have no use for me. So then and there I turned and went back through the palms and started on the trek for my own camp. It was all I could do for him."

"But," said Father Bates, "you've not said what it was that you saw."

"Padre," said Dan, "that poor, *poor* fellow who loomed to the Kafirs like a great and merciful god,—he was a leper as white as snow!"

"Holy saints defend us!" The father made a startled motion of crossing himself, staring at Dan's lean, somber face in a blankness of consternation. "So *that's* what it was then! A leper!"

"That's what it was," said Dan. "I've seen it before in the East."

"He said," continued the father—"he *said* he had no use for my blasted cant. And he hadn't—he hadn't. He knew more than I."

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"The most harm-bearing incident of the trusts is their promotion of financial concentration. Industrial trusts feed the money trust"

Big Men and Little Business

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

Being Part VII of "Breaking the Money Trust"

IN the preceding articles Mr. Brandeis has described the formation of the money trust, its evil effects, and some of the methods, such as legislation and publicity, by which it may be broken up. In this article he answers the argument that the investment banker is to be credited with financing our pioneer industries.

J. P. MORGAN & CO. declare, in their letter to the Pujo Committee, that "practically all the railroad and industrial development of this country has taken place initially through the medium of the great banking houses." That statement is entirely unfounded in fact. On the contrary nearly every such contribution to our comfort and prosperity was "initiated" *without* their aid. The "great banking houses" came into relation with these enterprises, either after success has been attained, or upon "reorganization" after the possibility of success had been demonstrated, but the funds of the hardy pioneers, who had risked their all, were exhausted.

This is true of our early railroads, of our early street railways, and of the automobile; of the telegraph, the telephone and the wireless; of gas and oil; of harvesting machinery, of our steel industry; of the textile, paper and shoe industries; and of nearly every other important branch of manufacture. The initiation of each of these enterprises may properly be characterized as "great transactions"; and the men who contributed the financial aid and business management necessary for their introduction are entitled to share, equally with inventors, in our gratitude for what has been accomplished. But the instances are extremely rare where the original financing of such enterprises was undertaken by investment bankers, great or small. It was usually done by some common business man, accustomed to taking risks; or by some well-to-do friend of the inventor or pioneer, who was influenced largely by considerations other than money-getting. Here and there you will find that banker-aid was given; but usually in those cases it was a small local banking concern, not a "great banking house" which helped to "initiate" the undertaking.

Railroads

WE have come to associate the great bankers with railroads. But their part was not conspicuous in the early history of the Eastern railroads; and in the Middle West the experience was, to some extent, similar. The Boston & Maine Railroad owns and leases 2,215 miles of line; but it is a composite of about 166 separate railroad companies. The New Haven Railroad owns and leases 1,996 miles of line; but it is a composite of 112 separate railroad companies. The necessary capital to build these little roads was gathered together, partly through state, county or municipal aid; partly from business men or landholders who sought to advance their special interests; partly from investors; and partly from well-to-do public-spirited men, who wished to promote the welfare of their particular communities. About seventy-five years after the first of these railroads was built, J. P. Morgan & Co. became fiscal agent for all of them by creating the New Haven monopoly.

Steamships

THE history of our steamship lines is similar. In 1902, many years after individual enterprises had developed practically all the great ocean lines, J. P. Morgan & Co., floated the International Mercantile Marine with its $52,744,000 of 4½ bonds, now selling at about 60, and $100,000,000 of stock (preferred and common) on which no dividend has ever been paid. That was ninety-five years after Robert Fulton, in 1807, with the financial aid of Robert R. Livingston, a judge and statesman, not a banker, demonstrated with the *Claremont*, that it was practicable to propel boats by steam. It was sixty-nine years after the three Cunard brothers of Halifax and 232 other persons—stockholders of the Quebec and Halifax Steam Navigation Company—joined in supplying about $80,000 to build the *Royal William*,—the first steamer to cross the Atlantic. Just sixty-two years after the first regular line of transatlantic steamers—The Cunard—was founded, Mr. Morgan organized the Shipping Trust.

Telegraph

THE story of the telegraph is similar. The money for developing Morse's invention was supplied by his partner and co-worker, Alfred Vail. The initial line (from Washington to Baltimore) was built with an appropriation of $30,000 made by Congress in 1843. Sixty-six years later J. P. Morgan & Co. became bankers for the Western Union through financing its purchase by the American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

Harvesting Machinery

NEXT to railroads and steamships, harvesting machinery has probably been the most potent factor in the development of America; and most important of the harvesting machines, was

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Cyrus H. McCormick's reaper. That made it possible to increase the grain harvest twenty- or thirty-fold. No investment banker had any part in introducing this great business man's invention.

McCormick was without means; but William Butler Ogden, a railroad builder, ex-Mayor and leading citizen of Chicago, supplied $25,000 with which the first factory was built there in 1847. Fifty-five years later, J. P. Morgan & Co. performed the service of combining the five great harvester companies, and received a commission of $3,000,000. The concerns then consolidated as the International Harvester Company, with a capital stock of $120,000,000, had been previously capitalized, in the aggregate, at about $10,-500,000—strong evidence that in all the preceding years no investment banker had financed them. Indeed, McCormick was as able in business as in mechanical invention. Two years after Ogden paid him $25,000 for a half interest in the business, McCormick was able to buy it back for $50,000; and thereafter, until his death in 1884, no one, but members of the McCormick family had any interest in the business.

The Banker Era

IT may be urged that railroads and steamships, the telegraph and harvesting machinery were introduced before the accumulation of investment capital had developed the investment banker, before America's "great banking houses" had been established; and that, consequently, it would be fairer to enquire what services bankers had rendered in connection with later industrial development. The firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. is fifty-five years old; Kuhn, Loeb & Co. fifty-six years old; Lee, Higginson & Co. over fifty years; and Kidder, Peabody & Co. forty-eight years; and yet the investment banker seems to have had almost as little part in "initiating" the great improvements of the last half century, as did bankers in the earlier period.

Steel

THE modern steel industry of America is forty-five years old. The "great bankers" had no part in initiating it. Andrew Carnegie, then already a man of large means, introduced the Bessemer process in 1868. In the next thirty years our steel and iron industry increased greatly. By 1898 we had far outstripped all competitors. America's production about equalled the aggregate of England and Germany. We had also reduced costs so much that Europe talked of the "American Peril." It was 1898, when J. P. Morgan & Co. took their first step in forming the Steel Trust, by organizing the Federal Steel Company. Then followed the combination of the tube mills into an $80,000,000 corporation, J. P. Morgan & Co. taking for their syndicate services $20,000,000 of common stock. About the same time the consolidation of the bridge and structural works, the tin plate, the sheet steel, the hoop and other mills followed; and finally, in 1901, the Steel Trust was formed, with a capitalization of $1,402,000,000. These combinations "initiated" no development in the steel industry.



Cyrus H. McCormick. Harvesting machinery has been one of the most potent factors in the development of America



William Butler Ogden supplied $25,000 with which the first harvester factory was built in 1847

"The men who contributed financial aid are entitled to share our gratitude for what has been accomplished"

The Telephone

THE telephone industry is less than forty years old. It is probably America's greatest contribution to industrial development. The bankers had no part in "initiating" it. The glory belongs to a simple, enthusiastic, warm-hearted, business man of Haverhill, Massachusetts, who was willing to risk his own money. H. N. Casson tells of this, most interestingly, in his "History of the Telephone":

"The only man who had money and dared to stake it on the future of the telephone was Thomas Sanders, and he did this not mainly for business reasons. Both he and Hubbard were attached to Bell primarily by sentiment, as Bell had removed the blight of dumbness from Sanders' little son, and was soon to marry Hubbard's daughter. Also, Sanders had no expectation, at first, that so much money would be needed. He was not rich. His entire business, which was that of cutting out soles for shoe manufacturers, was not at any time worth more than thirty-five thousand dollars. Yet, from 1874 to 1878, he had advanced nine-tenths of the money that was spent on the telephone. The first five thousand telephones, and more, were made with his money. And so many long, expensive months dragged by before any relief came to Sanders, that he was compelled, much against his will and his business judgment, to stretch his credit within an inch of the breaking-point to help Bell and the telephone. Desperately he signed note after note until he faced a total of one hundred and ten thousand dollars. If the new 'scientific toy' succeeded, which he often doubted, he would be the richest citizen in Haverhill; and if it failed, which he sorely feared, he would be a bankrupt. Sanders and Hubbard were leasing telephones two by two, to business men who previously had been using the private lines of the Western Union Telegraph Company. This great corporation was at the time their natural and inevitable enemy. It had swallowed most of its competitors, and was reaching out to monopolize all methods of communication by wire. The rosiest hope that shone in front of Sanders and Hubbard was that the Western Union might conclude to buy the Bell patents, just as it had already bought many others. In one moment of discouragement they had offered the telephone to President Orton, of the Western Union, for $100,000; and Orton had refused it. 'What use,' he asked pleasantly, 'could this company make of an electrical toy?'

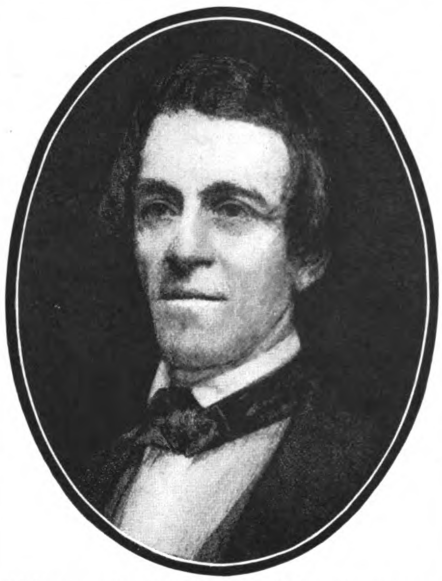
"But besides the operation of its own wires, the Western Union was supplying customers with various kinds of printing-telegraphs and dial-telegraphs, some of which could transmit sixty words a minute. These accurate instruments, it believed, could never be displaced by such a scientific oddity as the telephone, and it continued to believe this until one of its subsidiary companies—the Gold and Stock—reported that several of its machines had been superseded by telephones.

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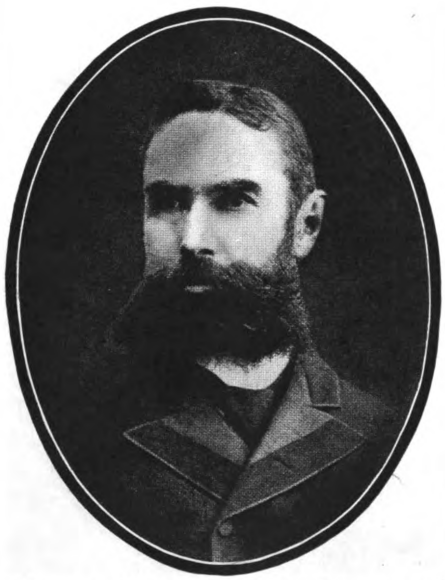
"At once the Western Union awoke from its indifference. Even this tiny nibbling at its business must be stopped. It took action quickly, and organized the 'American Speaking-Telephone Company,' and with $300,000 capital, and with three electrical inventors, Edison, Gray, and Dolbear, on its staff. With all the bulk of its great wealth and prestige, it swept down upon Bell and his little body-guard. It trampled upon Bell's patent with as little concern as an elephant can have when he tramples upon an ant's nest. To the complete bewilderment of Bell, it coolly announced that it had the only original telephone, and that it was ready to supply superior telephones with all the latest improvements made by the original inventors—Dolbear, Gray, and Edison.

"The result was strange and unexpected. The Bell group, instead of being driven from the field, were at once lifted to a higher level in the business world. And the Western Union, in the endeavor to protect its private lines, became involuntarily a 'bell-wether' to lead capitalists in the direction of the telephone."

EVEN then, when financial aid came to the Bell enterprise, it was from capitalists, not from bankers, and among these capitalists was William H. Forbes (son of the builder of the Burlington) who became the first President of the Bell Telephone Company. That was in 1878. Over twenty years later, after the telephone had spread over the world, the great house of Morgan came into financial control of the property. The American Telephone & Telegraph Company was formed. The process of combination became active. Since January, 1900, its stock has increased from $25,886,300 to $344,606,400. In six years (1906 to 1912), the Morgan associates marketed about $300,000,000 bonds of that company or its subsidiaries. In that period the volume of business done by the telephone companies had, of course, grown greatly, and the plant had to be constantly increased; but the proceeds of these huge security issues were used, to a large extent, in effecting combinations; that is, in buying out telephone competitors; in buying control of the Western Union Telegraph Company; and in buying up outstanding stock interests in semi-independent Bell companies. It is these combinations which have led to the investigation of the Telephone Company by the Department of Justice; and they are, in large part, responsible for the movement to have the government take over the telephone business.



"The money for developing Morse's invention was supplied by his partner and co-worker, Arthur Vail"



"Thomas Sanders, the only man who had money and dared to stake it on the future of the telephone"

Business men, who were influenced largely by considerations other than money-getting

Electrical Machinery

THE business of manufacturing electrical machinery and apparatus is only a little over thirty years old. J. P. Morgan & Co. became interested early in one branch of it; but their dominance of the business today is due, not to their "initiating" it, but to their effecting a combination, and organizing the General Electric Company in 1892. There were then three large electrical companies—the Thomson-Houston, the Edison and the Westinghouse, besides some small ones. The Thomson-Houston of Lynn, Massachusetts, was in many respects the leader, having been formed to introduce, among other things, important inventions of Prof. Elihu Thomson and Prof. Houston. Lynn is one of the principal shoe-manufacturing centers of America. It is within ten miles of State Street, Boston; but Thomson's early financial support came not from Boston bankers, but mainly from Lynn business men and investors; men active, energetic, and used to taking risks with their own money. Prominent among them was Charles A. Coffin, a shoe manufacturer, who became president of the Thomson-Houston Company upon its organization and president of the General Electric when Mr. Morgan formed that company in 1892, by combining the Thomson-Houston and the Edison. To his continued service, supported by other Thomson-Houston men in high positions, the great prosperity of the company is, in large part, due. The two companies so combined controlled probably one-half of all electrical patents then existing in America; and certainly more than half of those which had any considerable value.

In 1896 the General Electric pooled its patents with the Westinghouse, and thus competition was further restricted. In 1903 the General Electric absorbed the Stanley Electric Company, its other large competitor, and became the largest manufacturer of electric apparatus and machinery in the world. In 1912 the resources of the Company were $131,942,144. It billed sales to the amount of $89,182,185. It employed directly over 60,000 persons,—more than a fourth as many as the Steel Trust. And it is protected against "undue" competition, as one of the Morgan partners has been a director, since 1909, in the Westinghouse,—the only other large electrical machinery company in America.

The Automobile

THE automobile industry is about twenty years old. It is now America's most prosperous business. When Henry B. Joy, President of the Packard Motor Car Company, was asked to what extent the bankers aided in "initiating" the automobile, he replied:

> "It is the observable facts of history, it is also my experience of thirty years as a business man, banker, etc., that first the seer conceives an opportunity. He has faith in his almost second sight. He believes he can do something—develop a business—construct an industry—build a railroad—or Niagara Falls Power Company,—and make it pay!
>
> "Now the human measure is not the actual physical construction, but the 'make it pay'!

"A man raised the money in the late '90s and built a beet sugar factory in Michigan. Wiseacres said it was nonsense. He gathered together the money from his friends who would take a chance with him. He not only built the sugar factory (and there was never any doubt of his ability to

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do that) but he made it pay. The next year two more sugar factories were built, and were financially successful. These were built by private individuals of wealth, taking chances in the face of cries of doubting bankers and trust companies.

"Once demonstrated that the industry was a sound one financially and *then* bankers and trust companies would lend the new sugar companies which were speedily organized—a large part of the necessary funds to construct and operate.

"The motor-car business was the same.

"When a few gentlemen followed me in my vision of the possibilities of the business, the banks and older business men (who in the main were the banks) said, 'fools and their money soon to be parted'—etc., etc.

"Private capital at first establishes an industry, backs it through its troubles, and, if possible, wins financial success when banks would not lend a dollar of aid.

"The business once having proved to be practicable and financially successful, then do the banks lend aid to its needs."

Such also was the experience of the greatest of the many financial successes in the automobile industry — the Ford Motor Company.

How Bankers Arrest Development

BUT "great banking houses" have not merely failed to initiate industrial development; they have definitely arrested development because to them the creation of the trusts is largely due. The recital in the Memorial addressed to the President by the Investors' Guild in November, 1911, is significant:

"It is a well-known fact that modern trade combinations tend strongly toward constancy of process and products, and by their very nature are opposed to new processes and new products originated by independent inventors, and hence tend to restrain competition in the development and sale of patents and patent rights; and consequently tend to discourage independent inventive thought, to the great detriment of the nation, and with injustice to inventors whom the Constitution especially intended to encourage and protect in their rights."

And more specific was the testimony of the *Engineering News:*

"We are today something like five years behind Germany in iron and steel metallurgy, and such innovations as are being introduced by our iron and steel manufacturers are most of them merely following the lead set by foreigners years ago.

"We do not believe this is because American engineers are any less ingenious or original than those of Europe, though they may indeed be deficient in training and scientific education compared with those of Germany. We believe the main cause is the wholesale consolidation which has taken place in American industry. A huge organization is too clumsy to take up the development of an original idea. With the market closely controlled and profits certain by following standard methods, those who control our trusts do not want the bother of developing anything new.

"We instance metallurgy only by way of illustration. There are plenty of other fields of industry where exactly the same condition exists. We are building the same machines and using the same methods as a dozen years ago, and the real advances in the art are being made by European inventors and manufacturers."

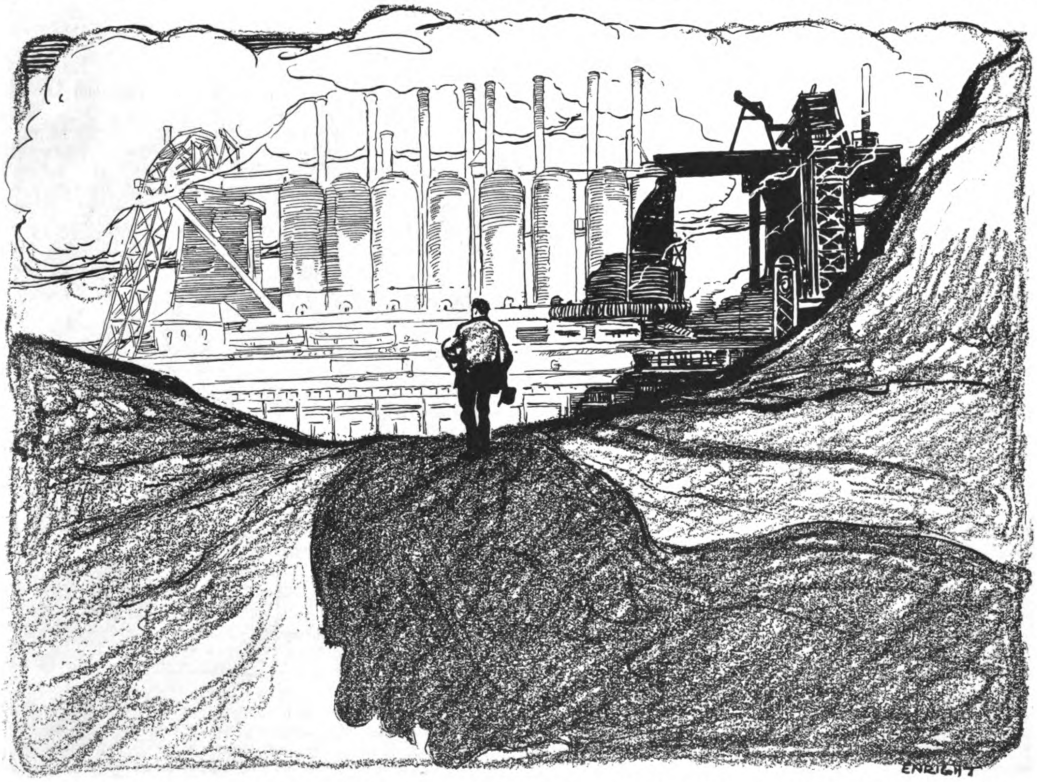
To which President Wilson's statement may be added:

"I am not saying that all invention had been stopped by the growth of trusts, but I think it is perfectly clear that invention in many fields has been discouraged, that inventors have been prevented from reaping the full fruits of their ingenuity and industry, and that mankind has been deprived of many comforts and conveniences, as well as the opportunity of buying at lower prices.

"Do you know, have you had occasion to learn, that there is no hospitality for invention, now-a-days?"

Trusts and Financial Concentration

THE fact that industrial monopolies arrest development is more serious even than the direct burden imposed through extortionate prices. But the most harm-bearing incident of the trusts is their promotion of financial concentration. Industrial trusts feed the money trust. Practically every trust created has destroyed the financial independence of some communities and of many properties; for it has centered the financing of a large part of whole lines of business in New York, and this usually with one of a few banking houses. This is well illustrated by the Steel Trust, which is a trust of trusts; that is, the Steel Trust combines in one huge holding company the trusts previously formed in the different branches of the steel business. Thus the Tube Trust combined 17 tube mills, located in 16 different cities,



The modern steel industry of America is forty-five years old. The "great bankers" had no part in initiating it. Andrew Carnegie introduced the Bessemer process

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scattered over 5 states and owned by 18 different companies. The wire trust combined 19 mills; the sheet steel trust 26; the bridge and structural trust 27; and the tin plate trust 36; all scattered similarly over many states. Finally these and other companies were formed into the United States Steel Corporation, combining 228 companies in all, located in 127 cities and towns, scattered over 18 states. Before the combinations were effected, nearly every one of these companies was owned largely by those who managed it, and had been financed, to a large extent, in the place, or in the state, in which it was located. When the Steel Trust was formed all these concerns came under one management. Thereafter, the financing of each of these 228 corporations (and some which were later acquired) had to be done through or with the consent of J. P. Morgan & Co. That was the greatest step in financial concentration ever taken.

Stock Exchange Incidents

THE organization of trusts has served in another way to increase the power of the Money Trust. Few of the independent concerns out of which the trusts have been formed, were listed on the New York Stock Exchange; and few of them had financial offices in New York. Promoters of large corporations, whose stock is to be held by the public, and also investors, desire to have their securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Under the rules of the Exchange, no security can be so listed unless the corporation has a transfer agent and registrar in New York City. Furthermore, banker-directorships have contributed largely to the establishment of the financial offices of the trusts in New York City. That alone would tend to financial concentration. But the listing of the stock enhances the power of the Money Trust in another way. An industrial stock, once listed, frequently becomes the subject of active speculation; and speculation feeds the Money Trust indirectly in many ways. It draws the money of the country to New York. The New York bankers handle the loans of other people's money on the Stock Exchange, and in some way the Money Trust is enriched by the large amounts paid in commissions. The aggregate amount paid for brokers' commissions on Stock Exchange transactions is very large. For instance: There are 5,084,952 shares of United States Steel common stock outstanding. But in the five years ending December 31, 1912, speculation in that stock was so extensive that there were sold on the Exchange an average of 29,380,888 shares a year; or nearly six times as much as there is Steel common in existence. With few exceptions, sales on the Exchange involve the payment of twenty-five cents in commission for each share of stock sold; that is, twelve and one-half cents by the seller and twelve and one-half cents by the buyer. Thus the commission from the Steel common alone afforded a revenue averaging over $7,000,000 a year. The Steel preferred stock is also much traded in; and there are 138 other industrials listed on the New York Stock Exchange, largely trusts.

Trust Ramifications

BUT the potency of trusts as a factor in financial concentration is manifested in still other ways; notably through their ramifying operations. The endless chain is forcibly illustrated by the General Electric Company's control of water-power companies; and of the street-railway and light and power plants,—whether supplied by hydro-electric power or by steam. The policy of conservation demands that federal and state governments should preserve all remaining rights in and over water powers and public franchises. This is demanded likewise by the policy of the New Freedom. And unless the process of concentration is promptly arrested, it may become necessary soon to exercise the taxing power and the power of eminent domain, in order to recover rights which should never have been surrendered. But that is another story, to be told later.

The Sherman Law

THE Money Trust cannot be broken, if we allow its power to be constantly augmented. To break the Money Trust we must stop that power at its sources. The industrial trusts are among its most effective feeders. Those which are illegal should be dissolved. The creation of new ones should be prevented. To this end the Sherman law should be supplemented both by providing more efficient judicial machinery, and by creating a commission with administrative functions to aid in enforcing the law.* When this is done, a long step will have been taken toward securing the New Freedom.

But additional legislation relating specifically to railroads is required in order that the Money Trust may be broken.

*This subject was discussed by Mr. Brandeis in our issue of Nov. 8, 1913, under the title "A Solution of the Trust Problem—A Program."

This subject will be discussed in our next issue under: "A Curse of Bigness."

A Very Small Room

By LAUDER CLEMENT

SHE would often lie crying at my feet in the earlier days of her husband's commitment, entreating me to get him out of prison, but she was able to support her three children throughout the six years of his sentence.

From her first days of despair she soon stepped forth. She began, surmounted, and ended each day with one intent. Through six years she rushed with a splendor on her mind; through a fierce asceticism and self-denial toward a complete self-indulgence. She was often tired, but in the main her strength increased. She became very strong and handsome, with the distinction of a vigorous single-mindedness that never once had broken down.

Nor in the new delight and power of herself did she forget her first object or grow to think less of the reward. Her love for her husband remained lively and fresh, her compassion leaping and intense. During the six years, she had accounted for her over-weening ardor—as one excuses too much love and folds it deeper in the rose by offering a likely and a selfish motive—saying, "He will be a great help to me when he gets out." I told her she could not be sure he would be much help after his six years. She had scarcely listened and had answered, leaning her head to one side, "I hardly care about that."

At the end of the six years her husband was discharged from jail. When he had been at home a few months I went to see her.

"He's no help," she said. "It comes to this"—I saw the twist of a new humor on her mouth—"He's got three children—they are all his too" (her lips compressed like the lips of young men on street-corners whose slightly-smiling mouths absorb one more obscenity with a faint tremor and sensation of thanks), "it comes to this. He's got three children—as I say, all his; and I have four, himself the fourth. He's no help. He's cold too. There's no pleasure in a man like that. He's no help."

"He is ill, though," I said.

"Yes," she agreed, "he's sick enough." She took some white, wet fish from a pot.

I FOLLOWED her down a passage with the wind blowing in it and stood with her outside a small door. "Why do you keep him out here?" I asked.

"He wants it," she said. "It was a good storeroom for provisions having a window, but since he got back from his jail he wants a very small room. So I cleared the onions and fruit out of this and his saws and tools he used to use, and he sits on the edge of the bed with his legs apart. He's no help, you can see for yourself."

"He is ill, though," I said. "It seems to me you have changed."

"He's sick enough, surely. Yes, I've changed enough. You can't like a man like that, timid and quiet. He's quiet enough. Sometimes he puts on his vest wrong side out, but that's all he does. And he wants his meals handed in through a crack in the door. He will not have a lot of blue and yellow and white rushing in at him from outside when he's used to his grey stones, nor a crowd of children—all his, as I say—before his eyes, and the cat walking in and out amongst them."

SHE opened the door. "Well, how are you?" I said to the man inside. I saw a small room with a window over the bed on which the man sat, with his legs apart and his waistcoat on wrong side out. I saw the meager branch of a peach-tree cross and recross the pane in the slight gusts of spring. "That tree, I dare say, is a pleasure to your eyes," I said to him.

"I don't like it," he said. "The window is too large, And the room's too large. I like a very small room and a small window." His eye fell on the plate of food in his wife's hand and he threw out his arm with the gesture of shutting a door. He took no further notice of me. We went out again. His wife smiled the smile she had got.

"That fish will be cold enough," she said to me. Then in the kitchen, looking toward the glass, "I'm losing my looks. What do you think?"

"I don't know," I said.

"You can see for yourself he's no use," she remarked from the top step. "And no comfort, either."

"That prison was too much for him," I said.

"Yes," she agreed, "he's sick enough."

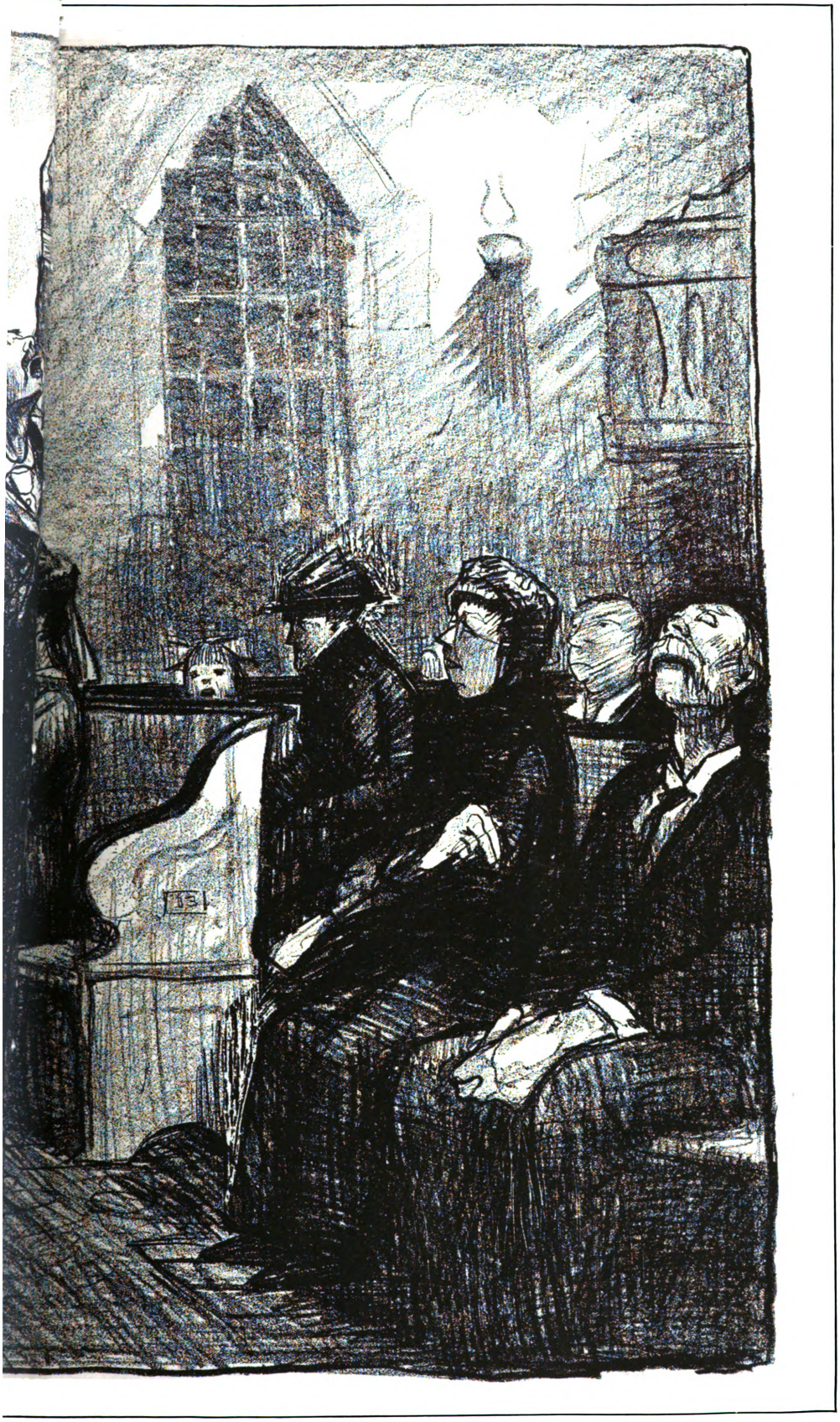
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DEPONENT TESTIFIES THA

By GEOR

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E IS NO LONGER A SINNER

BELLOWS

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

MORE DRAWING-ROOM STUFF



Adhesive Kid Stuff

AS in acrobatics, the Drawing-Room stunts that seem easiest are often the most dangerous; pulling off the gloves looks easy and easy it is, while it lasts. But as the best trained Drawing-Room performer knows, once they are off, then more than ever are they upon his hands.

How shall he get rid of them?

THEY cling to him as the scent of the rose to the shattered vase—as the albatross to the Ancient Mariner. He may wring them to the point of strangulation, but, unless Parker (the second footman) takes them from him, it were better he had left them at home, better he had never worn them. Each moment they grow more monstrous until, with architeuthian fingers, they crush him utterly.



Call-me-early Stuff

BUT thrilling as they are, these exhibitions of Hand-Taming, they are as naught beside the wonder of the Listening Act. By some, the art of appearing to listen is considered the supreme test of perfect acting.

Even the Box Parties are hushed as, spellbound, they watch the intrepid young gymnast perform his famous Listening Act.



Sans Souci Stuff

THE Duchess Velours de Laine speaks to him in low muted thirds. Instinctively (it would seem) he draws himself to his full height, his chin is slightly raised, his eyes droop earnestly, the Hands—the treacherous Hands, at last they are completely cowed. They hang limply at each side, the first finger parallel to the seam of the adjacent trouser.



Giant Squid Stuff

NOT a wrinkle mars the perfect cylinder of the coat-sleeve. The profile of the trousers' crease is like the cameod forehead of a Greek god. No one hears what the Duchess Velours de Laine is saying because she belongs to the new school of acting and having been told that she is better than Mrs. Fiske, she speaks in low, inaudible thirds. But even the deafest of us can hear Lord Aberdasher listening and (to judge from his footmanesque attitude) this is what the Duchess should be saying: "Now, James, you can set the tea in the blue room, and don't forget to clean the globes in the library, and when you've aired the pink bedroom in the west wing, you can wash Pingloo; and, James, see if you can comb out the kinks without making her howl the way you did last time."

And then Lord Aberdasher kisses the Duchess's hand, raising it aloft to his lips in the perfect Drawing-Room Manner, like a flagon of Würzburger.



Idle Rich Stuff



Würzburger Stuff

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"Le Caron was one of the men on whom the strange being thought it necessary to put his spies"

Criminals I Have Known

By T. P. O'CONNOR

Illustrated by William M. Berger

III. Henri Le Caron

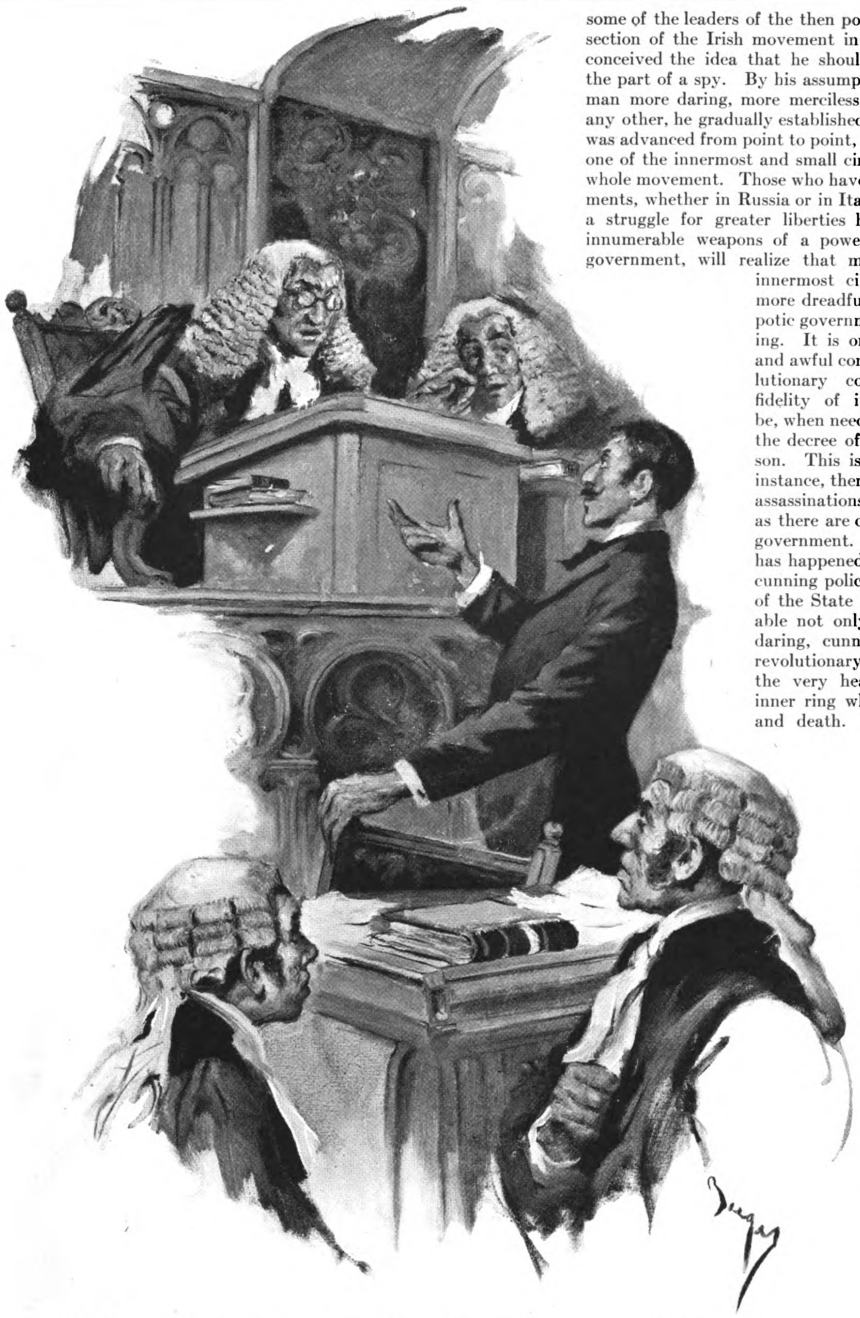
THE name of Pigott not unnaturally suggests that of the other figure which played so important a part in the moving melodrama of the Parnell trial. I have already asked the reader to interpret the word criminal in a broad sense. It is open to question whether Henri Le Caron could properly be designated by that title. He himself insisted that his occupation had been honorable as well as beneficial. He never showed any sign of excitement except when Sir Charles Russell put to him a question that threw doubts on the nature of the part he had played in the Irish Revolution. His face flushed, his eyes sparkled, as he claimed that he was a military spy, and that he had acted in the interests of his country. Military spies have played an important and honorable part in history; spying is both a necessary and a perilous occupation. So let Henri Le Caron be taken at his own estimate, and find his place in this gallery, not as a criminal, but as one who erred in a great State trial.

I remember the first time I heard the name of this extraordinary man. It was from one of the ardent and extreme leaders of the Irish movement, and it was in the lobby of the House of Commons. My friend spoke with enthusiasm of this daredevil, who was described as bolder, more daring, more extreme than even the extremest in the rank of the Irish-Americans. This eminence in courage and in vehemence was rendered the more remarkable in the eyes of my friend by the fact that he was not an Irishman, but a French-Canadian, as the name showed. As a matter of fact, the French-Canadian was an Englishman named Beach, and almost the very moment when his patriotic Irish zeal was being extolled to me, was walking up and down one of the corridors of the House of Commons, conversing with Mr. Parnell and attempting to trap that wary and suspicious political leader into some dangerous and perhaps fatal admissions which might have landed him in jail or dragged him to the gallows. To make the tragic comedy complete, this fateful interview described many years afterwards in a public court when Parnell was fighting for his life and for the life of his cause, was communicated a few moments afterwards to Sir Robert Anderson, then at Scotland Yard, and one of the most powerful and almost fanatical opponents of everything that Parnell represented.

WHEN, therefore, one of my young reporters on the *Star* informed me that a man named Le Caron was giving evidence, I pricked up my ears, and I resolved to go to the court the next day and study and chronicle the man's evidence. Never was I so rewarded. For three full days I watched this man's extraordinary face, writing my description almost without ever looking at my manuscript. It was one of the most remarkable faces I have ever seen. If ever a man looked his desperate and terrible part, it was Le Caron.

One of the revolutionaries whom he mentioned prominently in his evidence declared that he had never trusted him because of his "Mephistophelian" face. It was not a bad description. Imagine

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"He began an address of thanks for the patience with which his terrible story had been heard"

a little man with a body thin almost as a skeleton, surmount this with a face more like the edge of a razor than the ordinary face of flesh and blood, with a skin as yellow as though he had jaundice, with cheek bones that seemed to obtrude through the thin flesh, with sunken cheeks, and then add a tiny black moustache and, above all, add a pair of black, piercing, almost burning eyes, and you have some conception of this extraordinary figure.

IN spite of the palpable delicacy—for the man was already stricken with mortal disease—there was an air of restless alertness. And in spite of the eyes that seemed always to be burning and speaking, there was usually a look of impenetrable mystery and brooding reticence. He was just the man whom it was impossible for even the most scrutinizing observer to read. It was the mask of a yellow Sphinx. At times you might almost trace a resemblance to that terrible Corsican who conquered and dominated Europe, and who also when he wished, could hide his thoughts from a million eyes, and who, even on a bloody battle-field in which his life, his throne, and his gigantic interests were involved, revealed to not one of the hungry and anxious troops who looked upon it whether he was confident or hopeless of the issue. In daring, in cunning, in impassivity, in coolness in the face of appalling danger, Le Caron had something that was Napoleonic.

He had an astounding story to tell. Becoming associated by accident at an early period of his life in America with some of the leaders of the then powerful revolutionary section of the Irish movement in America, Le Caron conceived the idea that he should devote himself to the part of a spy. By his assumption of the part of a man more daring, more merciless, more violent than any other, he gradually established his reputation, and was advanced from point to point, till he finally became one of the innermost and small circle that guided the whole movement. Those who have studied such movements, whether in Russia or in Italy, in the days when a struggle for greater liberties had to face all the innumerable weapons of a powerful and a despotic government, will realize that men in that terrible innermost circle wield a power more dreadful than even the despotic governments they are fighting. It is one of the inevitable and awful consequences of a revolutionary conspiracy that the fidelity of its members should be, when needs be, guaranteed by the decree of death against treason. This is why in Russia, for instance, there are often as many assassinations of the conspirators as there are of the officials of the government. In Russia, too, it has happened that a watchful and cunning police with all the funds of the State at their disposal are able not only to buy the most daring, cunning and impressive revolutionary, but to place him at the very head of that terrible inner ring which decides on life and death. The story of Azeff is a remarkable instance of this.

LE CARON was the Azeff of the Irish Revolution in the United States. He was one of three men known as the "Triangle," before whom came all the most serious and sometimes tragic issues. One can imagine the feelings of Le Caron when sitting in a room with three or four men to decide perhaps the life of another human being, and on the very question whether or not he was guilty of treachery, with the certainty within his bosom that if the awful secret of his own life were known he would not have been allowed to leave the room alive. And it was his duty, perhaps, to condemn another man for the very deed of which he himself was guilty. I can still remember the shudder when Sir Charles Russell quietly asked Le Caron what he had done on such occasions, and Le Caron replied, "I voted with the majority."

Le Caron was nominally a chemist in a small town near Chicago. He attended to his duties in connection with the revolutionary organization with the most scrupulous care, and naturally, for that was after all the chief business of his life. The organization was divided into what were called camps. At each of these camps the whole business was discussed, and now and then proclamations were read that informed the members of the future tactics of their

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leaders. It was strictly ordered that the proclamations should be burned immediately after they had been read, so that no trace of them might remain behind. And this further precaution was adopted, that a copy was given only to the few men who, like Le Caron, held the highest and the most trusted offices in the organization. When Le Caron returned to his chemist's shop from the meeting of the camp he calmly took a copy of the proclamation, and by the next post it was on its way to England to a private address, and within a few hours afterwards it was in the hands of Sir Robert Anderson, and placed among the archives which he was piling up for use at the proper time against the deadly foes with whom he was waging war. Many of these proclamations were read out during the trial. They were somewhat turgid in style, and with their apparent confidence in their strictest secrecy while this dark-skinned man with the burning eyes was all the time sending them to the formidable chief of Scotland Yard, they produced a rather ironical effect.

ONE of the few occasions in which Le Caron departed from his usual gravity and impassivity was when his counsel read out a letter of introduction given to him when he was about to visit some of the camps in the southern states.

The terms of perfect confidence in Le Caron as a true member of the organization who could be implicitly trusted were in such contrast with the man standing in a witness box in London and giving the whole story and all the men away, and was at once so poignant and so comical that Le Caron's grim face relaxed and was covered by a broad smile.

DURING all these three days he was giving his evidence Le Caron remained to me a figure of absorbing interest. The coolness of the man, the grimness, the sense of the many hours through which he had passed when even a look might have meant his immediate death, and all this so well symbolized in the death's-head face, the sunken cheeks, and the blazing eyes, made him a figure to admire, to wonder at, to shudder at. He seemed scarcely human in his superiority to ordinary fears, weaknesses and scruples. It was one of his astonishing qualities that he felt so utterly self-confident, and even self-complacent. There was an amusing example of this when he had concluded his examination. He turned to the three grave judges and began what was evidently intended to be a florid address of thanks and of all-round congratulations to the Bench for the patience with which his terrible story had been heard. It was almost as if for the moment he thought that he was the presiding judge and the chief figure of the court. But Mr. Justice Hannen, who presided, had a short and stern way with him, and he stopped the intended oration very abruptly, and Le Caron had to leave the box with the oration unfinished.

Here is a curious little bit of secret history in connection with this extraordinary man. Henry Labouchere was then alive and taking an active interest in the political struggle of the time. Labouchere had an insatiable interest in plots, conspiracies, and all the dark places of the world. It was his incessant working that produced the interview between Pigott and Sir George Lewis at which the forger confessed to his work. It was "Labby", also, who contributed to Pigott's exposure by examining correspondence which was known to come from Pigott's hand. In tracing a conspiracy "Labby" forgot the hard-fistedness which was part of his character, and he spent money freely on his own service of detectives. Le Caron was one of the men on whom the strange being thought it necessary to put his spies. Thus it came about that while Le Caron was amusing himself in seeing the sights of London, which, by the way, included frequent visits to the Aquarium of those days, when its purposes were somewhat different from those of today, and while Le Caron walked about in the company of the detective who was always with him to guard him against any attack, "Labby's" detective was always on the heels of both of them, and every morning there was on "Labby's" desk an account of Le Caron's doings on the previous night. It was reported at the time that Le Caron had received a large sum from the *Times* for the great services he had rendered it during the Parnell trial, and that he was secured in a comfortable income for the remainder of his days. But he did not enjoy the income long. He died not long after the close of the tragic scene in which he had played so astounding a part.

Next week will appear "Mme. Humbert," the fourth of this series of stories by T. P. O'Connor

Mum's Point of View

By VIDA SUTTON

MUM is the wife of a workingman in East Ham, London. In all her life she has scarcely been outside that sordid, dull, factory-bounded area. Her experience is in common with thousands of other women who manage by some miracle to keep a clean home and bring up a family on a pound a week, self-respecting and above charity. Now Mum's work is done. Her family is grown and she has taken to dropping in at the "pub" for company, much to the worry of Dad. Today she has had a glass and is a bit talkative.

"Now, Dad, don't you scold me. Don't you sy a word to me. I didn't mean no 'arm. I ain't done nothin'. I on'y stopped in to see my frien's. Tell 'em you wuz bringin' a leddy down to 'ave tea with me. I'll be alright in a minnit. Interjuce your leddy fren'.

"I'm sure I'm pleased to meet you, Ma'm, an' myke you welcome to our 'ome. It's 'umble—but it's 'ome. Six bob a week we pys an' 'as four rooms. I seen the time when 'im an' me an' six bybies wuz livin' in one room.

"Stir the fire, Dad. Put on the kettle.

"YOU'LL 'ave to tyke pot-luck and wyte till the kettle boils. I'm ashymed as I 'asn't got things ready. Ye see, Ma'm, I'm upset along o' lookin' fer my lad comin' 'ome from the army. Ain't seen 'im in ten years. Mykes you think of a lot o' things when your byby comes 'ome a growed man. I feels a bit teary, I does, an' I stops fer a drop now an' agin to myke me forgit my troubles. Dad 'ere, 'e scolds me fer it— 'E's temperance.

"But I'm 'appy-go-lucky, an' I likes to be jolly, now an' agyn.

"'E's up an' off an' gone all dy, an' I'm 'ere, settin' all alone. I cleans my 'ouse an' sits 'ere by the fire an' thinks o' them as is gone. Amusin', ain't it, an' jolly, fer a 'appy-go-lucky like me?

"So I drops into the pub, I does. Syme as the others. Them wi' bybies too, as orter be 'ome. An' the kiddies sittin' on the steps wytin'. 'It's a shyme,' I says to one of 'em. 'It's the law,' she says, 'I cahnt tyke 'em in.'

"That's the wy with 'em. A gossipin' lot. But I ain't blymin' 'em. I ain't blymin' nobuddy. A pint o 'ale do myke you jolly. An' it's sociable, it is.

"BUT I must sy if it weren't fer my eyes, I'd ruther stop to the pictoor palaces, when I 'as a spare copper. My word! They are jolly, them plyces. Injuns an' black men an' sojers a-fightin', an' 'ouses burnin' down, an' bobbies a-chysin' theirselves and these 'ere suffragin' wimmen knockin' their 'usbands abaht. Its shymeful the wy they do be'yve. 'Im workin' an' cookin' an lookin' arter the kids an' gettin' knocked abaht when 'er comes 'ome.

"I wonder as any man stands it!

"My old man, 'e says it's all myde up.

"But I sy, 'ow could they tyke the pictoors if it weren't true?

"Dad 'ere, 'e's took up with these wimmen as talks Votes. I gets called 'Suffo' too. An' I 'as it for dinner an' supper an' tea, I 'as. But I don't know what 'e's talkin' abaht.

"I looks on the sly in the bloomin' books an' pypers 'e brings 'ome, but I ain't 'ad no edikyshun an' blyme me if I knows wot it's all abaht.

"THE world is 'ard on wimmen. Syme as it is on men. 'E works all the time, an' 'er works all the time besides 'avin' bybies all the time an' ryzin' a family on twenty bob a week. It's 'ard. It's bloomin' 'ard. But thinkin' 'ow 'ard it is don't myke it no easier. I sy, myke the best of it and die gyme. That's me.

"I'm 'appy-go-lucky, I am. An' I pys no attenshun to things as I cahn't 'elp.

"'Unger an' cold an' bringin' bybies inter the world an' buryin' 'em, that's wimmen's work as I knows it. Twelve I've 'ad, and eight I've buried, an' it's a puzzle to me wot it's all fer.

"But I larfs an' shuts my eyes an' goes on a-doin' of it.

"Dad 'ere 'e knows all abaht 'ow things can be myde better. 'E's a 'owler, 'e is. Ever 'eard 'em 'owl?

"An' these 'ere Suffos as think they can 'elp. Let 'em all try! I says.

"'Appy-go-lucky is lookin' on!

"Go at it, my dears, an 'if you can myke 'ead or tyle of the bloomin' mix-up, it's a jolly good thing fer us all, I says."

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CYRIL MAUDE AS "GRUMPY"

By James Montgomery Flagg

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Cyril Maude as "Foxy Grandpa"

CYRIL MAUDE is a finished actor. It is not difficult to understand why much the most popular piece in which he has played in the United States is "Grumpy." In the first place, it is newer than some of his other productions which were familiar without being great enough to make it interesting to compare different methods of acting them. Moreover, "Grumpy" belongs to an extraordinarily popular type. This is an age in which the majority of reading people read, not great books, but current novels and periodicals and newspapers. They read for pastime, not for growth.

SIMILARLY, they go to the theater not for the pleasure of strengthening their understanding of life and art, but for the pleasure of being stimulated and diverted out of the current of their daily thoughts in some startling or lightly pleasing way. The effective thriller, however, is one of the recognized types of dramatic success, and what is more thrilling than a detective? Since the enormous success of "Sherlock Holmes," the majority of editors, and possibly the majority of playwrights and fiction writers, have been trying to think up some detective idea that will combine personality, plot and difference from Sherlock. We have had a priest detective, a woman detective, a little boy detective, a chemist detective, a reporter detective, a real detective, and I know not how many others. "Grumpy" has solved the problem of furnishing a fresh type. The man who traps the robber in this play moves through a plot which is intense throughout. To follow the fatal clue of the one important camellia, and the various other camellias which are false clues, would require about three pages in this highbrow weekly. Taken as a mere distraction for the so-called mind of the average man this series of adventures is hard to equal. Detective stories are among the indulgences which I permit myself while being a little ashamed. Doubtless, it would be better to seek relaxation from serious work only in things which themselves have value, but that is an ideal and not many of us get along without a moderate amount of alcohol, or a moderate amount of nicotine, or a moderate amount of bridge whist, or a moderate amount of turning over periodicals like the *Cosmopolitan*, or a moderate amount of going to the most popular plays of the season.

I HAD a splendid time myself at "Grumpy," and feel a good deal as I should if I had been off to a frivolous dinner, with champagne, gay company, and no thought, and found myself the next morning with no indigestion. Mr. Maude acts the grouchy and penetrating old grandfather with a distinction which does much to make us forget how melodramatic the play is. Old men of superior type have a picturesque charm. Their unpleasing qualities, especially their nervous irritability and tendency to bully others if they can, are presented by Mr. Maude with a friendly humor which keeps them from being offensive, and their sympathy and effectiveness get their full value. Grumpy is very old. He is almost on the verge of the grave; he cannot go to bed without help. He has retired from practice, after being the most successful criminal lawyer in London. Suddenly the occasion calls for all his old powers turned into a new channel, and bearing upon the welfare of his granddaughter and the man whom she is to marry. This young man has preferred his own opinion to Grumpy's on the question of locking up in the safe a jewel worth $450,000. A few minutes after this decision is made, and Grumpy has gone to bed, the young man is struck down in the dark and the jewel is taken away from him. The only real clue is a camellia. The astuteness with which Grumpy, jumping into the situation and following it rapidly to an end, runs down all clues, solves all situations, and foils the high-class villain, really puts him so nearly into the class of Sherlock Holmes that I shall be surprised if the same old man is not made the hero of another detective play or novel. If he is, however much I may prate about high art and the larger experience, I shall certainly go to see the play and read the novel.

N. H.

The Life of Ellen Key

A PERIODICAL which means to interpret Feminism, week by week, as part of its permanent excuse for existence must, of course, take interest in Ellen Key, the intellectual chief of that movement. HARPER'S WEEKLY in a fortnight begins the publication of a series of articles on the essence of Feminism by the great Swedish leader.

Havelock Ellis, who is one of the men who understand this movement thoroughly, has written the introduction to the English translation* of a new life of the Swedish reformer. "Here at the spot where she stands," Mr. Ellis continues, "the nature and direction of the Woman's Movement of the future must be determined. That alone suffices to make the study of her work indispensable."

SHE stands with neither of the two extreme parties. One party declares that woman is the mother, that home is her sphere, that by seeking to do everything done by men she becomes unfit for the work she alone can do. The other party declares that woman is a human being, and demands in her the same rights and privileges as man. Between these two parties comes Ellen Key declaring,—Yes, woman is the mother, and also woman is a human being, and because she is both she needs complete freedom for development, and the power to exercise all human rights, not in order to imitate man or to do any work which he may be better fitted to do; but to enable her to do her own work, to follow her own natural impulses, and to exercise that function of motherhood in a wider sense. The new demands which every age must make are to be insisted upon, not at the expense of the ancient traditions, but the better to maintain those traditions.

The leading Danish critic, Georg Brandes, said on the sixtieth birthday of Ellen Key that she had influenced women as no one else had influenced them. And Maeterlinck wrote of her as "the great Liberator who in our children will find more enlightened, more enthusiastic, more trusty followers."

HER parents were highly educated and progressive. The mother taught Ellen and the other children through her own example to be lenient with others and strict with themselves. Apparently there could have been no better bringing-up. While the children were young, they ate standing up at a table where only bread and milk were served. No waiting on the children was allowed. If the children gave orders, they were to be led out of the kitchen with a dishrag around their necks. Complaints were looked upon as squeamish, and Ellen Key has often said: "He who enters the game must endure the play." She had the higher humor, which is so close to tears. She cried over Don Quixote more often than she laughed over him. She went through struggles with the orthodox beliefs of her surroundings; she pored over the confessions of Augustine, and finally, she drifted away from religion altogether. In history, she spent no enthusiasm over royalty, and the heroes whom she loved were not the butchers but the really great.

WHILE she loved literature and art, she threw herself also into the fight for liberty. She defended August Strindberg when he was indicted for blasphemy. As far as she could, she kept away from public discussion, but occasionally, when her deep convictions have forced her, she has come forward, alone and independent of parties, to speak her faith. She has never ceased to believe and to say that, for a woman who has in herself all the possibilities of woman, the heart life is the central thing, but this, to her, has meant no limitation of interests. Her love of freedom has been misinterpreted. It has been thought of sometimes as a cheap tendency toward self-indulgence and it has been attacked by people without a thousandth part of Ellen Key's nobility. Even the suffragists have misunderstood her and misrepresented her often, but she has gone on her way unperturbed, and the world is catching up with her. She enjoys life. She stopped dancing when she was twenty-five, but in her old age she has returned to it, and even now, with intimate friends, takes a turn in an old waltz. Over the door of the home where she lives today stands Goethe's reversal of the Roman motto: *Memento vivere*: "Remember to live."

It is a book to read, because Ellen Key is a woman in whose life a warm interest is taken by all whose sympathies are with the movement for a wider life for women and a consequently larger life for all.

*"Ellen Key, Her Life and Her Work," by LOUISE NYSTROM-HAMILTON. Translated from the Swedish by A. E. B. Fries; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

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What Is Pantomime?

An Interview with Mirzah Cheslir

By GERTRUDE MARVIN

IT was across a tea-table at the Gamut Club that I first saw Mirzah Cheslir, the young Russian artist who played the part of slave in the Berlin production of Sumurun. Supple and lithe, she wandered into the room full of women artists, actresses and writers, marked by an air of distinction and isolation as though she crossed an empty stage. In spite of her quiet repose of manner, she radiated vitality and alertness.

IT was a twilight afternoon in her home high up in a studio building just west of Central Park in the Sixties, that I saw her again. She herself opened the door to me, and led the way across the high-ceiled room with its picture-covered walls, to a quaintly carven Italian chair. A great north window filling one side of the room let in the soft gray twilight. The coppery silk of a lamp-shade made a circle of warmth in the shadows. A pier glass poised on gleaming steel pivots shone ghostily, suggesting the hours of patient posing and study of that charming grace, which in its perfection seems so unstudied and spontaneous.

We were talking of pantomime.

"Pantomime," said Miss Cheslir, "combines the highest and the lowest elements of drama, but it ignores the middle ground of the commonplace and the mediocre. Pantomime expresses the unutterable, the inarticulate, those subtle nuances which may not be spoken, but which rise like an aroma between words. And from the sublime heights of the drama, it leaps to the other extreme and expresses the elemental primitive things: hate, murder, revenge, passion, deceit," Miss Cheslir named them slowly, and her mobile face reflected each primitive force in turn, her eyes flashing, her nostrils quivering with the abandon of an artist.

MISS CHESLIR speaks, not with words only, but with her glowing eyes, her delicate hands, her sensitively lined face. Her supple body gives itself as completely to her words as does her mind, and she reaches out or shrinks back into herself, intensifying her words with a most captivating, unconscious pantomime. She was dressed in a clinging, black crêpe dress—straight, simple lines from her throat to her feet. Long narrow scarfs of the dress material hung from her shoulders, and floated as she walked. A collar of silver tissue fell away from her throat, and a scarab ring of rusty brown and jade green was her only jewel. The scarab was given her by her husband, and on the under side are the words carved centuries ago in Arabic, "May Allah protect the bearer."

HUNG on the walls were mystical, elusive studies, photographs taken by Miss Cheslir's husband, Ivan de Kosenko, for most of which Miss Cheslir posed. Half hidden in veils and soft gray lights, a woman's body lay, washed up by the tide; another, with arms upraised, seemed the embodiment of the aspiration of a soul. A study of St. John the Baptist, with tired eyes and sunken ascetic cheeks, seemed an astonishing metamorphosis of the radiantly vital woman beside it. Laughingly she turned to some pictures of the half-naked voluptuous slave in Sumurun, and I glanced at the ghostly mirror with new respect.

"Pantomime," Miss Cheslir resumed, "is to the drama as the symphonic poem to music. The plot of a pantomime must be like the plot of an opera, simple and elemental, or else all made of poesy and fantasy.

"The most important quality in pantomime is poise, and pantomime even teaches it. You must have confidence and assurance to hold a gesture until you feel that it has vibrated across the footlights to your audience, and that they have received it.

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"This up-your-sleeve variety of acting is all very well for drawing-rooms. But in a theater, where the element of distance enters as a handicap, where there is a real, assorted audience including the deaf, dumb, blind and paralytic, there must be the emphasis of pantomime, even in the spoken drama. You hear managers talking and complaining about things not 'getting across.' Of course a motion doesn't get across if it is done shamefacedly.

"Pantomime must be unafraid, It teaches the actress to dare to hold her position until she feels that the vibration of that gesture has reached the farthest member of her audience. If there is occasion for an actress to give the sense of reaching up to a great height, and she reaches up—just as high as she can—" Miss Cheslir sprang from her chair and reached up painfully, with a sense of tense muscles and pitiful inadequacy. She made a laughing grimace.

"In pantomime, one learns never to carry any motion to its limit. To give the sense of reaching high—just do it very slowly and gradually—higher and higher and higher—until you can give the sense of reaching on and on into infinity itself—because you never let your arm reach its actual physical limit." Miss Cheslir's slender, black-sleeved arms were lost in the shadows above us. She sank back into her chair.

"Pantomime is motion—you know I have a theory—of course, it isn't my own new theory, but anyway, it is mine too,—that everything is motion. This wooden table which resounds so solidly when I knock it, is merely a combination of whirling molecules, held together by a certain sort of motion. When I was in Paris, Loie Fuller showed me something very interesting. She had a splintheroscope which Madame Curie had given her, and which fits in the eye like one of those jeweler's glasses they use for examining precious stones. And she had a piece of some salite, which glitters with mica and has a rough surface like sand paper. I held over this crystal a little compass-like glass box, which had on the tip of a needle a particle of radium so tiny that it was invisible to the eye. The room was darkened, and the radium threw a brilliant concentrated light on the piece of crystal, and showed it to be not a lifeless stone—but a whirling dancing snow storm.

"You know, to me, it was wonderful—thrilling—to see that heavy inert stone dissolved, right before my eyes, back into its free, whirling moving particles. And it is wonderful to realize that all life is motion, and that pantomime is merely an attempt to interpret the essential motion of feeling. As language is the medium of thought, so pantomime is the medium of feeling.

"Pantomime is motion without language, but it is not necessarily motion without sound. It is permissible to breathe in pantomime, and just so, it is permissible to stop breathing—to gasp, to choke—even to cry out. In fact, if the plot of a pantomime involves the need of spoken words, I think it much better that they should be spoken than that there should be a sense of muteness, of limitation in the pantomime, or of the use of clumsy expedients.



Mercilessly cool disdain



Miss Cheslir in pantomime, expressing hatred and pleading for revenge



Retreating with a fear that she tries to hide

"The place of music in pantomime is a delicate matter. It should not be used as an accompaniment, nor should pantomime be used to accompany music. Rather, music should skirt the edge of the action, an outer vibration of the action, as though its meaning were so patent and so beautiful that it had translated itself into sound.

"AT other times, music may be used to halt action, or, if there is going to be a climax, to urge it on. I have used Grieg's music so; the shrieks of Ose's mother for instance, not as human shrieks, but as the shrieking of the elements in some great tragic climax. There is a German word—*styliziert*—which most nearly expresses my sense of the function of music with pantomime. And I would translate it 'stylified.' That lampshade with its fluted pillars is only conventionalized, but these little flowers,"—she picked up a vivid Futurist work-bag—"they are more than conventionalized in design, they are stylified. This poster, too, is more than a conventionalized piece of decoration—it includes that, but it has also an atmosphere, a suggestion, far beyond the conventional. So—if you catch my meaning, song is sound stylified through rhythm and pitch. Pantomime is action stylified by music. Therefore neither may accompany the other, but music harnesses action as science harnesses electricity.

"Besides the music and the sound and the poise, there is one thing about pantomime which is oh, so important, although it must be always left out. Pantomime, in interpreting life, must take into account the unseen influences of the people next door and the telephone girl down on the street floor, and the wind blowing into this window over the roof-tops, and the broken sky line, and the river which we can not see but which we know is over beyond there. All those things have such a tremendous influence on our real lives, and we can not leave them entirely out of account in pantomime, although of course the limitations of art will not allow of too much digression. It is these influences which make any real interpretation so complex. That broken sky line out there, which is so black and shadowy at night, with all the lights of the Ansonia pricking through—oh, it is thrilling and moving, and it has had an actual definite influence on my life in concrete ways.

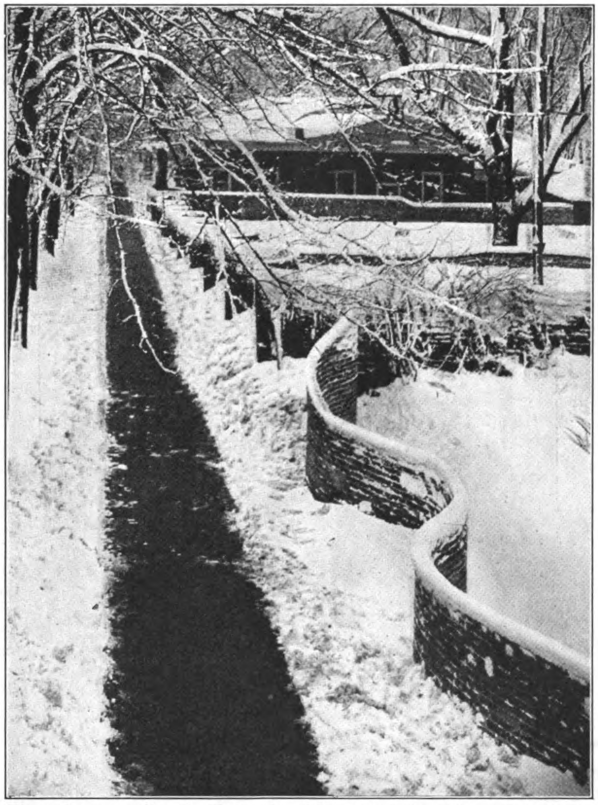
"Well"—she threw her hands out in an ineffable gesture—"you can picture to yourself the difference in effect in coming home to look out on such a scene, or perhaps to look on a courtyard, with a little bell-boy with his cap over one ear standing in a doorway, opposite.

Pantomime conveys feeling as words carry thought. They must be beautiful feelings or hideous feelings, but they must not be mediocre. For the subtle fragrance, for the elemental moments, we don't use words—we go back instinctively to pantomime."

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For the Women of Virginia

IT is significant that the working out of more real and complete democracy in political and industrial life in various parts of the United States is exactly coincident with the enlargement of the opportunities for women, and the recognition of their equality and significance. In the South, the old aristocratic view of women has not yet been touched by the larger view of the times, in the same degree that other aspects of life have been touched by the larger freedom. We have heard much in recent years about the new industrial South. It now shares with the West the commercial and industrial prospects of the future. Many southern states are also progressive politically and are well represented by the younger generation at Washington. In social matters alone, is the South behind the age. A discussion is now being waged in the State of Virginia, about the advisability of a coördinate college for women. The University of Virginia is one of the oldest and most honored colleges in the country and one of its true historic spots. For generations it has been preëminent in educational and social circles. Its graduates have been leaders, not only in the South, but all over the country. The importance of any educational step which the university chooses to take, can hardly be overestimated. This question of a woman's college is therefore one of the utmost importance to women, as it is one of the most important steps that could possibly be taken toward bringing before the people of that part of our country the new ideas which are permeating the social life of our day. The recognition by the university of the equality of women in the intellectual field would work toward recognition of the equality of women in other fields.



The wall surrounding the University of Virginia built by Thomas Jefferson very narrow on account of the scarcity of bricks and serpentine to keep the wind from blowing it down

THE spirit of the South is against coëducation. The sentiment of any university which has been masculine for several generations is also antagonistic to so radical a change. It would be unfortunate if coëducation were in any way forced upon the University of Virginia. The friends of women in the South are advocating a coördinate college to be established at the university, using the advanced apparatus and laboratory and library facilities of the university under direction of the university authorities, while still keeping its classes and social life entirely separate, a college such as are Radcliffe, Barnard and Sophie Newcomb. The feeling against coëducation is not only a matter of sentiment. The education of woman is becoming less and less the last survival of the education of a gentleman and more a separate, carefully differentiated curriculum which gives women the broadest culture, and at the same time develops their own peculiar possibilities and fits them for the kind of life which the average normal woman will be called upon to lead. And women have a far more satisfactory social life in a college of their own. The coördinate college for women gives them their own social life, their own athletic and dramatic activities, exactly as a separate college for women does. But it has the very great advantage of giving to the woman's college the faculty and superintendence with the advanced instruction and apparatus of the university, as well as the prestige and educational standing which the university degree carries with it. It is needless to say that in such a college the utmost care is given to the social life of the girls. The opponents of the establishment of such a college wish to establish a separate institution. The expense would be exceedingly great, as all the expensive apparatus and small advanced courses requiring specialists would have to be unnecessarily duplicated. Moreover, the standing of the college would have to be maintained for a considerable number of years before it could bear any comparison to that of the State University.

It is always more difficult to get the best faculty for a woman's university than for a man's, even when paying the same salaries, as men prefer to teach at least a few men.

There is much to be said in favor of the small college. It fills a need in the education of girls immature or requiring special attention which they cannot get at a large university; it divides the field with the very advanced finishing schools. But there is nothing whatever to be said for the small university. The Dean of Harvard said, in connection with this Virginia dispute, "I believe that one of the great evils of our American educational system has been the establishment of little colleges in place of a grafting of new colleges upon foundations of established worth." Though we may not all agree with him as to the value of the small college for certain people and in certain places, when it comes to the establishment of a state university for women, his remark is unanswerable.

The friends of this movement are of so many kinds and from so many walks in life, that it would seem to be a very general movement of the people. The labor organizations, the farmers' organizations, many industrial organizations wish the college established that their daughters, as well as their sons, may have the opportunity of being educated in Virginia at the institution which has been so long supported by the taxes of all the people. The women of Virginia are asking to share with their brothers, the privileges of the university which they have been brought up to honor and to love. They cannot see why their presence at the university would be any more dangerous to the social life of the boys than is their presence in the home. The need for this college is particularly emphasized in the case of the high school teachers, many of whom have absolutely no way of receiving an adequate education unless they go outside of Virginia, and who feel that they are doing a service to the state which deserves the best training the state can afford.

The opposition comes largely from the alumni. As one member of the faculty of the university remarked: "The alumni of all colleges are always opposed to any change." There seems to be a deep-rooted antipathy in the heart of the college alumnus to anything that will make the dear old Alma Mater in any way different from what it was when he was a boy, unless, of course, he is one of the fortunate ones who can afford to be benevolent and present a building.

THE University of Virginia missed one of its greatest opportunities for growth and influence through this very sentiment, when a few years ago it refused to incorporate into its body an agricultural and technical school. The founding of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute in another partof the state has

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divided the loyalty of the people. The old appeal to precedent cannot go back to the great founder of the university without meeting with an idea the exact opposite of that held by the exclusive alumni. Thomas Jefferson's great dream in life was a complete system of public education throughout the state. It is only within the last seven years that Virginia has had a system of public high schools. Until then the educational system of the state presented a gap between the public primary schools and the public university, which kept the university separated upon a pinnacle by itself. The establishment of high schools has completed the pyramid of public education, rising from the elementary schools to culminate in the university. Many more girls are graduated from the high schools than boys, and in order adequately to fulfill its function as head of the public school system of the state, the university must provide for the girls.

The fact that the founder of the university did not foresee what the future would do for women, is no reason for supposing that he would not have favored this institution if he were here to give his opinion. He believed, with all great minds, that the worst thing any institution can do for itself is to follow precedent and the ideas of its founder at the expense of change demanded by the progress of times. He himself said in speaking of the university: "A system of general instruction which shall reach every description of our citizens, from the richest to the poorest—as it was the earliest, so it will be the latest of all public concerns in which I shall permit myself to take an interest. Nor am I tenacious of the form in which it shall be introduced. Be that what it may, our descendants will be as wise as we are and will know how to amend and amend until it shall suit their circumstances. Give it to us then, in any shape." It is interesting to know that the president who most nearly resembles Mr. Jefferson, Woodrow Wilson, also counted among the alumni of the University of Virginia, is very much in favor of the establishment of this college for women. He says, "I can, therefore, say, with a great deal of confidence, that it seems to me that the plan promises more than any other plan could, for the advancement of the education of women in Virginia."

The sentiment in favor of the woman's college is growing so rapidly that it will probably not be long before we shall see the beautiful University of Virginia rising to its opportunities for leadership, and going forward as the champion of equal opportunity for women. The effect which this will have upon the status of women in the South will be hard to over-estimate. The South will undoubtedly rise to this occasion and will show us the new freedom and the new democracy, not only in politics and industry but in education also.

Progress and Femininity

By C. L. MELLER

A ROOSTER cannot lay an egg, a hen cannot crow. That law is fundamental. It has ever been so. Why then all this vexation of spirit since hens seek to roost as high as roosters? One cackles and the other crows, a mere matter of expression and altogether incidental. The essential, however, is that both must scratch for a living, and along this fundamental need lies their equality and their salvation.

PLACID is the march of progress, placid as a mighty stream flowing through a vast plain, and its teeming life and vast strength is not of the surface. To hinder or to help it were like trying to hinder or help the Mississippi with bucket or paddle. The stream cannot be stayed, the ocean it must reach. The march of progress is irresistible, fulfilling its destiny. Those chips of humanity bobbing on the surface, wildly gesticulating, are apart from its strength and deepest life. They can be helped, they can be hindered, but they cannot help, they cannot hinder. They merely indicate which way the current flows.

Woman is coming into her own; that has been, and is, a certainty. Those who are working for it are the quiet ones, unit particles in this march of progress, unmindful almost of the current because they are a part of the stream. As numberless they are almost as humanity. They are the workers.

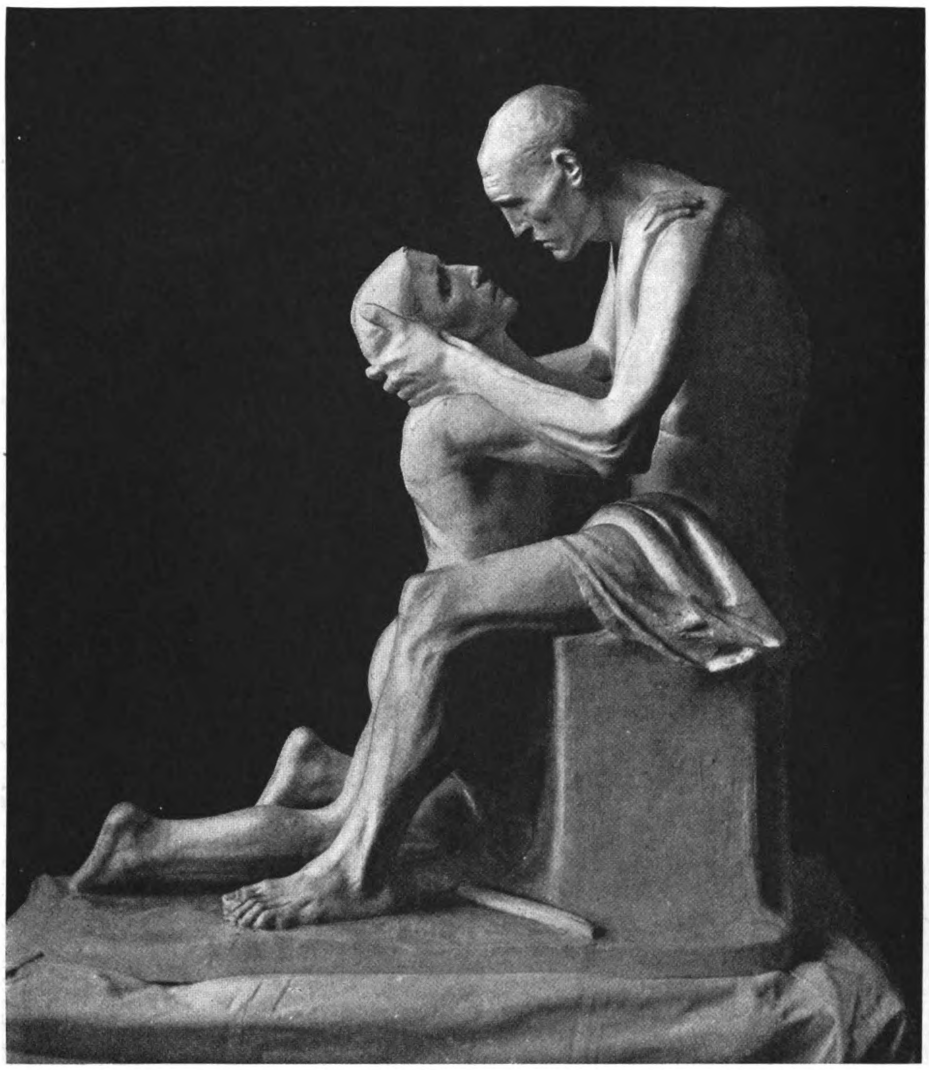
WOMEN will get what they need when they need it. That has ever been so. When our desires become our needs, they also come within our reach. During the earlier, coarser stages of human progress, woman needed protection and she got it. Some there were who did not need protection; they received rights, privileges, position and some had their heads cut off—treated in every respect exactly like men. To mention names were idle gossip; every grammar school child has heard of some of them.

Even so today. No matter what women may desire, they will achieve their desires only as their desires become their needs. The fact that a woman wants to vote is no indication that she will have an opportunity. When she needs to vote, then the opportunity will be hers. But does she need to vote? Some do and that is a goodly number, only their need is not yet strong enough to make them even conscious of that need. Some who desire to vote, and they are really an agitating minority, imagine they need to vote, but that does not establish their need any more than it puts a child into actual battle when, on his hobby horse with a paper helmet and wooden sword, he imagines himself leading his hosts on to victory.

WHEN a man marries a woman and provides for her in every way she does not need to vote; he will do all the voting necessary, as he is doing everything else, and do it right. If she is the right sort under these conditions, she would only vote as he suggests and, like as not, failing to see the use of her vote, she would not care to vote. But when that man's daughters grow up, and force of circumstances compels them to become breadwinners, then there arises a need for their votes. They become man's economic equals and man's needs become their needs in every way. The idea of the weaker vessel is lost sight of; competition eliminates that, since in this competition the individual woman often renders better service or achieves a better product than the individual man. Working side by side in the workshop and the office, in the laboratory and the studio, in short in all the activities by which men earn their bread and provide for their families, man takes woman as a fact in his workaday life. It is in his workaday life that he needs the vote and he will be the first to realize that in this workaday life which women now have entered they also need the vote. He will help her get it just as now he is helping her enter every field of human endeavor as well equipped as his sons. At first he was balky, he had to grow accustomed to his new harness mate, to her need of the harness and his need of her in this new relation.

SO whether we like it or not women are going to vote on an equality with men, as indeed some are already doing. Humanity is ever moving forward toward its destiny, a little slower here, a little faster there, but moving forward inevitably. That is the law of life; none can retard it, none can hasten it. These human particles winning their bread and struggling for the comforts and even luxuries of life, human molecules that constitute humanity are bringing the enfranchisement of women to pass all in due time, themselves for the most part unconscious of the movement since they are a part of this movement. In the aggregate they are the movement, even as the drop of water, a part of the stream, is in its vast aggregate the stream itself; its irresistible power. To pour a bucket of water or any part thereof back into the stream makes it as much a part of the stream as ever it was. Even so with woman. Take her from home into the bread-winning occupations of man and then back again into the home, and she is as much a part of it, the very foundation of it, as ever she was. Let the chips of humanity on the surface bob merrily or sadly as they list, the stream beneath heeds them not. It flows placidly, irresistibly on its appointed course.

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THE PRODIGAL SON

By Constantin Meunier

MEUNIER'S "The Prodigal Son" is profoundly significant of the selfishness, the impatience of the individual. The sculptor illustrates the closing scene in the domestic tragedy when the son, after shattering the authority of the house, is seen kneeling in his despair at the feet of the father. Meunier was fifty years old before he found himself, becoming known as the apostle of labor. He abandoned the studio as he had discarded the Academy years before, and turned to the worker, practically living with him in the mine, the quarry, the workshop, the glass-house—wherever the laborer happened to be. With him he withstood the heat, the nauseating gases, the burden of the day. But it was in his three years in the Academy of Brussels, the period as teacher of drawing in Louvaine, the days passed in Fraikins' studio that he acquired that practical knowledge of Academic law which was his equipment. Constantin was a little, puny fellow, enwrapped, in his early years, in the serene beauty of the antique, a conscientious worker, a willing acceptor of classic precedent. But he wearied of the machinery of classic idealism. He determined to devote the balance of his life to depicting his fellow worker whose heart he had won, whose life he had shared. Although Rodin was working a short distance away, it is not known that Meunier ever met him, not even at the time when Meunier's "Hammer-man" was the center of attraction at the Salon, and for which he received an honorable mention, his first substantial public notice. His work is direct, and imbued with the intensity of life. An exhibition of Meunier's sculpture will be held at Columbia University, January 25 to February 15.

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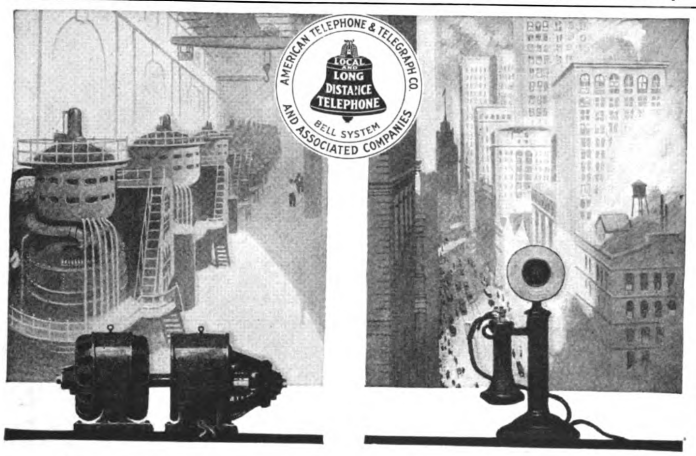
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The Energizer of Business

IN a metropolitan power-house there must be generators large enough to furnish millions of lights and provide electrical current for thousands of cars and factories.

Each monster machine with the power of tens of thousands of horses is energized by an unobtrusive little dynamo, which is technically known as an "exciter."

This exciter by its electric impulse through all the coils of the generator brings the whole mechanism into life and activity.

A similar service is performed for the great agencies of business and industry by the telephones of the Bell System. They carry the currents of communication everywhere to energize our intricate social and business mechanism.

United for universal service, Bell Telephones give maximum efficiency to the big generators of production and commerce.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor, Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.

Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Inquiries will be answered as soon as possible, but considerable time is often required to secure reliable information. This magazine does not have the facilities to assist in raising capital for even worthy enterprises.

More Good Bonds for Investment

"I AM a doctor in a town of about 10,000 and getting about $3,000 a year, or just about enough to live on. I have $6,000 in different banks drawing from 3½ to 4 per cent. interest. What would you advise in regard to increasing its earning power?"

"I am a retired bishop with a few hardly-earned thousands, which I am afraid to invest as things are, as with my responsibilities I cannot afford to lose a dollar. The money is now in substantial savings banks. Can I do better with as much security?"

"I have $1,000 which I want to invest. I have been thinking of buying railroad bonds, and would like you to advise whether this is a good investment. Are any bonds better than railroad bonds?"

These and many other similar inquiries have been answered by letter, with special relation to the individual needs of each. But all such inquiries suggest this practical question: What specific investments are safe and desirable? In HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 15 a list of good bonds was given, and each bond analyzed. There are other safe and desirable investments such as first mortgages on real estate and certain stocks, but the interest aroused by the former article on bonds makes it worth while to present another list of securities of this type.

Why Buy Bonds Now?

BONDS have one great advantage over stocks: there is never any loss of income if the purchase is made just after the payment of interest. Bonds are practically always quoted "and interest," or "with interest," the two terms both meaning that whenever a person buys a bond he or she receives the exact amount of interest which the length of time they have held the bond entitles them to. If bond interest is paid every six months on January 1 and July 1, $20 being paid on each date, and you purchase a bond on June 1, you will receive exactly one-sixth of $20 for that half year. Purchasers of stocks on the other hand must be "holders of record" of a certain date to receive dividends. If you buy stock a few days after that date you may lose an entire year's dividend. Much the same is true of savings bank accounts.

BONDS are especially desirable at this time because they have declined much in price in the last few years. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the causes of such decline, but one thing may be assumed, that bonds now selling well below their face value and backed by enormous assets and earnings will be paid off at their face value when they come due. Without further preliminary remarks there is here presented a list* of

*Unless otherwise stated bonds are issued in amounts of $1,000 or multiples thereof.

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what the writer believes to be good bonds, and he backs up his opinion with facts and figures:

Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, first consolidated mortgage 4s, now a first mortgage on 1021 miles, and a second or third mortgage on 2924 additional mileage, the latter having prior liens of $30,000,000; thirty-nine years to run. A few years ago this bond sold to yield only 3.80 per cent. Now it may be had to return 4½ per cent. The Atlantic Coast Line is one of the most prosperous of American railroads.

City of Omaha, Nebraska, water works 4½ s, 28 years to run. Legal investments for savings banks in all eastern states, free from Federal income tax. Yield 4½ per cent.

Manhattan Railway, consolidated mortgage 4s, 87 years to run. Yield 4.55 per cent. Free from personal tax in New York State. These are first mortgage bonds on all the elevated lines in New York City (Manhattan Borough). They are followed by $5,409,000 second mortgage bonds, and by $60,000,000 stock upon which the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, which leases the elevated lines, has guaranteed 7 per cent. dividends for 999 years. In 1912 the company earned $7,453,000 to pay $1,657,656 interest and rentals, and after paying 7 per cent. on its large stock issue had a surplus for the year remaining over of $1,601,000.

Pennsylvania Railroad, general freight equipment 4½ per cent. certificates, issue of 1913, coming due in installments from April 1, 1914, to April 1, 1923. Price to yield 4.80 per cent. Equipment bonds are not listed on the Stock Exchange, but as explained in a previous article (October 4) they are always easy to sell. This bond is safe and bears an attractive rate of interest considering its high degree of security.

Duluth, Missabe & Northern Railway, general mortgage 5s, 28 years to run. Yield 4.70 per cent. This company is controlled by the Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines, which in turn is controlled by the United States Steel Corporation. Bonds are listed on the Stock Exchange. It is true that the freight rates of this company have been subjected to much criticism as being exorbitantly high; and regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission and a possible dissolution of the Steel Corporation under the Sherman law may somewhat alter the position of this company. At the same time the $4,112,500 stock, which of course comes after the bonds, pays 240 per cent. dividends a year. So there is room for contraction.

Chesapeake & Ohio, first consolidated mortgage 5s, 26 years to run. Yield 4.80 per cent. A first mortgage on about 600 miles of main line, practically the company's first mortgage.

Chesapeake & Ohio, general mortgage 4½s. In time will become a first mortgage on practically entire property; seventy-nine years to run. Yield 4.90 per cent. Not generally regarded as quite as good as the other bond, but probably will improve with time.

TWO bonds of railroads now under construction may be considered, although this type of bond is hardly to be regarded as of the highest even when the corporations backing them possess ample credit. However, persons in a position to judge for themselves would do well to consider these two issues, the first mortgage 5s of the St. Louis, Peoria & North Western Railway, guaranteed principal and interest and to be assumed by the powerful Chicago & North Western, and the first mortgage 4½s of the New York Connecting Railroad, severally and jointly guaranteed by the Pennsylvania and New Haven railroads. The first named company is a branch line of the North Western now being built in Illinois. The Connecting Railroad is a line connecting the Pennsylvania and New Haven companies in New York City. It is to be about nine miles long, and $9,000,000 has already been spent upon it. Of course enormous traffic will go over this line, and the bonds are sure to be safe. They are free from personal taxation in New York State and yield 4.80 per cent. The St. Louis, Peoria & North Western bonds yield 4.85 per cent.

Colorado & Southern, first mortgage 4s, 16 years to run. Yield 4.65 per cent. A very attractive bond. Now selling at 89¾, it sold last year at 97. These bonds are a first mortgage on 1048 miles of road and a second mortgage of 800 miles additional. There are only $20,000,000 of the bonds, and practically no more can be put out. They are followed by $30,803,000 refunding mortgage bonds, which are often recommended for investment and by $48,000,000 of dividend paying stock. The road is owned by the powerful Burlington which in turn is owned by the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, so that anyone who has confidence in James J. Hill's ability should expect to see the Colorado & Southern become an increasingly valuable property.

THERE are several issues of railroad debenture bonds which must be considered. A debenture bond is a mere promise to pay, but with a rich railroad this promise is worth more than the mortgage bond of a very poor company. The St. Paul debenture 4s are unquestionably safe, but return only 4.70 per cent.

The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern debenture 4s, two separate issues of $50,000,000 each, return 5 per cent. on the investment. In 1912 the company, after paying interest on its fifty millions of first mortgage bonds and on one hundred millions of debentures, distributed 18 per cent. dividends on its fifty millions of stock and had nearly $8,000,000 surplus remaining over. One of the Lake Shore debenture issues runs for only fifteen years. The New York Central, which owns the Lake Shore, is trying to create a large new issue of bonds to cover the Lake Shore as well as the Central, but to be subject, that is, follow, the present three issues of Lake Shore bonds. Anyone who wants a truly "gilt-edge" investment, to return only one tenth of one per cent. more than the savings bank 4 per cent. rate will do well to buy Lake Shore first mortgage 3½s. Nothing could be safer than these bonds, which are secured about twelve or thirteen times over. However the debentures are plenty safe enough.

The City of San Francisco recently sold an issue of bonds to yield 5 per cent. It proposed to put out another issue to be split up in $100 amounts to bear 5 per cent. interest, and probably to be sold at a price to yield 5 per cent. San Francisco has only $34,000,000 of bonds out and owns property worth $62,000,000, in addition to its taxing power over private property assessed at $623,000,000. These San Francisco bonds are legal investment for eastern savings banks, and are exceedingly attractive at the price.

The National Tube Company, first mortgage 5s, 39 years to run. Yield

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The trend today is toward lighter cars. For lightness means *economy*, less wear and tear, greater mileage, lower fuel cost, reduced upkeep all 'round. And it was to meet these very requirements that the EMPIRE Car was designed.

This is its fifth year. And despite our four-fold increased facilities, this year's output will again fall short of the demand.

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5.3 per cent. These bonds are a first mortgage on the steel plant at Lorain, Ohio, and the National Tube Company is controlled by the Federal Steel Co. which is owned by the United States Steel Corporation. The bonds are selling at 95 although they were originally brought out in 1912 at 101¼ and apparently plentifully subscribed for at that price. The bonds are guaranteed by the Steel Corporation.

THERE are scores of good bonds of electric light, traction and power and gas companies. Among the many may be noted those of two companies operating in Detroit, a growing and highly prosperous city with half a million population. The Detroit Edison Company first mortgage 5s may be had to yield about 5 per cent. Earnings are about two and half times the interest on these bonds, and dividends of 7 per cent. are paid on the $10,000,000 stock; twenty years to run, with franchises extending beyond that time. The company is controlled by the North American Company, a holding concern. Detroit Edison supplies all the electricity to Detroit, whereas the Detroit City Gas Company, an entirely separate concern, supplies all the gas. The latter company has an issue of general mortgage bonds which may be had to yield 5.20 per cent. Earnings are five or six times as large as the interest on these bonds. The company is owned by the American Light & Traction Company, one of the most successful of the hundreds of holding companies of this class. Possibly a person may not have confidence that gas will continue to be used as extensively as electricity, but as these bonds have only ten years to run there need be little fear on that score.

WITH the exception of the municipal bonds mentioned, nearly all those named in this article are listed on the Stock Exchange. The municipal bonds are free from all Federal Income Tax and several of the others also are free from this tax.

What They Think of Us

A. Heymoolen, Holland (Minn.)

I do not think that when HARPER'S WEEKLY was sold, it was the intention to murder it on the 16 of August, but this is what has been done. The old HARPER'S WEEKLY is dead, and in its place, what do you give us? Great Scott! I never was more disgusted with a change in the make-up of a magazine than I am with the change that has taken place in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Daniel Lynch, Minerva (N. Y.)

Civilization, like terrestrial magnetism, moves in cycles, and a publication such as you have made this, becomes a powerful factor in accelerating the return to savagery. You still carry the name "HARPER'S" at your masthead, and this, if not piracy, is certainly "sailing under false colors."

Rev. Ernest C. Mobley, Gainesville (Texas)

Brandeis hits the bull's-eye every shot. Your stage notes are superb. The editorial commendations of President Wilson are worth the price of the periodical.

Wilmington (Del.) *Evening News*

After reading his contribution to HARPER'S WEEKLY and other publications about the "Money Trust," how to "break it" and what to put in its place, and about various other details of government that ought to make a people happy and prosperous, the average reader will incline to the opinion that if Mr. Louis D. Brandeis could be installed in supreme charge of the government of the entire country, state as well as national, everything would be lovely. Still, it is not surprising that people should hesitate about giving the experiment a trial.

James McCarthy, Hudson Falls (N. Y.)

No man ever did so much to enlighten the people, by a single article, as you have in your contribution which was published in the last HARPER'S WEEKLY. I have sent for a dozen extra copies, which I propose to mail. I wish that five hundred thousand extra copies could be distributed.

Letter to Mr. Louis D. Brandeis.

New York Globe

We once thought we understood the trust doctrine of Louis D. Brandeis. We believed we had mastered its intricacies both as presented in its original form by himself and as preached in a derivative form by the distinguished apostle of the New Freedom. But a reading of articles by Mr. Brandeis in the last two issues of HARPER'S WEEKLY persuades us that we were mistaken.

R. P. Cunningham, Darlington (Ind.)

I have read with more than ordinary care your issue of November 15. And I must say, as magazines and periodicals go, it is mighty fine.

But if Mr. Brandeis and Dr. Eliot represent the editorial mind and point of view with their doctrine of a fumigated and disinfected competition as being the way out of all our difficulties, I desire to warn you that you will get nowhere in particular, and that you will find yourselves on the muster rolls of the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals brigade.

The New York Times Annalist

The United States Supreme Court has declared invalid that form of contract by which the manufacturer of a trade-marked, nationally advertised article sought to prevent retailers from cutting the price.

In HARPER'S WEEKLY, Louis D. Brandeis has written powerfully on the other side.

Montgomery (Ala.) *Journal*

HARPER'S WEEKLY has drawn a graphic picture of the inner workings of the money power, how they have repeatedly pulled one thing after another over the people during all these years of struggle of the progressive democratic party to regain control of their government, that they might have a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

Leslie's Illustrated Weekly, New York City

The whole trend of the times is against cutthroat competition, as much as it is against cutthroat combination. The standard price for an article, the same price to one and all, is the best protection to the customer, the public and the manufacturer.

A strong argument in support of this policy is presented by Mr. Louis D. Brandeis in HARPER'S WEEKLY. The American Fair Trade League, made up of some of the most representative business concerns of the country, calls the attention of the million retail merchants of the country to the importance of taking an active interest in pending legislation regarding the one-price-to-all system. The advantage of incorporating in this legislation the views set forth by Mr. Brandeis cannot be over-estimated.

Mr. Brandeis points out the undeniable fact that the greatest progress in trade morals has been made in the last generation, in the retail trade, and that the first important step was the introduction of the one-price system, which tended to secure fair prices for nationally advertised goods.

J. A. Martin, Advertising Manager, "The Progressive Farmer," Birmingham (Ala.)

You are making a great paper out of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Boston (Mass.) *Evening Herald*

It is the HARPER'S WEEKLY idea that there is too much to be done in this country, for the attention of the country and the work of Congress and of the President to be bothering about Mexico.

Angelus (Cal.) *Tribune*

A little group of newspaper people were looking at a copy of HARPER'S WEEKLY, when attention was riveted on a double page cartoon.

The artist of the group seized his hat and started for the door precipitately. To the inquiry as to where he was going he replied that as the result of looking at the cartoon he was on his way to the booby hatch.

It may be necessary to explain that "booby hatch" is artistic slang for crazy-house.

Nevertheless, a very intelligent woman was heard to remark lately that she not only took pleasure in reading HARPER'S WEEKLY, but regarded the reading of it a liberal education in politics and economics. She said she had learned more from it than from all her reading of other publications professing to cover these fields.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Life*

Our only fear is that Mr. Mitchel and Mr. Norman Hapgood may become so intoxicated over the plurality by which the mayor-elect won that nothing will be capable of holding them down, and if these two gentlemen should ever attach any more importance to themselves than they have been in the habit heretofore of attaching, God knows what would happen.

Macon (Ga.) *News*

Perhaps the keenest, most comprehensive estimate of Sulzer yet written appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

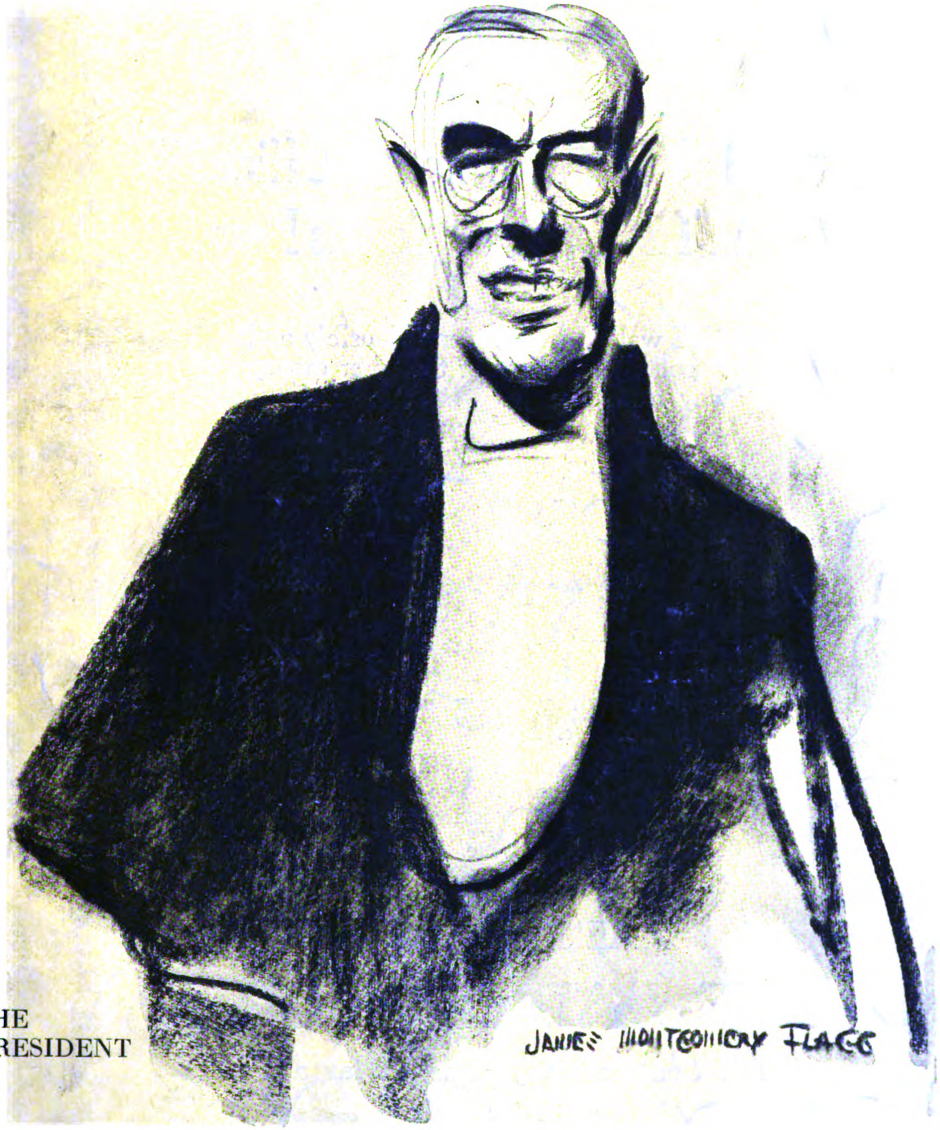
Phoenix (Ariz.) *Republican*

HARPER'S WEEKLY devotes from a half page to a page of each issue to newspaper or personal comment on the journal under the new management. Praise and criticism are impartially published; the latter, coming largely, we suppose, from subscribers to the old WEEKLY, predominates. The new magazine is called a "fright" and even worse names. One critic describes it as an illegitimate half-breed "wallowing in the shadow of an honored name." Yet Mr. Hapgood smiles and goes on with the revolution.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JANUARY 10, 1914 PRICE TEN CENTS



THE PRESIDENT

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
NEW YORK

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"Will You Walk Into My Office?" Said The Sharper To His Prey.

SHE walked in and very plausibly and politely the sharper took her money away from her.

Any lone woman with even a little money is the mark for which these

"BIRDS OF PREY"

are constantly looking and setting their traps.

Helen Duey begins a short series of stories drawn from real experiences with these human vultures in the *January* number of *The Ladies' World.*

If you have some money to invest it will richly repay you to read them. You will at least learn what *not* to do and that is a very valuable thing.

Begin in the January issue.

All News Stands

THE LADIES' WORLD

Ten Cents a Copy—One Dollar a Year

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY 10, 1914

Cover Design ..... James Montgomery Flagg

A Young Girl ..... Randall Davey 2
From the Painting

Editorials 3

Culture and Agriculture ..... Lincoln Steffens 7
Why is a college student so funny?
Illustrated by Herb Roth

Criminals I Have Known ..... T. P. O'Connor 10
IV. Mme. Humbert
Illustrated by William M. Berger

The Art of Skating in America ..... Irving Brokaw 13
A picturesque article by an expert skater
Illustrated with photographs

The War Lords ..... Oliver Herford 16
Cartoon

A Curse of Bigness ..... Louis D. Brandeis 18
The difference between combination and natural growth
Illustrated by W. J. Enright

Afraid of the Dark ..... Honoré Willsie 22
A story
Illustrated by Alice Beach Winter

Home Newspapers and Others ..... F. J. Brunner 24
The responsibility of women for yellow journalism

Woodrow Wilson the Man ..... An Onlooker 25
A close picture of his manner and his character

To See "Ourselves" as Others See It ..... Ethel Watts Mumford 26
The way prostitution appears to men

Love in a Dutch Garden ..... Neith Boyce 27
An impression of "Prunella"
Illustrated by Frances W. Delehanty

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 28

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 30
Assured income

What They Think of Us 32

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A YOUNG GIRL

By Randall Davey

THIS portrait, by possibly the youngest of America's big men, will be readily catalogued in the general mind as a fine example of the new school. In reality, it is as old as human feeling and as fresh as youth, belongs to no school other than the artist's understanding and might well be called "A Poem in Paint to a Woman." It is a detail of a large canvas.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Grammar and the Press

IN the midst of heavier concerns, it is pleasant to indulge in warfare with those who hurl javelins against our use of English. Some weeks ago a number of papers were ironical because the editor of this paper wrote a letter in which he used the expression: "You are a man who do your own thinking." Among the newspapers that felt called upon to complain of this construction was the Columbia *Record*, which observed, "We hope he do." Another inquired severely, "He do, do he?" The Chattanooga *Times* asked if the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY "can't keep his grammar on straight, who can?" Even the scholarly editorial page of the *New York World* protested. At the moment, although our instinct was strong, we had no time to go through enough English literature to prove the case. Here, however, are a few examples that may convert some of our learned contemporaries.

From Carlyle, "Past and Present":
"Thou art an unreasonable mortal: or rather thou art a poor infinite mortal, who, in thy narrow clay prison here seemest so unreasonable."

From Longfellow, "Flower-de-Luce":
"Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities,
Huntest the sylvan streams."

These quotations have been verified, but there is one from Macaulay which we have not been able to find, although we are rather confident that it is correctly remembered:

"Oh, England, you are the sybil who do your own kine to death."

What would our critics answer? Perhaps that Carlyle, Longfellow and Macaulay did not know how to write.

Our Favorite Season

HERE in the midst of winter, which many enjoy, we fall to thinking about the charms of the seasons that are to come. Let others tell why spring or summer is their favorite, or even winter, but to our mind, autumn comes first. As Shelley says:

"The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past;
There is a harmony
In autumn, and a luster in its sky
Which through the summer is not heard or seen."

Possibly autumn is the favorite season of those in whom thought predominates; spring the favorite of those in whom emotion is more dominant; and winter loved by those in whom are great physical vigor and love of active life.

Price Maintenance Upheld

"IT is fallacy to assume that the price-cutter pockets the loss. The public makes it up on other purchases." This is from an opinion of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington which has just decided that a retail grocer was liable for breaking his contract not to sell a brand of flour below the price fixed by the manufacturer. As the case did not involve interstate commerce, the court was not bound by the decisions of the United States Supreme Court, and significantly refused to follow them. In its opinion it is not contrary to public policy to let a manufacturer, who has given a reputation to his product, fix the retail price to the consumer, if competition is not barred or a monopoly created. As the court points out, the competition which benefits the public is between manufacturers or brands, and the independent action of each manufacturer in fixing the price of his own brand does not affect competition among them. The decision is another expression of the growing belief that the views of public policy in regard to price maintenance taken by the majority of the United States Supreme Court is unsound and mistaken, and that the position taken by Mr. Brandeis in his article on "Competition that Kills" in our issue of Nov. 15 is sound. The attention of the reader who is interested in this question may also profitably be turned to the letter of Mr. George Eastman on page 32 of this issue.

Things Move

AGAIN do conditions change so fast that Mr. Brandeis' series of articles on the Money Trust is illustrated by events after the articles go to press. In his article last week, called "Big Men and Little Business," he told the story of the telegraph, and how Morse's invention was developed by the money of Alfred Vail. He also told the story of the telephone, and how the money came from William H. Forbes, who was not a banker. The great bankers came into the situation twenty years later, after the telephone had spread over the world, and by these great bankers the combination was formed. Mr. Brandeis' article was being printed when the news came that the Western Union had shown such excellent judgment as to separate itself from the telephone company voluntarily. It is in order to congratulate Mr. Vail and his associates on taking a step that was obviously inevitable. Whenever a big business man acts in that way, he increases good will. When he fights to the bitter end for a cause that is lost, he merely inflames public feeling.

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Working in the Dark

VASTLY important is a spirit of confidence and coöperation between the public and the leaders of industry, but before this can exist, there must be willingness to do certain things. Woodrow Wilson's attitude toward business is right. He took his stand relentlessly after certain principles had been decided, and went ahead to carry them out, without allowing the questions to be reopened. When, however, big corporations showed a willingness to carry out the law, Wilson welcomed them.

The public must show a sympathetic comprehension of business methods, but the public will never do it until the leading men in industry take a modern view of ethics. Not long ago one of the oldest and most respectable papers in Boston published an editorial objecting to investigation by the Public Service Commission into the affairs of the New Haven Railroad. That investigation, a few days later, showed that a reporter for the same paper was in the pay of the New Haven Railroad. He was not being paid because of his superlative general ability, but because he was attached to a great newspaper. Not only was the *Transcript* man in the employ of the road, but also a reporter on the *Globe*, and reporters on many other New England papers, and a representative of the Associated Press, which is supposed to feed uncolored news to the whole country. Most dramatic was the revelation that a man who had been for years a professor in the Harvard Law School, telling young men what they ought to think about railroad matters, was receiving ten thousand dollars a year from the New Haven Railroad, and keeping this fact dark. Now let us all persistently urge reasonableness upon the public; but the only possible way of securing public sympathy with big business is for the leaders to drop such wornout ethical conceptions as that they can secretly buy up professors, periodicals and newspapers, and yet be fulfilling their duty toward a public so dependent upon them.

A Lynch Law

AN Irish immigrant by the name of Lynch settled, before the Revolution, in what is now Campbell county, Virginia. He had two sons: Charles, who as an officer of the Revolutionary Army summarily executed certain Tory marauders in his part of the country and gave his name to the death-penalty as inflicted at the hands of a mob; and John, the founder of Lynchburg, lying on the paternal acres. In Lynchburg, a little more than a half century ago, were born, two years apart, two boys. One went to Oklahoma, and upon the creation of the new state, he became one of its first Senators, this year finding himself Chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. The younger boy remained in Lynchburg, later going to Congress, and this year finding himself Chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency. This much of history is related here for the sake, not of putting Lynchburg on the map, but of indicating how easily it may be proved that the Glass-Owen Currency Act is a Lynch Law.

Another Woman Hamlet

MADAME SUZANNE DESPRÈS has been playing the Prince of Denmark in Paris, and apparently playing it with intelligence and some success. Judging from the pictures and reviews, she came as near masculinity as could be expected. One French critic remarks that Hamlet at any rate is a feminine type, citing indecision as evidence. The author of "Man and Superman" would not agree. Hamlet, in truth, as Goethe said, is all of us, but he is more a typical man than a typical woman. A typical woman is practical and active. The type that philosophizes at length, and seems far removed from affairs, is more often found in men.

A Man's World

IN the old days, before women were given a respectful hearing when they carried their campaign for ballots, a certain husky New York lawyer attended every soap-box rally he could get to. He had lived for a time in a Central American state, where the people, cowed and subdued, spoke of new causes in whispers only. His faith in the need to fight to hold every inch of ground on behalf of free speech and the right of public discussion had been quickened by that experience, so that he made the cause of woman's suffrage his own cause. He mixed it with ruffians who shied epithets or tried to break up women's rallies. In the course of his work as a radical supporter of woman's suffrage, Joseph F. Darling took up, on assignment from the court, the defense of a woman charged with larceny. The woman, according to the complaint, had extracted money from the pocket of a man who had invited her to drink with him in the back room of a saloon. The man complainant, the trial judge, the jury, and the prosecuting attorney joined in the view that the woman deserved heavy, suppressive punishment.

Darling saw an opportunity to throw into strong relief the view that society takes of men who occasionally consort with women in the back rooms of saloons, that they are romancers out for a fling, while the women are seen as criminals. To the argument of the prosecutor that the designation, "a woman of the town" should settle the case, Darling interposed that under a standard soon to be set up a "man of the town" would seem equally bad. He summoned the complaining witness's wife, and when judge, jury and prosecutor were scandalized, Darling spoke of an on-coming day when a voting wife might parade such a husband to court to exhibit him to the whole voting sisterhood of wives. Such a proceeding in a court-room was not tolerated. He was declared to be in criminal contempt and was sentenced to thirty days in jail. The Bar Association took up his case and has made a motion of disbarment.

This is an era when we are trying to loosen the technicalities of the law. If, as we understand, Darling has always had an honorable career, might it not be well for the Bar Association to struggle along with the offender still in its ranks until changes in the times make his ideas less alarming?

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Huerta and Roosevelt

EX-AMBASSADOR HENRY LANE WILSON and his fellow-critic of the Administration's Mexican policy, Major Cassius M. Gillette, are fond of repeating in their lectures the statement that Huerta's title to the Presidency of Mexico is as clear as was Theodore Roosevelt's to the Presidency of the United States, when he succeeded McKinley. Suppose an insurrection in Washington, for the overthrow of the Government. The White House is attacked, and successfully defended, but the commandant is wounded. President Wilson sends for General Wood, who proves to be a traitor. Wood sends infantry and cavalry, known to be loyal, to attack a citadel armed with cannon and machine guns, he himself declining to use his own artillery. The loyal soldiers are thus massacred. The disloyal ones, on opposing sides, fire over each others' heads. At General Wood's orders, President Wilson and Vice-President Marshall are arrested and imprisoned. They resign under duress. Secretary of State Bryan becomes President for five minutes, in which period he appoints General Wood to a place in his cabinet that is next in line of succession. He resigns, General Wood becomes President. These appointments must be confirmed by Congress. Congress has dispersed. Enough members of the House and Senate are found to go through the form, surrounded by bayonets, of confirming General Wood's appointment. Incidentally President Wilson and Vice-President Marshall are assassinated. As these two lecturers keep on talking they increase the number who believe that Mr. Wilson's refusal to acknowledge Huerta's title was a wise decision.

Some Southern Newspapers

THE *Times-Union* is one of various papers in the southern states, which, with the Associated Press franchise, are able to present their reactionary views to the public along with their indispensable news.

A Southern correspondent writes:

> With the people of Florida as the stakeholders, you would have won your wager in the dark, "that the *Times-Union* is the reactionary agent of its neighborhood." It is the most reactionary paper of the South. Its news columns have been perverted and its opinion columns controlled by the Flagler-East Coast Railway interests for many years, and it opposes every legislative reform within the state and every national measure that in the remotest degree appears to affect unfavorably the big corporations. The end of such a course was inevitable. The *Times-Union* now helps any cause it opposes and its antagonism is an asset much coveted by candidates for office. At the last session of the Florida legislature, it was the special delight of the House to pass by unanimous vote any measure the *Times-Union* opposed, the Senate concurring by a good majority. The *Times-Union* is the advocate of the last abuse and the enemy of the next reform.

So we guessed. There are other papers, however, which in their respective states stand for progressive measures, in state and nation, such as the *Lynchburg News*, the *Raleigh News and Observer*, the *Columbia State*, the *Atlanta Journal*, the *Birmingham Age-Herald*, the *Nashville Tennesseean*, the *New Orleans Item*, the *Dallas News*.

A Point About Hagar

MARY JOHNSTON'S latest novel should rank high. It contains in its early chapters a singularly attractive picture of the modern girl set against the background of the conventional group of relatives who are horrified because Hagar reads Darwin, Hawthorne, Fielding, and is interested in convicts and in why women don't have money. There are many delicate and sure touches in these early chapters: fine is the ironical accuracy with which the arguments of the old-fashioned people are given. Hagar in these early years is a peculiarly lovable human being and everybody is genuinely created. Later, the book remains intelligent, but somewhat more an argument than a creation. There is scarcely any one of the subjects that make up the Feminist movement that is not admirably stated. There is only one protest among those that have been made, with which we feel inclined to sympathize. Hagar, having decided to marry, says that she would like to have a child. A child! Is not that anæmic? In drawing the picture of a woman who is to stand as the embodiment of the Feminist movement, would it not be more adequate to have painted one with vitality enough to wish for a more generous family? Hagar speaks of wishing to be with it whenever it needs her. Is that the only time the most perfectly developed woman wishes to be with her child? Miss Johnston recently wrote an article in a newspaper in which she charmingly describes the change in her thought on these subjects.

"In any active intellectual life there are apt to be great tracts to which the mind, lacking just the needed stimulus or preoccupied with other regions and provinces, has simply not yet turned. It was so with me."

Miss Johnston has been primarily an artist. Now that she has turned to embodying in her books an aggressive movement of the time, our prophecy is that the next novel of hers dealing with feminism will have the charm and intelligence of the first, will be less argumentative, and will give the heroine a fuller equipment of fundamental human impulses.

Trust the Young

LOUIS XV'S remark (or was it Mme. Pompadour's) "After us the Deluge," is better known but much less interesting than what Voltaire said: "Happy the young men for they shall see beautiful things." Voltaire lived to be old, but his mind never stopped. It never lost its openness.

It should be the story of all, as they grow old, to keep their minds hospitably open to the thoughts and wishes of the young. And so can they remain young themselves.

These were the last words of the Lincolnshire boor to his master:

> "What with faith, and what with the earth
> a-turning round the sun, and what with the
> railroads a fuzzing and a whuzzing, I'm clean stonied,
> muddled, and beat."

Our Lincolnshire friend took progress as it is taken by the majority of the elderly. Voltaire took it as it is taken by the minority of the elderly.

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DESIGN FOR A MEXICAN PAPER-WEIGHT

By O. E. Cesare

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Culture and Agriculture

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

Illustrated by Herb Roth

AN old girl friend of mine told me a year or so ago that she had a daughter growing up who showed a distinct talent for writing, and she asked me where to send her to college. I advised one of the great schools of agriculture.

"But," she gasped, "what she needs is culture!"

"I know," I said, "that's why I suggested an agricultural college."

She was not to be convinced. She thought I was joking. And I find that hardly anybody will take seriously the idea that there is culture for human beings in agriculture, engineering and—all that sort of thing. Even the officers and professors of schools of agriculture and engineering won't accept it. I visited a lot of them out West last fall, and I tried to make them see the opportunity they had for culture in the highest sense. In vain. They showed it to me, but I couldn't show it to them.

Why not? One can get culture out of most anything. Men used to find it in Latin and Greek and Belles-Lettres. Mayor Gaynor did. And I knew a painter once who got an education, with finish, out of art.



"The young ladies' seminaries for young gentlemen will sneer that this isn't culture"

THIS case will illustrate my point pretty well. The man I mean was Louis Loeb. I met him first in Paris where we both were students, he at the Beaux Arts, I at the university. He had been a lithographer, self-supporting from boyhood, and he was making an artist of himself. But he grieved privately because he had not been able to put himself through school and college too. He was hungry for the things he thought I had, and when I offered to give them all to him, I remember his first question was as to the difference between prose and verse. Taking him up to my room, I showed him that and a few other rudiments of the art of writing. I illustrated what I told him with readings from such books as I had there and suggested others; all related more or less to his art. And I declared that he, wanting it, could gather more culture from a study of painting in its relation to history, thought, taste, conduct and—life, than a high average college student acquired. To his dying day, Louis Loeb seemed not to believe this, but he proved it. He went on painting and reading, painting and thinking, painting and conversing and living, till he was one of the most cultured men I knew. When, later, as the city editor of a newspaper, I wished to have an art idea expressed in English or a conception of life stated in its relation to art and general culture, I sent one of my post-graduate reporters to Louis Loeb. He knew what he knew in its relation to life, and that is culture.

"I have found my philosophy in my art," he told one reporter; "and all the secrets of life; not only beauty and strength and health, but ethics also. For example," he said, painting away, "take honesty. Why be honest? Art will tell you why. If I could see things as they are, honestly, I should be great. I might not be a great painter, but I'd be a great man. If now, seeing straight, I could report things straight, if I could paint them truly, I'd be not only a great painter, I'd be a genius. The trouble is it's hard to be honest. We may be able, as children, to see honestly; I doubt it; the aboriginal artists couldn't see much as it is. So we go to the art schools and the museums to see as the great artists saw. Good; and necessary; but dangerous. The good student has a hard time after that to find himself and his own eyes. If he can't recover his own vision, he's a scholar; not," and he smiled, "not a reporter; not an honest, open-eyed, faithful, sure-handed painter."

THE agricultural schools have the first requirement for culture. They have students who want to learn. The average student at a "regular" college is one of the funniest things on earth. He has no interest in learning; he is hardly willing to be taught. One reason for this, of course, is that he has no intellectual curiosity. His mind is an infant's, unawakened; for the schools don't tell him what he needs to know; they cram him with

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"President Wilson is a shock to the popular belief that there is a conflict between scholarship and practical life and politics"

what the colleges require him to pass on. So they go on "passing," for the most part, after they are in college. And many of them are just plain loafers, with a little sporting interest in football or athletics. Even that isn't cultural.

If it were; if our college athletes were what many of the Greek athletes were, they might be interested in Greek. For, of course, that is the language and literature of athletics; of strength, grace, beauty, courage. And a student who learned to love these qualities might arrive somewhere near where the Greeks arrived: at a love of life lived on a physical foundation and expressed in the forms of all the arts and in philosophy.

There is culture to be had in sport, and since that is a real student interest, it might serve as a starting point for a living system of education. And there is, by the way, a sculptor in charge of athletics at the University of Pennsylvania. If they would put the Greek department under him, and he would see to it that the professors of Greek took their departure from the heroic and physical interest, the students might see the relation to life of a dead language. But, no, Greek is a science now; so is Latin. Therefore the experiences and the reflections of these two great peoples are lost to the life of the American people who are going through the same experiences.

PERHAPS that is too broad a statement: Greek and Roman history are brought into relation with American life. You hear it cited from the soap-boxes on street corners, and with some understanding, too. The "demagogues" seem to have read all history from the cultural point of view; to get the meaning out of it for modern life. And, of course, history is full of light, not only on our past and present, but on our future, too. There is light on our lives in anything and everything; in political economy and chemistry; in astronomy and metaphysics and poetry. And that is culture, and I admit that the soap-box orators have some of it and are giving it to the common people on the streets. And college students get it there, too. Many an undergraduate has had his mind opened to the questions of life and to the sources of light upon it in his college curriculum, at street or Socialist club meetings. Culture is like life itself; it must be.



"Just what the old Roman muckrakers said in the original Latin"

BUT my plea is for culture in colleges, and especially in the agricultural colleges. Any college has a clue to the way to it. Interest is the beginning—any interest. It has been noted often that graduate students who loafed through their undergraduate years, woke up in the law school or medical department, and worked with industry and ability. Why is that? The answer is obvious. They saw the relation of law or medicine to life—to their lives. The history they "took" had a relation to life, too; and to their lives. So had Greek and poetry, English and—anything offered them. But it wasn't so taught. It was taught, probably, as abstract knowledge, as science. Why? There's a theory, and a cause to account for that. The theory is that science exists for the sake of knowledge; not for use, but for its own sweet sake. Like the theory of art. Nothing exists for its own sake; not even the stars. Everything is related to everything else, and the whole is greater than any part—greater and more interesting. But the cause of this anti-social, anti-cultural point of view in faculties is that the teaching is done very largely by ex-grinds who learned what they know out of a moral sense of duty, had no lives themselves, and do not see the relation to life of what they learned. In other words, our faculties, like our scientists, lack culture. They are day-laborers in the fields of knowledge; that's one reason why they get a day-laborer's pay. And they do not know what their piles of facts mean till a cultural mind like Darwin's comes along and sees the significance of them to what human beings are thinking and doing.

This accounts for the student's lack of interest. And the "utilitarian" view which prevails in the professional schools accounts for the loafer's sudden interest and industry. It isn't much; not yet; it is only "applied knowledge" in the narrow sense. But it's a start.

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The agricultural schools have it. Just as the law schools have students who are interested in their studies because they are intending to practice law, and just as the medical schools have students absorbed in their clinics because they are going to make a living at it—so the agricultural and engineering schools, which are multiplying out West and spreading even toward the East, have the advantage of a student body who are learning what they are intending to practice. Parents, legislators, voters and the youth of the West, both boys and girls, are all for these schools. Some of the old-fashioned "cultural" colleges out West, the state universities, get money and live only by hanging on to the coat-tails of the cow-colleges. It was by expanding and developing the agricultural college, for example, that the great University of Wisconsin was made acceptable to the people of Wisconsin. And in Oregon this year, the state college, which is, unfortunately, separated by some thirty miles from the agricultural college, had a hard fight to make on a referendum as to its appropriations.

President Van Hise foresees and welcomes such a referendum on his university. He thinks it is good for the faculty. He is a geologist, by the way, but cultured in the modern sense, like President Wilson. Both these men saw the meaning to life of their acquired academic knowledge, and they both use it all the time, and everywhere—Van Hise to the glory of the University of Wisconsin, and Wilson to the scandal of Princeton. President Wilson is a shock to the popular belief that there is a conflict between scholarship and practical life and politics. President Van Hise is just as good a politician, in his way, as Wilson, and he showed it in a conversation I had with him a month or so ago. I had heard that the last legislature had come to Madison "to put a stop to the extravagance of the university, and to cut the appropriations to the bone." When I got to Madison I heard stories of how Mr. Van Hise had gone before these legislators and so "shown them" that they gave him every cent he asked for. President Van Hise explained that the legislature was perfectly right; it wanted to know what was the use of the university. He was able to answer all their proper questions. But he went on to say that it was comparatively easy to lay facts before a few hundred representatives of the people. It will be harder to communicate with the people themselves; and yet he is glad of the coming referendum, because, as he told his faculty, each head of a department must find a way to show the use of his subject to the people of Wisconsin. It staggers some of the professors; they don't see their own use, apparently. Mr. Van Hise didn't say that—I say it. But I can see, and I suspect the wise Wisconsin president of seeing, that the process of democracy is going to compel his teachers to look for the culture in their subjects; for the bearing his teachings have on life. Every subject taught at Madison (or Cambridge, or New Haven, or Princeton) has such a bearing; but the point is that if the Wisconsin professors find it, they may find a way to show it, not only to the people, but to the boys and girls of Wisconsin.



"The average student at a regular college is one of the funniest things on earth"

THE agricultural schools out West, whether they are connected with or separate from the other colleges, have not used their popularity against their rivals; but for one reason that is bad. The heads of them, in conversation with me, spoke of the old-fashioned colleges as cultural; as if their own, the agricultural and engineering schools, were not cultural. Well, they are not; at least not many of them. One is; the rest are not, but that is

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because the presidents and faculties don't realize their opportunity. There they are with thousands of young students, younger by four or five years than the students of post-graduate law and medical colleges; therefore at the best age for culture, and all interested in their work. The reason of their interest is, as I have said, the sense they have that their studies are for use; professional use. They are going to be farmers or engineers, and so they are already on the job. This is practical—yes, it is utilitarian; and the young ladies' seminaries for young gentlemen will sneer that this isn't culture. And they will be right. But I will recall that one can get culture by starting with any subject and following it through all its relations to life: languages, ancient or modern; history; physics; art or music—anything. And so students can get culture from agriculture or engineering.

BUT there's a chance to use these two fields for a peculiarly rich and modern culture. Take engineering first. Professor Johnson of Harvard gives his students of engineering the culture of his subject by showing them that what they learn of physical forces is probably true of social and political forces. He has written a pamphlet on "Political Engineering," and it is sound. And his students see it. They are interested in political and social questions because they see, what we all need to see today, that it is forces, not men, that we are up against. The colleges are turning out thousands of men every year who carry into politics and life the old, dead cultural notion that bad men make bad government and that good men would make government good. A cultural school of engineering, which would do what Professor Johnson does, would apply its knowledge not only to professional use, but to the practical use of the politician, reformer and sociologist; it would interest its students in the search for the unmoral and impersonal cause of all our evils: political, industrial and social. And if that general, human interest were fed and cultivated by a wise faculty, such students could be led on to want to know anything; just what the old Roman muck-rakers said in the original Latin; just why and when art comes and why it doesn't; and just what the matter is today with poetry.

AND as for the agricultural schools, they can reach out in the same way. All they have got to do is to teach that all they are learning about pigs and oats is true of men. They know, too, what the old moral culturist doesn't know: that if you want a good crop, you must select the seed and prepare the soil. That is true of men. Ignorance and disregard of that knowledge are causes of the slums of cities. I need not go into the obvious bearing of husbandry and grain-breeding upon eugenics; nor into other details. All I want to suggest is, that if faculties of our agricultural schools would take the utilitarian interest of their students in the course of agriculture and would show them the human, social significance of all they are learning, they could not only give them a very modern and a sadly needed culture, but they could easily incite them to an interest in life which would carry them through any of the subjects known to the old culture of the old schools. What they need, really, is not only this hint, but some of the conceit of our great universities; the proud sense that they indeed have something fine and enlightening and humane—as they have.

Criminals I Have Known

By T. P. O'CONNOR

Illustrated by William M. Berger

IV. Madame Humbert

PUBLIC memory is so short a thing that, doubtless, a good many people have already forgotten the strange story of Mme. Humbert. Yet it is one of the stories of successful, audacious, gigantic, and tragic fraud that can never be forgotten. The central figure in it deserves a high place among the most audacious and successful swindlers the world has ever produced. In force of character, in self-command, in cunning, above all, in the pose of influencing other human beings, it is doubtful if the world has ever produced a more striking personality.

Mme. Humbert was a provincial of somewhat modest birth and beginnings. She was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of the family of the Humberts. The head of the family was a provincial lawyer, but in the whirligig of French politics, after the war and the fall of the Second Empire, M. Humbert became a prominent politician. He had great learning, had all the appearance of one of those Puritan Republicans who profoundly impress the French imagination, and who had their glorious day when the Napoleonic despotism, against which they had fought all their lives, had at last been succeeded by the Republic to which they had always given their adhesion—even in days when to do so involved exclusion from all the emoluments and dignities of public employment, with now and then, also, a sentence of imprisonment. Humbert the elder had around him the aroma of one of those saints and martyrs whose years of self-abnegation and stern poverty made them the natural leaders when the Republic and the Republicans had come at last to their own. If I might try to illustrate his position by an English example, I would describe him as holding in French life the same position as a combination of Dr. Clifford and Lord Morley would hold in the life of England. Thus, he became a Cabinet Minister, and held the important office of Minister of Justice—the office that has to do with the administration of justice in all its departments and that corresponds somewhat to the English Attorney-Generalship, with a good portion of the work of the Home Office thrown in. Then he was chosen for the high position of one of the vice-presidents of the Senate—the Chamber where good Republican veterans find their comfortable income and the pensions for their declining days.

HUMBERT PÈRE had a son named Frederick. He is a somewhat enigmatic figure in the story. He is a little man with a delicate physique, a subdued manner, some considerable artistic abilities as a painter, and a soft and pleasant manner. How far he inspired and how far he was the creature of the extraordinary woman he married, it is difficult to say. However, he married Thérèse d'Auvignac as she then was. When you saw this woman, your astonishment at the extraordinary position to which she attained, grew and grew. Never was there a commoner figure. Short, stout, yellow-skinned, obese, she looked the typical French cook. And she had the further disadvantages of a terrible provincial accent, of faulty education, of something like a lisp; and from this obese body there came with a shock to you a thin, weak voice. Of all that deadly charm of the Frenchwoman who captivates the hearts of men, she had not a trace. On the other hand, it did not require more than a brief look at her face to discover the iron will that enabled her to do such astounding things. The full-heavy jowl seemed as if it were of iron instead of flesh and blood. The heavy brow gave the same impression of rude strength. She looked for all the world like the embodiment of that fierce, strong, laborious, greedy race of peasant blood who form so much of the strength of the men and the women who win in the tiger-struggle for wealth and power in France. And there was evidence during the trial of her possession of some of the deadly gifts that make the successful struggler in the fight for life. Her nerve must have been of iron; her power of

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"The guests were entertained thus lavishly in the hope of exploiting or of compromising them"

deception almost inhuman; she could pursue her fight for wealth and luxurious life apparently without an emotion over the dead bodies of ruined hearts, and even suicides, whom she had dragged from wealth, eminence, and all the easy joys of domestic and prosperous life to the black abyss of ruin and self-inflicted death. She had also immense powers of acting. On one occasion she had to get out of a tight place by declaring that she had been suffering from an attack of rheumatism, and she actually proceeded to limp on legs that were as robust as her bountiful frame.

THE story she told was startling in its simplicity, and the wonder remains that it ever found anybody to accept it. She created two imaginary uncles. She gave them a name, she invented a gigantic fortune of millions for them, she produced letters that they were supposed to have written—above all, she created for them a will that was as fantastic as anything else in the strange story she told. The name of these purely fictitious Americans was Crawford. They had left—so the story of Mme. Humbert went—a vast fortune to her and her sister, but on conditions that were romantic, unparalleled, and impossible. And the chief point in this story was that the millions, of which Mme. Humbert and her sister were the lucky possessors, were all locked up in a safe. But this safe, which was exhibited to everyone who wished to see it, was not to be opened unless with the consent of the imaginary uncles. If the prohibition were disobeyed, then the whole vast fortune was lost and the Humberts and their creditors were reduced from boundless wealth to bankruptcy and poverty. It seems as ridiculous and incredible a story as ever was invented, but it is astounding to relate that the story was believed by some of the most cynical and some of the most brilliant wits of France. You could not well imagine a race more trained in the ways of the wicked, and especially the spendthrift, world than the shopkeepers of the Rue de la Paix—that main thoroughfare of all the luxury and all the extravagance and all the vanities of this world; and yet in the Rue de la Paix Mme. Humbert found great diamond merchants to lend her millions on the strength of the supposed contents of this safe. She did everything on a scale of magnificence that places her almost in the very first rank of the gigantic swindlers of history, until, in the end, her debts amounted to something like that of a small State. Of course, she borrowed on usurious terms. It was not likely that anybody would lend money on such a security without big interest; and thus the debts went on accumulating at a tremendous rate.

MEANTIME it was a necessity of her existence that she should make a great dash, and she did. No hostess in Paris entertained more generously and more frequently. A good dinner, good wine, a pertinacious hostess, are able to

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bring together a large and even an illustrious list of guests in any great city; and thus it was that Mme. Humbert was able to count on her visiting list the names most conspicuous in the great political, literary and dramatic world of Paris. Cabinet Ministers, judges, Academicians, financiers, all passed through the *salon* of Mme. Humbert. It is scarcely necessary to say that the *guests were entertained thus lavishly in the hope of exploiting or of compromising them*, and that the long escape of Mme. Humbert from pursuing creditors and the severity of the law was partly due to the influence she was thus able to exercise in influential circles.

Her final method of keeping creditors at bay deserves the merit of startling originality. She instituted suits in the law courts, in which there were imaginary plaintiffs or imaginary defendants in the imaginary persons whom she had invented and adopted as uncles; and it always ended in the same verdict: the Crawford brothers insisted that the safe should not be opened under the same dread penalty in case of disobedience; the millions which it contained would be lost. For years this process went on; first a verdict on behalf of the apparently long-suffering Mme. Humbert that she should be allowed to touch the millions; then a verdict against her; then an appeal to a higher court and a verdict in her favour with the right to open the safe and possess and distribute the millions; then another appeal, and the uncles, so wicked, fantastic, unreasonable but stubborn, asserting their right to keep the safe still closed and the creditors put off for another year.

Men died, some by the iron hand; great businesses were ruined, splendid names besmirched; but still the swindle went on and Mme Humbert thrived, gave great entertainments, dazzled all Paris with her splendour and her atmosphere of boundless wealth,—until one day the criminal courts were put in motion, and at once they proceeded to act with that swiftness and security which are in such contrast to the dilatoriness of civil proceedings, and Paris woke to find that the whole Humbert family had fled. A court gave the order to open the safe, and, in the midst of a jeering Paris crowd, the safe was lowered to the street. It was solemnly opened; it contained, not millions, but a button, a few old coins, and a few old newspapers. The papers contained columns of the extraordinary story. Every man who, innocently or knowingly, had even paid a single visit to Mme. Humbert, was threatened with ruin, and at one time it looked as if even the Republic itself was shaken to its foundations.

In time Mme. Humbert and her family, including her husband and her two brothers, were arrested in Spain and were put on their trial. I was fortunate enough to be in Paris at the time, and I obtained admission to the court. At last I was able to see in the flesh this marvellous woman who had caught my imagination. She was just as I have described her—short, obese, vulgar, yellow-skinned. Now and then one heard that strange voice, so thin and so common, and in such contrast with the robust body. The wretched husband, small, fragile, sat silent throughout, with cold perspiration pouring down his face, white as parchment, and with the suffering of imprisonment and of all those years of terrific anxiety written on his face in lines of terrible legibility. I felt stifled in the crowded court; I could not help feeling a certain degree of sympathy with that group of trapped wretches fallen from their splendour and their fame, and waiting for their inevitable doom. And above this scene of sordid human passions, of brutal human appetites, of miserable vanities, there rose the figure of Christ on the cross—a figure that then surmounted every judicial bench in Europe, but has since been removed by the decree of the French Parliament. It was a strange and striking commentary on the poor effects of a beautiful gospel and of the most touching figure in human history.

OF course, the Humberts were condemned and served their rather short term of imprisonment. Mme. Humbert remained true to herself. Interviewed immediately after her release, she calmly repeated her story—announced that the mythical Crawfords would appear in their own due time—and since then has vanished into obscurity. One fact finally, as a further instance of the ironies and contradictions of human character. The Humberts had one child—a young girl. It was shown that this daughter of gigantic swindlers had been brought up with scrupulous care and almost convent-like seclusion and severity. An English governess who had once been employed by the family for some months wrote an account of her experiences. And one of these was that the whole family of accomplished and deadly liars were thrown into a fever of anguish when the governess had to reveal that her pupil had been guilty of a small fib. The parents wept in despair.



"In the midst of a jeering Paris crowd, the safe was lowered to the street and solemnly opened"

Next week will appear the fifth of this series of stories by T. P. O'Connor, "Palmer, the Rugsley Murderer."

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The Art of Skating in America



By
IRVING BROKAW

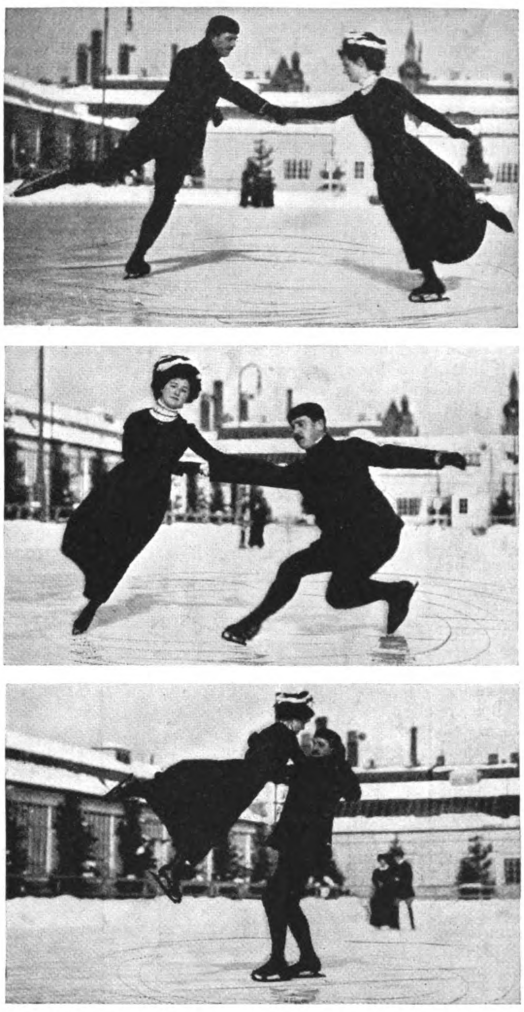
MR. BROKAW is one of the best known skaters in the world. He was champion of America in 1906, and is the author of the "Art of Skating." When he talks about skating, as he does in this article, what he says may be taken as authoritative

"Friends of the fleeting skate, behold in this
A Rinkomaniac's dream of earthly bliss,
Sketched by the frantic pen of one who thinks
That Heaven is paved with everlasting rinks,
Where cherubs sweep forever and a day
Smooth, rapid ice that never melts away,
While graceful, gay, good-natured lovers blend,—
To endless tune, in circles without end."
—Du Maurier in *Punch*

ICE skating as a means of necessity or of convenience has existed from the remotest times, but only within about two hundred years has it been practised as a pastime, or reduced to an art in the form of figure skating. Perhaps it began from man's fondness for moving about from place to place, the nomadic instinct in the strong, virile races of the North; or it may have been a lazy man's contribution to easy motion with the least expenditure of energy.

"No precise date can be fixed for the introduction of figure skating in America," says John F. Lewis in his "Skating and the Philadelphia Skating Club." "Philadelphia seems to have witnessed it as soon as any place in the country, and this is not unlikely from the fact that the amusements of the old city were largely under Quaker influence; and certainly no manly exercise more beneficial to the soul and body can be conceived than the art aptly described as 'the poetry of motion.'" It is certain that skating early became a sport in which Philadelphians were noted. Graydon, in his "Memoirs," says "though Philadelphians have never, like Londoners, reduced skating to rules nor connected it with their business like Dutchmen, I will yet hazard the opinion that they are the best and most elegant skaters in the world." And he had seen "New England skaters, old England skaters, and Holland skaters." . . . "The Delaware River, whose majestic waters washed the gateways of the old town, was the place where our forefathers learned to skate." Another famous member of the Philadelphia Club, James C. Parrish, said: "The winter climate of Philadelphia is peculiarly adapted for figure skating. Cold snaps are followed by thaw and rain, usually some two, three or four times during the winter. The ice is thus covered with water and not with snow, as in the more northern climes, and a single cold night will often congeal the watery surface and thus afford a fine field for sport." When the cold weather lasted a sufficient time, the Schuylkill River was frozen and became the resort of thousands who covered its polished surface from Fairmount Dam to the Falls.

Benjamin West, the famous American painter, was a skilful skater and used to delight thousands in London on the Serpentine with his graceful evolutions. He renewed his acquaintance, made in Philadelphia, with General Howe of the Colonial War, when one day, while skating on the Serpentine, some one suddenly exclaimed, "West, West!" It was General Howe. "I am glad to see you," said he, "and not the less so that you come in good time to vindicate my praise of American skating."



Anna Hubler and Heinrich Burger, world's champions in pair skating. More complicated figures, and waltzing on the ice, make this form of skating more spectacular and graceful than single skating

The New Skating

SPEAKING with historical freedom, it may be said that the period from about 1860 to 1880 represented the origin of an American style of figure skating. The period from about 1880 to 1910 represented a development of the same American style, with many interesting and original figures and movements contributed by skaters of individual merit. In the year 1908 the writer, after winning the championship in the American style, contributed several exhibitions of skating in the international style, which he had learned from the most noted foreign experts, at a number of the leading skating resorts of this country. Credit should be given to the following American skating experts, whose skill influenced this entire period. There were many others, but it is possible to mention only this limited number: Haines,

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Miss Constance Wilkinson and Mr. Brokaw executing a spiral. The symmetrical figures of pair skating are duplications and elaborations of single skating figures

Goodrich, Bishop, Curtis, Story, Good, Rubenstein, Phillips, Bacon, Evans, Keane, Duffy, Bassett, Williams.

HAVE we not then already arrived at the "skating of the future?" I believe we have. . . . We have a definite system to follow: rules of carriage and movement clearly outlined; carefully drawn diagrams to show correct print; a preparatory course of skating as found in the school figures, and a section for the highest exponents of the art—the free skating.

The International School of Skating represents all of the above, and is the accepted standard wherever skating is regarded as an art in the highest sense of the word. The time has at last come to admit that this new skating is the most ideal form of the art ever invented. And besides it is truly American.

There is no question but that the standard of skating is higher now than for many years. The best proof is that some devotees of the game of hockey are joining the ranks of the figure-skaters. They have left hockey because they feel that modern skating is no longer of the "fancy" sort they used to see on rinks and parks; that, after all, it is an athletic exercise of a very agreeable type; that those seen practicing seem to be intensely interested in what they are doing; that older persons, as well as young, can really become very proficient; and that it may be learned from printed instructions

NOT so very long ago figure-skating was popularly supposed to be a little too difficult to be attainable by the ordinary skater, or too "fancy" to deserve his serious consideration. It is not difficult to account for this superstition.

The available stock skates were seldom capable of efficient adjustment under the middle of the foot, and were often too long or too short in the blade, or fastened with straps that bound the ankle and stopped the circulation of blood. Figure skating with such tools as these was difficult, and it was little wonder that so many skaters took to the flat blade of the hockey skate and went in for skating "straight ahead." The most expert skaters of today could accomplish little with this inefficient equipment. One must have skates properly adjusted, the boot well-fitting, or the skates will not go where they are wanted, or the ankle will not support the weight sufficiently for such an athletic sport.

THE earliest figure-skating done in New York was during the winter of 1860, on what was known as "Beekman's Ponds," at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, the site at present of the Hotels Plaza, Savoy and Netherlands. The most select of these ponds was called the "Fifth Avenue Pond." It covered about eleven acres of ground. "The building for the accommodation of skaters was about two hundred feet long and embraced every convenience that the lovers of the invigorating sport could desire. Many of the older people were accustomed to sit comfortably in their carriages above, on what was then called Middle Road, later Fifth Avenue, and watch the evolutions of the merry skaters below."

The so-called international style of skating, really a development in European countries during the last fifty years of the American style, has undoubtedly come to stay; and the writer may be pardoned in feeling a personal gratification in view of the fact that its re-introduction to America was due largely to his efforts. To put it briefly, it is an art, both "natural and uncramped, in which the movements of the skater are allowed full play to assist the execution of figures by the skater, expressing and intensifying the effect, so as to produce a harmonious and graceful result."



Mr. Brokaw skating on "outside backward rocker"

THE golf enthusiast loves the intricacies of the game on account of the many things that contribute to the accomplishment of the various strokes. Even more intricate is the modern form of skating; there is the carriage of the head, movement of arms, twisting of shoulders, tilt of body, and swing or quiet movement of the balance foot, to be considered at every move. Then there is a system to follow throughout all the movements. I should advise one to start by all means at the very beginning and work up gradually from the simplest of the plain circles; after these are mastered, proceed to the changes of edge, which is next in order; then to the threes—single and double; the loops; brackets; rockers; and counters. These I have called the Fundamental School Figures, as fully described in "The Art of Skating."

The second section embraces, "combinations in paragraph form." These figures are skated in the three-lobed eight diagram. Here the above figures are combined with each other in various ways, but chiefly by the change of edge.

In the third section I have placed the single Foot Figures (one foot eights). Only skaters who have worked hard and faithfully on the other two sections can be expected to execute these with any degree of precision or power.

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Mr. and Mrs. Irving Brokaw in pair skating. "Carriage of the head, movement of the arms, tilt of the body, and swing of the balance foot, must be considered at every move"

I have defined Free Skating as the harmonious combination of edges, turns, pirouettes or toe movements, jumps, spread eagles and spirals skated in field. It differs from School Figures in that the skater has the whole rink at his disposal instead of a small portion.

This is the branch of skating which will bring out the individuality of the performer and in which he may exercise his ingenuity in the invention of new figures, moves and combinations. I hope it will not be discouraging to admit that every one cannot soon excel in this branch of the art. Some persons have a natural faculty of harmonizing difficult and original intricate moves in a coherent unit, while at the same time lacking in the qualifications that make them excellent skaters of school figures, and vice versa. My advice is to master at first the school figures, becoming equally proficient on either foot; and if one foot is the weaker, practice on it all the more. If there is a disinclination to its use, use it all the more, until the weakness is conquered. In every movement you acquire, be careful that you teach the left to do its duty until it is as proficient as the right. *Do not be a one-legged skater.*

STRIKING developments have taken place in the last few years in the art of skating. The theory has been made so simple, and its exposition so clear and practical, that not only may older people learn to skate from printed instructions, but boys and girls will find it worth while to substitute what I may call real skating for their present idea of enjoyment as practiced on the flat blade of the hockey skate.

During the past season we have witnessed some remarkable developments in ball-room dancing which threaten to monopolize the leisure time of all classes; but who can compare a turkey trot or Tango with the abandoned intoxication of a waltz or two-step on ice with a congenial partner? The number of dances known and practiced on the ice rinks at home and abroad is practically unlimited. A unique opportunity is offered to New Yorkers in the presence amongst us, for the winter season, of Mr. and Mrs. E. Worsley, of Manchester, England, who perhaps more than any one else have studied the question of skating on the European rinks. Their pair-skating has again revealed to American skaters the possibilities of "dancing on the ice." Those who feel that a pair of skates is a handicap can see for themselves that a ball-room floor cannot compare with a sheet of ice as a means of demonstrating the ease with which the most graceful and elaborate movements can be executed.

It is very difficult to express by mere words or diagrams the essential qualities that make pair skating the most attractive and pleasurable kind of skating. To catch the action of skaters even by the most accurate of snap shots, to record skating movements in diagrams, is still to miss almost entirely the essentials of the art—the pace, the go, the harmony, the rhythm and the grace of it all. The pictures illustrated in this article cannot therefore be taken as anything but a guide. To be convinced, one must witness an exhibition by a capable pair.



A characteristic finish of a pair skating performance

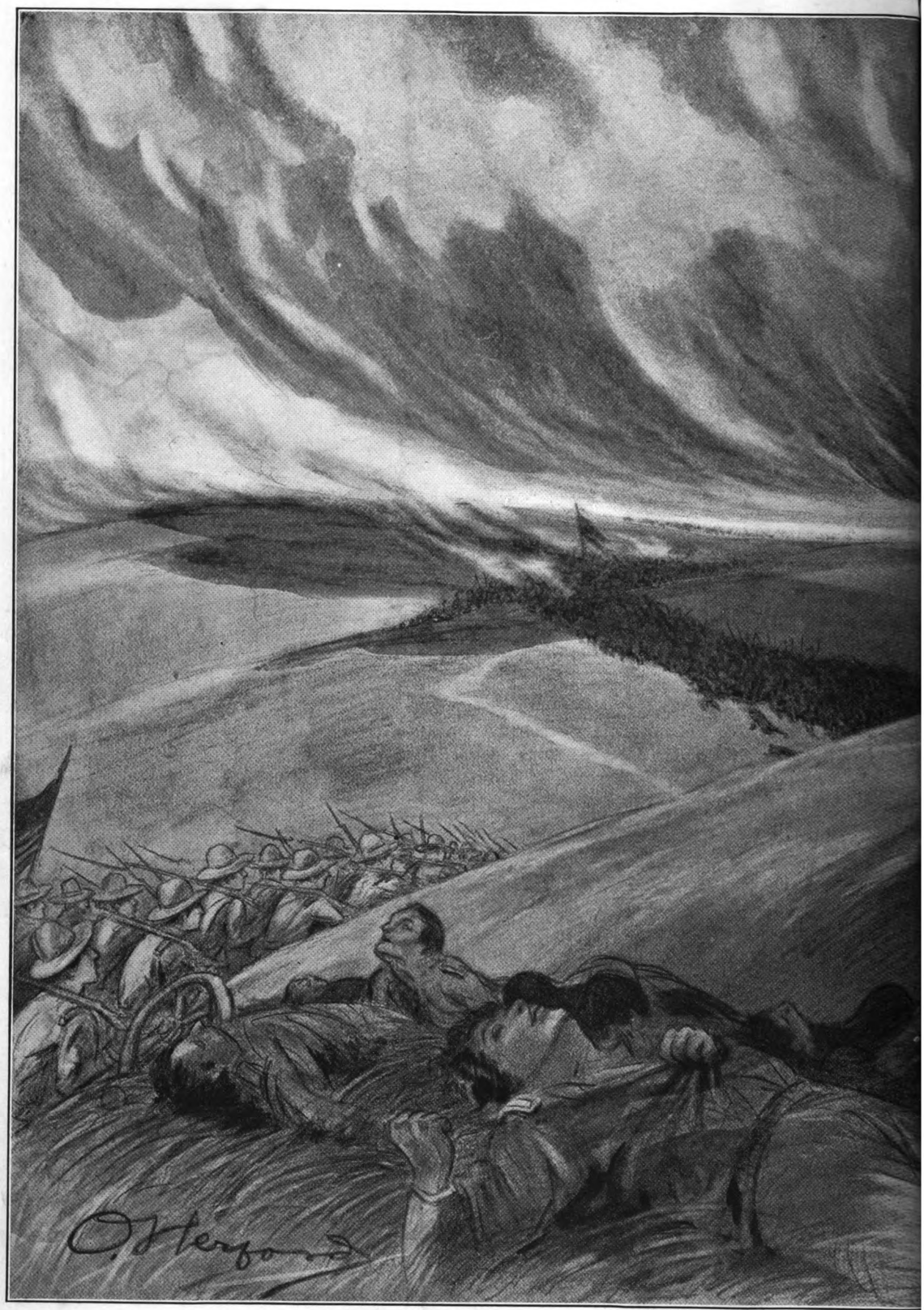
BESIDES the pleasures of skating, it is the most beneficial form of exercise in existence. The extension of the arms, needful to counterbalance the motions of the lower limbs, and to maintain the upright position, and the bending of the body backward necessary for back edges, expands the chest, thus permitting the lungs to be inflated with fresh air. Hence, the rapid circulation of the blood is promoted. Not only all the organs of respiration, but the muscles, are invigorated by this exercise, which insures greater activity in all parts of the body than any other known pastime.

From the double standpoint of a highly beneficial, physical exercise and a most fascinating sport, the modern style of skating ought to appeal to every man and woman. Without much expenditure of strength the practice of figure skating results in correct, graceful carriage, and a general quickening of the entire physical organism which is delightful and which leaves no ill effects. It has the advantage of being a social pastime in which one has company.

The modern dancing on skates will instantly appeal to women especially. With capable instruction at hand, and all the steps and changes carefully analyzed in diagrams, it is not difficult for the fairly accomplished skater to learn many of these dance figures within a few weeks.

With correct modern equipment and a book available illustrated by instantaneous photographs of the world's best skaters in action, almost any one can learn enough to skate the waltz, two-step, Lancers, and other hand in hand or dance movements. Recent developments have proved that the waltz will be more effective to raise the standard of proficiency among skaters in general than any other figure, for the reason that persons otherwise unambitious to acquire proficiency will be aroused enough by seeing the waltz well performed (and incidentally noting its superiority over the ball-room dance) to practise it as an essential to skating.

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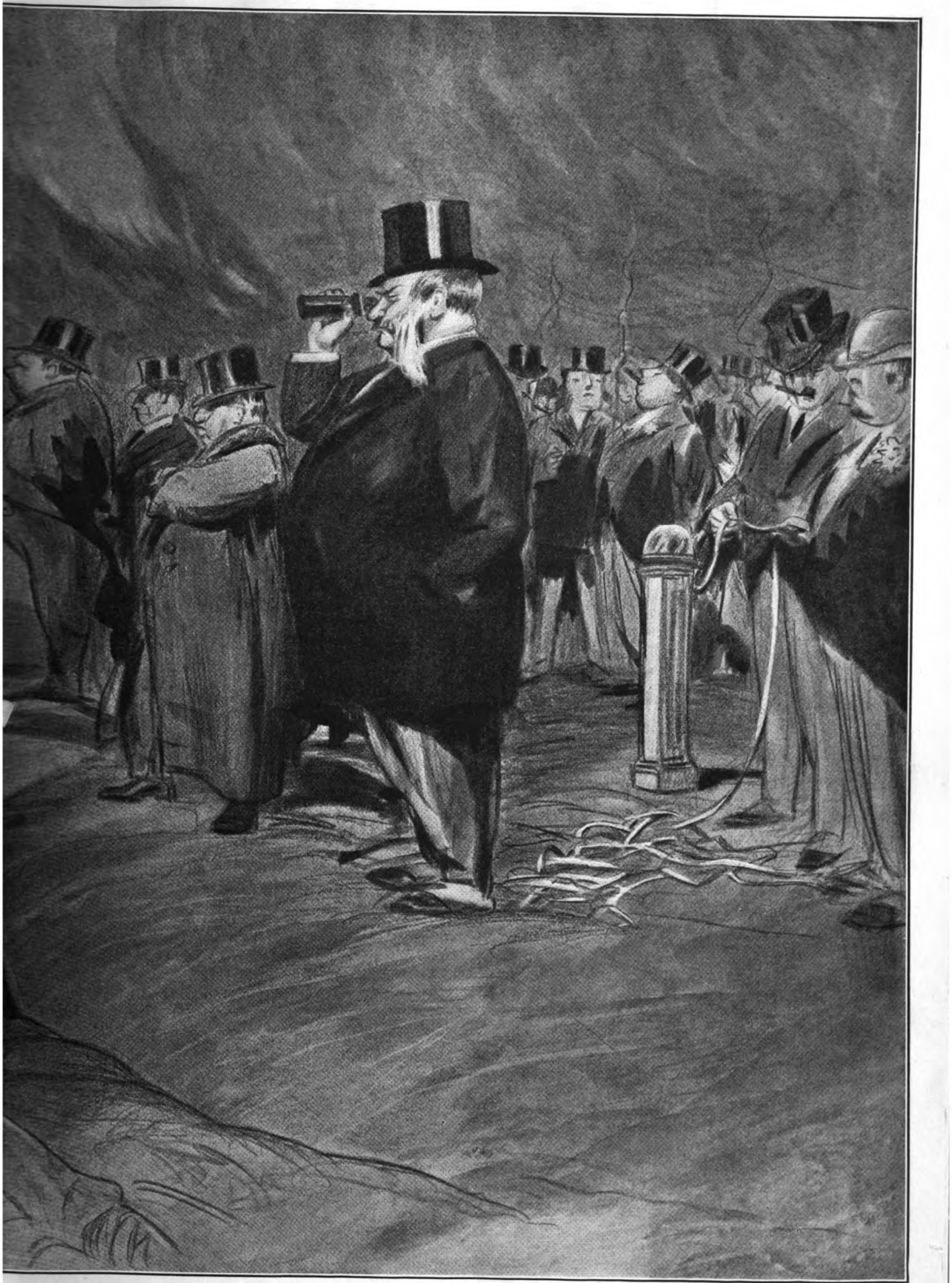


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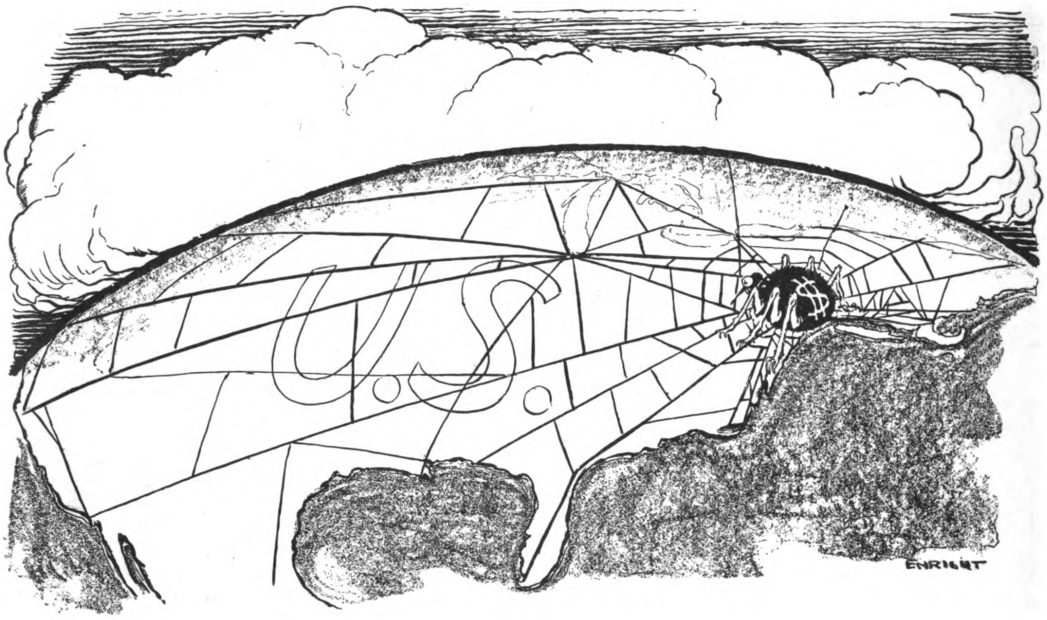
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Vilson, in recognition of
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A Curse of Bigness

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

Being Part VIII of "Breaking the Money Trust"

IN the preceding articles Mr. Brandeis has shown that the money trust is an undue extension of the powers of the investment banker and is harmful to the average citizen. He has described some methods by which it may be broken up. In this article he shows how the trust is harmful to big business itself

BIGNESS has been an important factor in the rise of the Money Trust. Big railroad systems, Big industrial trusts, Big public service companies; and as instruments of these Big banks and Big trust companies, J. P. Morgan & Co. (in their letter of defence to the Pujo Committee) urge the needs of Big Business as the justification for financial concentration. They declare that what they euphemistically call "coöperation" is "simply a further result of the necessity for handling great transactions"; that "the country obviously requires not only the larger individual banks, but demands also that those banks shall coöperate to perform efficiently the country's business"; and that "a step backward along this line would mean a halt in industrial progress that would affect every wage-earner from the Atlantic to the Pacific." The phrase "great transactions" is used by the bankers apparently as meaning large corporate security issues.

Leading bankers have undoubtedly cooperated during the last 15 years in floating some very large security issues, as well as many small ones. But relatively few large issues were made necessary by great improvements undertaken or by industrial development. Improvements and developments ordinarily proceed slowly. For them, even where the enterprise involves large expenditures, a series of smaller issues is usually more appropriate than single large ones. This is particularly true in the East where the building of new railroads has practically ceased. The "great" security issues in which bankers have coöperated were, with relatively few exceptions, made either for the purpose of effecting combinations or as a consequence of such combinations. Furthermore, the combinations which made necessary these large security issues or underwritings were, in most cases, either contrary to existing statute law, or contrary to laws recommended by the Interstate Commerce Commission, or contrary to the laws of business efficiency. So both the financial concentration and the combinations which they have served, were, in the main, against the public interest. Size, we are told, is not a crime. But size may, at least, become noxious by reason of the means through which it was attained or the uses to which it is put. And it is size attained by combination, instead of natural growth, which has contributed so largely to our financial concentration. Let us examine a few cases:

The Harriman Pacifics

J. P. MORGAN & CO., in urging the "need of large banks and the cooperation of bankers," said:

"The Attorney-General's recent approval of the Union Pacific settlement calls for a single commitment on the part of bankers of $126,000,000."

This $126,000,000 "commitment" was not made to enable the Union Pacific to secure capital. On the contrary it was a guaranty that it would succeed in disposing of its Southern Pacific stock to that amount. And now that it has disposed of the stock, it is confronted with the serious problem—what to do with the proceeds? This huge underwriting became necessary solely because the Union Pacific had violated the Sherman Law. It had acquired that amount of Southern Pacific stock illegally; and the Supreme Court of the United States finally decreed that the illegality cease. This same illegal purchase had been the occasion twelve years earlier, of another "great transaction,"—the issue of a $100,000,000 of Union Pacific bonds, which were sold to provide funds for acquiring this Southern Pacific and other stocks in violation of law. Bankers "coöperated" also to accomplish that.

Union Pacific Improvements

THE Union Pacific and its auxiliary lines (the Oregon Short Line, the Oregon Railway and Navigation and the Oregon-Washington Railroad,) have made, in the past fourteen years, issues of securities aggregating $375,158,183 (of which $46,500,000 were refunded or redeemed); but the large security issues served mainly to supply funds for engaging in illegal combinations or stock speculation. The extraordinary improvements and additions that raised the Union Pacific Railroad to a high state of efficiency were provided mainly by the net earnings from the operation of the railroads. And note how great the improvements and additions were: Tracks were straightened, grades were lowered, bridges were rebuilt, heavy rails were laid, old equipment was replaced by new; and the cost of these was charged largely as operating expense. Additional equipment was

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Her enterprise and capital constructed, in large part, the Union Pacific, the Atchison, the Mexican Central, the Wisconsin Central, and 24 other railroads in the West and South. One by one these Western and Southern railroads passed out of Boston control; the greater part of them into the control of the Morgan allies. Before the Burlington was surrendered, Boston had begun to lose her dominion, also, over the railroads of New England. In 1900 the Boston & Albany was leased to the New York Central,—a Morgan property; and a few years later, another Morgan railroad—the New Haven—acquired control of nearly every other transportation line in New England. Now nothing is left of Boston's railroad dominion in the West and South, except the Eastern Kentucky Railroad—a line 36 miles long; and her control of the railroads of Massachusetts is limited to the Grafton & Upton with 19 miles of line and the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn,—a passenger road 13 miles long.

The New Haven Monopoly

THE rise of the New Haven Monopoly presents another striking example of combination as a developer of financial concentration; and it illustrates also the use to which "large security issues" are put.

In 1892, when Mr. Morgan entered the New Haven directorate, it was a very prosperous little railroad with capital liabilities of $25,000,000 paying 10 per cent. dividends, and operating 508 miles of line. By 1899 the capitalization had grown to $80,477,600, but the aggregate mileage had also grown (mainly through merger or leases of other lines) to 2017. Fourteen years later, in 1913, when Mr. Morgan died and Mr. Mellen resigned, the mileage was 1997, just 20 miles less than in 1899; but the capital liabilities had increased to $425,935,000. Of course the business of the railroad had grown largely in those fourteen years; the roadbed was improved, bridges built, additional tracks added, and much equipment purchased; and for all this, new capital issues were needed; and additional issues were needed, also, because the company paid out in dividends more than it earned. But of the capital increase, over $200,000,000 was expended in the acquisition of the stock or other securities of some 121 other railroads, steamships, street railway-, electric-light-, gas- and water-companies. It was these outside properties, which made necessary the much discussed $67,000,000, 6 per cent. bond issue, as well as other large and expensive security issues. For in these fourteen years the improvements on the railroad including new equipment have cost, on the average only $10,000,000 a year.

The Bankers

FEW, if any, of those 121 companies which the New Haven acquired, had, prior to their absorption by it, been financed by J. P. Morgan & Co. The needs of the Boston & Maine and Maine Central,—the largest group—had, for generations, been met mainly through their own stockholders or through Boston banking houses. No investment banker had been a member of the Board of Directors of either of those companies. The New York, Ontario & Western, — the next largest of the acquired railroads,—had been financed in New York, but by persons apparently entirely independent of the Morgan alliance. The smaller Connecticut railroads, now combined in the Central New England, had been financed mainly in Connecticut, or by independent New York bankers. The financing of the street railway companies had been done largely by individual financiers, or by small and independent bankers in the states or cities where companies operate. Some of the steamship companies had been financed by their owners, some through independent bankers. As the result of the absorption of these 121 companies into the New Haven system, the financing of all these railroads, steamship companies, street railways, and other corporations, were made tributary to J. P. Morgan & Co., and the independent bankers were eliminated or became satellites. *And this financial concentration was proceeded with, although practically every one of these 121 companies was acquired by the New Haven in violation either of the state or federal law, or of both.* Enforcement of the Sherman Act will doubtless result in dissolving this unwieldly illegal combination.

Other Railroad Combinations

THE cases of the Union Pacific and of the New Haven are typical,—not exceptional. Our railroad history presents numerous instances of large security issues made wholly or mainly to effect combinations. Some of these combinations have been proper as a means of securing natural feeders or extensions of main lines. But far more of them have been dictated by the desire to suppress active or potential competition; or by personal ambition or greed; or by the mistaken belief that efficiency grows with size.

Thus the monstrous combination of the Rock Island and the St. Louis and San Francisco with about 16,000 miles of line is recognized now to have been obviously inefficient. It was severed voluntarily; but, had it not been, must have crumbled soon from inherent defects, if not as a result of proceedings under the Sherman law. Both systems are suffering now from the effects of this unwise combination; the Frisco, itself greatly overcombined, has paid the penalty in receivership. The Rock Island,—a name once expressive of railroad efficiency and stability,—has, through its excessive recapitalizations and combinations, become a football of speculators, and a source of great apprehension to confiding investors. The combination of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, and the Père Marquette led to several receiverships.

There are, of course, other combinations which have not been disastrous to the owners of the railroads. But the fact that a railroad combination has not been disastrous, does not necessarily justify it. The evil of the concentration of power is obvious; and as combination necessarily involves such concentration of power, the burden of justifying a combination should be placed upon those who seek to effect it.

Recommendations

SIX years ago the Interstate Commerce Commission, after investigating the Union Pacific transaction above referred to, recommended legislation to remedy the evils there disclosed. Upon concluding recently its investigation of the New Haven, the Commission repeated and amplified those recommendations, saying:

"No student of the railroad problem can doubt that a most prolific source of financial disaster and complication to railroads in the past has been the desire and ability of railroad managers to engage in enterprises outside the legitimate operation of their railroads, especially by the acquisition of other railroads and their securities. The evil which results, first, to the investing public, and, finally, to the general public, can not be corrected after the transaction has taken place; it can be easily and effectively prohibited. In our opinion the following propositions lie at the foundation of all adequate regulation of interstate railroads:

1. Every interstate railroad should be prohibited from spending money or incurring liability or acquiring property not in the operation of its railroad or in the legitimate improvement, extension, or development of that railroad.

2. No interstate railroad should be permitted to lease or purchase any other railroad, nor to acquire the stocks or securities of any other railroad, nor to guarantee the same, directly or indirectly, without the approval of the federal government.

3. No stocks or bonds should be issued by an interstate railroad except for the purposes sanctioned in the two preceding paragraphs, and none should be issued without the approval of the federal government.

It may be unwise to attempt to specify the price at which and the manner in which railroad stocks and securities shall be disposed of; but it is easy and safe to define the purpose for which they may be issued and to confine the expenditure of the money realized to that purpose."

These recommendations are in substantial accord with those adopted by the National Association of Railway Commissioners. They should be enacted into law. And they should be supplemented by amendments of the Commodity Clause of the Hepburn Act, so that:

1. Railroads will be effectually prohibited from owning stock in corporations whose products they transport;

2. Such corporations shall be prohibited from owning important stockholdings in railroads; and

3. Holding companies shall be prohibited from controlling, as does the Reading, both a railroad and corporations whose commodities it transports.

If laws such as these are enacted and duly enforced, we shall be protected from a recurrence of tragedies like the New Haven, of domestic scandals like the Chicago and Alton, and of international ones like the Frisco. We shall also escape from that inefficiency which is attendant upon excessive size. But what is far more important, we shall, by such legislation, remove a potent factor in financial concentration. Decentralization will begin. The liberated smaller units will find no difficulty in financing their needs without bowing the knee to money lords. And a long step will have been taken toward attainment of the New Freedom.

Still another remedy will be discussed in our next issue under, "The Inefficiency of the Oligarchs"

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"She was Fear itself, without thought or reason"

Afraid of the Dark

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

Illustrated by Alice Beach Winter

SOME day, Mary Jane would make a noble looking woman. At twelve she ran somewhat to arms, legs and eyes, Mary Jane was tall for her dozen years, tall and slender and strong. She had a fine head, set on promising shoulders. Her cropped brown hair was thick and wavy. Her gray eyes were liquidly clear.

During the day, Mary Jane led a sane and comparatively tranquil existence. Her nights were a horror that bordered on frenzy. Her father and mother considered that a person of twelve, a healthy, well-developed person, was competent to battle the Fear alone. So they treated the matter facetiously, and Mary Jane cultivated a deadly shame of her weakness that helped her up the Thing-haunted stairway, and along the dark dank hall, at bedtime. Nevertheless, the nightly hunt for the match-safe was an ordeal so fraught with demoniacal menace that, nightly, Mary Jane flashed out of the darkness a face like a little marble Fear. To put the cat down cellar at bed-time was to add a year, a decade, of mortal anguish to one's life.

MARY JANE'S Brother Jim, at seventeen, was possessed of inventive genius. It was the display of this genius that changed Mr. and Mrs. Webster's attitude of facetiousness to one of apprehension. It was a rainy night in November. That day, old John Williams who lived just down the road, had died. Mary Jane was finishing the supper dishes while Brother Jim filled the wood-box.

"Mary Jane," said Brother Jim, "I dare you to run through the dark and bring back one of the flowers in John Williams' crape."

Mary Jane set down a tea-cup and turned a whitening face to Brother Jim. She looked like a puppy at whom a whip has been shaken.

"Oh, Jim!" quavered Mary Jane, "Don't *dare* me!"

The code by which Brother Jim had educated Mary Jane was simple. The person who took a dare was a coward, a quitter, an earthworm and a sneak. Therefore, Mary Jane had protested, "Don't *dare* me, Jim!"

But Brother Jim nodded coolly. "Sure, it's a dare!"

Mary Jane stared at her big brother, her very lips blue with fright. "I hate you, Jim Webster!" she said, and then she darted out the back door.

A LONG-LEGGED shadow, she pelted through the ink of the night, sobbing a little in utter anguish of spirit; snatched a faded geranium leaf from the twisting, sodden crape; returned on tissue-paper legs that scarcely could hold up her leaden body, and quietly dropped in a faint beside the wood-box.

What Father and Mother Webster said to Brother Jim has no particular bearing on this story. What Father Webster said to Mary Jane is a different matter.

After Brother Jim had withdrawn haughtily to bed and Mrs. Webster was putting Baby Rose to sleep, Father Webster tucked Mary Jane's long, shaking little body into his lap, not seeming to mind that the thin legs dangled awkwardly.

"Now, Mary Jane," said Father Webster, "as man to man, what are we going to do about this thing? Everything at the quarry has gone to smash, and Jim and I have got to work up in Indianapolis to get money enough to move you and Mother and Baby up there. I've *got* to have Jim's help just now. I thought I could leave you as mother's right-hand man, but you won't be any more good to her than Baby Rose. You're such a 'fraidy-cat!"

Mary Jane stopped trembling ever so little. "Why, Father Webster!" she cried indignantly.

"Well, you won't!" went on Father Webster. "Here, the nearest neighbor is half a mile away, now that John Williams is gone. I'll get Charlie Reeves to come over and milk and do the chores. But if mother or the baby is taken sick at night, what will become of them?"

Mary Jane disentangled her legs and sat erect. She spoke with grandmotherly dignity. "Leave them to me, father. I'm —I'm not going to be afraid ever again. I'm just nervous."

"Very well!" said Father Webster. "I'll trust them to you. You must see that the chicken coop is closed every night and the cow all safe. You must lock the house, and see that the fires are banked in. When I leave on Saturday, I'll turn the keys over to you."

Mary Jane's trembling ceased and the color came back to her face.

ON Saturday, Mr. Webster and Brother Jim left for Indianapolis. On Monday, Mrs. Webster fell down the cellar steps and sprained her ankle. Mary Jane shouldered her burdens like a man. To be sure, she shut the chickens in the coop long before sundown and harried young Charlie until he finished milking an hour

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before time. But she locked the house carefully and took good care of her mother and Baby Rose.

One morning, Charlie failed to appear, and Mary Jane, with much travail, milked the perturbed Jersey. When the doctor arrived, he bore the news that the Reeves family was quarantined with diphtheria, and that an epidemic of the disease threatened the little village. Not long after the doctor left, Baby Rose developed a hoarse cold that grew worse during the day. Under her mother's direction, Mary Jane dosed the tot with boneset tea, and swathed her with mustard plasters, much to that two-year-old's disgust.

THAT evening, while Mary Jane was washing the supper dishes, her mother gave a sudden scream from the sitting-room. Above her screams rose the gasping of Baby Rose. White-faced, Mary Jane dashed to the rescue. The baby lay in her mother's arms, gasping.

"Get the ipecac! Get the kettle of boiling water! It's croup!" panted Mrs. Webster.

That was a strange half hour, a mad, confused half hour. At its end, Baby Rose was breathing easier, though still spasmodically, still with a hoarse roar that filled the house. She lay with one hand grasping Mary Jane's, the other, her mother's.

"Mary Jane," said Mrs. Webster, "you will have to go after the doctor!"

Mary Jane cowered as she knelt by the couch. "Mother," she whispered, "it's an *awful* night,—dark and cold, and I'd have to pass old Williams' house and the cemetery. I'll sit up all night with baby. Don't make me go out in the dark, mother!"

Mrs. Webster, sat rigid, her face white, her eyes terrible. "Mary Jane, God must be punishing me for some sin I don't know of, in giving me a coward for a daughter. Put your things on and go!"

But Mary Jane's nerves had not yet recovered from Brother Jim's dare. It would take tragic necessity to drive Mary Jane out into the night. The thought of the lonely, goblin-haunted road to the village set her grovelling. "I can't, mother! I can't!" she whimpered.

FOR a moment Mrs. Webster sat in helpless silence. At this moment Baby Rose opened her eyes and strangled a little as she tried to cough. Mary Jane lifted the writhing figure, and the baby looked into her sister's face and tried to smile. Child as she was, Mary Jane knew that however long she lived she was not to forget that look in little Rose's eyes—such a look of helplessness and appealing trust. In after years that look was to goad Mary Jane, in moments of weakness, like an accusing conscience.

"I think she has diphtheria!" panted Mrs. Webster.

Mary Jane whitened. She rose instantly and slipped into her coat and cap. Then she wrapped the baby in a blanket, slipping hot-water bottles snugly about her. She was in frantic haste of a sudden, was Mary Jane.

"What are you doing?" Mrs. Webster's voice was sharp with anxiety. Mary Jane laid the baby in her carriage. "Mother," she said, "if Baby Rose has to wait until I get into town and find the doctor and bring him back, she'll choke to death. We can't waste a minute. Don't be afraid, I'll take care of her."

Mrs. Webster made a motion as if to rise, then sank back, half fainting. "Yes! Yes! Mary Jane, you are right. Hurry! Take the fur robe. Tell the doctor——"

But the front door had slammed on Mary Jane and her charge.

The Webster house was a mile from the village. The only house on the way was the deserted Williams place. It was a night of scudding clouds over-head and heavy snow under-foot. Mary Jane walked firmly out of the gate to the road, pushing the carriage carefully. The baby's stertorious breathing deadened the creeking of the wheels in the snow. Mary Jane began by telling herself that if the fear panic should make her faint, Baby Rose would die in the cold. She would not faint! No! Not if all the Things that made the darkness foul were to grab her skirts and harry her heels!

As her eyes accommodated themselves to the intermittent starlight, she could see the snake fence bounding the road before her. Uncouth, huddled forms crouched in every fence corner, leered at her, reached for her with rattling fingers as she panted by. Baby Rose's breathing was so loud that were the Things to come up the road behind her, she could not hear in time!

IN front of the Williams house was a drift through which the carriage plowed slowly, oh so slowly! Mary Jane began to talk.

"I'm here, baby! Mary Jane's here, and not a b-b-bit afraid of the Things that live at Williams'. No, I'm not! Oh, little Rose, don't breathe so hard! I can't hear Them if They come! If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord, my soul to take! I'm here, baby. Mary Jane loves you. She isn't a bit afraid. She'll take care of you. Oh, don't breathe so hard—it hurts me to hear you!"

The wind howled maliciously around the bleak old house. There was a coffin-shaped shadow at the pump. A gibbetted Thing flapped from the clothes-line. But somehow the drift was passed, and Mary Jane broke into a run. The sweat ran down her face, and she wiped it off with one mittened hand. The road beyond the Williams place wound through a stretch of wood. The darkness here was so deep that Mary Jane had difficulty in guiding the carriage. She pushed violently into something, and screamed with the startle of it, then sobbed when she realized that it was only a tree. When she emerged into the starlight, Baby Rose had a choking spell and Mary Jane stopped to ease the little thing by lifting her. The baby was in a stupor and made no response to Mary Jane's endearments.

"She's dying!" said Mary Jane aloud. Then she lifted her mittened fists to the stars. "Oh God!" she called. "If you let Baby Rose die, I'll never pray to you again for *any*thing! Do you hear?"

She felt a strange, wrathful strength after her blasphemy, and started on at a run. A long stretch of pasture land, and then came the cemetery. Mary Jane closed her eyes, but opened them at once as she could not steer the carriage. Ghastly shapes whispered and gibbered among the graves. Goblin forms slipped through the shrubbery.

"Mary Jane's here, baby," sobbed Mary Jane. "She-she-she's not afraid! God, there isn't any such Person as You! If there was, you wouldn't let a baby like little Rose suffer so. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take!"

Then words failed her. Thought failed her. Mary Jane had reached the acme of



"She had touched the great actual tragedy, and all unreal fears were scared away"

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terror now. She was Fear, itself, without thought or reason. She embodied all the fear instincts of the race, touching terror with a thousand sensations, sensing it without knowing it. Again she closed her eyes and ran, screaming as she did. At once she careened into a drift and the carriage toppled over. Mary Jane stood still.

"I've killed her," she said aloud, slowly. "My afraidness has made me kill my little sister!"

SHE righted the carriage and lifted the little, unprotesting form that still was wrapped in its blankets and still, as Mary Jane turned it over, breathed with labored sobs. In the sudden relief, Mary Jane forgot everything save that Baby Rose still was alive. Exhausted, trembling, crying, she started on. Beyond the graveyard the road turned abruptly, and afar Mary Jane saw the lights of the village. Somehow she pushed the carriage through the drifts of the hollow, somehow she reached the village street and the doctor's house.

When the doctor opened the door, Mary Jane shoved the carriage in without ceremony. "Baby Rose!" she panted.

The doctor lifted the baby, put his ear to her chest and shook his head. "I'm afraid it's too late," he muttered, "but we'll put up a fight."

In the moments that followed, while the doctor inserted the silver tube, Mary Jane sat rigidly on her hands, her long legs twined in the chair rungs, waiting. Within the safe haven of the doctor's house, the full meaning of Baby Rose's peril swept into her brain and heart. If Baby Rose died! Never to hear the piping voice, never to feel the clinging hands! It was too terrible! Such a thing could not be. Nothing in the world mattered save that Baby Rose was dying. How lonely for such a little thing to die! Did nothing matter to God, anyhow?

For the first time Mary Jane was facing Real Fear. For the first time life's universal tragedy was turning her soul to lead. The first of life's bitter realities was tearing its way to her sensitive spirit. Mary Jane sat silent, the noble head a little defiant, the sturdy shoulders a little drooping, a little patient, as if her woman heart foresaw the many, many years of learning ahead.

SUDDENLY Baby Rose's sobbing breaths stopped—caught—stopped, then began again, slowly but deeply, more easily. The doctor turned to Mary Jane.

"She'll do! You got her here just in time. It's not nine o'clock. Are you afraid to slip home and put your poor mother out of her agony? Tell her the baby will be all right, and in the morning I'll have the two of you up here and give you anti-toxin."

Mary Jane tiptoed over to the couch where little Rose lay in the sleep of exhaustion, and looked at the little broken thing she had salvaged from death. And Mary Jane's eyes were the eyes of all the madonnas. Then she ran out into the night once more. Out into the country road; alone, under the stars! And listen! —Mary Jane was not afraid! Life had taken her by the throat and had thrust her face about into life's great primal fear. She had touched the great, actual tragedy and all unreal fears were seared away.

MARY JANE trotted along the road looking up into the stars. The scudding clouds were gone. The stars were very near and clear in the winter sky. Snow-covered fields, violet sky, merged in a silver radiance too soft, too ethereal, for the mind fully to grasp. Mary Jane paused with a little inarticulate cry of exaltation, that felt without understanding. Suddenly she had found the Universe. Suddenly the sense of oneness with the sky and the earth, which is the human's unspeakable birthright, swept through the child spirit. Stars and windswept sky, trees, and tender, enfolding shadows—she was a part of them.

Once more Mary Jane lifted mittened hands to the sky. But this time her hands were not clenched. "God!" she cried, "all this is You—You—You!"

Then, 'swift as a little bird, night-winging south, she ran toward home and her tortured mother.

The Home Newspapers and Others

By F. J. BRUNNER

A PERTINENT article on a debatable subject, by Mr. E. L. Clifford, "Newspapers, Morals, and Women," printed in HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 6, 1913, opened with the question, "Does it pay the publisher?" It does. But, for a better understanding, let the trilogy be reversed to read, Women, Morals, and Newspapers.

Women, according to environment, taste, and education, read matter that interests them. The newspaper is a local issue. In New York, a majority of the women who read at all absorb their daily requirement of mental food from the "yellows." For proof of that fact, measure up the department store advertising in the "yellows" and find the test by comparison with the space used by these stores in the recognized clean papers. The advertising managers of "world marts under a single roof" know what women read. Their whole energy is concentrated on an unceasing campaign to attract women shoppers—and their known results from advertising makes paying the highest line rate for space a genuine pleasure. Why? The clearance reports from all departments demonstrates the moving power of the display advertisements in the "yellows."

What boots it if psychopathic wards fill with victims of the store's neighbor, the pill purveyor who, from the same printed page, shaking a warning finger at the ignorant, almost pokes the digit through the column rule into the fetching lady displaying the latest thing in tango toggery! The department store man is getting results. So is Dr. Pill. And women are supplying the results to both advertisers impartially.

The characteristic of newspapers of enormous circulation one cannot ignore, is what is commonly called, in the newspaper profession, "sex stuff." The saffron-tainted newspapers were raised to half million and greater circulations on this class of matter. Crime, vice, divorce, underworld incidents, get all the "top" heads and, if the story can be worked up to a fine frenzy, it goes out on the first page embellished with photographic reproductions. Does one need better proof that women like this sort of thing?

Enter any department store and look about you. Where are the men? Surely, not buying the bargains advertised in the "yellows." But the women are swarming—attracted by the alluring announcements they have found in the papers of known big circulation. And all of these publications are *home* papers to these shoppers.

DOES it pay the publisher? Immensely. He knows the business from the inside. Oh, yes, he has ideals; but applied to newspaper publishing, ideals don't pile up fortunes nor make for a certain sort of influence in the community. He gives the women what they want. If he hadn't done that, his circulation never would have mounted to the half-million, the three-quarter-million. It would have stuck at the clean-newspaper mark, well below 200,000. And isn't he logical when he insists that figures tell no lies, for he can show you that the issues from the offices of three papers specializing in "sex stuff" have more circulation than all the other New York daily papers combined?

The *home* newspaper has been published without a let-up since the first sheet came off the hand press in Boston nearly two centuries ago. Its influence cemented these United States. It has always been making things better—and it will everlastingly stick to its job. Every day it is a better paper than ever was published. Clean, honest, square with the public, a thorn in the flesh of the fakers and the Dr. Pills. But its circulation has never reached tremendous proportions. Its appeal has ever been to that limited circle which, after all, moves and leads the nation's thought and action.

THE *home* newspaper has upheld the standard of morality in God's legions. And it has fought under this standard the righteous causes which made man free. American newspaper history is a page brilliant with the deeds of the *home* newspaper, triumphing over secrecy and darkness by holding the moral side of American manhood close to the straight line. It shed the light that marked the way out of the wilderness of bigotry, intolerance, narrowness. It gave to all freedom from the thraldom of ignorance. And this is all true—else HARPER'S WEEKLY never could have survived the printing of Edith Livingston Smith's story of "Unmarried Mothers."

THE clean newspaper always has gone into the clean home, where the mind is clean as well as the body. But the "yellows" prove that mental indolence craves a sex stimulant and feeds on the dregs served in the stories of life's shadowy side.

To women, the fettered and repressed half of the human family, belongs the blame for the injustice (it's a mild term) done the poor, the sick, the discouraged, the ignorant, through filthy and fraudulent advertising. The case is proved against her three hundred and ten shopping days in the year.

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Woodrow Wilson the Man

By AN ONLOOKER

PRESIDENT WILSON, as he sits here at Washington, in his daily habit, transacting business, is still a puzzle and an enigma. He is a new and an unknown type to Washington. He has been here now over ten months, and no one has found a key to his mystery. He has no intimates. He sees as few persons as possible. He transacts his business with them in the briefest possible space of time. He seeks no confidences and he gives none. He does not require advice. His constitutional advisers have only nominal duties in that capacity. He chooses to live in a social vacuum. There are no anecdotes about Mr. Wilson. There is no cloud of human interest stories about him, such as are commonly built up about occupants of the White House. There is no Wilson legend. To the common run of men he meets in his daily walk he is as undecipherable as a billiard ball, and presents as few avenues of approach; his points of contact are rounded and as smooth. He presents no salients to eager and curious observers.

WASHINGTON likes to know all about the President, his daily habits, his manner of thought, his little weaknesses, all of the little human qualities that go to make up the man as he is at his ease. It seeks to discover his private habits, what time he gets up, whether he takes morning exercises in his bedroom, whether he shaves himself or has an attendant come in and perform that task for him, what he likes to eat, what he reads, what time he goes to bed, his choice of intimate friends and on what basis his choice is made. It irritates Washington that it knows none of these things about Mr. Wilson.

I find that members of Congress and the newspaper correspondents here are probably more puzzled and more baffled by Mr. Wilson than any one else. It is an essential part of their duty to their constituencies to know all that there is to know about the President of the United States, whoever he may be. It is one of their tasks to dramatize and interpret the personality of the President to the millions of people in the United States who have access to no channel of information about the head of the government other than the newspapers. Mr. Wilson has apparently never recognized this or, recognizing it, has never acknowledged it by lending a helping hand. There is no reason for believing that the President knows or cares what impressions the daily press gives of him or what it says about him. He shows no indication of seeking the good-will of the newspapers or of fearing their ill-will. Mr. Wilson receives the correspondents twice a week—on Monday mornings at ten o'clock and on Thursday afternoons at half-past two o'clock. He stands behind his desk with his back to the light, facing the semi-circle of writing men, who ask him any questions they see fit. He replies or not, as he sees fit. Nearly always he replies in the fewest possible number of words, seldom adding anything to throw additional light. The newspaper correspondents here are men of varying capacities, of different political beliefs, and represent newspapers of varying degrees of influence, prestige and power. Some of the men are devoted personal and political adherents of President Wilson. They represent papers holding the same beliefs. They sought by every legitimate use of the agencies of publicity at their command to bring about Mr. Wilson's nomination at Baltimore, and after the nomination they redoubled their energies to induce people to make him President. At the same time there are men here who are ardent Roosevelt men, others who are old-line stand-pat Republicans. Some of the newspapers represented are virtually without influence, others reach hundreds of thousands of people who depend upon them for political guidance. The President discloses himself in the same degree to all these conflicting personalities and equations.

IT is apparent, under the unvarying courtesy of the President's manner to all of his callers, that he resents the demands they make upon his time. He said last April, after he had been in the White House a little more than a month, that he could count upon the fingers of one hand all of the persons who had come to see him with their business fully prepared in their minds and ready for compact, succinct, clear presentation. He even remembered their names, and they acquired merit with him through their preparedness. Again, in the course of a casual conversation, one of his visitors said, apropos of some uppermost public question: "I have no opinion on it, but I am giving the whole problem the most absorbed and sustained thought of which I am capable."

"Ah," burst out Mr. Wilson, in mock despair but with real yearning in his voice, "will I ever again have opportunity really to sit down and think out undisturbed the solution of a question in which I am interested!"

President Wilson comes over from the White House to the Executive offices every morning about half-past nine o'clock. He spends half an hour with his secretary, looking at the morning's mail. At ten o'clock precisely he begins to receive visitors by appointment. On his desk is a typewritten card showing his list of appointments for the day; carbon copies are on the desks of his secretaries, and another is posted in the outer waiting room. Any one who chooses may come in and see with whom the President is talking. These appointments are seldom longer than fifteen minutes each; rarely they run to half an hour. The caller is supposed to present himself promptly on time, and to terminate his visit on the moment so, that the next man on the list may not be kept waiting. The President usually indicates by some gesture or slight movement when the appointment has come to an end. There is a little clock before him on his desk. The last appointment invariably comes to an end at one o'clock, when the President goes to lunch. He is back in his office at two o'clock or, at the latest, half-past two. Usually he has one appointment after lunch, and then goes out to play golf. Probably twice or three times a month the President makes an appointment in the evening. These evening appointments, however, are made on his own initiative and not by solicitation. Mr. Wilson tries to play golf every afternoon. Invariably his partner is Dr. Cary T. Grayson, of the Navy, his physician and personal aide. Mr. Wilson plays at all golf courses about Washington except Chevy Chase. He has never played there. He plays over each course in turn. He is not keenly interested in the game. His main concern with it is that it "keeps him out in the open air," and gives him a certain amount of needed exercise. His score is a matter of absolute unconcern, and he has no lust for the game for the game's sake. Sometimes he does the eighteen holes in the nineties; again he may go over a hundred. It is all one to him, and he motors back to the White House with a serene mind in either event.

Mr. Wilson has become an almost habitual theater-goer. President Taft was fairly constant in his attendance at the local playhouses, and President Roosevelt tried to see all the very good plays; but Mr. Wilson exceeds both of them in his devotion to this form of entertainment. He goes regularly to all sorts of plays, good, bad and indifferent, and, when nothing better offers, finds amusement in vaudeville. He always sits through the play, and apparently it cannot be so bad nor so incompetently performed as not to afford him some measure of enjoyment. These eyes have beheld him at an Eva Tanguay "show," and his interest did not flag. The local popular-price stock company presenting "successes" of other seasons has become familiar with his presence at their representations. Apparently he finds needed relaxation in theatrical performances that would bore almost to extinction more fastidious playgoers.

ONE of the things that members of Congress do not understand about the President, and the thing that they resent in his attitude toward them, is that he won't talk and he won't let them talk. That acute and alert "itinerant analyst," Henry James, noted when he revisited American scenes that Washington was the conversation capital. Discourse, free and unrestricted, is the avocation of everybody in official life here and the vocation of many. To these it is unthinkable that a man who can talk won't talk. The tides of conversation run free and strong in this town, and amidst all the rush of words the President says nothing. He discloses his views briefly and at stated times. In the intervals he maintains a silence that becomes impressive by contrast. People ask one another: "How does he spend his time out of his office when he isn't playing golf or going to the theater?" They know that before he became President he used to spend many evenings reading Wordsworth aloud in the bosom of his family. The presumption is that, being a man of more or less fixed habits, he continues the practice. This appeals to the average Washington intelligence as being absolute zero in indoor sports. Not that that view would affect Mr. Wilson. Because the President won't talk, Congressmen complain that they find him cold. The simple truth is that he embarrasses them. He is so much better educated, he has thought to so much better purpose, he has so much keener an intelligence than the average member of either branch of Congress, that they are rather afraid of him. He

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won't talk in an easy, gossipy, discursive way, but insists at once on getting down to bedrock and applying the formal and fixed rules of logic to any matter of discussion. And he is so polite and civil and deferential about it, too. His manners are perfect. He seems to hang upon your words, and yet they say "it is hard to do business with him." That means that he won't do as he is asked to do simply because he is asked, but insists upon putting everything on the basis of a major premise, a minor premise and a conclusion. Query: What can you do with a man like that? The Members of the House (the Senate concurring) reply at once: "Nothing."

If I may venture to introduce into these undefiled precincts the inelegant but forcible jargon of the pave, Mr. Wilson is the "whole thing" at this juncture. He dispenses the high and the low and the middle justice. He has suffered no notable rebuff in putting into effect his plans and his ideas. The processes of government reflect his will. The Members of Congress do not love him, but they do not doubt the quality of the man. Nobody hints any longer that he is "academic." His resolute will, his firm grasp of the public business and his strong executive ability are clearly seen. His capacities and his abilities measure up to the office he holds. He is, indeed, chief magistrate to the uttermost fringe of his authority. Everybody at Washington knows it.

To See "Ourselves" As Others See It

By ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

THE SINGLE STANDARD; and the gold standard. Are we to admit the baser metals into the currency of morality, which we stamp with our own image?

Youth. Are we to fling it aside because of the errors of youth? Are we to deny to youth its natural expression—its play, its expansion, its craving for companionship, in an effort to "reform?"

Sex attraction. The strongest thing in the world. Are we to leave the young untaught as to its purpose? Are we to leave to blind Instinct the enlightenment that calls for the very best of our thought, our ideals and our efforts for the future of the race?

To see a large, mixed audience reacting from such startling questions is an interesting experience. "Ourselves" by Rachel Crothers did not please the general public and had a short life in consequence. Possibly this was because so many plays dealing with the same subject has been rushed on to take advantage of the interest aroused. At any rate, it interested a limited number of persons extremely and has been very widely talked about, and I hope it may be revived some time. I am going to give my impressions in the present tense, as I remember back to a performance which left me very much impressed indeed. The gist of the play is an attack on Special Privilege—the Privilege men have arrogated to themselves—that they may select one woman whom they choose to honor, and consider the rest fair game for which no adequate protection has been devised.

As might be expected, men are in the minority. Some have very obviously been led in, pulling on their halters and with their ears laid back. About half of the male representation have come expecting something more conventional and to their taste.

NO motion picture can offer anything more enlightening or funnier than the changes of expression on the face of one of these male victims who didn't know the play was loaded. The first act, showing a reformatory for delinquent girls, startles the men. There is a look, which interpreted, would read, "Well, well! what will they stage next?" "Look at 'em, the little Devils!" "What's the sense of all this twaddle about 'em, anyway?" "More expense for the taxpayer!" "Rather good looking, the Molly girl!" "Woman going to take one of 'em into her home, is she? Gad, that's a notion it won't do to foster!" "Poppycock!" Curtain.

Act II. His next set of expressions is more complex, for he begins to see the set of the current. But the "Molly girl's" easy winning by the conscienceless villain gives him a few moments of smug satisfaction, a sort of "I told you so" contentment. Curtain.

Act III. The expressions follow each other with variety and intensity. "Absurd!" "Nonsense!" "Woman's sentimental foolishness." "Knows nothing about life." "Overdrawn!" "It's got to be." "Too bad, of course, but what are you going to do about it?" "Morality for men?" "Oh, go on!" "Oh, Lord!—what! responsible?" "Well, now, how do you expect a fellow——" "Oh, say, what's it all about, anyway? It's always been so. It always *will* be so." "Hard luck if you get born a girl in that class—that's all." "Ridiculous!" "Silly!" Then he decides to go out and get a drink, and not come back. He does the first, but not the last. He is back for the fourth act, hating himself for it. "Just came in to see what sort of a fool a woman playwright will make of herself if you give her her head." "It's the most idiotic point of view possible!" By this time he is beginning to think in spite of his reluctance, and to feel vaguely uncomfortable—something like a cross between conscience and indigestion begins to nag him. Memories are awakening in the forgotten niches of his brain, and various well-laid ghosts begin to turn over and even threaten to walk. By the time he reaches the street the sneer has begun to fade from his face, like breath from a windowpane. If he happens to be with other men, there are shrugs and laughs and a rapid fire of reassurances as to the impracticability of it all. If he happens to be in a party with his wife and others, he is hopeful that the others may perhaps defer discussion but he apprehensively glances at his wife.

NOTICEABLE is the number of young, unaccompanied women, of obvious respectability. They behave very much as if they had played hookey in order to attend the performance. Probably they have—more grease to their run-away shoe-soles! Women must make a holocaust of their Pride and Prejudice. The woman of the Home must cease to bask in her respectability, and glory in the invulnerable shield of wifehood, for that shield is not invulnerable, nor her respectability respectable, when it is coupled with the careless acceptance of the degradation of her sisters, and wilful blindness to the crimes of Special Privilege.

THESE women, clear-eyed and attentive, find themselves confronted with something that begins to look very much like labors for Omphale, which will make those of Hercules pale into insignificance. A look of puzzled despair spreads over their faces. *How* are we to bring this before Tom and Dick and Harry? We will have to make ourselves "everlasting nuisances" in order to do it. How are our men to be forced to take these things seriously?

A group of over-dressed, bejeweled, gaudy women giggle continuously. They are troubled with no such questions. The play and its proposition is providing them with conversational ammunition with which to amuse male admirers. It is not to such as these that the serious-minded, thoughtful women may look for coöperation.

BY the exit, sit five or six boys and girls, fifteen to twenty years of age, who seem to have arrived directly from the gas-house district—the little girls with kalsomined faces and ragged hair; the boys in sweaters, their lean, dissipated faces belying their youth. Self-evidently, the girls are graduates of the reformatories. Some one with a belief in the psychological power of visualization may have sent them here. They chew gum, and their faces express complete inattention. But that great composite somebody—the Public—is doing a lot of thinking. We no longer bleed fever patients, give liquor anaesthesia for amputations, nor angleworm soup for rickets.

For the sake of humanity let us not treat the moral and mental maladies of our fellow beings with the fallacies of the past—and the signs of the times are hopeful, this audience, for example, has a look of being practical. The applause, except for Miss Elliston's well-deserved curtain calls, is slight. They are considering the Case, disgustedly, hopefully, determinedly, according to their age, sex, and previous condition of servitude—but not apathetically. Some day somebody will get up and *do* something, and, thinking himself alone, will prepare for St. Stephen's well-known martyrdom, only to find himself part of an army that he had not dreamed existed, except as a remote possibility on the lap of the gods.

Then there will be a sharply affirmative answer to a new version of an old question——

"Am I my sister's keeper?"

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Love in a Dutch Garden

By NEITH BOYCE

Illustrated by Frances W. Delehanty

A GARDEN carefully constructed to keep Love out, with a gate that locks, with tall green hedges that shut out sight of the world—the busy, naughty world.

Inside the garden, a prim little house, carefully-kept walks, well-regulated flowers, and a fountain. Love stands over the fountain, with a viol and bow in his hands—but he is a stone statue.

There are three old gardeners to keep down Nature in the garden, to trim the hedges to perfect rectangularity, to keep out the weeds, to make the flowers orderly. There is a boy with clappers, to chase away the birds.

"Oh, you naughty little birds,! Now, come into my garden, and I'll kill you!"

There are three strict, spinster aunts, Prim, Prude and Privacy, to keep Nature down and Love out of a young heart.

And there is Prunella—innocent, inquisitive maiden.

A road runs by the garden-gate, and all the naughty world may travel by that road—and does. A band of wandering Mummers, from the village fair, passes by. The locked gate and shut windows of the house cannot keep them out. A shower of confetti invades the garden—and in through the hedge careless, wanton Pierrot creeps, and finds Prunella.

Pierrot is Lovelace—but to Prunella he is Love, the World, Life—everything that has been forbidden her, everything she is longing for. His mad companions terrify her. But the transparent sham of his quick wooing carries her away. A ladder is put up to her window at night, and she comes down into his arms. And now Love, the statue, wakes and plays upon his viol. He is in league with Nature, the World, the Birds, the Mummers and Pierrot, to seduce Prunella out of the garden. . . .

And yet he is a moral Love, as the sequel shows. . . .

"Prunella" speaks to the eye. The garden, scene of all three acts, is a pretty place. The sky is sometimes lit by the moon, sometimes spangled with stars, sometimes both together. We see and hear a great deal throughout the play of the moon, the stars, of birds, and—naturally—of Love.

Against the tall, clipped, formal hedges the old-style dresses are charming. In the first act the aunts, in sweeping dresses of different lilac shades, with caps, stomachers, lappets and what-not, and Prunella in a straight little gown of green are quite lovely. Pierrot, too, is sweetly dressed—in white in the first act, in black-and-white in the second, all in black in the third. The maid-servants, Queer and Quaint, are nice, too, in the picture; and the Mummers quite cubistically bizarre. The gardeners are perhaps a trifle obvious—but then, good heavens, if we are going to quarrel with "Prunella" for being obvious——!

WE are not. We take the little play for what it is—a conventionalized decoration on the theme of Love—a light fantasy on the eighteenth-century Lovelace motif, with all the sting left out. We admit frankly that it is sentimental, in the most recognized English style. There is nothing that isn't sweet about it, nothing shocking, not even the kiss that Pierrot gives Prunella—

"And now—she knows!"

This, too, is in accordance with the best English tradition, for a kiss cannot shock—can it?—except, of course, very pleasantly. Equally proper is the marriage of Pierrot and Prunella, duly taking place after their midnight elopement in the second act. To be sure, Pierrot deserts Prunella afterward, marriage not being one of his habits, but *that* can be remedied—and is.

Act III shows the garden three years after Prunella's flight—a sad, deserted garden, gone to weed and seed. The gate, half off its hinges, stands open. The three gardeners are gone, and two of the aunts. Only Aunt Privacy, softest-hearted of the three, remains, mourning in a very pretty dress of gray and white and black. A stranger has taken the little house, and she waits to give him the key. He comes—it is Pierrot, all in black, with a settled melancholy on his visage, once so wanton and so gay. . . . In short, Pierrot has repented. Though he won't, at first, admit it, he misses Prunella, and is sorry that he left her—for a year—returning then to find her gone.

Poor Pierrot! He is a mournful spectacle, as, in fact, repentance generally is—like washing the dishes after a feast, necessary but certainly irksome. Pierrot repents at leisure, and to music—there's no doubt about it, he *is* very much cut up. But we can't feel as sorry for him as we might, for we know all the time, of course, that Prunella is coming back. If she had not come!—now *that* would have been something original!

But she comes—a poor, travel-stained waif, wandering back to her old home. Here she is met by her erstwhile companions, the Mummers, who have followed Pierrot and now bore him to distraction.

THEN the final curtain on the two, reunited, with the sun rising—rather a relief, the sun is, after so much of the moon and stars. Love, the statue, presides over this reunion and plays triumphantly upon his viol—thus proving himself, as we have said, in spite of his little escapades, an eminently English and moral Love.

The play is given with music; and with its sweetly pretty setting and dresses, and its light sentiment, it has pleased many people. Jaded theater-goers and critics like it. We have heard it called "charming," and even "adorable." It all depends on whether you like whipped cream or prefer cheese and salad.

It isn't easy to say why "Prunella" recalls to one's mind Alfred de Musset's play, "*On ne badine pas avec l'Amour.*" It must certainly be by force of contrast. Here are two comedies of sentiment, with the requisite touch of pathos. The French play is a beautiful thing. Of course, it's breaking a butterfly on the wheel to try "Prunella" by such a standard. . . . But why is it that English sentiment has such terrific difficulty in being light in form and true in substance? It seems sometimes that only the most intense feeling can fire the English mind; that it is like hard wood, flaming gloriously when once thoroughly kindled, otherwise producing more smoke than light.



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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

NATIONAL ACADEMY STUFF



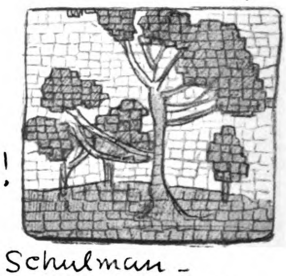
HASSAM Diana's Bath



Diana "Hi there! Kiddo, get out of my bath!



Quinn
Victor Hugo stuff



Schulman -
Bathroom stuff



Church
Emmy Destinn Stuff



Manship
"Have a joy ride, on me!"



Beckwith
Queen Alexandra
Stuff -



Auerbach. Buster Brown
as he is today



Manship Rodin at work.



Sargent -
Old gentleman
with white goatee
(P.S. on closer inspect
-ion proves to be waterfall)



Anderson
Child's first cigarette



Seyffert Thinking of Mother
(N.B. Whistler's)

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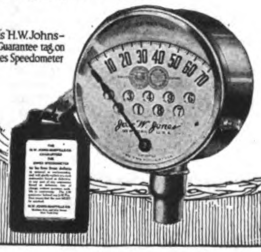
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—thinking of life insurance?

MOST people **are**; for insurance protection is an **ever-present proposition:** it safeguards the home; takes care of the mortgage; educates the youngsters and provides old-age independence.

It's on the minds of most people—the thoughtful, humane kind; they're thinking about it good and hard and some 20,000 life insurance agents are helping them.

The agent, of course, is bent on earning a commission and, incidentally, on beating his last year's record under urgent pressure from his company.

But don't let him do it at **your** expense, for if you take a policy through **any** agent, **his commission** will come out of **your premium**—the first year and thereafter.

This, of course, will make your insurance cost you more than though you applied direct to the **one American company that operates without agents, namely,**

The Postal Life Insurance Company

AGENTS of all the other companies—the 20,000—find it hard to compete with the Postal Life, and it is therefore best not to believe what such agents say about the Company or what they show you in some easily influenced insurance periodical.



The Postal Life is a highly-accredited institution and has the confidence of all thoughtful insurers who take the trouble to find out about it **for themselves.**

They find that the Postal gives **all** that other companies give and **much** that they **do** not or **can** not give.

For example: **the Postal's Health Bureau performs a most important service in health-conservation by issuing timely Health Bulletins for the benefit of its policyholders and by providing for those who so desire one free medical examination each year**—a privilege not accorded by any other company. It will thus be seen that the Postal

Saves you Money and Safeguards your Health

For the reasons here stated and others, the **Postal Life** is justly designated "The Company of Conservation"—**of money** and of **health.**

'Twill pay you to find out just what **you** can save on any standard form of policy—Whole-Life, Limited Payment Life, Endowment, Joint-Life, or on a Monthly Income contract.


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Just write and say: ***"Mail full insurance particulars as per advertisement in***

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And be certain to give **your occupation** and the **exact date of your birth.**

The Company will then send you (by mail only) **exact figures for your age** with the amount of dividends, **guaranteed** and otherwise, now being paid. No agent will be sent to visit you; the benefit of his commission goes to you because you deal **direct.**

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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Inquiries will be answered as soon as possible, but considerable time is often required to secure reliable information. This magazine does not have the facilities to assist in raising capital for even worthy enterprises.

Assured Income

DESPITE bitter experience to the contrary, most of us persist in thinking of capital as indestructible. Great fortunes tend to dissipate from generation to generation, and in any given industry a large number of enterprises fail. Capital is said to go from a country where laws are harsh to a more lenient habitat. Mexico is spoken of as a place where capital does not flourish and from which it is migrating. But does anyone suppose that when rebel bandits burn up bridges and culverts on the national railways of Mexico the capital represented by these works migrates? Of course not. It is destroyed.

There may be something inherently productive about capital, as one group of economists argues, but capital seems to take its chances of life and death just as living organisms do. There is just as high, perhaps higher, mortality among capitalistic enterprises as among human beings.

This article is not written to discourage ecomony and thrift. Every person should endeavor to save and to invest productively. But we should not forget that there is such a thing as expecting too much of one's savings. After all, money has only one utility, its power to purchase the necessities and luxuries of life. All that really matters to any of us in a material sense is that we and those most nearly dependent upon us shall have the necessities and a reasonable measure of the luxuries of life. To worry about leaving a fortune to the third and fourth generation is absurd.

Now the simplest and surest way, as we all know, of providing for our families after our death, is by life insurance. It is surer, of course, than any form of investment, because by the payment of a small sum we at once insure a far larger sum to our beneficiaries in case of our immediate death, whereas all other forms of providing for others require many years of life to perfect. But as death is the only certain thing about life, the ability to continue earning, saving and investing is a great gamble.

The principle of life insurance is too generally understood and appreciated to need explanation here. But until recently its well-known objects have been but poorly attained. As a result of the so-called Armstrong legislation in New York a few years ago it came about that those who took out life insurance were permitted to have the money paid over to their beneficiaries in instalments over a long period of years instead of in a single lump sum. This principle has gradually been utilized by the various companies that now write monthly income policies.

Income insurance is so valuable a social contribution that despite its lack of complexity there is nothing in the financial field that more demands description and explanation.

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Insuring Insurance

MONTHLY income insurance merits description for one all-important reason: it is probably the safest and surest method of getting a fixed income which has yet been devised. Suppose a man of thirty-five takes out a policy for $12,000, payable to his wife in a lump sum at his death. For a somewhat less yearly payment on his part (premium) he can arrange with an insurance company to pay his wife after his death $50 a month for twenty years, or for a little larger premium, all the rest of her life. If she dies before receiving such instalments as are due, and no other beneficiary is named, there is turned over to her executors the commuted value of remaining instalments.

Now why is this form of income safe and sure? To begin with, even if the beneficiary requests a lump sum payment, the company cannot by law grant her request. No change in the terms of the policy can be made after the death of the insured. The policy cannot be sold. It cannot be attached by creditors, except perhaps for necessities. What is of greater importance, it cannot be borrowed upon and cannot be taxed.

But What About the Principal?

BUT what about investing the $12,000? If an insurance company pays a widow $12,000 and she invests it at 5 per cent. she will receive exactly $600 a year or the same amount as twelve monthly payments of $50. But if she receives this money in $50 monthly payments she will probably spend it as it comes unless she has other resources, whereas with a lump sum of $12,000 she would be living upon the income.

These objections are theoretically true. But their force is almost wholly lost when one considers the failure of insurance as a whole to attain the purposes for which it exists.

The average woman is not accustomed to invest money. If married, her husband usually does the investing. Centuries of domestic life have given woman little opportunity to learn to invest. If married and not wealthy, she has little time or necessity to learn to place her money productively, even assuming the natural aptitude. Her mental attitude is not favorable to cool, calm action immediately following her bereavement. The sudden, new responsibility of having a large lump sum of cash, more than she ever saw before, is very great. With both men and women large sums in cash tempt to extravagance and waste. We all know such to be the effect of suddenly acquired wealth.

Men rarely insure their lives to assure their wives and children the enjoyment of luxuries. Yet suddenly acquired means tempts anyone to buy luxuries in a prodigal manner. Men would do the same if their wives were the earners and made the husbands the beneficiaries. There are many instances of women receiving $4000 from an insurance company and buying a $2000 automobile forthwith. But suppose the woman is too strong to give away to the natural temptation to indulge herself. She may have denied herself luxuries all her life and, despite a certain fatalism and desperation because of her husband's death, may still be strong enough to forego these pleasures. There are almost always debts to be paid off, debts which could wait if there were no lump sum to pay them out of.

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Where the Money Goes

SUPPOSE the woman yields to none of these temptations. There is still the problem of general investment to meet. The country is filled with promoters and other financial sharks who get lists of nearly all death payments, and at once pounce upon the victims with wily swindling schemes. The inexperienced woman does not know how to choose among the numerous and bewildering propositions presented. She does not know where to turn for disinterested advice. Even if she does invest safely, she can sell the bond or mortgage, and even if she does not sell them, half her income may be taken away by local or state taxation.

A woman may be an admirable economizer and manager, but a very poor investor. Her insurance money should be in line with her financial education. She is accustomed to settling bills by the month. The monthly income policy meets her requirements. The check always comes on the first of the month when the rent and other bills are due. It is like a government pension. Not only is the beneficiary protected against her own mistakes, but there is no hiatus in her income. Even if she invests a lump sum wisely it might be a half year before any interest or dividends are paid to her. The first instalment of income insurance comes at once. Usually this income is smaller than the woman has been used to during her husband's life. Thus she at once cuts down her luxuries and adopts a lower standard of living, but one permitting of necessities. Where a lump sum is in hand the family postpones this lower scale of living and by injudicious expenditure is finally compelled to get along with fewer necessities than would otherwise have been the case.

No Will to Break

WHERE property is left by will the instrument can often be broken. But no one can upset a monthly income insurance policy. It is the surest form of post mortem control of property. Many men will not take out insurance at all because they are afraid the proceeds will be badly invested. With income insurance there can be no loss through bad investment, at least if one insures through a strong, reputable company. It goes without saying that money left with a big, strong insurance company is safer than in any possible form of private, personal investment, because not only does the company have the advantage of strict government inspection and regulation as to what it shall invest in, as well as officers highly paid solely for their knowledge of the subject of investment, but its resources are so widely distributed in different bonds, loans and mortgages that even the total loss of one investment will not affect the aggregate.

This form of insurance costs no more than others. It is especially advantageous where combined with ordinary insurance. In that case, a widow has money in hand to pay off mortgages or other debts and something to invest productively, together with an assured income for life. A young man can assure to his wife a monthly income of $10 for as long as she shall survive him for an insignificant weekly payment on his part.

The only material value attaching to the lives of most men is a moderate earning or income power. This ability is probably more surely perpetuated after death for one's family by income insurance than in any other way. Certainly if a man is unselfish enough to wish his wife and children free from want here is a way to realize his wish.

What They Think of Us

La Follette's

Louis D. Brandeis, as a private citizen, has rendered public service in the last half dozen years so important and far reaching in its present and potential value as to make him one of the greatest figures of his time. His articles, "Breaking the Money Trust," now appearing in HARPER'S WEEKLY, should be read by every citizen who wishes to be well informed upon our greatest problems.

Friends' Intelligencer

The financial question which Congress is now considering is one of great complexity, about which the most of us feel much in the dark. We are therefore particularly blessed in having a series of articles dealing with the question by no less authoritative person than Mr. Louis D. Brandeis. Mr. Brandeis is one of the all few men of large ability who appear not to be for sale. We see him here contributing a discussion of a matter of great public importance. The reward which this journal can give for this contribution is doubtless small in comparison to the fees and perquisites Mr. Brandeis as a lawyer could get for keeping silence and assisting trusts and aggregations of capitalists to get the things they want in spite of the wishes and best interests and laws of the American pepole. Most of us who have been observing affairs for a decade or two have seen promising men of ability disappear from the realms of public service and go in quest of this form of private gain. Let us hope that Mr. Brandeis in his preference of less gain and public service may be the forerunner of an increasing multitude.

Los Angeles (Cal.) *Tribune*

The plain citizen would like to know about the money trust, and in most instances doesn't know where to look for the information. If he will look in HARPER'S WEEKLY and read the lucid and dispassionate "What the Money Trust Is," why, he will know considerable about the subject.

Of course, it is not possible to make this statement without giving the journal a pat on the back. Why not give the pat? HARPER'S has suddenly developed into a great power and it always is on the side of the people. It deserves this pat and many more, especially as it is independent enough not to care whether it gets it or not.

My dear Mr. Brandeis:

Your article in HARPER'S WEEKLY of November 15 is very interesting. I have read pretty much everything that has been published on the subject and yours is the most convincing presentation of it that has appeared up to the present time. In writing you I have two objects in view: One is to express my appreciation of the fine work you are doing in helping to correct one of the greatest economic mistakes of our time; and the other to call your attention to one side of the argument which I think has heretofore been somewhat neglected. You touch lightly upon it in the remark near the end of your article that "such competition (between dealers) is superficial merely." I do not think the public appreciates that this is not only a fact but must be a fact because the margin that a dealer has to play upon is very small. It can safely be said that in the selling of proprietary articles there is not more than a margin of 10 per cent. between a dealer and bankruptcy after he has paid his running expenses. While pirates may cut to the extent of their whole discount temporarily any permanent lowering of the price by dealers must be confined well within this limit of 10 per cent. The public therefore has to look for the cheapening of goods to the manufacturer instead of to the dealer. To give some illustrations, with which you are no doubt perfectly familiar: Competition between dealers could only have lowered the price of the Gillette safety razor say 50 cents but competition between manufacturers has furnished other safety razors for $1.00 and for even 25 cents. In the case of cameras, the first Kodak was sold for $25.00. The limit of competition between dealers would have made the minimum price $22.50. At the present time a camera much better in every respect except the covering of the case is sold for $2.00. Any piratical competition between dealers which interferes with distribution only hampers the manufacturer in reducing his costs. I do not for a moment think I am presenting any new ideas in what I have said but I am quite sure that the public does not realize that there can be no substantial competition between dealers in proprietary articles.

Yours very truly,
[Signed] Geo. Eastman.

Springfield (Ill.) *News*

HARPER'S WEEKLY is opposing the candidacy of Roger Sullivan for the United States Senate from Illinois.

There may be excellent cause for opposition to the Chicago man's aspirations for that place, but Sullivan will have no occasion to fear attacks from this Hapgood chap.

It was he who appeared in New York the other day on the same platform with Upton Sinclair, Emma Goldman, Mrs. Pankhurst and other radicals of that type, and harangued their audience and aroused them to such a pitch of excitement that a riot was narrowly averted.

Daniel Lynch, Minerva (N. Y.)

"HARPER'S WEEKLY, under its present management, reminds me of the church which the sailor saw while taking a stroll on shore. "Ah," said he, "there is a Catholic Church. See the cross." "No," said his comrade, "that is a Methodist church." "Methodist?" "Yes." "Then, why in the h–ll is she sailing under false colors?"

And it also takes a leading place among those publications which go far to justify the Frenchman's saying, that, "Even in his wrath, God was merciful to the Egyptians, since He did not inflict upon them the curse of the Art of Printing."

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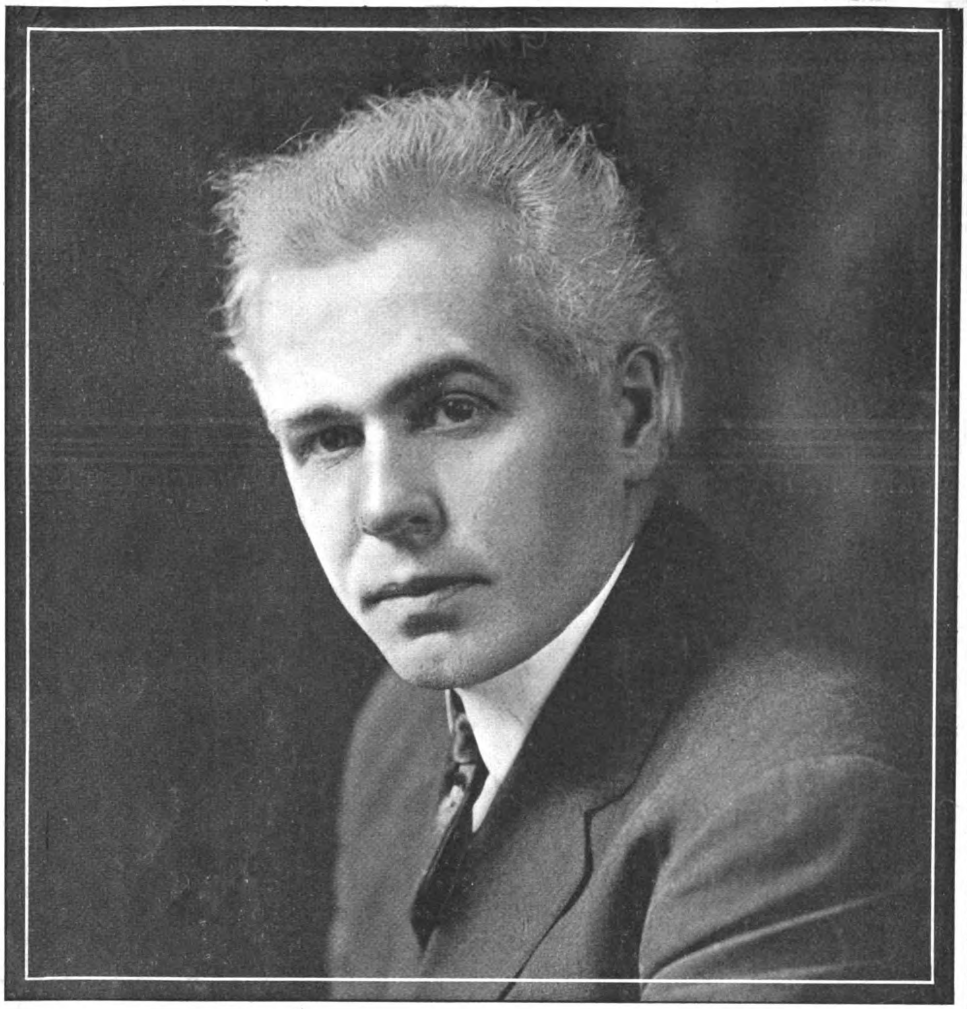
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This is Lewis B. Allyn

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Professor Allyn comes to THE LADIES' WORLD from the Editorial Staff of COLLIER'S WEEKLY—where his work in the cause of pure food has attracted nation wide attention.

His first article as Food Editor will appear in the March issue of THE LADIES' WORLD—followed by a regular monthly department in which he will tell you how to protect yourself against impure, low grade and harmful foods, beverages and medical preparations.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY 17, 1914

Cover Design ..... James Montgomery Flagg

"Billy" Walsh ..... John Sloan 2
From the painting

Editorials 3

Keeping Money at Home ..... Edward K. Graham 6
What a small town can do to keep the money it has made

Miss Deaver and the Hotel Maid ..... Sarah Comstock 8
What one big hotel is doing toward solving the servant problem
Illustrated by photographs

"The Psychology of Revolution" ..... John B. Huber, M. D. 11

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 12

Lines on an Antique ..... Richard Le Gallienne 13
Verse

Criminals I Have Known ..... T. P. O'Connor 13
V. Palmer, the Rugeley murderer
Illustrated by William M. Berger

The Socialists' Position 15
What they think about poverty and progress

The Magician ..... Everett Shinn 16
Cartoon

The Inefficiency of the Oligarchs ..... Louis D. Brandeis 18
Why the big men do not do their work well
Illustrated by W. J. Enright

The Philanderer 22
A really funny play

George Bernard Shaw ..... James Montgomery Flagg 23
Cartoon

New Wine in Old Bottles ..... Corra Harris 24
Views on HARPER'S WEEKLY, Feminism, New York, and Nature

Mr. Brandeis and Investment Banking 25
One comment from the Investment Bankers' Association
Another comment from the Progressive National Service

A Beard and a Candlestick ..... Elias Tobenkin 26
A story
Illustrated by John Sloan

Where's Your Daughter This Afternoon? ..... Ethel Watts Mumford 28
A warning against the *Thé Dansant*

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 29
State bonds

A Ballad of Dead Girls ..... F. Dana Burnet 30
Verse

Baseball and the National Theater ..... Edwin Davies Schoonmaker 31
How the drama can learn popularity from our leading sport

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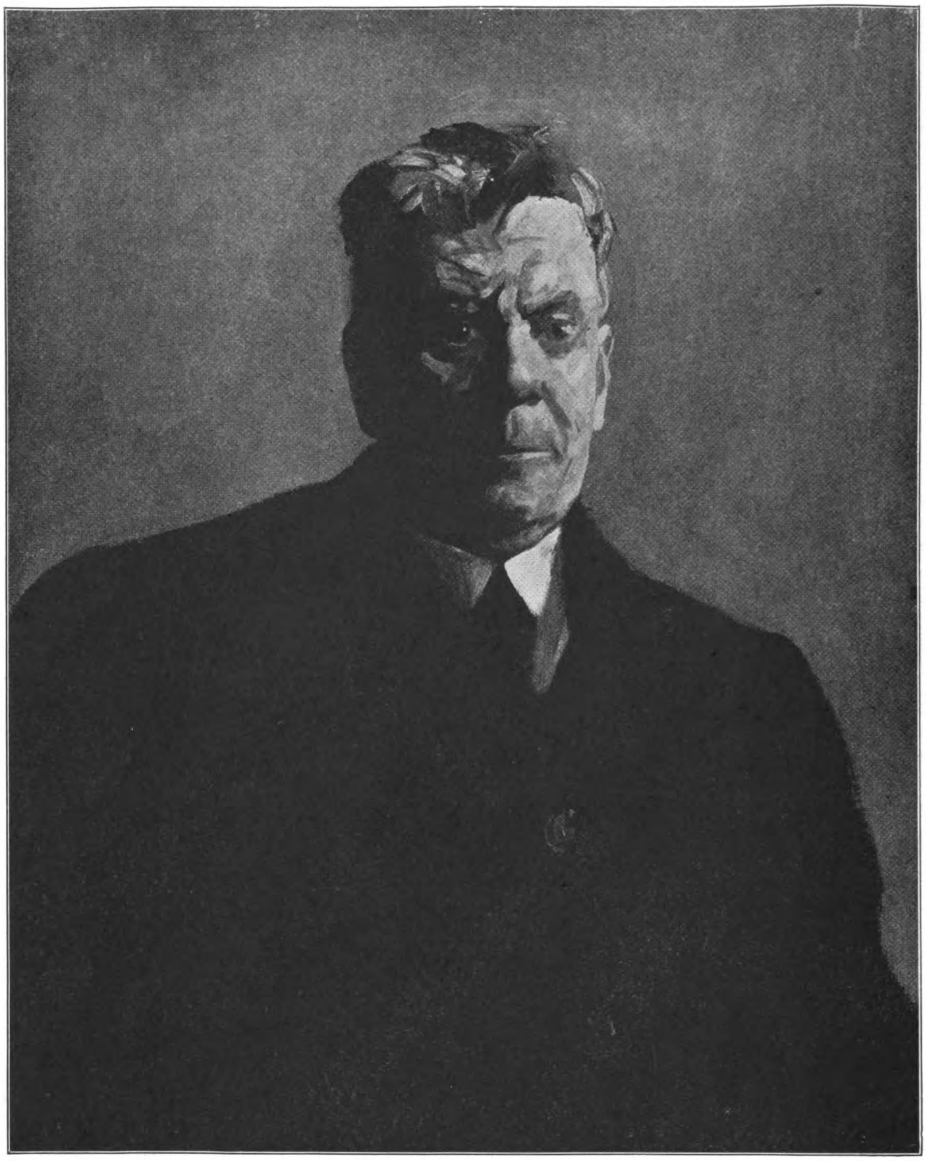
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"BILLY" WALSH

By John Sloan

CONTRARY to popular dogma, the "specialist" has never been a master artist; conversely, the master artist is always a man of the broadest and deepest attainments; all subjects, all mediums are grist to his mill. Few men attain to this free mastery over life and materials. Among these, John Sloan is surely to be numbered. A master in understanding, an intense self urge for the truth, gives to his work, in whatever medium or from whatever motif, a dignity and an intimacy with life rarely met with among the artists of any generation. This is a fine example of Sloan as a portrait painter.

George Bellows

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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A Landmark

THE famous Oregon case, in the United States Supreme Court, established the principle that the people of a state have a right to make special legislation protecting women in industry. If it is constitutional to demand that women shall not be forced to work more than certain hours in certain industries, it must be constitutional, if the law has any sense in it, to establish a minimum wage for women, for it would be a feeble performance to cut down their hours and then allow their wages to be cut down accordingly. The case of Stettler *versus* O'Hara and others will come up before the Supreme Court soon, and will settle the question of a minimum wage for women.

The defendants in the case are the Industrial Welfare Commission of Oregon. In the Circuit Court, Judge Cleeton decided in favor of the constitutionality of the act of the Commission in establishing the minimum wage of $8.64 per week for women employed in manufacturing establishments in the City of Portland. The world is beginning to realize the loss that comes to it through poverty and the resulting disease, crime, immorality and inefficiency. The community pays indirectly for the disastrous results far more than it would cost directly in wages.

The Worst Subsidy

EVERY person who is receiving less than a subsistence is helping to make a non-subsistent wage the rule. The department-store manager who advertises for girls "living at home" is advertising for the non-subsistence wage. The wages of women have not been fixed by the value of the services rendered nor by what the industry could afford. They have been fixed by the unregulated law of supply and demand. That law, in its unregulated and destructive form, has seen the end of its career.

If the bounties are to be paid, let them be paid in hard cash. We want no more secretly subsidized industries, and any industry which pays less than a living wage is receiving a subsidy of the very worst kind. The minimum wage has been tried since 1896 in Victoria, N. S. W., and for a shorter time in England, and all the experience thus far acquired is very favorable. It makes toward industrial peace. It stimulates the employer to reduce cost by improvements in organization and by new inventions, and also to develop and keep the most efficient workers. It stimulates the workers to prove themselves efficient. It will be a foundation-stone of the industry of the future.

Competition

PRESIDENT WILLARD of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, advocating higher freight rates, declares that the increase in the price of coal during 1913 over 1910 cost his company $448,000. It would be interesting to know how it is that various progressive gas companies have succeeded in reducing the price of gas while the price of coal and of oil has risen. The Citizens' Gas Company brought a Christmas gift to Indianapolis with a further reduction to fifty-five cents. What is the explanation? Does it lie in a new efficiency bred of competition with electric light?

A Good Example

THE firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. showed good judgment in withdrawing from many interlocking directorates and we hope their withdrawals will soon carry out the principle completely. Much of the best intelligence in this country, especially since the Civil War, has gone into business, and when that intelligence undertakes to coöperate with the public, and with the spirit of the times, it can make itself of the highest value to the community. The example of the Morgan firm is undoubtedly an aftermath of the recent history of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and if the disastrous experience of that railroad causes a willing and rapid reorganization of our financial system along enlightened, modern, ethical lines, it will be a striking example of the truth that if we accept things in the proper spirit much good can often be brought out of misfortune.

Fear

NEARLY all games are won on the other fellow's mistakes. After the Tariff Bill was passed, the air was filled with talk about the danger to the country of passing the Currency Bill. When that act was passed, reactionaries said it would be a good thing, but warned the community against further legislation. Even so brave a man as the President may well be made a little nervous, especially when some members of Congress, and possibly some members of even his own Cabinet, have decided that the time has come to put on the soft pedal. Mr. Wilson, so far, has gone ahead and done the work he went in to do. He has carried out his program and the program has been accepted. There is only one course of safety for him, and that is to pass his trust program with the same cool determination and clear reasonableness with which he passed the other two big bills.

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Unfit Directors

DURING the investigation of the New England railroad situation by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Boston & Maine insisted that it must very materially increase its transportation charges. Commissioner Prouty invited the State Commissioners of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts to join him in considering the application, and their unanimous report has recently been made public. Concerning the directors of that company, the report says:

"If these gentlemen have in recent times given any actual attention to the management of their properties, their failure to see and to do is evidence of their conspicuous want of fitness for the place. If, upon the other hand, being vested with the duty of management, they have utterly neglected that duty, and know nothing about the operations of these companies, that fact is even clearer evidence of their unfitness for these positions."

The report contains much sound advice to both railroad managers and investors—and ample justification of the term "The Inefficiency of the Oligarchs," which Mr. Brandeis has chosen as the title of his article in the present issue.

Chairmen

THE CITY CLUB OF CHICAGO held a discussion recently on the subject of the city's "garbage problem," a discussion admirably conducted, thoughtful and constructive. But the chairman, we think, gently imposed upon his audience when he said:

> A rather trite expression has it that the degree of civilization attained in a community is indicated by the efficacy with which domestic and other wastes are disposed of in that community.

Were "waste disposal" erected into a scale for measuring civilization where would Greek civilization have been? Listen to this:

> In spite of all the talent at her [Athens'] disposal, asking for nothing better than to do her bidding, her organization was more primitive than that of our most backward country town. . . . Her streets were narrow and crooked, dirty, unlighted and ill-paved. She had no sewers, or even cesspools, and over the whole department of sanitation it is best to draw a veil. . . . The Athenians lived under the Acropolis, as many generations lived under the spires of Oxford, in "squalid magnificence."

Our theory is that the chairman yielded to the strong pressure of the occasion and unconsciously invented a generalization which would link up the subject of "garbage disposal" with what he vaguely felt were the "bigger issues of life." All presiding officers do it. The toastmaster at the annual banquet given by the hardware dealers' association will say:

> A rather trite expression has it that the degree of civilization attained in a community is indicated by the ingenuity and multiplicity of the small tools available in that community. (Encouraging patter of applause.)

Unless a chairman guards against the peculiar temptations of his calling, he will be as quaint as Buckle in his remarks and as insecure as Benjamin Kidd.

To Unlock Alaska

THE first real test of the progressiveness of the Democratic majority of Congress will be the vote on the bill "to authorize the President of the United States to locate, construct and operate railroads in the territory of Alaska." The Democratic party was committed in its platform to the revision of the tariff and of the currency. Only the Progressive platform called for "the prompt acquisition, construction or improvement by the government of such railroads, harbors and other facilities for transportation [in Alaska], as the welfare of the people may demand." President Wilson, however, in his December message to Congress said: "Alaska, as a storehouse, should be unlocked. One key to it is a system of railways. These the government itself should build and administer, and the ports and terminals it should itself control in the interest of all who wish to use them for the service and development of the country and its people." The pending measure therefore has the support of the Administration, including the strong backing of Secretary Lane. The bill contemplates the expenditure of $35,000,000 in the construction of 733 miles of railways, which will open the coal-fields, furnish transportation for gold-mining machinery to the enormously rich gold-fields of the interior, vastly increasing the gold supply of the United States, and will enable the great agricultural resources of Alaska, probably its richest asset, to be developed and the lands settled. The conditions proposed for the extension of the present lines were the opening of the coal-fields for monopolistic exploitation, such as was rendered forever impossible by the Pinchot victory over Ballinger.

The public should let Congress hear from it. Will the Democrats give up to the Progressives, the field of constructive opening of Alaska?

Congress and the D. C.

WASHINGTON newspapers are excited over one or two proposals by members of the House to abolish the half-and-half system. They are indiscriminate in their condemnation of every effort to establish an equitable system of taxation in the District. The assessments have been raised under the new Board of Assessors, so that the Commissioners were able to make their estimates of expenditure upon a basis of $14,000,000, half to be raised by taxation and half to be paid from the national treasury. The House Committee on Appropriations cut this down to $11,000,000, and says it found a debt of a million and a half dollars due from the district to the federal government for forty years, heretofore concealed by faulty bookkeeping. Instead of seeking to establish the justice or injustice of this claim, the Washington papers simply arraign the Committee as enemies of the District. There is an increasing demand for the right of self-government. The federal government should be responsible for making the national capital what it ought to be, but it should give the District the right to raise its own taxes for municipal purposes. Taxation without representation is not the thing to be legalized at the capital of the nation born in a protest against that form of tyranny.

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A Talker in Athens

SOCRATES called himself "The Gadfly of the State." What made him such an influence was that while he stirred and challenged other minds he was modest and just about his own. It will be remembered that when the oracle said he was the wisest man, he could explain it only on the ground that he knew the limits of his own mind, and others did not know even that much.

"I am one of those who are very willing to be refuted if I say anything which is not true, and very willing to refute any one else who says what is not true, and quite as ready to be refuted as to refute; for I hold that this is the greater gain of the two, just as the gain is greater of being cured of a very great evil than of curing another." And again, "If unintentionally I have said anything wrong, I pray that He will impose on me the just punishment of him who errs; and the just punishment is that he should be set right."

Athens tired of him at length and gave him the hemlock, just as she tired of hearing Aristides called "The Just." She was a volatile country, but after all, she was full of genius, and while she may have punished the great at times for their troublesomeness, she did not reward the commonplace as so many other nations have done and still do.

Steinmetz

WE talk a lot about the early Christians and the homespun Puritans, but as soon as we get a little temporary glory and our salary climbs, we don't care to be simple. The near-great—those that are merely successful and prosperous—are hedged around with a man-servant and a gaudy front and a chilly wait. The nearer they come, the more they exude distance. But Steinmetz sees you if you are the veriest obscure stranger. The unknown man is the one whom he is readiest to help. And his help and his recognition mean something, for, of all the living, he is the leader in his profession. Charles Proteus Steinmetz is greatest of the electrical engineers. With the planet leaking electricity, he came among us to draw off that supply. He fills the night of our modern cities with a blaze and a bonfire like noon, when his magnetite lamps flicker through space. He has belted us in to the vagrant and immense tides of the air.

He is a man who might have been a pampered invalid or a stuffy professor. In body he is crippled, but the Givers for once were lavish when they came to the making of his mind, and they gave him intuition and accuracy, a scholarship that could tear secrets from new regions, and an insight into lightning and the hidden magnetic field. His tables of electrical laws have simplified method, so that practice results. His one hundred inventions have brightened our world for us. As light comes out of carbon, so reality comes out of his mind.

And when he is not diagraming his cold illuminants, he reads the Greek and Latin literatures. The mythologies used to tell of god-like persons who had fleetness, and a mastery over the elements. But this imperturbable worker in the blue flannel shirt, laying hold of the viewless drifting currents, has enlarged us beyond the early dreams of the race.

Our Lady Friends

DO you know El Iman El Jarace? Well, we confess our own knowledge on the subject is not wide, but the following is a quotation:

"It is desirable for each man before he enters upon any important undertaking to consult ten intelligent persons among his particular friends; or if he have not more than five such friends, he shall consult each of them twice; or if he have no more than one friend, he shall consult him ten times at ten different visits; if he have not one friend to consult, let him return to his wife and consult her, and whatever she advises him to do, let him do contrary; so shall he proceed on his affair to gain his advantage."

It is not so much to the general amusing skepticism of this that we wish to call attention, as to the last touch, the slap at the advice of the wife. There you find the Orient speaking. The Occident speaks perhaps at its best in certain lines in which Emerson tells what a woman friend means to him:

"O fair and stately maid, whose eyes
Were kindled in the upper skies
At the same torch that lighted mine;
For so I must interpret still
Thy sweet dominion o'er my will,
A sympathy divine."

Even the Orient is beginning to change. Even there it is becoming less inevitable that one half of the race shall look upon its own point of view as the only point of view that deserves to count in the working out of our destiny.

A Man

THE recovery of Leonardo's lady, still smiling, is a reminder that in greeting her painter she may well have thought of him also as a man. If you know Leonardo only as the smile-maker, the depicter of St. Anne, the creator of that too-beautiful boy St. John, you have yet to meet the real da Vinci. One reads that he invented the wheelbarrow. He was an ardent student of the flight of birds. He projected flying-machines—and if Wilbur Wright had only been there to help him stick to it, rest assured that we should have been flying three hundred years ago. He was a military engineer—rich in plans for movable bridges, fearsome cañons—all sorts of works offensive and defensive. If he had lived in the twentieth century, he would have shared Goethals's job diggi g the Panama Canal, and then he would have designed a statue for the entrance—a statue to be cast in concrete, and visible for three miles—serving as a lighthouse on dark evenings. He was architect and toy-maker for Francis I. of France. He worked in all the sciences—in music, in poetry and in philosophy. He made pumps. Today we all blink when Shaler proves that he can write an epic as well as a geological report—that he can be a soldier as well as a scientist, a citizen as well as a teacher of youth. We gasp when a Weir Mitchell leaves the consulting-room and rests himself by writing half a dozen best sellers. As La Giaconda often told herself while sitting for that much-traveled portrait: "*There is a MAN!*"

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Keeping Money at Home

By EDWARD K. GRAHAM

Acting President of the University of North Carolina

IN recent years a great many writers and speakers have shown extraordinary interest in this section in which we live. They have spoken fair words of praise of our resources, our history, our "native stock," our manufactures, our farms, our water-powers, and they have shown their faith in our future in the best way strangers can show it—by putting their money here. But the main interest they feel in this section is not the opportunity it has of developing its material resources, but the unparalleled opportunity it has of building up a great civilization.

I was reading the other day in HARPER'S WEEKLY an article that spoke of a certain man as a fine type of new Southerner, not the vaguely idealistic type, fine but ineffective, not the type exactly that is building our peculiarly successful commercial cities, such as Atlanta and Birmingham; but the kind of man who is hammering his ideals into his business and his citizenship, and who is invigorating his ideals with practical performance.

That is the reason we are interested in this civilization we are making in Mecklenburg. We are justly proud of every particle of material prosperity that we have won; but there is a deeper reason for our eager civic interest than our material success. We are not working here merely to have the richest county and the biggest city in the country. If we have 200,000 people and fifty skyscrapers in Charlotte in the next half century, we'll only match Atlanta of today, and there will be two or three hundred more just like us. We are glad of the prosperity, and the more of it we get the gladder we are; but it is for the use we can make of it, in setting us free from the slavery of poverty, that we may be fully at liberty to work for precisely the sort of civilization that we want here, that we are mainly glad.

That is the interesting, the thrilling thing that the material prosperity we have won has done for us: it has put us where the manly man and the manly civilization asks to get—the position young Solomon was in when the Lord challenged him to make his choice. We do not ask for the biggest town or the richest town, so that the people at the top can have enough money to stop work. We do ask for wisdom enough to know what the permanent and progressively good things to work for are, the civic will to work for them, and the material prosperity to put wheels under them to make them go.

What we have learned is that it is wise to work together for a good place to live—a good town, in a good county, in a good state. And we mean by a good place to live, a place both to make a good living and to live a good life—good money, good water, good streets, good schools, good churches. A good place to live is a place to invest money and get bigger returns, and to invest life and get bigger returns.

What do we get on our investment here? What, and how much? That is the problem of agriculture, business, education and citizenship: translating lower values into higher values in quantity and quality.

AND as we have worked at this problem here during these past fifty years of privation and struggle we have learned that conditions for getting good material things (good food, health, clothing, roads) are not separate from the good spiritual things (good churches, good schools, good government), but that they are interindependent, all a part of the same good civilization, just as sound physical health is a part of sound spiritual health. Our commercial and "booster" organizations have learned that it is necessary to have good schools and good churches; it is likewise necessary for education and religion and citizenship to remember that the material well-being of all the people is a part of the spiritual ministry of us all.

We cannot separate them and win this great game of Christian Democracy that we are playing. The Good Samaritan did a religious act when he healed the physical wounds of the man by the road, and provided him with money for his material comfort, and Christ commended him. The man He condemned was the priest who ignored the man's material need. One other man He condemned: the rich materialist who invested his active life in filling his barns, with the idea that when he got them full to bursting he would cultivate his spirit. Both the priest and the farmer were wrong, and for the same reason: they separated material needs and practice from spiritual needs and practice. The life we lead in our stores, fields, factories, offices, is not and cannot be separate from that we lead in our homes, schools, churches.

Whatever promotes the material welfare of the largest number of people is an essential of good government, as it is of good education and of good religion. Good citizenship is not a fierce struggle in our business to take all the other fellow has and then endow a school and church for him to go to for consolation. It is not a margin of education, philanthropy and religion around a pool of commercialism. Big men in business are more and more coming to discover the value of profit-sharing and cooperation between all factors, even in business itself; and fortunate will be that community which extends to every detail of its economic life that same doctrine of fraternal coöperation which gave us democratic government and the Christian religion.

WHEN we look at the facts of the conditions of our schools, our churches, our roads, we are apt to feel discouraged, and to wonder what is the trouble with our government and theories of government. We do not like it when we see that we stand near the bottom of the long roll of states in illiteracy, and near the top in the proportion of our children that work in factories. Some of our friends tell us that these children live under better conditions in their mill homes than they did in their farm homes. Perhaps they do; but none of us can deny that the economic condition that makes this true is a wrong condition. We are responsible for it, as well as the mill owners. It is a good thing to pass a law requiring compulsory attendance and a six-months term; but we must go deeper than that. The economic welfare of the whole community must have a sound foundation to be able to enjoy these privileges and pay this money. We conduct these enterprises on the community surplus, and when we come to examine the facts and find there is little surplus, we see clearly enough why it is that our public enterprises are weak and the State treasury exhausted.

Dr. Bradford Knapp told the bankers in Asheville a few months ago that the people of North Carolina are sending $39,640,885 out of the state every year for supplies that might be raised at home. The commission appointed by the Governor reports that the feed stuff imported into the state this year will amount to over $50,000,000. It says that the farmers pay from 12 per cent. to 20 per cent. for their loans. Our farms created $209,000,000 of wealth in 1909, but their feed bill was $223,000,000. We have produced in two and one-half years more than we have accumulated on our tax books in two and one-half centuries. Any man who will study the figures that represent our productive life will agree with Professor E. C. Branson when he says that "the wealth-creating power of North Carolina is enormous, but its wealth-retaining power is feeble." And it is on the yearly cash balance of the community that all of our public enterprises of uplift depend for support.

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This then is the problem for the good-schools people, the good-roads people, the good-churches people, for good citizenship of every sort: how can we make this community bank account more prosperous? Or can we make this question more definite still: How can we protect and promote the material prosperity of the home of the productive man on the farm? For if we picture North Carolina civilization from any angle we choose, looking at it through the school, the church, the store, the railroad, the town, we see as the saving grace of it the prosperous farm, tilled by its owner. There is the living heart of the matter! If our civilization is planted on the prosperous home-owned farm, it will be as a tree planted by rivers of water; planted on a political and social economy that prevents and discourages home ownership, its leaf and fruit will be withered and barren. Under present conditions it seems more profitable to move to town, take stock in the bank and run a store; and we may expect the owner to move, but we needn't expect the one-year tenant to borrow at the bank, buy at the store, and have enough money and ambition left to be a forward-looking, upward-building citizen. None of our institutions will be safely prosperous if this productive farm-home is not safely prosperous. The facts tell us it is not safely prosperous.

Home ownership of our producing farms is decreasing instead of increasing. In 1880, 33 per cent. of the farmers in North Carolina were tenants; in 1890, 34 per cent.; in 1900, 41 per cent.; in 1910, 42 per cent. In our own town of Charlotte, population and wealth have multiplied at a fairy-like speed. We have gained 88 per cent. in population, and practically doubled our wealth with each decade. But the population in the county has shrunk 11 per cent. Sixty-four per cent. of the farms in Mecklenburg are cultivated by tenants against 62 per cent. in 1900. In spite of the great increase in the cost of farm products, very few more acres, relatively speaking, are under cultivation, and only 53 per cent. of the land is improved. Over one third of the total area of the county is in woodland and unimproved farm land.

TENANCY has left its black blight across civilization after civilization, scorching the spiritual as well as the material life of the people. Under tenancy and other bad economic conditions of agriculture the whole social scheme falls into decay. Sir Horace Plunkett, prime-mover in restoring landless peasants in Ireland to land-ownership—and England is spending $940,000,000, in this enterprise and thereby redeeming Ireland,—says of our farm tenancy system: "It is the worst of which I have any knowledge in any country."

But I do not mean to discuss in any detail the question of farm tenancy. It is a symptom rather than a disease. I have dwelt on it because it is typical of many questions set for us to solve, and to emphasize the great fact that it and many other seemingly material questions are vitally related to every higher aspect of citizenship, and that they are to be solved not merely by the coöperation of farmers, but by the coöperation of all good citizens: the banker, the lawyer, the teacher, the preacher, the merchant—the Charlotte Club as well as the Farmer's Union.

I have the temerity to believe that good citizenship in solving them will express itself here in some form more constructive, statesmanlike, and democratic than great philanthropic gifts to alleviate human poverty and crime. True citizenship and philanthropy are those that prevent poverty and crime rather than attempt to relieve them after they have been created. Asylums and jails are more often a sign of bad civic economy than of deliberate sin and of bad human motive. Education that goes with a plan of increased tax in one hand, should go with a plan of increased ability to pay in the other; Christian philanthropy that goes with a plan of salvation in one hand should go with a liberal land lease and credit system in the other; politicians and public men who on election day "view with alarm" iniquitous conditions in Wall Street, should also look with studious care and sympathy on facts that every day are making or marring life on Trade Street and Pineville road. The real fight for representative government is to be fought before conditions of ordinary living grow through neglect into great evils.

WE need conferences on education by the school people, and on roads by the roads people, conferences on various special interests by labor people, bankers, and merchants; conferences for the good of the farmers and for the good of the city people; but we need non-partisan conferences by all of the people, for the common good of all. We need conferences where we would see our civic life for what it truly is: a single thing—not made up of separate antagonistic divisions but all members of one body, in which the blood strengthens the mind and purifies the spirit, and where it will be seen that there is no permanent progress for any without due regard for all of the interests of all.

It may be objected that such coöperation is not practical. But it is! There never was a time in our history when any class of our people in a crisis failed to rise to a great civic or human need. The great opportunity of our section is not for heroic civic service in the hour of disaster, but for that daily civic service that prevents a disaster and promotes general happiness.

A few days ago the newspapers pictured an incident that because of certain sensational features of interest transfixed the attention of the world. A ship loaded with hundreds of human souls was burned at sea in a terrrific storm at night. The shell of wood in the grip of wind and wave and darkness, and the precious freight it bore was a pitiable spectacle in its apparently hopeless contest with the omnipotent forces that sought to destroy it. But the same Power that rode in devastating violence upon the storm, had provided through the patient and painful civilization of the centuries the means of salvation. Terror-stricken instinct for self-preservation was controlled by educated discipline, and a disgraceful panic of each-man-for himself was changed to a coöperative effort for the rescue of all; the miraculous voice of the wireless—the result of the expenditure of years of labor and research and capital, called above the fury of wind and wave, and assembled the sympathy and courage of the citizenship of the sea; it reached through miles of darkness and storm and found a representative of perfectly organized business efficiency—the oil ship. And the warfare of the most terrific of natural forces was stilled into peace.

BEHIND this divinely thrilling and dramatic spectacle we can see in miniature the not less thrilling spectacle of our civilization working out its salvation through the coöperation of the same forces: knowledge taking account of material fact, and individual self-interest and using its facts to build to higher knowledge, and joining with commerce and faith and heroism and brotherhood to build to still higher power and freedom and the more abundant life that comes through learning the ways and laws and use of material forces, and translating them into ever higher values.

The thing that happened there on the sea makes up our every-day life. The river slips by the town and runs to the sea, a muddy, turbulent stream. Its force is caught and converted into usable power. It turns the factory wheels, lights the streets, lights the school and the home and the church. It purifies and cleanses the town and gives it health. We have mastered the fact of it, its ways and its laws, and the turbulent, muddy stream is no longer material, undirected force; it is spiritual life.

We call this process of mastering the ways and laws of material forces that they may lead to higher and higher productivity, education. It cannot go too high; it knows no high nor low. Its business and the business of all forward-looking, upward-leading men is to be vitally interested and mutually helpful in all of the forces that make up our actual, active life.

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The maids' sitting-room, which is keeping girls off the street

Miss Deaver and the Hotel Maid

By SARAH COMSTOCK

What is being done in the Hotel Astor to make the life of the female servant a little more worth while

TO get at the sort of thing that Miss Mary Julia Deaver is doing, take, for instance, the case of Poli Olesky and the "graft."

Poli was one of the molecules which pass through the sieve of Ellis Island. The graft was a complete, compact, exquisitely-worked-out system in the help's dining-room of one of New York's greatest hotels. In its small way, it was worthy of police, or city officials, or senators even. It was a pocket-edition outrage.

Take this Polish girl of seventeen, very homesick, very shy, and totally ignorant of English, and the graft was too much for her to cope with. She had just been through her trial by water, which meant that she had been given an elevator to clean, and, having passed muster, had been installed as a scrub in the hotel. She had now gone down to the dining-room for her first meal. Waiters were dashing about with trays of food; a fat old woman on Poli's right received a bowl of soup; a sly-eyed Hungarian girl on her left had a plate of stew; but Poli sat on and on, while others ate and departed.

Too shy and destitute of English to make her wants known, she slipped away at last, hungry. As she went out, a tall person, casually leaving the room, eyed her keenly; but, as yet, Poli did not know Miss Deaver.

At supper she sat again, unserved while others ate. Famished, desperate, she turned at last to her fat old neighbor. "Why don't I get anything to eat?" she asked, and found that the woman knew her language.

"Huh!" grunted the woman. "Where's your nickel?"

This, then, was the condition that obtained in the help's dining-room. Unless a tip, squeezed from the maids' wages, was laid down at the beginning of a meal, not a crumb of food was served them; and five cents was the minimum. The tips sometimes ran as high as fifty cents a day, the whole of a girl's wages.

Poli had learned her lesson. The next morning a five-cent piece, cherished to buy postcards for the old country, brought her a breakfast. But still more important was the fact that Miss Deaver had caught just enough of the little drama to get an inkling.

THE story of how she ferreted out this scandal, which had long been hiding itself shrewdly, has a spectacular dénouement, which was the official discharge by an indignant management of the entire helps' kitchen crew of sixty-five, including the chef. But for Miss Deaver, the bleeding of the maids might be operating successfully today.

She is the welfare worker of the Hotel Astor in New York. She is employed by the management to study and improve the living and working conditions of its employees. This sort of thing is being done in many factories and department stores, but in hotels it is pioneer work. And everybody who knows the old hard-luck story of "living-in" knows that the hotel employee needs it perhaps more than any other working girl. Dark and filthy sleeping quarters, wet floors to breed disease, unwholesome and meager food, unventilated bunks—all these have been sordid elements of the tale in countless places. No wonder that the eyes of people interested in industrial conditions all over the country are watching what Miss Deaver is doing.

HERE is a handful of the things she has already done:

She has reformed food conditions for the servants—I'll tell you about the spoiled catsup later.

She has induced the city's board of education to transport bodily, teacher and all, a school to her hotel, where ignorant foreign girls are being taught English. (To meet her, you might think her a modest person.)

She has handled her little emergency hospital so skilfully that dozens, scores of petty accidents and illnesses which might have run on into the most serious of cases, have been arrested and the worker saved—a carpet tack in a thumb being less trivial than the houseman supposes.

She has made the maids' sitting-room so attractive that they now have a place where they like to go in the evenings—and the tragedy of no place to go, evenings, is the tragedy we all know.

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"It is so easy to take an ailment there and come away cured"

As soon as Poli Olesky can speak English, she can throw light on what Miss Deaver is doing; for Poli had encountered another phase of hotel life before she, the weeping molecule, came into juxtaposition with Miss Deaver. She had reached Ellis Island alone, and homesick to the point of agony. She had flattened her steerage pillow with tears all the way over. An agent, looking for raw recruits for service, had observed jocosely, "You won't need no pail o' suds when you're a scrub; your tears'll do." Then, because girls were scarce that day, he added, "Dry up and come along;" and then he led her to a hotel where she was set to work.

That night she sought her sleeping quarters, drenched and aching. She slipped off her dripping dress and looked about for a hook.

Somebody laughed. "Hang it on your nose, greeny."

THERE was no hook. Twenty-eight girls slept in the room, all in double-deck beds; just one chair was provided. In the end Poli laid her drenched garments across the foot of her short bunk and crawled in under them.

Unsanitary plumbing in the ill-kept bathroom endangered her health, even though she did not know it. Windows in the dormitory seemed rooted to their casings and there was no ventilation except through the door. A crowded, dark cellar-room was used as the help's dining-room.

Every day when work was over Poli crawled into her bunk. She knew nowhere else to go. Often she was alone in the room for hours.

"Where are the other girls?" she asked once.

A shrug answered her.

That shrug is a sidelight on the value of Miss Deaver's sitting-room.

No wonder that when Poli drifted to another hotel, and was shown the sitting-room, and her own single bed, and drawers for her garments, and a private locker, and a rocking-chair—no wonder she melodramatically covered Miss Deaver's hand with Polish kisses, and inquired whether she had died and arrived at the pearly gates.

PICTURE a long, lean, dark person; as erect as the obelisk; plain of feature; plain of hair-dressing; angular of movement; but possessed of a remarkable pair of eyes. There is a sort of fascination in the eyes, and in fact in the very long-lean-awkwardness of her; it is herself.

Mary Deaver came to New York from the South. She was born, brought up, and trained to nursing in Virginia. She practiced there. Nobody ever heard of her.

She never expected to be heard of. She was the sort of person who set about her work and gave it her best effort because it was hers to do. She has the extremely rare faculty of working intensely without looking for results. Modern mental scientists teach this as a get-rich-quick scheme, and Christ taught it on the basis of seeking first the Kingdom of God. During nineteen centuries it has been difficult for human nature to practice it, but it has never yet failed to work. In her case, it created a chain of doctors and patients who passed on the news that she was wonderful, until it reached the managers of this hotel who had decided to have a nurse to carry out their welfare plan.

She came modestly to the position. There was no blowing of trumpets. Apart from her work, she is exceedingly shy in manner. She said a curious thing when she took the position. It was:

"Why, I don't really need all this!" when she saw the large room and private bath assigned her.

"One of two things," observed a worldly-wise bystander. "Either she's too self-effacing to be worth her salt, or she's too big to be interested in herself."

It was in October 1912 that she was installed. It was agreed that the employees should know her as Nurse, because such a term as "welfare worker" might to their ignorance suggest a spy. She was altogether an experiment; perhaps she would not be worth while in either capacity.

She was given a white office, aseptic of countenance, in the maids' quarters where between two and three hundred girls live. The men, too, could go to her there.

At first the office, with its emergency cot, looked rather strange and alarming. Cases dribbled in. A kitchen boy burned his finger and was sent to Miss Deaver; a parlor maid had a sore throat, and the housekeeper showed her the way to the office; a chambermaid became ill as the result of a five-pound box of candy given her by a guest. All told, the first month showed forty-eight cases treated.

BUT the popularity of the white office grew. It was so easy to take an ailment there and come away cured. When matters were very serious, Miss Deaver called a cab, and went along herself with the patient to a hospital, and then went to see him every day. She had a way of making people feel better the minute she began to talk.

A recent month showed a total of one hundred and seventy-one cases brought to the white office. Largely, they are

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burns and cuts from the kitchen. A houseman who selected his thumb instead of the floor for the placing of a carpet tack was checked in his career toward blood-poisoning. It has even reached this point:

A kitchen man blunders in shyly. "We've got a baby to home," he says, beaming and embarrassed. "And my wife she wants to know, what can she give it to cure it of teethin'?"

Judge from this whether Miss Deaver has won the employee's confidence.

WHEN she was not too busy bandaging thumbs, she cast her eye about the sleeping rooms.

Already the hotel management was cutting up the large dormitories into smaller rooms where four or five girls, instead of thirty, could be grouped. This is a vital point, for the old-time hotel system gives maids no privacy, and the hours of work cannot correspond among so many; some are trying to sleep while others are up and moving about. Miss Deaver found this condition being bettered, but there was still plenty for her to do. She made a raid upon the double-deckers.

"The double-deckah is the established curse of living-in," she declared. "It's enough to ruin a girl's health. We ought to have a single, open bed for every girl in the place."

This from the modest person from the South who had thought the suite conferred upon her for her personal comfort altogether too much! . . . The double-deckers went. The change involved far more than expense; it involved tradition. But once begin, where is the line to be drawn? The modest person from the South, always in a gradual, tactful way, but always with a firm chin, wanted first one and thing then another; for instance, chiffonières instead of the old shelves and hanging mirrors. Well, let her have 'em. Buy sixty at once and see how that suits her. She wants the walls of the bedrooms all freshly and cheerfully painted. She wants extra lights for the maids' comfort. She wants new mattresses for their beds. And then the matter of lockers—

"You see these girls like to keep theah Sunday frocks all nice and smooth, same's the guests do," she explained sweetly. "And it makes 'em all such a lot moah contented if you-all encourage 'em in being neat and self-respecting. They do theah work so much bettah."

Each maid now has a private locker and her own key to it.

The maids' sitting-room is furnished in the mahogany and dark green of the best suites. It has low lamps, and there are three desks where the Annies and the Katies can plow their inky way across Grant's Tomb postcards. Miss Deaver has a way of dropping in and chatting. She brought table games and taught the girls how to play them. She sees to it that magazines are on the table. If a girl can't read, she can at least gaze upon the work of our illustrators and glean from it the latest styles of hairdressing. You can't tell about the things that sitting-room has done without sounding like the "Virtue" and "Sin" allegories in an old recitation book. Summed up, this is the story of the maids' sitting-room which Miss Deaver has charged with her personality: it is keeping girls off the street.

IT was really the spoiled catsup which started the food investigation.

Miss Deaver happened in at the helps' dining-room one day and saw a waiter condensing the remnants left in several catsup bottles.

"That looks pretty old," she observed. "Why don't you throw it all out and buy new? The management isn't stingy."

She picked up one of the bottles and sniffed. Nobody could have mistaken the odor.

"Spoiled!" cried Miss Deaver with vehemence. "And what you took from this bottle makes all the rest dangerous. Don't you know what the results from spoiled catsup may be?"

That was the beginning. The plot thickened to a thrilling climax: it was discovered that tainted fish and meat were being served to employees.

THE investigation was hers, the discovery was hers, the reform was hers. The management was aghast at what she reported as going on under its very nose. It bore down upon the kitchen and swept it clean of danger. If it had been in doubt as to the value of a welfare worker, its mind was clear now.

The hotels get their maids through agents who take them as soon as they arrive from Europe. The maids' quarters sound like a Tower of Babel. A large number of the girls cannot speak enough English to make themselves understood.

The other day I was with Miss Deaver when she spoke to a Polish girl in the hall. "Sophie, won't you please get my book?" she said. "I left it on the table in the sitting-room—" embellishing her directions with nods and gestures.

Sophie went. She returned triumphantly with a can-opener.

"Do you wonder I started a school for non-English-speaking bath-maids, chambermaids, parlor-maids, cleaners, laundry



"When Poli was shown her own single bed, and drawers for her garments, and a private locker, and a rocking chair, no wonder she melodramatically covered Miss Deaver's hand with kisses"

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help, and pantry girls?" she asked me.

When I dropped in for a chat with Miss Gertrude Beeks, the biggest authority on welfare work in the country, I said, "How did Miss Deaver ever get that school started?"

Miss Beeks' hands arose in the air. "How did she?" she cried. "How does she get everything she goes after? The Board of Education never did such a thing before."

THE modest, shy, plain, quiet, surprising Miss Deaver merely asked for it. She had decided that it was needed. These girls must learn English if they were to have a fair chance in our land. They could not go to the school, therefore the school must come to them. She calmly presented her request to the Board of Education, and the Board first gasped, then complied.

It selected a teacher, it gathered books, it installed a school for four evenings of each week in the hotel.

Of course there can be nothing compulsory about the matter; but Miss Deaver drums up attendance as if she were an expert revivalist or a glad-hand politician.

"Girls, the moah English you know the moah money you can make," she offers skilfully. It works. Furthermore, the school is winning out through sheer interest in the lessons.

I heard the earnest teacher addressing her class of twenty-three. "This is my nose," she said slowly, and with careful utterance. "Show me—tell me—*this is my nose.*"

"Tees ees my naws," repeated the twenty-three, clutching wildly in the desperate effort to remember which part of the anatomy "nose" might be. One seized a right ear, another a left eye.

Later in the week I dropped in again. Every girl knew her nose. I agreed that it was much to have found one's nose in English.

But as the weeks are progressing, the results are of the kind that one reckons with. These girls are writing English sentences, are framing English sentences, are reading English sentences. Their minds remind me of inflammable little bundles to which a match has been touched. They have gone off in a flash, flaming up hungrily for knowledge and more knowledge. Miss Deaver's school is in its infancy, and already it is making history.

"The Psychology of Revolution"

By JOHN B. HUBER, M. D.

A DECADE and more ago appeared Le Bon's well-nigh epochal work "The Crowd: A Study of the Popular Mind," in which he held that the mind of the human unit in the crowd exhibits phenomena by no means akin to those characterizing the isolated individual. In the crowd the higher psychic centers, those latest developed in the aeon-long process of evolution, the nearer "supermannish" of the human faculties—reason, intellection, judgment, self-mastery, the kingship of all that is under one's own hat—are for the time being cut out of the normal circuit in the nervous system; they are temporarily in abeyance, and the organism passes under the domination of the earlier developed centers, which underlie the primitive instincts and emotions. In the crowd the mind of the unit is as that of the savage or of the child; it is basic, primeval, impulsive; he, in the crowd, does things at which, immediately on becoming free of its dreadful contagion, he is amazed, and of which he is heartily ashamed; he is precisely as one who has been hypnotized, which state is possible only through inhibition of the higher cerebral centers; the conscious has been abased, the subconscious has become exalted and paramount. And yet, the subconscious in man, besides being fundamental, is the repository of racial traditions, of the soul of a people, of a faith perhaps long since ignored or forgotten by the conscious mind, of aspirations hopeless of attainment in reason; wherefore the crowd, though it is capable of, and has all too often in history done, things most horrible (witness St. Bartholomew's and the French Revolution), is also capable on the other hand of most wondrous heroisms (as witness the Crusades). Both extremes have been possible through utter absence of any sense of responsibility, or of any calculation such as would normally obtain in the individual who would, as an individual, never think of attempting them. Le Bon's thesis has abundant attestation in the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system. The evolution of the human mind has been a most laborious, painful process. Step by step, the nervous centers first formed in evolution. Those in the spinal column are basic; the higher nerve centers have ascended consecutively up the spine to the neck, thence to the base of the brain, and finally to those supreme ganglia in the cerebral cortex, immediately beneath the calvarium—the latter having for their office intellection, judgment, aspiration, altruism, the *wille zum guten*, divine reason, by means of which faculties has been evolved civilization as we know it to-day. Herein lies the differentiation of man from the brute, by which the former has become the most magnificent product we have any knowledge of. And the psychiatrist will explain the mental contagion by which ideas (the most powerful entities for good or for ill in the cosmos), rushing through pathways of discharge in the nervous system, are in crowds *in the instant acted on* and so often made terribly real. Thus it is that the parliamentary crowds, by "spinal cord legislation" (how superb the phrase, which is not Le Bon's) oftentimes enact the wildest and most iniquitous laws. And the physical phenomena exhibited by religious camp meeting crowds are possible by reason that psychism, directed to any one area, determines an excessive flow of blood to it. Through such congestion come about the hideous things done by the Holy Rollers, the Holy Laughers, the Barkers and the like; by suggestion and imitation, the stimuli are transferred to the allotted nervous area controlling the muscles employed in that act.

AN important tenet of Le Bon is that in the crowd (by which he designates any sort of collectivity, from a jury to a mob) the individual's normal cerebration avails him not at all; from the moment they are in the crowd the ignorant and the learned are equally incapable of observation, equally elemental, equally prone to epidemic emotionalism. Give the veriest sharper only time to get his repeated asseverations imbedded in the subconscious, and he may have in his train the most enlightened and the best educated of his age. Let him who doubts this read of Mesmer in Carlyle's *French Revolution.*

Again, as to the leader in his relation to the crowd: Such men are by no means the greatest or the worthiest of their eras; they are men of action rather than thinkers; oftentimes they are themselves half-mad (*demi-feus*), morbidly nervous, excitable. Their power lies, oftentimes, not in reason but in the ability to call up images and to excite illusions, such as children dream of. Blatant affirmation can never be too violent, repetition of words and formulae are the tools of their trade. Slogans, fascinating words and phrases—Democracy, Socialism, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—are their surest material. They debate nothing, argue nothing. Such leaders are intolerant, fanatic, not necessarily intending wickedness, oftentimes fearfully conscientious. Their ideas are eagerly spread by crowds; such ideas presented in the guise of images become sentiments, not always just, oftentimes most meretricious. To spread such ideas, such sentiments, is life to the devotee, oftentimes more than life. Given, on the other hand, a leader intelligent, well-poised, highly educated, "the possession of these qualities does him, as a rule, more harm than good." An attribute absolutely essential in the leader is prestige, which, and not reason, constitutes the fundamental element of persuasion. Success gives prestige; the leader, howsoever worthy of leadership he be, is "down and out" with his first obvious failure.

IT is these principles which Le Bon has applied in his fascinative book on the "Psychology of Revolution." Though the phenomena of revolution in general are considered, the French Revolution is by far the one most dwelt upon. His very pregnant observation is that other writers and thinkers have sought to explain this epic tragedy by rational logic; whereas its events were governed by "affective, collective and mystic logic." And here one should observe that practically all of Le Bon's writing is very naturally tinged with the Gallic spirit; and almost all his observations are based on the psychology of the Latin peoples. They are therefore to be taken by the American and English critic with an occasional grain of salt; since the latter peoples are more stable in temperament and less impressionable than the Latin races. And yet, in the main, his enunciation of the physiological laws controlling the actions of peoples and of crowds are universal application.

One point Le Bon seems never to have made: that the physical condition of the crowd to some extent determines its behavior. Dickens discerned this in describing the Charist riots. In the beginning the crowds were orderly and restrained, but as want of food, drink and sleep came during the first and second days, there developed by the third day the hellish mob depicted in "Barnaby Rudge."

"The Psychology of Revolution." By GUSTAVE LE BON. Translated into English by Bernard Miall. G. P. Putnam's Sons ($3.50).

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST



XXVII

YOU are requested not to ask
The name of him behind the mask.
President Wilson, well advised,
Says he must not be recognized.



XXVIII

HERE'S Root (once counsel for Boss Tweed,)
Who fears he is too old to lead
The Grand Old Party; surely not
Too old in years; too old in—what?



XXIX

OF all elusive men of note—
There's none so hard to catch as Choate.
I feel myself inclined to crow
At having got a head of Joe



XXX

ON J. M. Barrie's pensive dome,
I twine the garland of a 'pome'
Inventor of Arcadia's fra—
Grant mixture—writes, too, by the way.

Musings of Hafiz

(*The Persian Kitten*)

APROPOS of my article on the intellectual superiority of long haired feline and human people, I found the following note on the big desk in the study this morning. It was accompanied by a picture of the writer, which I reproduce below.



"Waddye mean intellectual! I'm a short haired cat meself except in spots where it's been tore off complete, and I'll engage to slap the intellectual fluff offa any angora guy that'll stand up wit me for two rounds in any back yard youse like to name."

Lefty.

THE signature is evidently an assumed name, so of course I shall pay no attention to the ill-bred challenge.

In the course of the last few weeks I have received hundreds of letters, many from thoughtful angoras endorsing my views, others from short-haired cats, most of these are unfit to print.

An important letter fom Ali Baba and Sinbad Haskell, two well-known members of the exclusive younger set of Kansas City, came as I was going to press. I shall print it next week.

ANOTHER correspondent who signs herself Gloria Thompson (I am told she is a member of the family of Mr. Vance Thompson, the famous psychologist, whatever that may mean)—takes me to task for not including the great composer, Handel, in my list of angora musicians.

It is true that Handel is the longest haired male composer that ever lived and for that reason he is rated in England, as the greatest of all composers. Mindful of this I had placed him at the head of my list.

What was my dismay to learn just as my musings were going to press, that *Handel's fur was false!*

OF course I cut it (the article and picture, I mean) at once.

I have since learned that the handle of the hurdigurdy took its name originally from this imitation furred composer.



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Lines on an Antique

(Appreciatively dedicated to Oliver Herford)

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

A KNOCK came to my winter door:
"Pity," said I, "that creatures poor
On such a night should roofless roam,
Without a wife, without a home!"
There, shaking in the bitter cold,
Stood one abominably old,
Toothless and tottering, rheumy-eyed,
Scarce strong enough to crawl inside.
"Poor soul!" I said, "something's amiss
With a world that's let you come to this.
Come drink this down—'twill warm you up,
And you must stay and with me sup,
And rest you till to-morrow's sun—
Then shall we see what can be done."
But the old man scarce understood,
So thin and ancient was his blood,
And mumbled with a piteous sigh:
"So old, and yet I cannot die!
How many times since I had birth
Have these old bones gone round the earth!
Surely 'tis time, as you can see,
They let me die in peace," said he;
"But no! they will not let me rest."
I asked the name of my strange guest.
He turned on me a haunted glare—
"I am that joke about your hair!"



The Joke

Criminals I Have Known

By T. P. O'CONNOR

Illustrated by William M. Berger

V. Palmer, the Rugeley Murderer

I WAS about nineteen at the time, and had been only a short time on the Press. Luckily for me, though I did not realize it then, this first professional engagement was on a provincial newspaper. Luckily, I say, because the provincial newspaper differs from the metropolitan largely in the fact that there is no specialization as a rule, and that the young journalist has to turn his hand to everything. In London you become a leader-writer or a dramatic or a musical or a literary critic. Or you are a reporter and remain one. In my Dublin office I had to do everything in turn. In the course of a single day I have paid a visit to a police court, to one of the High Courts, I have gone to an inquest, reported a fire, and wound up with a criticism of a theatre.

THIS accounts for the fact that one of my early and painful experiences was to see an execution. The story was of one of those petty and sordid disputes which take place in every country where there are small farmers. The magic of property, which, according to the saying of the old economist, Arthur Young, can turn the desert into a garden, and which brings out some of the most valuable qualities of mankind—thrift, industry, and self-respect—has also its reverse to the medal, and generates in some natures selfishness, greed, and sometimes even brutal ferocity. This was the origin of the crime the expiation of which it was my ill-fortune to have to see. There was a dispute about a little bit of land between two peasant neighbors; bad blood was created, and the end was that one of the parties was murdered by a brother and a sister. The story went in the neighborhood that the person who was mainly responsible for the crime was the woman, and not the man. She had the reputation of being a terrible virago, fearless, brutal, and greedy. The theory also was that her brother, if left to himself, would have been incapable of such a black deed. And what I saw at the execution was a confirmation of this version of the crime.

HOW well I remember that morning more than forty years ago! Writing this article in a foreign hotel, all my own youth comes back to me with that curious and pathetic appeal which is common to all of us when we look back from the later stages to the beginnings of our lives. To my young and vigorous frame and my even younger inner spirit, for I was, then and long after, younger in spirit than my years, a morning of sunshine, especially in the month of May—for many reasons the month dearest to Irish hearts, the month of Mary, as they are accustomed to call it—made a special appeal. Thus there was an additional horror in the fact that it was on a beautiful morning in May that I saw the consummation of this dreadful tragedy, and all my recollections of it, in spite of its sombreness, still are suffused by the wondrous sunshine in which everything was bathed on that awful morning. The execution derived, also, additional importance from the fact that it was the first execution in Ireland which followed the passage of the Bill that had very properly abolished the hideous happenings of public executions. I never saw a public execution, but I knew plenty of people who had. It is one of my own boyhood's recollections that every morning, when going to my college, I passed the door of the jail of Galway, outside which you could see the scaffold from which innumerable wretches had paid the last penalty. Among my old friends was Joseph Parkinson—once one of the best-known figures in London, who ended life as a big and wealthy director of a great oil company, but had begun it as a journalist and in the Civil Service—and he used to tell me how his account of the roysterings, the drunkenness, and the ribaldry of an execution he had seen outside Newgate, was quoted that same night in the House of Commons and helped to carry the Bill for substituting private for public executions. The name of Palmer, the terrible Rugeley murderer, is still remembered by many people; and an old journalist still among us, Mr. Quittenten, who was present at his execution, has told me some interesting details, two of which I remember well. The first was that on the morning of the execution, and just as Palmer was about to start for the gallows, the sheriff, anxious to relieve the public mind, sent to Palmer's cell and asked him to acknowledge the justice of his sentence. "By no means, sir,"

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"He confided to me the secret of the mask and the awkwardness of the executioner"

was Palmer's reply: "I go to the scaffold a murdered man." It was quite characteristic of the man whose cold-blooded cruelty was capable of killing several people for no better reason than to get their money. The second detail is that when Palmer appeared on the scaffold, a number of his associates on the racecourse called out to him, "Palmer! Palmer!"

THESE were the reasons why I went down on that lovely May morning to an execution inside the walls of the jail at Tullamore, where these two people were to be hanged. We were a fairly large company of journalists, nearly all from Dublin, who had come to the town the night before, and who rose in the early morning and before breakfast went off to do our duty as chroniclers of this tragic event. There were, besides, some local journalists, one of whom, though I have forgotten his name, I still remember very well, because of an observation he made after the execution. The jail at Tullamore has the grimness of such places, as I remember it, with its walls of a gray stone, high and regular. The yard, too, was spacious, and its ground was, I remember, not grass, but gray gravel. Grayness was the universal color, and even that fact added something to the grim gloominess of everything. The Irish people look on death always with much solemnity. With their strong religious beliefs, it is regarded more as the beginning of a new life, and one of eternal bliss or eternal suffering, rather than as the ending of this brief and transient existence upon earth. Thus it was that there was around this whole business a certain air of passionate interest, and something also of passionate regret; for the generous Irish nature gives its sympathy even to the convicted murderer. It is one of the many points in which I have seen a certain curious resemblance to the inner nature of the Russian and the Irishman. The governor of the jail, the sub-governor, even the warders, and certainly the sheriff—a charming and handsome young man—as well as the reporters, were full of this strange sentiment of horror and pity.

And the surroundings were calculated to accentuate this atmosphere of pity and solemnity. For the procession had to pass through the yard what was, for such an occasion, a considerable distance. And it was a fairly large procession, with warders and other officials, and above all, with two priests, who in their white surplices stood out conspicuously from the other figures. And in the midst of the procession were the poor wretches, brother and sister, man and woman, who were about to pass out of all this sunshine of the world at its best into the black darkness of night. High above the awed stillness of the yard, where you could almost hear the anxious beatings of men's hearts, there rang out the beautiful words of the Litany for the Dead, with its pathetic and appealing refrain of "Lord, have mercy on us; Christ, have mercy upon us;" the responses coming clearly and distinctly from the doomed man and woman. It was some relief to most of us that there was this consolation to the dying creatures in this appeal to the beautiful figure which stands for mercy.

I HAVE said that the responses came clearly and loudly from the prisoners, but I have since been told that all through the interval between the cell and the scaffold the woman carried on at the same time a conversation *sotto voce* with her brother, telling him to be brave and to die without exhibiting any cowardice that might shame her and him. And there was plenty of other evidence to prove the universal belief that the stronger and fiercer being was the woman and not the man. In physique you saw the difference between the two. She was a short, stout woman, with an iron jaw and a face of daring and defiant expression. The man, on the other hand, was tall, thin, and delicate-looking, and he exhibited many signs of nervousness in sharp contrast with the defiant and inflexible air of the woman. Even on the scaffold the man showed his hatred of death. The executioner approached him to put the cap over his head and the rope around his neck. Instinctively, as it were, the poor wretch lifted his arm to prevent the executioner from thus doing away with his last chance of life and liberty. Then came one of the priests and whispered in his ear something which I guessed to be for Jesus' sake, and the poor creature immediately desisted, and the preparations were allowed to go forward.

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And here there was a terrible moment. There is an abiding and incurable horror and even hatred, in Ireland, for the executioner. No hangman could dare to carry on his trade as a shoemaker openly in Ireland, as some executioners have done, and perhaps are to this day doing, in England. The hangman has to come to Ireland, when he is an Englishman, furtively, to sleep in the jail the night before the execution—possibly his life would not be safe unless he did. On this occasion one of the first things that struck me was that the hangman wore a black mask. There were slits in it for his eyes; otherwise you saw nothing of the face. He was evidently an amateur or a beginner, and this almost led to a dreadful accident. He was just on the point of pulling the lever that let down the drop before he had put the ropes around the necks of the unfortunate wretches; but the deputy-governor, a smart young fellow, shouted to him, and then he adjusted the ropes and pulled the lever, and in a second the two bodies were swinging in the pit below.

AND then we went away. I noted the fact that we none of us liked to reveal any of the keen emotion through which we had gone; we unconsciously exaggerated, I believe, our detachment. As an instance, I remarked to the provincial reporter of whom I have spoken that the religious service impressed me. To me he replied that it reminded him of Hamlet's saying about reducing sweet religion to a litany of words. We all ate a good breakfast, with the hearty appetite of youth whetted by an hour of the open air on this lovely morning. And by a singular coincidence I met in a theatre that same night, on my return to Dublin, all my comrades who had been at the execution. It seemed a common impulse to forget the ghastly horror of the morning by something gay in the evening.

Two more incidents to complete this narrative of a strange and painful experience. I traveled with the sheriff a part of the journey home; he confided to me the secret of the mask and the awkwardness of the executioner. It was his first, and I believe his last, appearance in this odious trade. He was a tinker who had been sentenced, along with his wife, to a year's imprisonment. He consented to do the execution on two conditions: that he should receive ten pounds to enable him to get to America, and secondly, that he should be released two months before his wife.

Finally, I want to say a word about my own sensations. But I defer that until I come to my next article. The story will throw some light on the difference which a few years of London life and London's grim experiences had made in the robust, fresh, and hopeful dreamer I was when I witnessed that grim scene in an Irish jail.



"There was evidence to prove that the fiercer being was the woman"

The next of this series of stories by T. P. O'Connor will be "Henry Wainwright, the Bigamist Murderer"

The Socialists' Position

MANY letters have come to us in answer to an editorial in this publication called "A Question to Socialism." The question was hung upon Professor Simkhovitch's book "Marxism *versus* Socialism" which combats the theory of increasing misery. Of the answers, the most authoritative seems to us to be that of W. J. Ghent, and it is printed here as representing the reply of the best informed Socialists:

To the Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY:

The figures of per capita consumption in England for the years 1840 and 1881 may be quite true, and yet not argue a marked improvement in the condition of the working class. England was wretchedly hungry in the mid-century period; the phrase, "the hungry forties," has become hackneyed as a characterization of that time of general privation. A vast increase in per capita consumption might argue no more than an increased buying power on the part of the better conditioned classes.

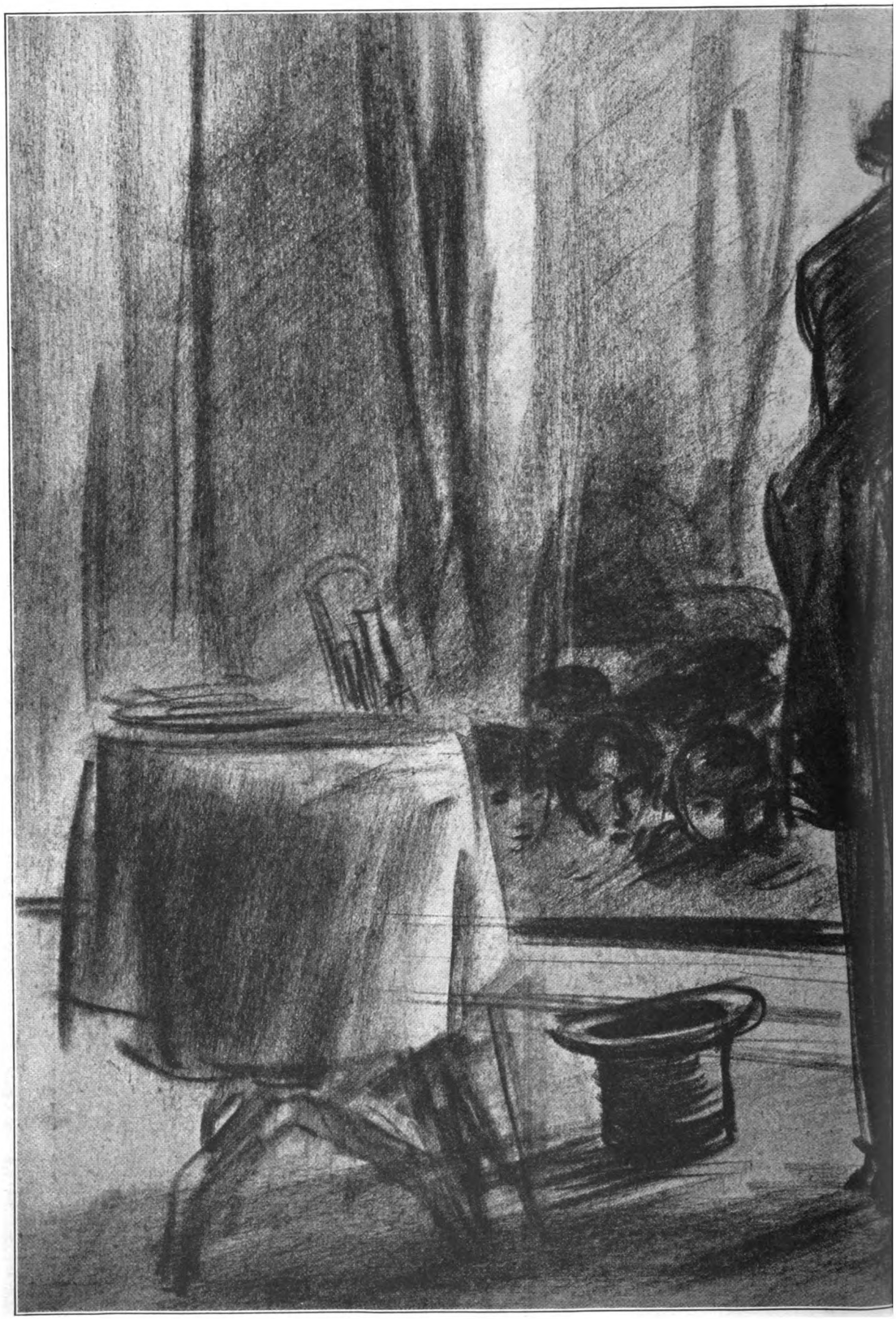
Probably, however, no one denies some improvement in the condition of even the poorest classes of England since 1840. Sidney and Beatrice Webb, in their "Labor in the Longest Reign," while showing the absurdity of the claims made by Giffen, Levi and others, yet admit certain gains. The theory of increasing misery is no part of Socialist doctrine. Prof. Simkhovitch to the contrary, it is doubtful if Marx meant by it any more than a natural tendency which could be overcome both by state action and by action on the part of the organized workers. If at any time he meant by it more than this, he showed, in his song of triumph in 1864 over the passage of the ten-hour law, that he recognized its qualifications.

The material condition of labor is a thing so variable in time, place and circumstance, as to make generalization difficult. In the United States all wage-labor is in a far better condition in 1914 than it was in 1840. There is small doubt, however, in spite of certain sophisticated figures put out by the Federal Labor Bureau, that in the matter of the purchasing power of wages, labor has suffered a progressive loss ever since 1896. State action and the trade-unions have prevented a greater discrepancy between wages and prices, but they have not been able to neutralize the loss.

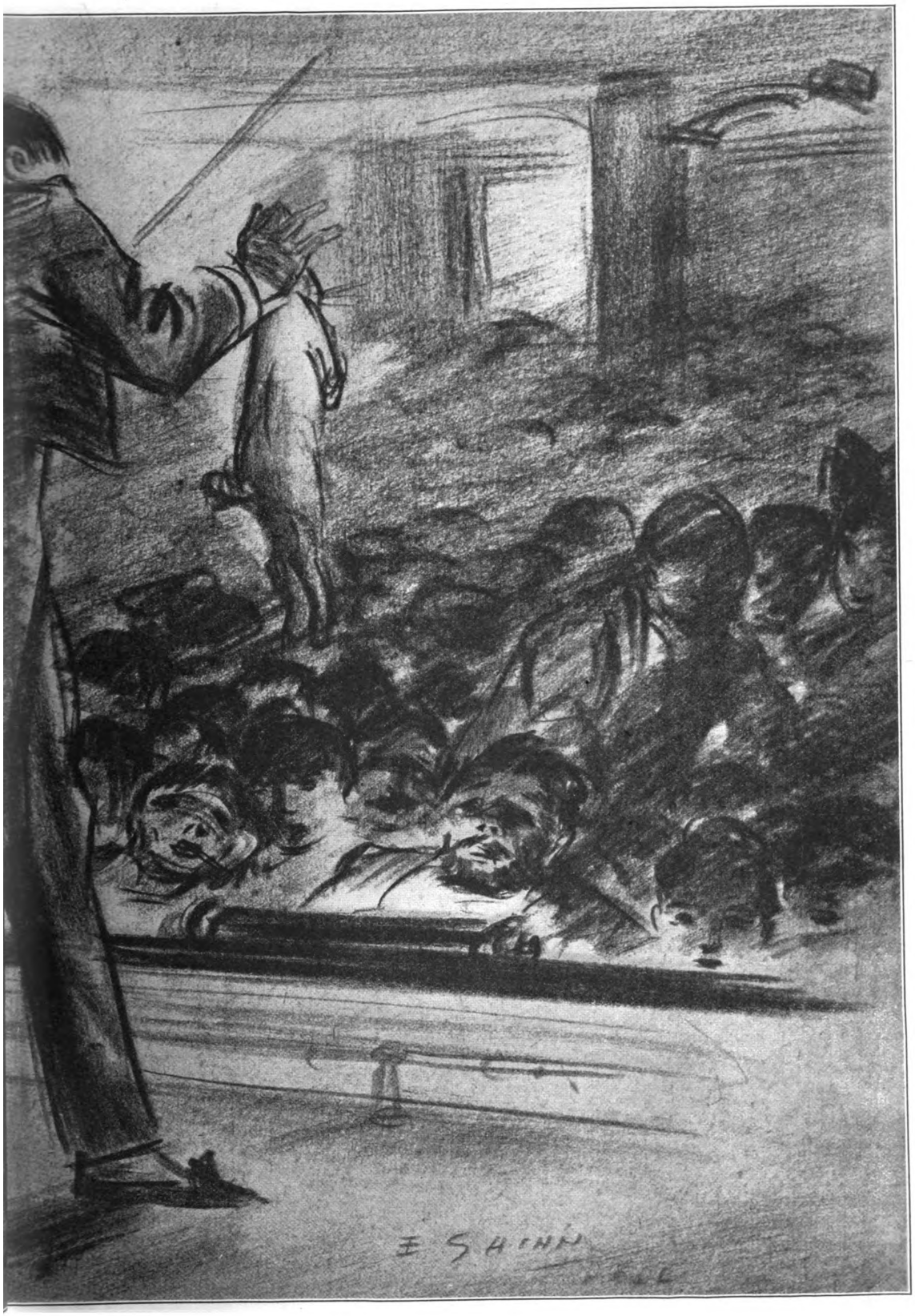
[Signed] W. J. GHENT.

Phoenix, Arizona.

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"The endless chain is forcibly illustrated by the General Electric Company's control of water-power companies, and of street railway and light and power plants"

The Inefficiency of the Oligarchs

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

Being Part IX of "Breaking the Money Trust"

IN the preceding article Mr. Brandeis has described the formation of the Money Trust, its evil effects, and some of the methods, such as legislation and publicity, by which it may be broken up. He has answered the argument that the investment banker is to be credited with financing our pioneer industries; and he has shown that mere corporate bigness involves inefficiency. In this article, which brings the series to a close, he shows that banker-management, from its very nature, is foredoomed to failure; and he points out that only by coöperation, by establishing industrial democracy, can the Money Trust be broken

THE Interstate Commerce Commission said in its report on the most disastrous of the recent wrecks on the New Haven Railroad:

> "On this directorate were and are men whom the confiding public recognize as magicians in the art of finance, and wizards in the construction, operation, and consolidation of great systems of railroads. The public therefore rested secure that with the knowledge of the railroad art possessed by such men investments and travel should both be safe. Experience has shown that this reliance of the public was not justified as to either finance or safety."

This failure of banker-management is not surprising. The surprise is that men should have supposed it would succeed. For banker-management contravenes the fundamental laws of human limitations: *First*, that no man can serve two masters; *second*, that a man cannot at the same time do many things well. We must break the Money Trust or the Money Trust will break us.

Seeming Successes

THERE are numerous seeming exceptions to these rules; and a relatively few real ones. Of course, many banker-managed properties have been prosperous; some for a long time, at the expense of the public; some for a shorter time, because of the impetus attained before they were banker-managed. It is not difficult to have a large net income, where one has the field to oneself; has all the advantages privilege can give, and may "charge all the traffic will bear." And even in competitive business the success of a long-established, well-organized business with a widely extended good-will, must continue for a considerable time; especially if buttressed by intertwined relations constantly giving it the preference over competitors. The real test of efficiency comes when success has to be struggled for; when natural or legal conditions limit the charges which may be made for the goods sold or service rendered. Our banker-managed railroads have recently been subjected to such a test, and they have failed to pass it. "It is only," says Goethe, "when working within limitations, that the master is disclosed."

*Why Oligarchy Fails**

BANKER-MANAGEMENT fails, partly because the private interest destroys soundness of judgment and undermines loyalty. It fails partly, also, because banker directors are led by their occupation (and often even by the mere fact of their location remote from the operated properties) to apply a false test in making their decisions. Prominent in the banker-director mind is always this thought: "What will be the probable effect of our action upon the market value of the company's stock and bonds, or, indeed, generally upon stock exchange values?" The stock market is so much a part of the investment-banker's life, that he cannot help being affected by this consideration, however disinterested he may be. The stock market is sensitive. Facts are often misinterpreted "by the street" or by investors. And with the best of intentions, directors susceptible to such influences are led to unwise decisions in the effort to prevent misinterpretations. Thus, expenditures necessary for maintenance, or for the ultimate good, of a property are often deferred by banker-directors, because of the belief that the making of them *now*, would (by showing smaller net earnings,) create a bad, and even false, impression on the market. Dividends are paid which should not be, because of the effect which it is believed reduction or suspension would have upon the market value of the company's securities. To exercise a sound judgment in the difficult affairs of business is, at best, a delicate operation. And no man can successfully perform that function whose mind is diverted, however innocently, from the study of, "what is best in the long run for the company of which I am director?" The banker-director is peculiarly liable to such distortion of judgment by reason of his occupation and his environment. But there is a further reason why, ordinarily, banker-management must fail.

*This subject was discussed by Mr. Brandeis in the issue of August 16, 1913, under "Banker-Management."

The Element of Time

THE banker, with his multiplicity of interests, cannot ordinarily give the time essential to proper supervision and to acquiring that knowledge of the facts necessary to the exercise of sound judgment. The *Century Dictionary* tells us that a Director is "one who directs; one who guides, superintends, governs and manages." Real efficiency in any business in which conditions are ever changing must ultimately depend, in large measure, upon the correctness of the judgment exercised, almost from day to day, on the important problems as they arise. And how can the leading bankers, necessarily

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engrossed in the problems of their own vast private businesses, get time to know and to correlate the facts concerning so many other complex businesses? Besides, they start usually with ignorance of the particular business which they are supposed to direct. When the last paper was signed which created the Steel Trust, one of the lawyers (as Mr. Perkins frankly tells us) said: "That signature is the last one necessary to put the Steel industry, on a large scale, into the hands of men who do not know anything about it."

Avocations of the Oligarchs

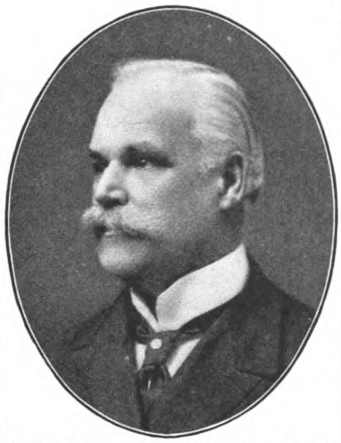
THE New Haven System is not a railroad, but an agglomeration of a railroad plus 121 separate corporations, control of which has been acquired by the New Haven since that railroad attained its full growth of about 2000 miles of line. In administering the railroad and each of the properties formerly managed through these 121 separate companies, there must arise from time to time difficult questions on which the directors should pass judgment. The real managing directors of the New Haven system during the decade of its decline were: J. Pierpont Morgan, George F. Baker, and William Rockefeller. Mr. Morgan was, until his death in 1913, the head of perhaps the largest banking house in the world. Mr. Baker was, until 1909, President and then Chairman of the Board of Directors, of one of America's leading banks (the First National of New York), and Mr. Rockefeller was, until 1911, President of the Standard Oil Company. Each was well advanced in years. Yet each of these men, besides the duties of his own vast business, and important private interests, undertook to "guide, superintend, govern and manage," not only the New Haven but also the following other corporations, some of which were similarly complex: Mr. Morgan, 48 corporations, including 40 railroad corporations, with at least 100 subsidiary companies, and 16,000 miles of line; 3 banks and trust or insurance companies; 5 industrial and public-service companies. Mr. Baker, 48 corporations, including 15 railroad corporations, with at least 158 subsidiaries, and 37,400 miles of track; 18 banks, and trust or insurance companies; 15 public-service corporations and industrial concerns. Mr. Rockefeller, 37 corporations, including 23 railroad corporations with at least 117 subsidiary companies, and 26,400 miles of line; 5 banks, trust or insurance companies; 9 public service companies and industrial concerns.

Substitutes

IT has been urged that in view of the heavy burdens which the leaders of finance assume in directing Business-America, we should be patient of error and refrain from criticism, lest the leaders be deterred from continuing to perform this public service. A very respectable Boston daily said a few days after Commissioner McChord's report on the North Haven wreck:

> "It is believed that the New Haven pillory repeated with some frequency will make the part of railroad director quite undesirable and hard to fill, and more and more avoided by responsible men. Indeed it may even become so that men will have to be paid a substantial salary to compensate them in some degree for the risk involved in being on the board of directors."

But there is no occasion for alarm. The American people have as little need of oligarchy in business as in politics. There are thousands of men in America who could have performed for the New Haven stockholders the task of one "who guides, superintends, governs and manages," better than did Mr. Morgan, Mr. Baker and Mr. Rockefeller. For though possessing, perhaps, less native ability, the average business man would have done better than they, because working under proper conditions. There is great strength in serving with singleness of purpose one master only. There is great strength in having time to give to a business the attention which its difficult problems demand. And tens of thousands more Americans could be rendered competent to guide our important businesses. Liberty is the greatest developer. Herodotus tells us that while the tyrants ruled, the Athenians were no better fighters than their neighbors; but when freed, they immediately surpassed all others. If industrial democracy—true coöperation—should be substituted for industrial absolutism, there would be no lack of industrial leaders.



Alphonse Desjardins made democratic banking possible in Canada by establishing 140 credit-unions, or coöperative credit banks



Albert Sonnichsen, Secretary of the Coöperative League, with which 83 retail consumers' organizations in New York City are affiliated

Men who have furthered industrial democracy by the establishment of coöperative alliances

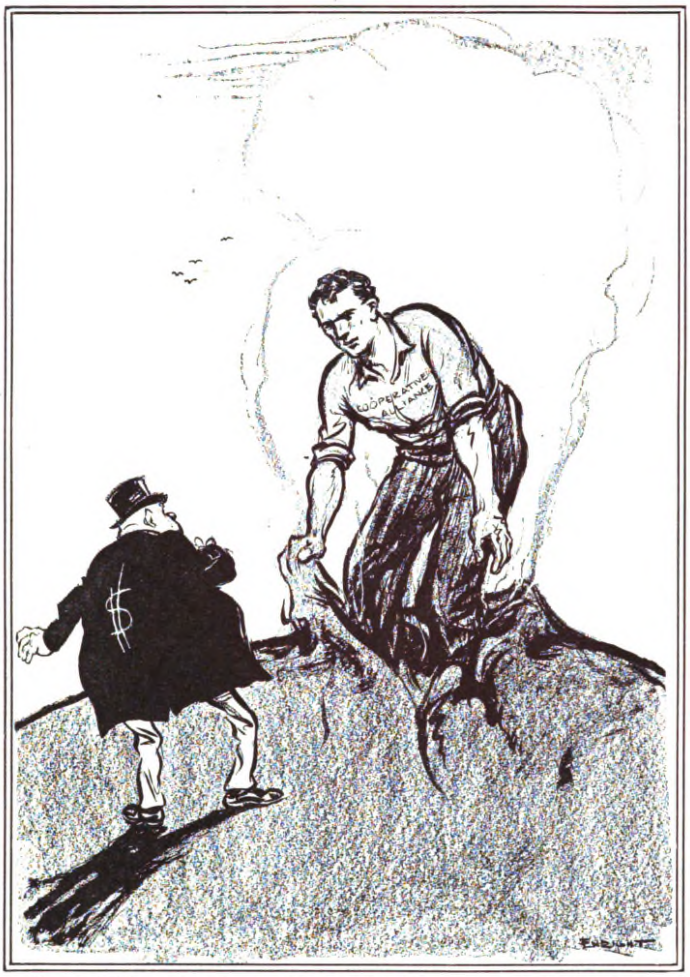
England's Big Business

ENGLAND, too, has big business. But her big business is the Coöperative Wholesale Society, with a wonderful story of 50 years of beneficent growth. Its annual turnover is now about $150,000,000—an amount larger than the sales of any American industrial, except the Steel Trust; larger than the gross receipts of any American railroad, except the Pennsylvania and the New York Central systems. Its business is very diversified, for its purpose is to supply the needs of its members. It includes that of wholesale dealer, of manufacturer, of grower, of miner, of banker, of insurer and of carrier. It operates the biggest flour mills and the biggest shoe factory in all Great Britain. It manufactures woolen cloths, all kinds of men's, women's and children's clothing, a dozen kinds of prepared foods, and as many household articles. It operates creameries. It carries on every branch of the printing business. It is now buying coal lands. It has a bacon factory in Denmark, and a tallow and oil factory in Australia. It grows tea in Ceylon. And through all the purchasing done by the Society runs this general principle: Go direct to the source of production, whether at home or abroad, so as to save commissions of middlemen and agents. Accordingly, it has buyers and warehouses in the United States, Canada, Australia, Spain, Denmark and Sweden. It owns steamers plying between Continental and English ports. It has an important banking department; it insures the property and person of its members. Every one of these departments is conducted in competition with the most efficient concerns in their respective lines in Great Britain. The Coöperative Wholesale Society makes its purchases, and manufactures its products, in order to supply the 1399 local distributive, coöperative societies scattered over all England; but each local society is at liberty to buy from the wholesale society, or not, as it chooses; and they will buy only if the coöperative wholesale sells at market prices. This the Coöperative actually does; and it is able besides to return to the local a fair dividend on its purchases.

Industrial Democracy

NOW, how are the directors of this great business chosen? Not by England's leading bankers, or other notabilities, supposed to possess unusual wisdom; but democratically, by all of the people interested in the operations of the Society. And the number of such persons who have directly or indirectly a voice in the selection of the directors of the English Coöperative Wholesale Society is 2,750,000. For the directors of the Wholesale Society are elected by vote of the delegates of the 1399 retail societies. And the delegates of the retail societies are, in turn, selected by the members of the local societies;—that is, by the consumers, on the principle of one man, one vote, regardless of the amount of capital contributed. Note what kind of men these industrial democrats select to exercise executive control of their vast organization. Not all-wise bankers or their dummies, but men who have risen

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"Oppose to the great trusts a world-wide coöperative alliance which shall become so powerful as to crush the trusts"

from the ranks of coöperation; men who, by conspicuous service in the local societies have won the respect and confidence of their fellows. The directors are elected for one year only; but a director is rarely unseated. J. T. W. Mitchell was president of the Society continuously for 21 years. Thirty-two directors are selected in this manner. Each gives to the business of the Society his whole time and attention; and the aggregate salaries of the thirty-two is less than that of many a single executive in American corporations; for these directors of England's big business serve each for a salary of about $1500 a year.

The Coöperative Wholesale Society of England is the oldest and largest of these institutions. But similar wholesale societies exist in 15 other countries. The Scotch Society (which William Maxwell has served most efficiently as President for thirty years at a salary never exceeding $38 a week,) has a turn-over of more than $50,000,000 a year.

A Remedy for Trusts

ALBERT SONNICHSEN, General Secretary of the Coöperative League, tells in the *American Review of Reviews* for April, 1913, how the Swedish Wholesale Society curbed the Sugar Trust; how it crushed the Margerine Combine (compelling it to dissolve after having lost 2,300,000 crowns in the struggle); and how in Switzerland the Wholesale Society forced the dissolution of the Shoe Manufacturers Association. He tells also this memorable incident:

> "Six years ago, at an international congress in Cremona, Dr. Hans Müller, a Swiss delegate, presented a resolution by which an international wholesale society should be created. Luigi Luzzatti, Italian Minister of State and an ardent member of the movement, was in the chair. Those who were present say Luzzatti paused, his eyes lighted up, then, dramatically raising his hand, he said: 'Dr. Müller proposes to the assembly a great idea—that of opposing to the great trusts, the Rockefellers of the world, a world-wide coöperative alliance which shall become so powerful as to crush the trusts.'"

Coöperation in America

AMERICA has no Wholesale Cooperative Society able to grapple with the trusts. But it has some very strong retail societies, like the Tamarack of Michigan, which has distributed in dividends to its members $1,144,000 in 23 years. The recent high cost of living has greatly stimulated interest in the coöperative movement; and John Graham Brooks reports that we have already about 350 local distributive societies. The movement toward federation is progressing. There are over 100 coöperative stores in Minnesota, Wisconsin and other Northwestern states, many of which were organized by or through the zealous work of Dr. Tousley and his associates of the Right Relationship League and are in some ways affiliated. In New York City 83 organizations are affiliated with the Coöperative League. In New Jersey the societies have federated into the American Coöperative Alliance of Northern New Jersey. In California, long the seat of effective coöperative work, a central management committee is developing. And progressive Wisconsin has recently legislated wisely to develop coöperation throughout the state.

Among our farmers the interest in coöperation is especially keen. The federal government has just established a separate bureau of the Department of Agriculture to aid in the study, development and introduction of the best methods of coöperation in the working of farms, buying, and distribution; and special attention is now being given to farm credits—a field of coöperation in which Continental Europe has achieved complete success, and to which David Lubin, America's delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, has, among others, done much to direct our attention.

People's Savings Banks

THE German farmer has achieved democratic banking. The 13,000 little coöperative credit associations, with an average membership of about 90 persons, are truly banks of the people, by the people and for the people.

First: The banks' resources are *of* the people. These aggregate about $500,000,000. Of this amount $375,000,000 represents the farmers' savings deposits; $50,000,000, the farmers' current deposits; $6,000,000 the farmers' share capital; and $13,000,000, amounts earned and placed in the reserve. Thus, nearly nine-tenths of these large resources belong to the farmers—that is, to the members of the banks.

Second: The banks are managed *by* the people,—that is, the members. And membership is easily attained; for the average amount of paid-up share capital was, in 1909, less than $5 per member. Each member has one vote regardless of the number of his shares or the amount of his deposits. These members elect the officers. The committees and trustees (and often even, the treasurer) serve without pay: so that the expenses of the banks are, on the average, about $150 a year.

Third: The banks are *for* the people. The farmers' money is loaned by the farmer to the farmer at a low rate of interest (usually 4 per cent. to 6 per cent.); the shareholders receiving, on their shares, the same rate of interest that the borrowers pay on their loans. Thus the resources of all farmers are made available to each farmer, for productive purposes.

This democratic rural banking is not confined to Germany. As Henry W. Wolff says in his book on coöperative banks:

> "Propagating themselves by their own merits, little people's coöperative banks have overspread Germany, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, Belgium. Russia is following up those countries; France is striving strenuously for the possession of coöperative credit. Servia, Roumania, and Bulgaria have made such credit their own. Canada has scored its first success

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on the road to its acquisition. Cyprus, and even Jamaica, have made their first start. Ireland has substantial first-fruits to show of her economic sowings.

"South Africa is groping its way to the same goal. Egypt has discovered the necessity of coöperative banks, even by the side of Lord Cromer's pet creation, the richly endowed 'agricultural bank.' India has made a record beginning, full of promise. And even in far Japan, and in China, people are trying to acclimatize the more perfected organizations of Schulze-Delitzsch and Raiffeisen. The entire world seems girdled with a ring of coöperative credit. Only the United States and Great Britain still lag lamentably behind."

Bankers' Savings Banks

THE savings banks of America present a striking contrast to these democratic banks. Our savings banks also have performed a great service. They have provided for the people's funds, safe depositories with some income return. Thereby they have encouraged thrift and have created, among other things, reserves for the proverbial "rainy day." They have also discouraged "old stocking" hoarding, which diverts the money of the country from the channels of trade. American savings banks are also, in a sense, banks *of* the people; for it is the people's money which is administered by them. The four and a half billion dollars deposits in two thousand American savings banks belong to about ten million people, who have an average deposit of about $450. But our savings banks are not banks *by* the people, nor, in the full sense, *for* the people.

First: American savings banks are not managed *by* the people. The stock-savings banks, most prevalent in the Middle West and the South, are purely commercial enterprises, managed, of course, by the stockholders' representatives. The mutual savings banks, most prevalent in the Eastern states, have no stockholders; but the depositors have no voice in the management. The banks are managed by trustees *for* the people, practically a self-constituted and self-perpetuating body, composed of "leading" and, to a large extent, public-spirited citizens. Among them (at least in the larger cities) there is apt to be a predominance of investment bankers, and bank directors. Thus the three largest savings banks of Boston (whose aggregate deposits exceed those of the other 18 banks) have together 81 trustees. Of these, 51 are investment bankers or directors in other Massachusetts banks or trust companies.

Second: The funds of our savings banks (whether stock or purely mutual) are not used mainly *for* the people. The depositors are allowed interest (usually from 3 to 4 per cent.); in the mutual savings banks they receive ultimately all the net earnings. But the money gathered in these reservoirs is not used to aid *productively* persons of the classes who make the deposits. The depositors are largely wage earners, salaried people, or members of small tradesmen's families. Statically the money is used for them. Dynamically it is used for the capitalist. For rare, indeed, are the instances when savings banks moneys are loaned to advance productively one of the depositor class. Such persons would seldom be able to provide the required security; and it is doubtful whether their small needs would, in any event, receive consideration. The largest of Boston's mutual savings banks,—the Provident Institution for Savings, which is the pioneer mutual savings bank of America, managed—in 1912—$53,000,000 of people's money. Nearly one half of the resources ($24,262,072, was invested in bonds—state, municipal, railroad, railway and telephone and in bank stock; or was deposited in national banks or trust companies. Two fifths of the resources ($20,764,770) were loaned on real estate mortgages; and the average amount of a loan was $52,569. One seventh of the resources ($7,566,612) was loaned on personal security; and the average of each of these loans was $54,830. Obviously, the "small man" is not conspicuous among the borrowers; and these large scale investments do not even serve the individual depositor especially well; for this bank pays its depositors a rate of interest lower than the average. Even our admirable Postal Savings Bank system serves productively mainly the capitalist. These postal saving stations are in effect catch-basins merely, which collect the people's money for distribution among the national banks.

Progress

ALPHONSE DESJARDINS of Levis, Province of Quebec, has demonstrated that coöperative credit associations are applicable, also, at least to the smaller urban communities. Levis, situated on the St. Lawrence opposite the City of Quebec, is a city of 8,000 inhabitants. Desjardins himself is a man of the people. Many years ago he became impressed with the fact that the people's savings were not utilized primarily to aid the people productively. There were then located in Levis branches of three ordinary banks of deposit—a mutual savings bank, the postal savings bank, and three incorporated "loaners;" but the people were not served. After much thinking, he chanced to read of the European rural banks. He proceeded to work out the idea for use in Levis; and in 1900 established there the first "credit-union." For seven years he watched carefully the operations of this little bank. The pioneer union had accumulated in that period $80,000 in resources. It had made 2900 loans to its members, aggregating $350,000; the loans averaging $120 in amount, and the interest rate 6½ per cent. In all this time the bank had *not met with a single loss.* Then Desjardins concluded that democratic banking was applicable to Canada; and he proceeded to establish other credit-unions. In the last 5 years the number of credit-unions in the Province of Quebec has grown to 121; and 19 have been established in the Province of Ontario. Desjardins was not merely the pioneer. All the later credit-unions also have been established through his aid; and 24 applications are now in hand requesting like assistance from him. Year after year that aid has been given without pay by this public-spirited man of large family and small means, who lives as simply as the ordinary mechanic. And it is noteworthy that this rapidly extending system of coöperative credit-banks has been established in Canada wholely without government aid, Desjardins having given his services free, and his travelling expenses having been paid by those seeking his assistance.



In 1909, Massachusetts, under Desjardin's guidance, enacted a law for the incorporation of credit-unions. The first union established in Springfield in 1910, was named after Herbert Myrick—a strong advocate of coöperative finance. Since then 25 other unions have been formed; and the names of the unions and their officers disclose that 11 are Jewish, 8 French-Canadian, and 2 Italian,—a strong indication that the immigrant is not unprepared for financial democracy. There is reason to believe that these people's banks will spread rapidly in the United States and that they will succeed. For the coöperative building and loan associations, managed by wage-earners and salary-earners, who joined together for systematic saving and ownership of houses,—have prospered in many states. In Massachusetts, where they have existed for 35 years, their success has been notable,—the number, in 1912, being 162, and their aggregate assets nearly $75,000,000.

Thus farmers, workingmen, and clerks are learning to use their little capital and their savings to help one another instead of turning over their money to the great bankers for safe keeping, and to be themselves exploited. And may we not expect that when the coöperative movement develops in America, merchants and manufacturers will learn from farmers and working-men how to help themselves by helping one another, and thus help to attain the New Freedom for all? When they do, money kings will lose subjects, and swollen fortunes may shrink; but industries will flourish, because the faculties of men will be liberated and developed.

President Wilson has said wisely:

"No country can afford to have its prosperity originated by a small controlling class. The treasury of America does not lie in the brains of the small body of men now in control of the great enterprises. . . . It depends upon the inventions of unknown men, upon the originations of unknown men, upon the ambitions of unknown men. Every country is renewed out of the ranks of the unknown, not out of the ranks of the already famous and powerful in control."

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The Philanderer

IT is pleasant that America appreciates George Bernard Shaw even although Shaw thinks poorly of America. It is part of his technique to make faces at those who praise him. It must be admitted, however, that the small boy aspect of Shaw, shocking the community, is less prominent as time goes by. He has not changed; but we have. The world today stands nearer Shaw than it did when the "Philanderer" was written. Winthrop Ames is a man of taste. He is a man who loves the theater. He is a man who knows literature and the world of ideas. Therefore he is the type needed as the manager of a theater. He represents the most cultivated taste of the metropolis. His theater is very beautiful; everything he puts on is well acted, and acted by companies that play together; and he selects plays that have some art quality. As the "Philanderer" has never before been produced in this country, Mr. Ames gives us a new light on one of the most characteristic playwrights of our generation.

You cannot know a play fully until you see it acted. When you read a play, you are more or less at the mercy of the author. When you see it, you are more or less at the mercy of the actors.

Mr. Shaw indicated in his stage directions, and in his preface, and by the very title, that he wished us to look down upon or condemn Charteris. On the other hand, Mr. Charles Maude plays the part with such gaiety and reasonableness that one is inclined to be on his side. Mr. Shaw evidently thinks that the shortcomings of Charteris are due to our unreasonable marriage contracts. He uses that character as one step in his proof that the law in regard to matrimony ought to be brought nearer to the facts. This bit of dialogue shows what he thinks of the underlying ideas of right in personal relations. Grace has said she would not steal Charteris away from Julia.

Charteris: "Grace: I have a question to put to you as an advanced woman. Mind! as an advanced woman. Does Julia belong to me? Am I her owner—her master?"

Grace: "Certainly not. No woman is the property of a man. A woman belongs to herself and to nobody else."

Charteris: "Quite right. . . . Now, tell me, do I belong to Julia; or have I a right to belong to myself?"

Grace: "Of course you have; but—"

Charteris: "Then how can you steal me from Julia if I don't belong to her?"

Charteris has flirted a great deal. Women have flirted with him. One of those women has seriously loved him, and he wishes to be rid of her and marry an other. He wishes to marry Mrs. Grace Tranfield because he likes her. He can love any woman—that is, any pretty woman—but permanent liking is what he wants in marriage. He belongs to a club which does not admit either womanly women or manly men; that is to say, it does not admit women who fall back on hysteria or violent self-pity when their wishes are thwarted, and it does not admit men who have the old-fashioned ideas about the need of keeping women from leading reasonable lives of their own. This modern point of view is expressed so rationally and so charmingly by Charteris that it is rather a shock at the end to see him doomed to go on philandering all his life without wife, home or children. Perhaps it is the fault of the excellent acting but he does not seem to deserve so cruel a fate. The play is a delightful ethical farce. It has not so much dramatic substance as Man and Superman, for instance, or so consistent a theme, but it reminds us that Shaw's wit and gaiety are beyond almost anybody's writing today. Let us hope that those people who complain about the American stage will turn out in large numbers to see the "Philanderer" and that Mr. Ames, year by year, will reap a reward that will encourage others also to turn their theaters into not too stupid places.

On Shore Leave

By C. STERRETT PENFIELD

HE was a very drunken Jackie—the negro against whose shoulder he lurched as the train started, rose and moved to the platform.

"Disgusting!" shuddered a proper lady across the aisle. The proper lady's husband was president of a company that had quietly financed a recent banana revolution in behalf of trade. The result had permitted the purchase of the proper lady's wrap of Russian chipmunk,—and the rumor of possible intervention by the United States of Financia had lent zest to the recruiting sergeant's plea—had, in fact, induced this particular lad to enlist.

"A disgrace to the nation," agreed the Minister. He had just preached a stirring sermon on patriotism, and was in consequent good humor. There was every probability of his being called to the vacant pulpit of the Second Wealthiest Parish. His appeal for intervention, immediate and unsparing, had evoked approval from the most important vestrymen—most important politically, financially, and hence spiritually. As the probable Chosen One of the Second Wealthiest Parish, he was inexpressibly shocked and horrified by the drunken sailor boy. "They should report him to the Admiral—or whoever has charge of such matters," the Chosen One remarked. "I'd do it personally, only of course it's scarcely my place."

The proper lady smiled approval. Her vestryman husband, having had a finger in the revolutionary pie, which he had carefully licked off, was now clamoring for intervention. The plums had not been quite as juicy as he had supposed.

The guard left his post and shook the boy (he seemed scarcely twenty), with rough kindliness. "Where to, my hearty?" he asked.

The boy mumbled something. Then his idiotic little hat fell off. He stooped, groping for it, and fell headlong to the floor. The negro and the guard helped him into his corner again. There was dust smudged on his uniform. They brushed it off.

At Thirty-third Street, the proper lady and the minister left. The Chosen One paused to say impressively: "Remember, my man, you are wearing the insignia of the United States—your native country."

The boy looked angrily after the prosperous back of his mentor. "Damn th' United Statesh," he muttered.

The momentous exclamation of The Man Without a Country! Times have changed. No one avenged the insult. The T. C. girl gasped. She was from Hartford, where Flag Day and Fourth of July and Decoration Day and the twelfth and twenty-second of February and Thanksgiving are always celebrated by appropriate school and family exercises.

I studied the sullen face of the boy. He was so very young; the recruiting sergeant had promised such wonders—travel, education, munificent pay, rapid advancement. Instead had been monotonous drilling, only the navy yard, petty unimaginative tasks, no glory—and all that one nation might point to him and his fellows and say to the lands oversea, "*Nemo me impune lacessit,*" which is, in the interpretation: "We have guarded our shores with lads who are at present busily scrubbing down decks and washing clothes; at a moment's warning they will face your guns and be killed; it is for that destiny that we are spending millions every year. Send on your own armies, recruited under like conditions, or worse, if you will. The nation that has most men left afterwards will be victor. Meanwhile, we are ready."

And the boy who had drunk himself to forgetfulness for a little while, stumbled from the train.

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"It is pleasant that America appreciates George Bernard Shaw"

By James Montgomery Flagg

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New Wine in Old Bottles

By CORRA HARRIS

WE have a custom in this country of interviewing prominent men upon the issues of the day. What the Honorable Toots thinks of the political situation or of any other current situation is of importance because he is the Honorable Toots. But it is not the custom to interview an unknown private citizen upon such matters, although his opinion may better represent that of the average man.

Neither is it the custom to interview an old retired gentlewoman upon any subject. The interviews published from women are always given by actresses, authors, uplifters, suffragists, or prominent wives about to get divorces, or criminals who have murdered their husbands. The opinion of an old lady who parts her hair in the middle and sews on the family buttons and says her prayers, is usually accounted of no importance when it comes to the affairs of the nation.

Recently a file of HARPER'S WEEKLY *beginning with the new management, was given to an elderly country-woman living in the South. She is not the leader of any movement, not prominent in church work, not much of a saint—just a respectable sinner, without the martyr instinct of her sex, which is probably her only distinction. She was asked by an enterprising reporter to give her opinion of the* WEEKLY, *a request the editors never would have made. For, while an editor will hold up the mirror to public affairs, in every phase, it is not in his nature to hold up a mirror before his own performances.*

The reporter who asked the opinion of the old lady made a departure in his business, which is likely to prove unsuccessful and remain unpublished.

When she had finished reading the last of three months' issues of the WEEKLY *she lifted her spectacles, made a dormer-window arch of them on top of her head and said:*

He is new wine in an old bottle, that editor. If he keeps on getting more into it, something will happen. There is too much of it—too much wine, I mean.

The WEEKLY is not for individuals, but for peoples. It would be a good thing if this nation could be called together every Saturday afternoon to listen while the current issue is read aloud through a megaphone. Come to think of it, the reading should begin in the forenoon, for if there were any Tammany patriots, prudes or anti-vivisectionists present, interruptions would follow, which would consume time.

That is the limitation of the WEEKLY, which one is not apt to discover by reading only one issue. The editor deals too much with things "by the large," and from the national viewpoint. He sees, not himself, nor any one of the hundred problems which face the one man or the one woman in living, but he sees those problems which face a whole people morally, industrially, socially, and politically. This is a compliment to the editor's breadth of vision, but it is not flattering enough to the ten cents a copy man who will buy the WEEKLY and read it. Take him week in and week out, the average man is far more conscious of being a private individual than he is of being a citizen. It is only on election day that he curls his citizen tail over his political back, lowers his Democratic horns, or his Republican horns or his Bull Moose antlers, and romps forth to do or die or get drunk in the name of the nation.

The editor will be obliged to do something about this. He is remarkably right, it seems to me—better than that, bravely right. No little two-by-four self-respecting man is willing to sit down and permit another man to cram the whole nation with all its terrific problems down his throat once a week, without resenting the diet. If the editor would consent to run one of Laura Jean Libbey's novels serially (or get some narrow, stupid old saint to write a maudlin essay on "Mother, Home and Heaven") he would rest his readers without doing them any harm.

The editorials are wonderful. It is a long time since Pericles, Herodotus, Sophocles, Marcus Aurelius, Euripides, all the ancients, except Jehovah, have cast the grave and steady light of immovable intelligence upon modern affairs, if they ever have been allowed to do it. But they do in the WEEKLY, and what is quoted from them reads as if it was written yesterday for us. The flavor is delightful. It raises us to the dignity of the ancients.

The editorial entitled "What is a Nation?" seems to me one of the most typical expressions of the new editor, even if it is not the best. And he could not have given a better definition of a nation if he had been "making a night" of it with Socrates and Alcibiades. "A nation is a state of mind. It is a spiritual principle. . . . A nation is composed of the sacrifice which its people have made and of those which they are willing to make."

If he should follow up this with one entitled, "What is a Man?" he would cast even more light upon a subject where there is very little, and always has been very little. The Scriptures do not reveal him, neither does history, nor riots, nor revolutions. They only tell what he did, that day, that century. God is revealed to us by His everlasting works, which stand unchanging, immutable from age to age. But man is the mysterious, incredible, unknown and unknowable quantity in the puzzle of creation. I reckon as good a definition of him as can be had would be a parody upon this one the editor gives of a nation. He is a state of mind. He is composed of the sacrifices which he has made for others, and those which he is willing to make.

It is all, or nearly all, in the way you do a thing. For example, other periodicals of influence and distinction in this country are in favor of the Feminist movement. But they have not attracted the attention which has been focused upon the WEEKLY. The point is this: the average journal has pulled off its shoes and tipped softly into line with this movement, so as not to bring down, all at once, too many popular brickbats on their editors' heads. But the WEEKLY puts on the whole armor of the movement, and some extra trappings besides. We shall see what we shall see. The editor may yet be in the predicament of the old man who caught the yearling by the tail, and was thereafter chased by the said yearling around a tree while he called for some one to "help him let go." One thing is certain, he is stirring up the emotions of the wronged, helpless and suppressed woman in every walk of life. And if he is not a very patient man, he may get tired of the fuss they will make. I look to see a long line of martyred women wringing their hands and sobbing their way through fiction. The procession is already beginning.

I think if the editor errs at all in his policy for the Feminist movement, it is on the side of too much sympathy for every kind of woman, good, bad, or indifferent. He is not morally wrong, you understand. They are all equally unfortunate. But my belief is that too much, too broad, a sympathy is enervating. It brings too many tears to the eyes. It does not stiffen the backbone enough. Martyrs make good examples, provided there are not too many of them. But they never did make a nation or build a civilization. It was the fellows who refused to be martyred that founded this great republic. Women are already too much inclined to get themselves burned at the stake. They love martyrdom because they have never had the chance to love liberty. If anybody sympathizes with them too much, they will just cry and cry, and do nothing else but tell you all about what they have suffered.

The paper entitled, "What Women are After" is clear, so simply expressed and at the same time so comprehensive a statement of the Feminist movement, that even the women who are "after it" will understand and applaud. This is a compliment, for, barring a few thousand women who really think, the rest of us merely feel and suffer what we have neither mental liberty nor intelligence to think; and of the two kinds those who feel are apt to do most of the moving, because there are more of us and more emotion back of our effort to advance. Emotion is the dynamo of every great movement which the mere thinkers construct.

The editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY is the author of one of the shrewdest and most intelligent arguments in favor of the new position of women in our civilization, when he points out that it will result in the saving of the boy babies, and, therefore, in more men to offset the present plurality of women. This over-supply of women is a serious matter and is growing more serious.

The paper on "Unmarried Mothers" seems to have raised a storm of protest. There is nothing wrong with it, except that the author made a mistake when he included the story of James' persistent faithfulness to the inconstant, sin-diseased Louise. It affords the reader, especially if he be of the masculine gender, an excuse for attack—I say an excuse, not an argument. For there is many a Jane who took a husband as inconstant, as evilly ill as this Louise, *without knowing it.* Turn about is,—well it is not always fair play,—but, it's "turn about."

If the editor of the WEEKLY would include in his expositions of the Feminist movement as an evolution of national standards and ideals an article, say, on the "Bachelor Ballot," we should have some light upon the past, which is always a help when we are about to attempt a new adventure in living. This country is,

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and has always been, governed by the bachelor ballot. A man may be married at the breakfast table. He may be a devoted husband and father in his home, he may be the most generous of benedicts when he is paying his wife's bills, or even when he is dining out with her somewhere; but let him swagger down to the polls with his hands in his overall pockets, or let him motor down, or let him ride his old bareback mule from the farm to the nearest voting precinct to cast his ballot, and the moment he gets there, he is a bachelor. He is not nearly so much a husband or father as he is a Democrat or Republican, or something else just political. He puts forward his candidate like a sport at a cockfight. He forgets everything and everybody, every issue involved, if it is not his own pocket. He always has, and he always will, so long as he is a bachelor unaccompanied by the reminding presence of his women-kind.

We shall have new and astonishing political corruption when women get the ballot, but they will never forget their children at the polls, because they are *mammals*. They think always in the terms of their young—even when they are old maids with no children of their own. You may wean a child, but it is difficult to wean a mother. Every half-starved, prim-faced little country schoolma'am will vote for her forty children. And you cannot offset a ballot like this with that of the degraded white slave woman or of any other corrupt woman. There are not enough of them, even if they voted four times, as Tim Sullivan's "repeaters" did. Most women are good.

My impression is that the thing the editor was striving after was gaiety and lightness, which is a necessary feature of such a periodical. But it is hard for an editor who has lived long in New York to remember what gaiety is, much less find an artist who can interpret it. New York is not a gay place, You take your pleasures there knowing exactly what they are, what they mean, and what you are paying for them—which neither lightens the mind nor renders the spirit joyful. The best you can do is to be philosophical and analyze your emotions as they rise with the fumes of the dance. Gaiety is another thing altogether. It has in it the elements of innocency, of belief in something, the sweetness of hopes turned to laughter before they are turned to tears. Something like that. I do not know how such effulgence could be illustrated, but I have seen it many times, in villages, in this remote valley where I live, in old-fashioned homes—never in New York. That place is horribly sophisticated, and gaiety is not. The trouble with many of the illustrations is not that they are masterpieces of art as well as of interpretation of ideas and conditions, but that they are depressing. They are the only local coloring in the WEEKLY, which is otherwise splendidly national in its scope. New York is not the place to see life. It is the place where one sees life exhausted, hollowed out, burned up.

One thing the WEEKLY lacks that will be missed by those of its readers who do not live in great cities, nor in flats, nor on pavements, nor in subways and shops. This is the Earth. And the Earth is the greatest living character in this world. She is doing more than all the nations put together. And she has never had a "publicity bureau." She is the one everlasting economist who wastes nothing, who even makes a fertility of the dead. She is beyond the influence of politics or "windy doctrines." She is neither Catholic nor Protestant, neither Gentile nor Jew. She is the patient mother of them all. To leave her out of a big thing is to leave the biggest thing out. Yet she does not appear in the WEEKLY. There are articles on "Agriculture," on "Conservation," a good deal about the "arithmetic" of that passing thing on her surface, "Civilization." Occasionally there is something about the "Country," very good in its way. Le Gallienne's poem, "Country Gods" is near-poetry. But that word "country" is merely a provincial term which shows the limitation of a city-bred man's mind. It sustains the same relation to the whole that a handkerchief would, spread out upon the grass—it doesn't cover much more of the idea. There is not a hint in the WEEKLY of the history which the sun writes day by day in shadows upon the ground in the forest. This is a mighty script, significant, ages old and altogether good. There are, in the WEEKLY, no meadow spaces unpeopled by the littleness of man; no familiar hills—though I believe there is a reference to the Grand Cañon, which is a freak out of Nature with the "sublime mildness" of the Earth.

But here again the editor faces a difficulty. A great man who is also a great poet, would be required for this business. And in this country, so overstocked with thinkers, economists and mere writers, there is scarcely one qualified to interpret such Scriptures. However, if he could put one of his best men on a strict diet of Ossian's poetry and keep him out of every city long enough, he might get results worth while. In the poetry of Ossian there is no mention of God, men are mere symbols, small striving, suffering, dying well, leaves blown in the wind. But the great characters are the Earth and the Sky. The real dialogue is the wind, the rain, and the weather. Men pass through that, dim shapes, always falling. But the dialogue keeps on. It is the only book I ever read where the author had the proper sense of proportion between the lasting and the passing.

Mr. Brandeis and Investment Banking

To the Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY:
Sir:

We have noticed in the very forceful articles which Mr. Brandeis is writing for the WEEKLY a somewhat persistent repetition of the term "investment banker," and what would almost seem to be a special effort to link investment bankers as a class with the various financial and corporate evils which he is discussing.

This is hardly fair to the conservative and independent investment banking houses of the country, to whom the term "investment banker" more particularly applies than it does to the large financial powers which Mr. Brandeis is really criticising. We could not object, of course, to his criticising any particular investment banking house as such, if it falls within the field of his article, but we do object to his linking "the investment banker" as a class with the acts of the individual he is discussing. Mr. Brandeis is too intelligent a man not to realize the unfairness of this attitude and its injustice, once the matter is called to his attention.

The Investment Bankers' Association of America at its recent convention in Chicago evidenced in many ways the independence and conservatism of the majority of its members. It is neither partial to the abuses that exist in the financial world, nor opposed to constructive reforms.

Its feeling is one of friendliness toward those who are seeking genuine improvements in our laws, as it believes the business of its members rightly conducted is a business of service, and a part of the general welfare. It may not agree with Mr. Brandeis as to methods, but its ideals are those which he purports to advance.

Though Mr. Brandeis is a lawyer, the Association will not hold the legal profession responsible for his mistakes.

Very truly yours,

[Signed] CALDWELL, MASSLICH & REED,
General Counsel, Investment Bankers' Association of America.

To the Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY:
Sir:

Noting a controvery between you and Messrs. Caldwell, Masslich & Reed, as detailed in this morning's *Times*, perhaps the following statement may interest you:

Last Spring, when I was working on blue-sky legislation in Illinois, I made a very careful study of the act proposed by the Investment Bankers' Association as a model blue-sky law. Considering that the intent of a blue-sky law is to protect investors against the flotation of securities of little value, the act presented in behalf of the Investment Bankers' Association was a remarkable document. It extended practically no protection to investors. The state authority invested with the alleged power of protection was made nearly powerless, and as far as I could see, the only result of such a law would be to deceive investors into the notion that the state supervision guaranteed honest securities when, as a matter of fact, there was no supervision and no guaranty. I prepared a bulletin on the act at the time, but have no copy nearer than Chicago; else I should send it to you. In that bulletin considerable surprise was expressed that the gentlemen who are supposedly most interested in cultivating the market for honest securities by restoring public confidence in corporate securities should officially put forward a bill of such a character. In view of the statement of their counsel that this Association is "neither partial to the abuses that exist in the financial world not opposed to constructive reform," this appears to be another case where actions merit greater attention than words.

[Signed] DONALD R. RICHBERG,
Director of Legislative Reference Bureau Progressive National Service, New York.

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"Softly there came from across the table a whisper: 'Maskim'"

A Beard and a Candlestick

By ELIAS TOBENKIN

Illustrated by John Sloan

"LORD of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—" Mrs. Snitkin began the prayer which was to absolve the Sabbath. But she could go no further. The tears which she kept back for twenty-four hours now came welling from her eyes.

All week Mrs. Snitkin had been too busy to cry. True, she had no one but herself to support. Still, even the four dollars which embraced her weekly expenses were hard to eke out from her basket of Sabbath-candles and hodgepodge of needles and hairpins which she was selling. From early morning until late into the night she sat near one of the entrances to Seward Park sizing up every passerby and spying a probable customer for blocks away. There was no time here to indulge in the luxury of tears.

ON Fridays Mrs. Snitkin would close her day's work at four o'clock, for by that time every woman in the ghetto had bought her Sabbath-candles. Hastily she would pack her basket and hurry to her two rooms in the rear of a six-story tenement in Ludlow Street. In less than an hour her little home was transformed into a castle where the Princess Sabbath was welcomed as her guest for twenty-four hours. The magic which transformed the humble dwelling, in the eyes of Mrs. Snitkin, was the five-branched candlestick which, during the week, she kept securely locked in a chest. The minute she had covered the table with a white cloth and set the candlestick on one end of it, the magic transformation was consummated and the bliss and solemnity of the Sabbath was in the air.

While thus putting her house in order for the Sabbath, Mrs. Snitkin would invariably think over her life in the last two years; and by the time she had finished her work she would feel a strong desire to weep for at least a quarter of an hour. Invariably, however, the sun would set just then. Princess Sabbath was standing at the gate and the luxury had to be foregone. Hastily she would change her workaday clothes, light the five candles in the sparkling candlestick, and, shielding her eyes with her hands, she would say the prayer which ushered in the Sabbath.

After the evening meal, when the Lord had been duly praised for his wisdom in creating the world in six days and making the seventh a day of rest, Mrs. Snitkin would read the Bible in her Yiddish translation until the candles burned out; and then she would retire for the night. Saturday afternoon she would chant the Song of Solomon in honor of her guest—Princess Sabbath.

AT four o'clock, however, when the Princess seemed to be losing her gracious smile, and was getting ready to depart at sundown, Mrs. Snitkin, too, would become anxious to have the time pass as quickly as possible. Her Sabbath cheerfulness, a cheerfulness rigidly demanded by the Law and the Church of Israel, would wane, and, as the sun was sinking lower and lower on the horizon, would change into an ever-deepening gloom.

WHEN the last ray of the sun had disappeared she would strain her face against the window-pane, restlessly searching the sky for stars. And when she beheld three stars, she would wash her hands and begin to say the prayer absolving the Sabbath.

"—Lord of Israel," continued Mrs. Snitkin after the first stream of tears released her throat, "the holy Sabbath is departing. Bless the coming week. Let it be a week of honor and glory to thy people and let them earn their bread in abundance. Amen."

And now Mrs. Snitkin could light the gas, but she would not cut the thread of her memories; and so she sat sobbing softly until the twilight passed over into deep, black night.

A knock at the door awoke her from her reveries. Hastily she lit the gas.

"A happy week to you," came a soft, dignified voice, as Mrs. Snitkin opened the door and stood back amazed.

In the doorway stood a man who for more than a year had been passing her with a pushcart several times a day. Yet the man looked so different now, that for an instant she could hardly believe her own eyes. His body was no longer bent. His shoulders were erect, his head high. In his eyes there was not that hunted look, which she had so frequently seen in them when the policeman ordered him

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to "move on." Now his gaze was mild and seemed removed from things earthly, while his long gabardine and flowing beard, liberally interwoven with silvery hair, suggested something of the patriarch, and called to mind shepherd scenes from a distant past in the misty, shrouded Orient.

The man likewise seemed somewhat surprised, when he stood face to face with Mrs. Snitkin; but he continued in the same even voice in which he had greeted her:

"I just moved here last Tuesday," he said simply. "Coming from the synagogue now I heard some one weeping here, and I came in to find out, to—"

He looked at Mrs. Snitkin, on whose face the tears had not yet dried, at the room, as if he were searching for the cause of her tears, and continued in a voice which grew still softer, almost apologetic: "I came to tell you that it is not proper to usher in the new week with tears— It is, to say the least, like tempting the Lord. It shows little faith."

"Is it a sin?" Mrs. Snitkin asked, holding up her hands in horror. "A sin, and I have been doing it for two years. My God, forgive me!"

"For two years?" the man repeated weighing his words carefully. "For two years. You must have a great sorrow."

"Yes," she said, "a great sorrow, a great sorrow—children."

"Children," said the man, in a voice which signified that he grasped the meaning of her words, "yes, they are a great sorrow—in America."

Mrs. Snitkin looked at him full of gratitude. For the first time in many years she was understood and sympathized with. She moved a chair in his direction.

"Children," the man repeated as he seated himself near the table and sighed. And that sigh of his told volumes to Mrs. Snitkin.

Nervously, hastily, as if she were justifying herself, clearing herself of some painful charge, and at the same time fearing that he might leave before he heard her confession, Mrs. Snitkin began to tell her story.

IT began with the death of her husband, five years ago. She remained alone in the Russian village—her children were all in America. And they began to clamor for her to come to them, to come here. Her oldest son was rich. She would be happy in his house and would rejoice in his prosperity and good fortune, he wrote. Still, she hesitated long. America, she heard, was hard on the religion of her fathers. She wrote so to her son. He assured her she could worship her God here just the same as she did there. There were synagogues here and rabbis. The devil was not as black as they painted him. She came.

"Goyim" (gentiles) she said falteringly, "Goyim, that is what they are here. I saw it from the first. But then I was here. It could not be helped. So I tried to do my own cooking, to live by myself and not to look into their affairs. And so things went for a year—two. Then—then—"

A look strange, desperate, and at the same time pitiful, came into her eyes. For a moment she cast about as if in search of words. Then, pointing to the candlestick which stood on the table, she gasped: "See this? It came to me from my mother. She in turn got it from her mother. And so it has come down in the family, from mother to daughter for three hundred years.

"There was a pog[illegible] sometime before my [illegible] Everything we possessed was lost, burned —we were robbed, plundered. But this," she clutched the candlestick in her hands, "this I saved. I threw pepper in the eyes of the frantic mob, blinded them and saved this.

"Then I come here—and my son requests me not to put the candlestick on the table Friday nights. The children, he explained, were annoyed with questions about this strange candlestick by their playmates. It was a gentile neighborhood, he said, and he did not want to be conspicuous, to draw attention to himself. If I wished, I could light my candles in the bedroom—Sabbath-candles in a bedroom!"

Of course Mrs. Snitkin left her son's house. She rented these two rooms here and had since been making her livelihood selling Sabbath-candles in the street.

AS Mrs. Snitkin's words died away and she looked at the man who sat opposite her, she read a strange pathos in his eyes. Was it pity for her or was the man remembering a great sorrow of his own? He evidently understood the meaning of her searching gaze, for he rose suddenly and bidding her good night, left the room.

The next day, however, as he passed Mrs. Snitkin on Hester Street, he stopped his pushcart and talked to her for a few minutes. The following day he did the same. And on the third day he stationed his cart alongside of Mrs. Snitkin's stand, and for more than an hour he stood there, talking to her earnestly, thoughtfully.

That Friday, Mrs. Snitkin went home an hour earlier than usual. Just why she did this, she did not exactly know. Neither did she know why she took such pains to make the candlestick sparkle and glitter as if it were the eve of the Passover or of the New Year, and not of an ordinary Sabbath. When, finally, she lighted the candles, Mrs. Snitkin, for the first time in those two lonely years, did not experience a desire to weep.

After the evening meal she took the Bible, as usual, and began to read aloud in the peculiar singsong of the synagogue.

Just then there was a faint tapping on the door. Mr. Hatoff—this was the name of the pushcart man—entered. His dress, his appearance, was even more dignified now than it was on the previous Saturday night, but his step seemed more uncertain and strained. He hesitated for an instant on the threshold, as if he were abashed at his being there. When he was finally seated near the table, Mrs. Snitkin poured tea. He drank, and praised it with the air of a man who knows all about tea, the fine distinctions in color, flavor, taste, and price.

The snatches of conversation were followed by moments of embarrassing silence.

"You spoke of children," Hatoff suddenly began, as if he were resuming a conversation which had just been broken off. "I, too, have children here, in New York. They are rich and—I have nothing against them; but I, too, find it more to my liking to live here in a little room to earn my own bread and to be left alone."

"YOUR children," Mr. Hatoff went on, as if something within him was compelling him to speak, "objected to your candlestick. Mine objected to my beard."

"Beard?" Mrs. Snitkin exclaimed. "How could they? Such a beard!" And she gazed fondly at the silvery tresses which framed Mr. Hatoff's face and gave [illegible]ch an air of distinction, made his face so reminiscent of the rabbis, and prophets, and priests of old.

"Trim it, that is what my son wanted me to do," continued Mr. Hatoff with a sad irony in his voice. "For thirty-five years my beard had never seen a pair of shears or a razor, and now he would have me—trim it."

A look of indignation flitted across his face for a moment, but he continued without bitterness, without hate, though with extreme sadness.

"The history of the Jews can be fairly read in their beards. The Amalekites, Spain, and Torquemada, could not make us forsake our God, our Torah; but here, in the land of freedom, where each one may worship as he pleases, my son would have me trim my beard, because he lives uptown and wants to be like his next-door neighbor."

He chuckled softly at the folly of it all, and, with a voice which rang with a sort of pity for his son, his weakling son, who feared his next-door neighbor more than he did the Lord, he added: "I have nothing against him. Nothing at all. Let him go his way. I will go my way. I am still able to earn my bread—what more do I want?"

"Who would have believed six years ago," she sighed, more to herself, "that we will end our declining years in America, in such misery? Whoever expected such a dreary, hopeless old age, in a land which has no use for the old and the feeble?"

As she spoke Mr. Hatoff gazed at the candles. They were burning rapidly now, for more than two-thirds of each candle was already gone. In twenty minutes, he figured the house would be dark. It was Sabbath and you could not strike a match to light the gas. He would have to leave. And he felt that he could not leave in this way—he came there with a purpose.

The last words of Mrs. Snitkin kindled an idea in his mind which lighted up his way for him, as it were, pointed out the course of procedure. "No," he said, before she had finished her sentence, "even here old age is not always hopeless, at least it need not be hopeless—not in all cases.

"This afternoon I saw the housekeeper hang out a sign that there is a three-room flat vacant on the floor above this one—an excellent opportunity for some one."

"Yes," said Mrs. Snitkin, fixing her eyes upon the empty tea glass which stood in front of her, "an opportunity, an opportunity."

Two of the five candles had completely melted away, but their fires were still glimmering as if trying to live, to burn a minute longer. Three feet away the darkness was thickening.

All the words Hatoff could think of in Yiddish seemed too common. They seemed lacking in dignity for the occasion. If he were a boy and she a young girl, it would be different; those words would be appropriate. As it was they seemed too trivial. Finally he lighted upon the word, the proper word. It was in Hebrew, the ancient Hebrew of the prophets.

"Maskim?" (agreeable) he asked. "Maskim?"

Softly, tenderly, there came from across the table a whisper: "Maskim."

Two more candles had by this time flickered their last. The fifth one was reduced to a blue flame which was dancing on top of a little pool of molten tallow. In the trembling light Mr. Hatoff perceived the eyes of Mrs. Snitkin. They were full of tears. But he did not rebuke her, for from his own eyes likewise two tears escaped and hid in the long tresses of his beard.

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Wh[illegible]our Daughter This Afternoon?

By ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

JUST what is afternoon tea? Do you picture it, oh, New York mother, as a peaceful gathering over a silver pot and steaming cup, chats at Sherry's, chatter at the Plaza? Daughter has told you repeatedly, "And then we had afternoon tea." Have you inquired further? Are you sure that she is not being drawn into the whirling vortex of the afternoon "trots" that spangle the city with bright false-night lights from "the Thirtys" to "the Sixtys." It is well to be very sure where this important function of "tea" takes place. The older generations, secure in the idea of a decade ago that daylight means security, do not dream that the miasma of the evil night has risen, with its *fata morgana* of electric corruscations and its poison of alcoholic indulgence, and trespassed upon the safe and protected hours. Let them inform themselves, and quickly. Let them go from four till seven, and see the young girls, many of them obviously of breeding and refinement, who, cheek by jowl with professionals whose repute is not even doubtful, are footing it gaily, and learning the insidious habit of the early cocktail—girls who, thirsty after a prolonged dance, feel self-conscious and ashamed to ask for a glass of water (rickeys and pale pink, innocent looking gin beverages become the "thirst quenchers"); and when, frightened by the lateness of the hour, she must hurry home to explain "that they went to tea with Eleanor and Gwendolin after the matinée." She scalds her throat with hot coffee or gulps a hasty mint in fear of detection of alcoholic fumes. Nor is this unhealthy atmosphere and the drinking habit thus easily and early formed the only or the worst danger. The careless forming of undesirable acquaintances, the breaking down of barriers of necessary caution, make for carelessness in after life, recklessness of demeanor and action, which is the greatest security of the girl's habitual environment, develops a laxity of moral responsibility and a state of mind that is corruptive and vitiating to the last degree.

THE evil influence is inevitable. The very air of these places is heavy with unleashed passions. No mother or father would for one moment permit a daughter the run of dance-halls at night—certainly not unchaperoned—even with boys and girls of her own set. If by chance they should attend such a performance after a theater party, the parents would regard it in the light of "slumming." They do not dream that these very boys and girls are frequenting these self-same places under cover of "Afternoon tea"; that these "trots" are in no way modified from the night's performance, except, perhaps, for the elimination of paid performers, who in nine cases out of ten, are more decent and self-respecting in their dancing than the "guests" who throng the floor. Young girls—little débutantes who think it exciting and funny to see their unfortunate sisters hawking the wares of their miserable trade rush blindly into the environment of life's ugliest phase, and without realizing it themselves, take on its garish color. All youth is chameleon-like. Environment acts quickly on sensibility, fresh and new. Youth has had no time to see results in life. It can judge only by its quick emotions, the appeal of glamour, the excitement of sensations. Youth will always answer to the call of the flesh, as is natural and right; but from its very inexperience of the inexorable logic of life it will answer to the call of all that is wasteful of energy and destructive of ideals with blind enthusiasm.

LET Youth have its fling—but not where it will be soiled and despoiled. There is the *thé dansant* that is decent. There are a few places where young people may go and dance with impunity and at least quasi-respectability. Perhaps Mother or Auntie has been to one of these, and seeing it innocuous, if somewhat of an innovation, has given a grudging permission to return. Waltzing has given way to the tango. Why not afternoon "trots" after all?

But from these afternoon teas the next step is to the more advertised, more seductive places—places more difficult of access, atop of some restaurant, cordoned by waiters, crowded with softly lighted tables.

As the dinner hour approaches, it is not an uncommon thing to see young girls dizzily endeavoring to right themselves, to "pull themselves together," vaguely realizing that something must be done to still suspicion at home, while an anxious escort suggests a quick taxi spin around the park as a steadier. "My maid will fix me up all right. Mother's going out to dinner somewhere else." That remark, overheard literally in the elevator of one of these restaurant-dance-halls, tells the whole story. There is a menacing condition present that parents must look into.

Daylight privileges — afternoons at matinée or afternoon teas—let guardians be very sure that the use of these hours is as innocent as it should be. Go, see for yourselves—you who have reason to desire to know—what traps the city is laying for young, unwary feet. These places are not hard to find. A very little questioning will reveal their whereabouts, and a very short visit will reveal their nature. They are only too accessible, in the heart of the most frequented districts, near the theaters and shops, not far from the best hotels. Go and be convinced. The whole dance-mad town has seemingly remained blind to the ever increasing incursion of the daughters of good families into the Tenderloin realm. The tango mania has been the cause of an amused shrug or two. Parents have not realized that the dance-halls have hailed the innovation of the *thé dansant* with delight, and that with wide-thrown doors, they are luring young girls into a worse environment than these same blind parents would dream could ever reach their little girls. Young men who urge their girl friends to attend such dances are to blame. They are to blame if they consent to take young girls, even when the foolish virgins themselves want to go. Many a lad excuses his presence at an afternoon dance-hall, with girls of his own class, with the time-worn phrase: "She'd heard about it, and wanted to go, and so of course I took her." Perfectly true, no doubt, but no excuse nevertheless.

The Matinée Girl, with her soda and caramels, her romantic "smile" on the leading man, whose photograph she hides in her bureau drawer, and to whom, in a fit of ecstatic admiration, she indites poetic epistles, is a being metamorphosed into—what?

GO and see for yourselves. A word to the wise is sufficient; but how many words must one use to convince the unwise that they may awake to their folly? Forget your "bridge" for one moment, my dear madam, and, kind sir, curtail that contented before-dinner-hour at the club. There is something important for you to learn—a phase of the day that you should investigate. Pray also, that when you go you do not find the children of your friends, or your own nearest and dearest, amid the fumes of the cup that inebriates but does not cheer.

There are May dances and merry dances, Christmas dances. There are also *Narrentantzen*—"the dance of fools"—and perhaps you've forgotten — the Dance of Death.

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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

State Bonds

Inquiries will be answered as soon as possible, but considerable time is often required to secure reliable information. This magazine does not have the facilities to assist in raising capital for even worthy enterprises.

THE great problem of investment is to bring the supplicant for, and the owner of, capital together. So varied are the forms which investment securities take that somewhere there must be the exactly suitable security for every man's need.

With this idea in mind it may be worth while to direct attention to the increasing output of state bonds, which as a class have been little known until recently, except in certain lamentable and disastrous periods of our country's earlier history.

Every beginner in American history or political science knows that to our states adhere the rights of a sovereign. A thorough and at all lengthy discussion of state bonds would of necessity go back to the days of Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, and the great decisions of our most renowned Chief Justice. But it is enough here to say that with sovereignty held by the states the value of state bonds depends as a general principle solely upon the will and good faith of the sovereign, which is the people.

An Ugly History

THERE have been two great periods of default and repudiation of American state bonds. In the thirties the northern states lent their credit to banks and railroads, and when panic and extreme depression came there were not the funds at hand to meet their obligations. After the Civil War, and during the Reconstruction Period, the southern states issued bonds to the amount of perhaps $300,000,000, which were defaulted or repudiated. Both of these investment holocausts were due to extreme material impoverishment. There would have been no such disgraceful chapters if material resources had been large. Only because the burden of debt had become distressing did the easy-going and ruined planters fail to pay their obligations.

There is an English body of investors known as the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders, which follows the southern states like a Nemesis and gradually compels them to arbitrate and settle, this being accomplished by continual publicity and opposition to new bond issues, there being, of course, no legal redress.

No dispassionate observer can fail to sympathize with the southern states. Confederate bonds and the obligations of its member states, naturally were worthless, and English investors had to swallow the losses of war. But the Englishmen could not and cannot see why the bonds of carpet bag governments which followed the war should not be paid. Well, the assessed value of property in the south fell from four to two billions of dollars from 1860 to 1870. Leaving aside the fact that the carpet bag governments which created these bonds did not represent the south, and suppressing all the strong moral and sentimental factors that made the southerners reluctant to pay these debts, the simple fact is that the south did not have the resources to pay.

A New Era In State Debts

BUT the South is paying up, and its maturing indebtedness is being consolidated and funded. Louisiana recently sold to a group of the most reliable New York investment bankers $10,991,500 of its bonds, which were offered in turn to individual investors to yield 4.55 per cent. The Corporation of Foreign Bondholders objected to the ruling of the Attorney-General of New York that these bonds were legal for savings bank investment, on the ground that Louisiana had never paid off a small issue of "baby" bonds, $5 certificates issued some forty years ago and bearing the likeness of a little girl of those days. These were the only unpaid obligations of Louisiana, and the Attorney-General of New York ruled that they were not, strictly speaking, debts of the state as they had been specifically secured by unpaid taxes.

But enough of history. These new Louisiana bonds are surely safe enough. Not only do they mature serially year by year until 1964, a new and wholly commendable principle as applied to state finances, but the state constitution has been so amended that the authorities must always see to it that each year enough taxes are levied to pay off the bonds which come due that year. Only in case the value of all the property in Louisiana falls so low that the people rebel against taxation will the bonds be endangered.

More than fifteen Commonwealths have no bonds, including Pennsylvania, with its six billions of assessed property, New Jersey, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Iowa. These and other states have not had to resort to debt because there are so many other sources of income open to a state, such as incorporation taxes, gross earnings tax on corporations, inheritance taxes, stock transfer taxes, secured debt recording taxes, and many other forms of remunerative taxation. And yet the credit of Massachusetts and New York, has no superior although these commonwealths have the largest bonded debt. The assets behind state bonds are intangible, but are highly sensitive to the tangible assets. As long as the people will it, state bonds are secured by the taxing power over all the property in the state.

NEW YORK had no bonds in 1893. In September, 1913, there were $108,255,660, mainly issued for highway and canal improvement. But the assessed value of property in New York is at least twelve billions of dollars, and in some years the state has so much income from other sources that it does not need to tax this property at all to pay the interest on its bonds. In 1913 it taxed each dollar only $\frac{5}{10000}$ of a mill.

Opportunity Awaits

ON Wednesday next New York will sell $51,000,000 of 4½ per cent. bonds in amounts of $100 and multiples thereof. Up to 1910 most of its bonds bore only 3 per cent. interest. Then, as investors the world over demanded more, the rate went up to 4 per cent., and now for the first time it is 4½ per cent. Louisiana tried at first to sell 4s, but there were bids for only $102,000 out of $11,000,000, so up went the rate to 4½ per cent.

No one can tell at this writing what price the New York 4½s will bring, but if it is around 104,105 or 106, as now seems likely, the conservative investor will do well to buy them.

There are certain facts about these and all other state bonds which are not widely enough known. All state bonds are exempt from the federal income tax. The owner does not even have to mention them in his return to the Internal Revenue Collector. State bonds are nearly always free from state and local taxes in the commonwealth in which they are issued. This is of course true of the New York 4½s. Local taxes often amount to 1.82, so that if the bonds can be had to yield say 4.20 per cent., their real yield, if we allow for federal income and local taxes, is 7 per cent. Of course there are not many persons taxed as fully as this, but the illustration, while extreme, is wholly valid.

Or take the Connecticut 4s. These may be had only in $1000 denominations and multiples thereof. They return slightly less than 4 per cent., but are free from all taxes, federal and local, when held by residents of Connecticut. The state has only $11,064,000 bonds, but there is taxable property of $1,300,000,000 in addition to railroads, street railroads, banks, insurance companies and trust companies.

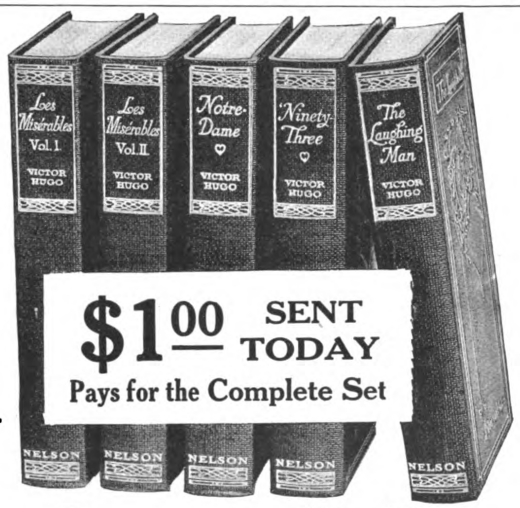
California highway 4s may be had to return 4.30 per cent., and there are the Maryland 4s to be had in $100 amounts, which also is true of the New York and Louisiana 4½s. If one believes that Canada is rich let him buy Province of Alberta 4½s to yield 5 per cent. The proceeds of these bonds go largely to build a telephone system and grain elevators which are self-sustaining.

THE Province has property of its own of $113,765,363 and a debt of but $10,000,000. Thus it is able to pay interest on its bonds without any resort to taxation, and has never levied a direct tax.

The issue of state bonds is sure to increase as the policy of internal improvements spreads. Massachusetts builds highways, makes harbor and river improvements, and constructs great park systems and water works. New York constructs barge canals and highways. As time goes on Western states will build more and more highways and will probably bond themselves.

It is possible the states might issue too many bonds, but their good faith is not in question, and the only other cause of default and repudiation in the past, the extreme impoverishment of the people of the state, is surely no longer to be feared.

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A Ballad of Dead Girls

By F. DANA BURNET

SCARCE had they brought the bodies down
Across the withered floor,
Than Max Rogosky thundered at
The District Leader's door.

Scarce had the white-lipped mothers come
To search the fearful noon,
Than little Max stood shivering
In Tom McTodd's saloon!

In Tom McTodd's saloon he stood,
Beside the silver bar,
Where any honest lad may stand,
And sell his vote at par.

"Ten years I've paid the System's tax,"
The words fell, quivering, raw;
"And now I want the thing I bought—
Protection from the law!"

The Leader smiled a twisted smile:
"Your doors were locked," he said.
"You've overstepped the limit, Max—
A hundred women. . . . dead!"

Then Max Rogosky gripped the bar
And shivered where he stood.
"You listen now to me," he cried,
"Like business fellers should!

"I've paid for all my hundred dead,
I've paid, I've paid, I've paid. . . ."
His ragged laughter rang, and died—
For he was sore afraid.

"I've paid for wooden hall and stair,
I've paid to strain my floors,
I've paid for rotten fire-escapes,
For all my bolted doors.

"Your fat inspectors came and came—
I crossed their hands with gold.
And now I want the thing I bought,
The thing the System sold."

The District Leader filled a glass
With whiskey from the bar
(The little Silver Counter where
He bought men's souls at par).

And well he knew that he must give
The thing that he had sold,
Else men should doubt the System's word,
Keep back the System's gold.

The whiskey burned beneath his tongue:
"A hundred women dead!
I guess the Boss can fix it up,
Go home—and hide," he said.

* * *

All day they brought the bodies down
From Max Rogosky's place—
And oh, the fearful touch of flame
On hand and breast and face!

All day the white-lipped mothers came
To search the sheeted dead;
And Horror strode the blackened walls,
Where Death had walked in red.

But Max Rogosky did not weep.
(He knew that tears were vain)
He paid the System's price, and lived
To lock his doors again.

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Baseball and the Theater

By EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

THE trouble is that the national theater has not been defined. In spite of all the discussion we have had the public mind is still confused with regard to what constitutes a national theater. And in this particular the leaders of the various movements looking to the betterment of the situation are themselves not agreed. We find one group that thinks a national theater is a training school for actors; another, that it is a free stage for our young playwrights who have had no chance under the present system; a third maintains that it is a sort of theater-extension affair, the object of which is to give the public better plays and also to educate that public up to an appreciation of them. There are those indeed who seem to have concluded that a national theater is a building.

One thing is sure: the plan must not be evolved from the brains of the few with the expectation that it will meet the needs of the many. This is the mistake we have made in the building of our government and industrial systems. Let us learn from these and start right. It is a waste of energy to go on and build upon aristocratic lines and then, a century later, when some Lincoln arises, have it all to go over and reconstruct.

In the case of our government there was some excuse for this mistake. At the time of its founding there was no institution that had been built by the American people to which the builders of our government could look as a model. They were obliged to rely upon their own conceptions of what a free government should be and to square these, when thought advisable, by the experience of European governments. But to build our theater in this way is unnecessary and would be the height of folly. For we have today at least one institution that has been wholly built by our people, democratic to the last degree, and vibrant with that peculiar enthusiasm which all the world recognizes as characteristically American. I refer to our institution of baseball.

I AM perfectly aware that the suggestion that we take this "creature of the mob" as a model for our national theater will bring out a sneer from those who look upon the drama as an art form belonging to the upper classes, created for their particular enjoyment, and whose destiny therefore is to be determined by themselves. And unfortunately the movement toward a national theater has been chiefly in the hands of just such men.

But in spite of these sneers let us go back to the only institution we have built with which we seem to be perfectly satisfied, the only one which seems to have met the needs of our national life. State, Church, our schools, our industrial system, our theater—all these have been attacked on every side. But no one has found fault with our baseball. That alone has escaped the pull of the muckrakers. And with good reason, for this is the only institution in which our joy of life finds expression, the explanation of course being that it is the only free, living, nation-wide offspring of the American democracy.

It is evident, therefore, that if our national theater is to express the life of the people to the full, it must be built up in the same way and after the same plan which we have unconsciously followed in the development of our great national game. To one who has seriously considered this matter, it is as plain as day that those points in which our present theater has failed most conspicuously are the very points in which it has diverged furthest from the natural lines along which baseball has developed.

LET us make a detailed comparison between these two institutions, the one a tremendous national success, the other almost as tremendous a national failure, and see if the above statement is not true.

I indict the present theater as a failure (first) from the viewpoint of the playwright; (second) from the viewpoint of the actor; (third) from the viewpoint of the general public.

Has it failed from the viewpoint of the playwright?

NO one who has even the slightest acquaintance with our theater will claim that it affords anything like a national expression for our drama. Constituted as it is, it is impossible that it should. No institution held as tightly in the hands of a few men as our theater is held could in the nature of things afford an outlet for the passions and aspirations of millions. It is utterly futile for a nation to go on seeking to voice its vast and stirring heart in plays, if a few men are to have it in their power to close the gate to all except such as fall in with their tastes and their intelligence. To allow this shackling of the nation's mind is just as absurd and unrepresentative of American democracy as it would be to allow a few men to say what part of all the legislation which the people demand should be enacted into laws. We are applying the recall to our law-makers and our judges. It is high time we were applying it to our theater-managers, indeed to the whole theater system. For under this monstrous system nine-tenths, or more, nearly ninety-nine one-hundredths, of the dramatic expression of the nation, is being left to rot in the fields to make soil for some indefinite Golden Age. In matters industrial we are bending heaven and earth to utilize our waste products. But what a stupendous waste product is here! If the present theater were in actual touch with the people, this condition of things would not be tolerated for a moment. Imagine, if you can, a system that would make it necessary for the nation's farmers to ship their crops to New York, or for the manufacturers of the nation's shoes and clothes to send their output to New York, the fate of these vast products to be left in the hands of a few men! Would there be any hesitation in pronouncing such a system a failure?

Has it failed from the viewpoint of the actor?

IT is tragic to contemplate this one great gate of the theater piled up to choking with plays, many of which are never even read: and that other gate crowded with actors seeking, and seeking in vain, for parts to play. They are so near to each other, these unfortunates, these actors who are seeking their plays and these plays that are seeking their actors! And yet they are hopelessly kept apart by the theater group that keeps permanently in New York an immense over-supply of trained actors who, under proper conditions, would very readily find employment elsewhere. And the trained actors, be it remembered, represent probably not one-hundredth part of the dramatic talent of the nation. Every one has personal friends and acquaintances whose life-long ambition it has been to get on the stage. Given an actual national theater, and there is not one of these but would have his chance. Here is another great national asset, of the greatest cultural importance, that is going to waste. It is impossible to characterize a system which permits of such waste by any other term than a failure.

Is it a failure from the viewpoint of the general public?

When we stop to think, as we seldom do, that the dramatic instinct is quite as old in the race as the religious one, we are amazed to see how inadequate an equipment there is for furnishing an outlet for this instinct. Go into any small town and see how many churches you will find. Observe, too, the methods that have been employed to foster the religious interest. Then look at this other racial instinct in the small towns and see how it has been neglected. At most, one small theater is all we ever find, and this too, like the great system of which it is a part, absolutely cut off from the people so far as offering any channel to their creative impulse. Plays are brought in from the outside; they are never drawn out of the people themselves. And with the larger towns and cities it is relatively the same. The whole system is based upon that false idea, which has for so long dominated our educational system also, that education consists in stuffing rather than in developing. It is we who have failed; we who have left to the exploitation of private enterprise a great racial instinct whose development ought without further delay to be taken over and made, along with music and manual training, an important part of our educational system.

IT is self-evident, therefore, that our national theater must be something more than a building, something more than a training school for actors, something more than a free stage for our playwrights, something more even than a theater-extension for the elevation of the theater-goer. It must be all of these and more. It must be to our higher life what baseball is to our lower. Unshackled by any central organization arbitrarily controlling the whole system, from top to bottom—the curse of the present theater—it must allow and encourage a free and full expression of the dramatic instinct of the whole nation. This provided, better actors and better plays and better taste in things dramatic will come of themselves, just as improvement always comes with better education.

Going back now to the comparisons we were making between our provincial theater and our national game of baseball, with a view to finding the secret of the success of the latter, just as we

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found the secret of the failure of the former, let us consider them in their respective relations to those taking part in them—the players. We are at once struck by the fact that while there are always vast numbers of unemployed actors, one seldom hears of the unemployed in baseball. The latter has an almost miraculous way of absorbing its talent. Every city, every town, every village, almost every crossroads, has its one or more baseball teams. Think of the thousands of boys and men to whom this gives not only recreation but employment. Think, too, what a wonderfully free outlet it affords for baseball talent, great and small. From his earliest years, in any part of the country, the boy with a liking for baseball has a chance to try himself out and, if he makes good and cares to become a professional player, he can pass, by a natural process of growth, to the best league in the nation. If not, he contentedly finds his place in the business world. Compared to this magnificent system of discovering and utilizing all the talent of the nation, how utterly inadequate and out of date is the present theater! Is it any wonder that the former has a way of renewing itself, and of never falling from its high standard? And is it any wonder, on the other hand, that every now and then the cry goes up that we have no actors?

THERE is, of course, in baseball, no part corresponding to that taken by the playwright in the theater system. But once a national theater is built along the lines of our national game, the playwright will fall naturally into his place and find room for his talent, just as the actor will find room for his. All the dramatic talent of a town would come at once to the surface, and all those plays which now lie congested in New York would have their chance to be tried out in the home town. And just as the actor, who proves himself, would pass on to larger towns and cities, so with the play. It, too, would pass to larger places and would probably be taken up by traveling companies. The present system of allowing a few readers, crusted with professionalism and grown stale in the business, to pass upon the entire output of the nation's plays is, to say the least, hardly in keeping with the spirit of the times. Imagine our architects, or our doctors or our business men, tolerating such a system! But with a national theater, democratic as baseball is democratic, and with an organization modeled broadly after that of our national game, it is inconceivable that an American drama should not come forth comparable in every way to the greatest of our achievements in other lines.

And now how would such a national theater affect the general public?

It would at once give that interest in the theater which a feeling of ownership always gives to a people—such a feeling, for instance, as the American people now have in their government as compared to that of people living under an aristocratic system. Or, to bring it back to the game again, it would arouse the same enthusiasm in the drama as we now see in baseball. The shouts that go up from the bleachers all over the country, great and small, spring from the instinctive feeling that the game is the people's own. Likewise, the apathy of the public toward the theater is due very largely to the conviction, equally well founded, that the theater is not the people's own. We cannot expect the public to shout over a private enterprise. To intimate that this lack of interest in the theater is due to a dying out of the dramatic instinct, which is almost as old as life itself, is too absurd to merit consideration. There is a wide, unbridged chasm between the player on the stage and the man in the seats, a chasm which does not exist between the baseball player and the man on the bleachers. The reason, of course, is that the men who fill the bleachers have themselves played the game and know it from top to bottom, whereas in the other case the audience is at the disadvantage of being unfamiliar with the game. For it is a game they have never played. We hear a great deal about the stupidity of the theater-goer and the hopelessness of the mass who never go. But what of the stupidity of a system that goes on building theaters and takes care that they shall be up to date in every respect and yet does not take the trouble to see that the only way to secure a permanent and increasing public for the theater is to give the public a part in the theater—an intimate acquaintance with all its details? There is not the least doubt, with the opportunity which the theater has in America, that such a public could be secured. But it is utter folly to suppose that this can be done by the outworn trick of "booming" plays. There comes a time when words cease to have any meaning. That "you can do anything by advertising" is in a sense true. But it is equally true that you cannot go on doing it forever, as our present theater managers seem to think. Probably a new era will have to come before it will be seen that the only way in which a permanent and ever-growing public for the theater can be absolutely assured is by allowing and encouraging a free and wide growth of the dramatic instinct, not only by providing plays for the people to see but by getting the people to write, produce, and take part in their own plays.

RESTING, as our national theater should rest, upon the broad foundation of education, it is in our public schools that the first stones of this institution should be laid. The dramatic education of the people should be begun as early as their baseball education is begun. Every school in the land should have its dramatic department, and no quality that the child possesses should be more carefully nurtured than the dramatic impulse; for through this, if properly directed, the whole intellectual and moral nature may be unfolded. There is hardly a branch of study that could not be utilized and made more practical in this way. History, composition, art, music, manual training—is there anything for which the play could not be made the clearing-house? It is of infinitely more importance, to the children and to the community at large, that this opportunity for self-expression should be open to the children, than that their minds should be overlaid and smothered, as they so often now are, with masses of useless information. Every grade should have its little dramas. The taking of parts, even the writing of little plays, should be begun with the earliest instruction in composition. Talents would soon show themselves, and the selective process would soon be at work. There would grow up naturally at the top a group of young actors, and we may be sure that no school would be without its playwright. Then, just as the ball-team of one school now competes with the team of a neighboring school, that rivalry which is the very life-spirit of our baseball system would burst forth in dramatic contests. The interests thus fostered would be carried on into the colleges and universities where the same inter-collegiate and inter-university contests might be expected.

GIVEN one generation of such training, and a new age for the theater will have been ushered in for America. Not only would our educational institutions flower out in dramatic expression, but the drama would become a civic thing as well. High school and college graduates would bring with them into their business life that same intense and personal interest in the theater as they now have in baseball. The result would inevitably be that there would spring up in each town a municipal play-house. This would happen as surely as that each town now has its town baseball diamond. And the local talent for drama—acting and writing—would find expression in that municipal play-house, just as the talent for baseball now finds its expression on the town diamond. And no fear need be had that these local dramatic companies would lack for financial support. For even though the local government should not furnish this, business men, with this new and pervading interest in the drama abroad, would soon find it quite as profitable to back the local dramatic company in its contests with the companies from neighboring towns as it now is to back the local nine in its contests with other nines. And, of course, out of all this, traveling companies would arise which would go on circuits more or less wide according to the degree of talent of the actors or the merit of the play.

And incidentally, is it not clear that an institution of this sort solves at once the problem of the unemployed actors and of the playwrights who have had no chance? Is there any reason why these men and women, with the knowledge they have of their respective arts and with years of valuable experience behind them, should not become instructors of the American youth? It is nothing less than a crime that we have not, as a country, availed ourselves of the services of these men and women. What a system it is that makes it necessary to establish Homes for indigent actors when the whole country is literally running wild with talent that needs training! No better evidence can be found that the Middle Ages have not relaxed their hold upon American universities than the fact that, whereas they have departments of the written drama headed by eminent professors, they have no departments of the acted drama headed by eminent actors.

But America should not wait in this matter till her universities have taken action. Our national theater must arise out of the people, and its foundations should be laid in the people's public schools. The people have no part in the present system, and reforming it will not give them a part. What we want is a great national theater of the people, and we should be satisfied with nothing less.

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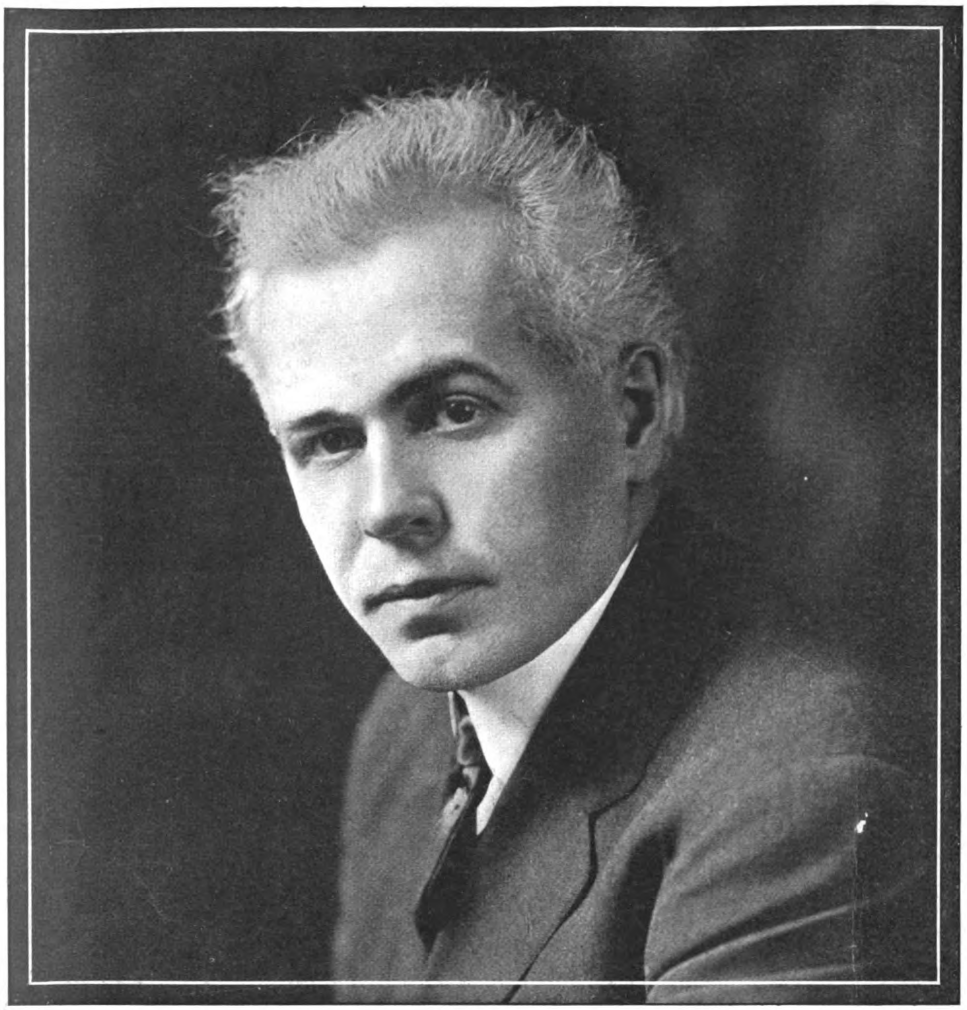
HARPER'S WEEKLY

JANUARY 24, 1914 PRICE TEN CENTS



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY 24, 1914

Colonel House ..... James Montgomery Flagg 2
Cartoon

Editorials 3

This Man Pays $18,000 a Year for Music ..... Guy Pène Du Bois 6
Cartoon

Woman in a New World ..... Ellen Key 7
Beginning a new series by the famous feminist leader

Single Tax in Western Canada ..... John T. McRoy 10
Where Henry George's doctrines are in actual practice

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 11

The Burton's Burglar ..... Neith Boyce 12
A story
Illustrated by Herb Roth

During the Luncheon Hour ..... Tudor Jenks 15
Who has the best manners?
Illustrated by W. J. Glackens

The Funny Man ..... Everett Shinn 16
Cartoon

Criminals I Have Known ..... T. P. O'Connor 18
VI. Henry Wainright
Illustrated by William M. Berger

My Conscience and My Vote ..... Miles Poindexter 20
Party loyalty discussed by the only Progressive Senator

John Barrymore ..... James Montgomery Flagg 23
Cartoon

The Changeling Book Agents ..... Horatio Winslow 24
A story
Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

The Publication of Plays ..... George Middleton 26

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 27
The day of municipal bonds

The Squaw ..... Marion Ethel Hamilton 28
Poem

What They Think of Us 29

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COLONEL HOUSE

COLONEL E. M. House, before he became so well known during the last year for his influential statesmanship on a national scale, was for many years, as a leading citizen of Texas, acquiring that knowledge of men and of measures which, combined with his native wisdom and unusual tact, have enabled him, while holding no office, to exert a strong influence on the trend of events. Nothing is better for a country than to possess a large number of able men who take an active part in public life, instead of leaving it all to the office-holders.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

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A Large Man

THE man who made the Ford Motor Car succeeded because he had profound ideas. He found out how to make a good car for little money, he began to make it, and he refused steadily to be led away from his object. Therefore he became very rich, with money made out of an actual contribution to interests, convenience, and health, not out of cornering anything, or combining anything. The man who had brains and character enough to run his business in so creative a manner on the manufacturing side is the man to take a dramatic step ahead in his relation to his employees. The most significant element in his splendid scheme is the regularization of employment. Mr. Ford recalls to our mind the story of William H. McElwain, of Boston, who died in 1908, at the age of forty-one. He started with little and left a fortune, earned without patent or trade mark. His sales grew from $75,957 in 1895 to $8,691,274 in 1908. In his thirteen years in business, he made so many advances in methods and practices in the shoe industry that intelligent observers have said he revolutionized shoe manufacturing. One thing he attacked was that worst of all industrial evils, irregularity of employment, and before he died every one of his many thousand employees could find work three hundred and five days in the year. Mr. Ford is of that type. He belongs among the really great business men who have genius for organizing, manufacturing, and selling, and who (like members of any other high profession) wish to use their genius for the general benefit. His determination to have his wealth go after his death to men who have helped him earn it is as inspiriting as an example to other rich men today as it will be as a source of independence and a source of pride to the son who undoubtedly will inherit his father's resourcefulness and his father's freedom of thought, which are much better things to inherit than a fortune made by another man.

Freedom for Cities

THE Progressives in Illinois include a large proportion of the first citizens of the state, and they have in Raymond Robins a leader of vision and courage. They showed the reality of their progressiveness when they bound themselves to work for the passage of a bill to permit cities by referendum to determine that all candidates for municipal offices should be elected on a purely non-partisan basis, and similar legislation for counties and sanitary districts. Such a bill was defeated last year, but we prophesy it will win the next time it is brought to the front.

Danger Ahead

A PERIL inevitable to any successful party is that all those elements that gain from politics tend to rush into that party. Progressive Democrats must be on the lookout against the reactionaries who put on the mask of progressiveness and try to get into councils and into office. In certain parts of the country not only are the reactionaries of all parties lining up under the Democratic banner, but even some progressive Democrats are showing a tendency to compromise with the reactionaries in the hope of winning next year's elections through the popularity of the national administration. The President himself is an absolute believer in efficiency and progressiveness as requirements for office, but some of his advisers believe in rewarding those who have been faithful to the party for many years, without splitting hairs about qualifications. Such advisers are dangerous to the success of his administration.

Roger's Ambition

ROGER SULLIVAN, who, like other bosses, as they get along into their later years, wishes the dignity of a senatorship, was once talking to Lincoln Steffens. Steffens said: "Look here, Sullivan, I want to belong to some party, and I can't find one that suits me. Why don't you get out of the Democratic Party so that I can get in." Sullivan looked at him without any amusement. To think of such a proposition about *his* party! His! A party he had owned almost as long as he could remember! He beckoned some of his friends who were within sight and cried: "Say! What do you think this guy wants? He wants me to get out of the Democratic Party, so he can get in. Now what do you know about that?"

Another Democratic leader of the Sullivan type was watching a convention where the delegates were really expressing their own opinions, and at one point he exclaimed, with tears in his voice: "Just look at all those fellows, *and nobody to run 'em.*"

A Cheerful but Cynical Remark

AN experienced, clever and pleasantly ironical observer of the way of the world, after commenting on the amount of commotion Mr. Brandeis's new ideas make in the community, observed, "If I were President, I would put him either in jail or in office." Very generally office holding prevents a man from fearless thinking and action.

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Interlocking Directorates

NOW that the example has been set by the Morgan firm of withdrawing from some interlocking directorates, the question arises of what further steps are logical. In this connection, attention may be called to the proposals last April in the *Harvard Law Review*, of Max Pam, whose opinions are entitled to study. As counsel, he has been prominently identified with the organization of trusts and has had for years full opportunity of seeing the advantages and disadvantages of big business. He reached the conclusion that interlocking directorates were a menace to the public and demanded drastic legislation. Much can be said in support of the specific measures he proposes. He urges the government to come to the aid of minority stockholders. The president of every corporation should be required to report annually to the stockholders and to the State and Federal officials every contract made by the company in which any director is interested. The Attorney-General of the United States or of the State should investigate all such contracts and take proper proceedings to set them aside and recover damages, or else without setting the contract aside recover the profits from the interested directors. State and National Bank Examiners, State Superintendents of Insurance and Interstate Commerce Commissions should be directed to examine the records of every bank, insurance company, railroad company and other corporation engaged in Interstate Commerce. The proposal is fundamental and comprehensive: sometimes it is the man who knows the inside best who is most fundamental in the remedies he advises.

The Ideas of Loft

WITH varying success the people have fought for the past decade to force sixteen ounces into pound packages. In some States, such as Idaho, where a conspicuously efficient pure food inspector is employed, the dealer would be rash indeed who should attempt to market pasteboard wrappers at the price of butter, chocolate, or ham. In New York the law is less definite, and those who consider it good business may still sell containers at the price of the product inclosed. Huyler's candy stores, to cite one example, prefer to run a little ahead of the strict requirements of the law, and each pound of their candy weighs a full sixteen ounces plus the weight of the wrappings. Another big candy manufacturer, George W. Loft, prefers to meet the requirements of the law as indicated by this notice:

> This package weighs one pound. This specified weight *includes* the container.

Of course Mr. Loft does not emphasize the word "includes" except by making the amount of "container" very abundant. When Mr. Loft was elected by Tammany to take the place of Big Tim Sullivan in Congress one of his first acts was to reëstablish the Sullivan habit of coaxing votes with free shoes on the Bowery and free dinners to Bowery hangers-on. May we hope that in his public service he yields at least as much as 15 ounces to the pound of real endeavor?

An American Censorship

IF Anthony Comstock, working on ill-informed policemen and ill-informed lower magistrates, is going to decide whether books or plays should be presented to the American public, it would be far better to have an official censorship like the English at once and be done with it. A series of novels like "The House of Bondage" and "Hagar Revelly" have been published lately, which help young girls, who have to go out from their homes to work alone in the world, to know what temptations they will meet, and against what plots they will have to protect themselves. The girls who read these novels will be in a better position to know what certain attentions from men mean. They will meet the world with a little better chance. They will not walk so innocent-eyed into situations that destroy them. These novels, being serious, are attacked, where thinly veiled libidinousness goes unchallenged. If these questions can be brought before a jury, they will usually be settled right, although a jury would deal with it better if it were composed of women. In most of our states it is composed of men, swayed by their ancient illicit privileges and warped way of looking at sex matters, unable to comprehend intimately and graphically the situation in which hundreds of thousands of young working girls find themselves. Anthony Comstock has sex mania in one of its most displeasing forms.

An Everlasting Puzzle

SEARCH your minds to the bottom, and your psychology may be subtle enough to find out why the great defenders of decency are those who are the great upholders of public special privilege. In New York City, for instance, political and economic special privilege has never had any other servant so faithful year in and year out and on every subject as "*The Sun*," nor is there any other paper which more delights in printing a story in which an excuse exists for sex exploitations. A famous editor of the *Sun* used to say whenever the circulation began to decline, "Smut her up! Smut her up!" It has been a consistent policy of the *Sun*, whenever an indecent play was put on, to give elaborate extracts to show just how indecent it was. If, however, any attempt is made to give serious consideration to the problems and standards of sex, the *Sun* will always raise a scream that morals are being undermined and propriety outraged. For a long, long time, mankind has been dealing with one of the oldest and one of the greatest moral evils in the world, and it has now reached the conclusion that it is possible almost entirely to remove it. Segregation and other cynical devices have proved to be failures; the hope now is in knowledge, and that light seldom fails. A few good men, and a great many good women, are endeavoring to see that the terrible facts about the sacrifice of youth, usually poor and ignorant youth, are understood, so that little boys may be brought up to see low sex morality as the unworthy and cruel thing it is. Against such a movement special privilege newspapers can absolutely be counted on to take the leadership. These are the facts; our readers may work out the puzzle in psychology.

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Texas Again

AFTER the Galveston flood, Texas set an example which has been followed by cities all over the United States. Texas is now at least one of the leaders in another experiment which, if it also succeeds, will affect the whole population. A half dozen cities in Texas have already adopted, with slight modifications, the Houston plan of taxation. J. J. Pastoriza, of the Board of Commissioners of Houston, under whose leadership the plan was put into operation in that city, is now working for an amendment to the Constitution to give to cities entire home rule in matters of taxation. Advertisements are being put in the papers, and leaflets are being sent around to business men, declaring that in the first six months of 1912 there were two hundred and nineteen more buildings erected in Houston than in the first six months of 1911; that the value of these buildings amounted to three times the value of the buildings erected in 1911; that the new system increased the number of land sales without lowering the price of land; that cash, evidences of debt, furniture and other household effects are totally exempt; that, in short, Houston offers to manufacturers and merchants a perpetual bonus. When Henry George first put his ability behind the recommendation of this idea, the world laughed. It laughs no longer.

Luxury, Private and Public

THE Romans spent much money on public buildings, on art, on squares and parks, when Rome was at her greatest, as the Greeks had done before them. The cathedrals of the middle ages were built at vast expense, and even apart from their religious significance they have been a noble and unfailing resource to all the people. When the Union Station was built in Washington and the Pennsylvania Station in New York, many rejoiced in them as public monuments, but some criticized them because the cost would some time have to be paid by travelers and shippers. The question has now come up in an interesting form in Chicago, following an application of the Pennsylvania and other tenants of the present Union Depot for permission to build a new passenger and freight terminal. A number of the citizens, including many of the men who are always foremost in civic affairs in that City, employed D. J. Arnold as engineer and Walter Fisher as counsel to contest the application. The plan called for $40,000,000. The critics contend that $20,000,000 will be enough. The Illinois Central handles the largest suburban traffic in Chicago. It has by practical experience found that no more elaborate station is necessary for suburban service than an ordinary subway or elevated station, and they have separated their suburban service from their through service. The contention of those who object to the application is that this idea should be applied generally. The Chicago movement, if successful, means bringing suburban service into line with local service and treating it as an extension of the local service. It means also that public monuments are to be made frankly out of the public funds, not by private institutions in a way that has ultimately to be paid for by the public.

Monhegan

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH visited the island of Monhegan in the course of a long cruise from Jamestown in 1614. Its small acreage harbors only a few individuals of the horde who find an ideal playground in Maine; but in the paintings of Robert Henri, Rockwell Kent, Randall Davey, Homer Boss and other contemporary artists, rock-girt Monhegan has attained a fame that an earlier generation of painters conferred upon Champlain's *isle des monts deserts*. The Maine Historical Society is arranging to celebrate in 1914 the tercentenary of Smith's visit just as it has celebrated in years gone by the anniversaries of St. Croix Island, St. George, Popham, and Castine. By honoring our past we are in a fair way to become the prouder of our present.

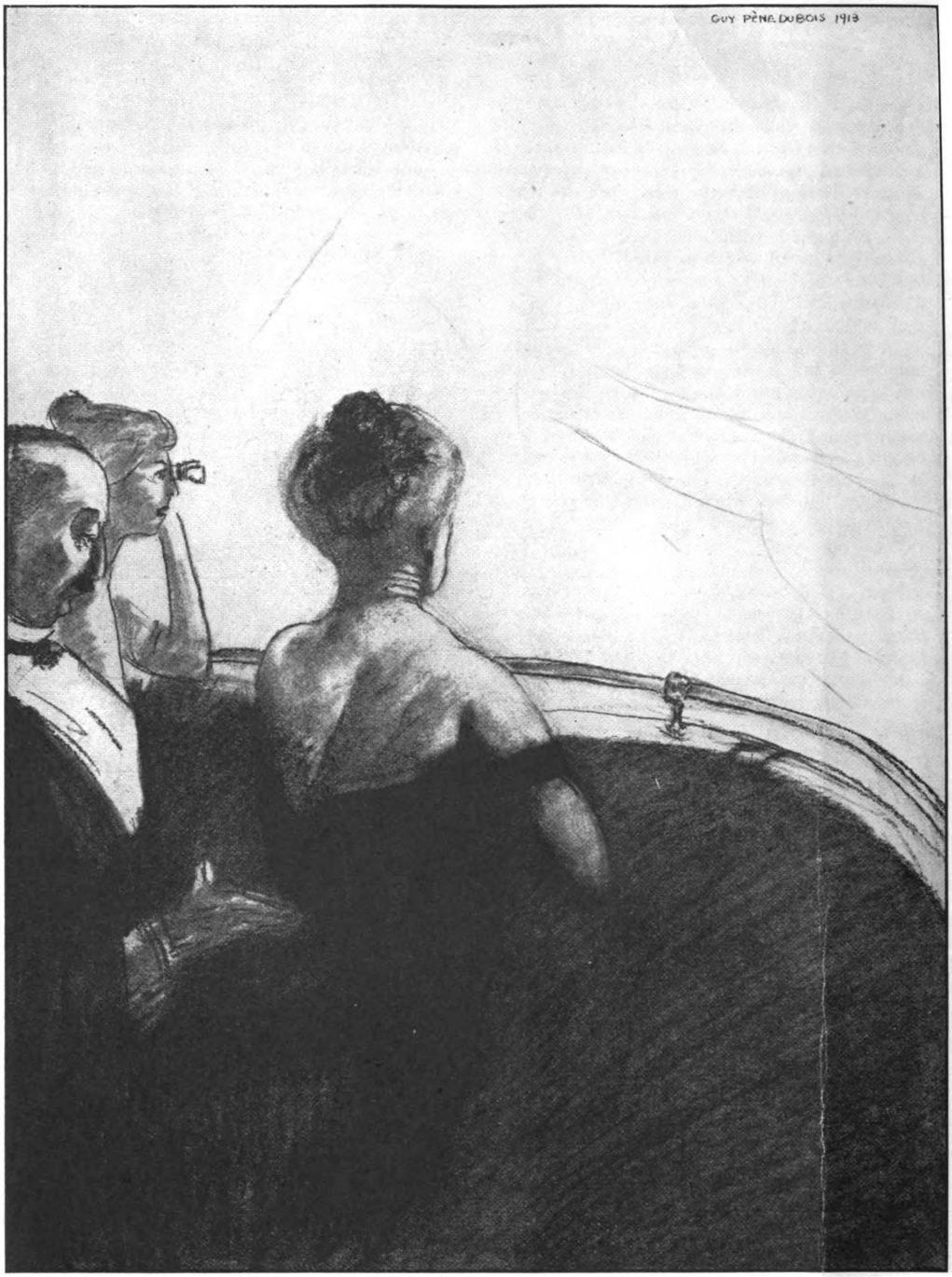
Anti-Vivisection Morals

IT makes no difference to an anti-vivisectionist how hard a blow she receives from the facts. She comes up smiling just the same. Dr. Keen, the famous Philadelphia surgeon, exposed recently a number of the latest lies, and Mrs. Henderson, vice-president of the American Anti-Vivisection Society, came back with the most cheerful and unmoved assertion of her own opinion and interpretation against overwhelming evidence. Then comes along Dr. Crile. Mrs. Henderson had quoted Dr. Crile's book on "Surgical Shock," saying that it "repeatedly describes experiments followed by the words 'no anesthesia.'" Dr. Crile has studied his own book faithfully, and cannot discover any such words. We have not yet noticed Mrs. Henderson's answer to Dr. Crile, but feel sure that it will be just as cheerful as her answer to Dr. Keen.

Why Women Should Vote

THE Anti-suffragists are harder put to it every month. Lately, they have shown a tendency to harp upon the assertion that women are mentally different from men. They overemphasize the difference vastly, but as far as it is true it is an argument not for them but against them. *American Medicine* acutely says, "This difference is the main reason why women should vote." It points out that in the beginning of social life voting was done with the battle axe, and women were therefore inevitably disfranchised. As the battle axe was displaced by peaceable argument, it began to appear that laws devised by one-half the population for another half were unsuitable, and especially unsuitable if there was a fundamental difference in point of view. If man's mind, evolved in a struggle of a million years to bring safety to the social organization, does differ from woman's mind, evolved to save the family, what follows? The Anti-suffragists have put themselves into much trouble in arguing against public interests for women in an age when all the traditional concerns of women have been largely taken out of the home and conducted in public. They will have an even worse task, in logic, in showing that women should give up their traditional concerns and interests to men, because men's minds are so different from theirs!

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THIS MAN PAYS $18,000 A YEAR FOR MUSIC

By Guy Pène Du Bois

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Woman in a New World

By ELLEN KEY

MADAME KEY is probably the most distinguished feminist in the world. She is wise enough to be both the most radical and the most conservative, picking out the best from either side. In this series she has given her views of the way women have met the changed conditions with which they are confronted and especially the points at which the feminists have lived up to their promises and where they have failed. In the present article she describes the old fashioned woman, her origin, her virtues and defects and the reason for her peace and happiness.

WHEN we speak of women and morals we must consider the subject in two ways—the morality which originated from the fact that woman was the property of father, husband and family, and the morality which arose and is yet growing because this condition is being gradually abolished.

Rousseau has said: "It is for women to discover what might be called experimental morality, and for us to reduce it to a system. Woman has greater intuition and man greater genius. Woman observes and man reasons, and from this collaboration we get the clearest light and most complete science of which the human mind is capable; in other words the surest knowledge of one's self and of others which it is possible for humanity to have." This truth all great women have confirmed through their lives and by what they have said. Women's strength is not that of creative genius. Their contribution to moral growth has been their wisdom in the realm of experience, quick sympathy for individual cases rather than understanding of the theory of ethics. The word morals is here used to mean the stored-up experience which we have gained through pain and joy and the actions which make for the greater enhancement of life for ourselves as well as for others. Whatever increases the life of the body and soul is good; whatever retards it is evil.

WOMEN have not been founders of religions (if we except the modern Theosophic and Christian Science movements), nor have they formed systems of the philosophy of ethics. Had they had a chance to be lawmakers they probably should not have written great works of law. But when it comes to applying to life the laws and morals which do exist, woman, because of her receptiveness and her adaptability combined with her stubbornness, has exerted an immeasurable influence for good. On the other hand, woman, in encouraging the non-morality of men, both in private and public life, has sometimes held back the growth of morals and sometimes led it astray. In the legends of Iceland we hear of a day when men began to allow manslaughter in a family feud to be redeemed with fines, while the women, with tears and scorn, spurred them on to blood revenge. In our own day the British women approved of the stand taken by their own country in the Boer War.

I have heard it said that men have created the code of laws, women the code of convention, the unwritten laws which are stronger than the written ones. We need only recall man's idea of a "debt of honor"—a gambling debt, for instance, compared with his feeling toward the debt he owes the woman he has betrayed, or how sensitive is his honor that prompts him to duels compared with his care for the illegitimate children he has brought into the world. Knightly honor and warrior pride, business integrity and artist's conscience are a few of the unwritten laws which go to show that man in his sphere as much as woman in hers, has been a maker of conventions, objectionable and otherwise. It is in the home and society that woman has fashioned the customs, both as to what we ought to do and what we ought not to do, from table manners to the behavior that expresses presence or absence of love. The unceasing surge of her feelings has rounded our sharp-edged moral commandments. Woman's stubborn tenacity is one with her best traits, tenderness, faithfulness and piety. But it is one of her weakest points in her dislike of the serious mental work involved in thinking out new ideas, her indifference to the quest for truth, and her lack of desire for objective knowledge. These weaknesses, while they are being modified by the growth of culture, have for a long time made woman a fanatic defender of blind prejudices and outgrown moral laws. But this same conservatism has done much in times of transition toward keeping what was good in the old ways from being swept away by the spring flood of new ideas.

EACH individual must draw the hair-splitting line between self-assertion that is a virtue and that which is selfishness. Women have always asserted their human nature on the side of altruism and sympathy. The noblest women in life or literature are those who have reached the peace and harmony possible only when a spiritual balance has been realized in their lives. That harmony is more easily obtained when the balance has been long established and observed. That is why the old fashioned woman offers the loveliest picture which we have yet seen. To these women the duty of self-sacrifice has become happiness. They were at peace with their own conscience as well as with the patriarchal family and the Christian religion. From the conflict between duty to himself and duty to the world with which the man's conscience was so often torn, the woman has been spared. If the conflict were a religious one she has had only to make a choice between one authority and another. If she has rebelled within herself against the patriarchal family right, the rebellion has reached only her mind, not her conscience. For women were not allowed to change the authority of religion or of the family, nor did they question their own inability to do so, and conscience is the recognition of the gulf between what life ought to be and what it is. But more than all, women have been at peace and happy because they knew that motherhood, which was their greatest joy, was also their most important duty. In other words, the most important work of a woman's world had nothing whatever to do with changes which called for new needs, aims or efforts. Her home was a closed circle, touched only faintly by the world's evolution. To protect the young and tend the old, to cherish and comfort, guide and restore, to teach and love, to give pleasure and to help, remained the one undisputed necessity through all the world's changes in government, religion and economics. Thus in a woman's life theory and practice were the same and what she ought to do was also what she wanted to do.

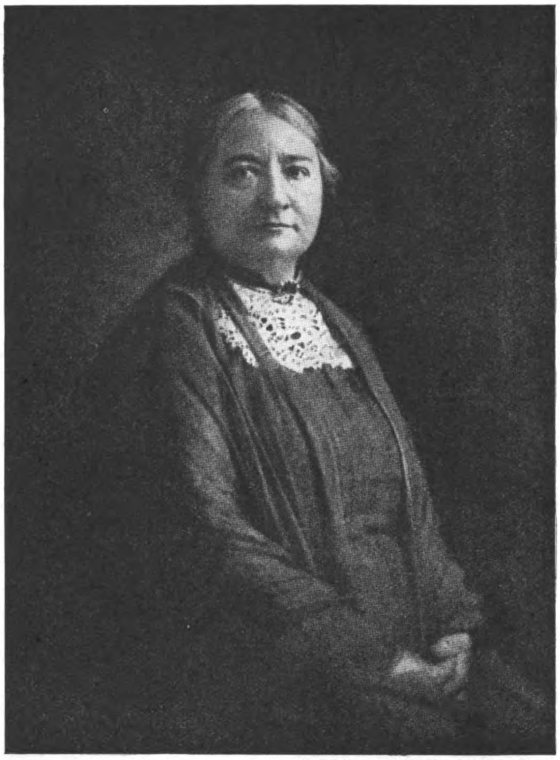
ALL theories of the origin and development of morals agree on one point, that the family is the root out of which sympathy and the social virtues have grown, however religion and social laws may have varied. What is right in married life is like that which is right in the larger life of society. What the strong find useful becomes a duty to the weak. Although some morals have had a religious beginning, the morals that have sprung from life and its needs are the ones which have endured. Religious codes of morals have only remained important when they have adapted themselves to social life in its changing forms.

Family life has naturally resulted in a division of labor. It is the man's duty to defend and support the family and the woman's to care for the children. This has developed two sets of virtues: the manly virtues involve duty to ourselves, the womanly, duty to others. The lower the morality of the people, the greater is the gulf between these two spheres of duty. The whole spiritual history of man is a record of the struggle to combine these two fundamental human needs. In many ways the so-called

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weaker sex has had the easier task. The fear of punishment when the woman did wrong or displeased her master, very swiftly and effectively developed the woman's sense of duty. When new economic conditions and new religions changed men's ideas of right and wrong, all woman had to do was to obey the new code instead of the old. She did not have to make decisions for herself. In the age of cannibalism women considered it right to be used as food, in savagery as a beast of burden, in barbarism as a slave. Step by step the treatment of women, like the treatment of male prisoners of war, has changed. In both cases because of the owners' new ideas as to the most profitable use of his possession. Marriage was brought about first through spoil, then by purchase, finally through gift. Because the wife was the man's property, unfaithfulness was looked upon as theft. Men were at liberty to sell or lend their wives to other men. It was not the sharing of the wife to others which outraged the husband but sharing her without any profit to him.

AS a rule, the chastity of women has not been due to woman's nature as such, but to the mortal fear which adultery brought in its trail. In many savage tribes unmarried women live loosely while wives remain faithful to their husbands. Moreover, married as well as unmarried women have lacked all continence when men have not expected it of them. But in one sphere the ethics of women have developed naturally without any pressure from without. The helplessness and sweetness of the child has brought out a tenderness and sympathy in the mother which created the first beginning of a social order. Through motherliness, woman has made her great contribution to civilization. Through the children also have men's morals developed. The great forward step in his growth has been the desire to protect the wife and children dependent upon him. Among primitive peoples woman has seldom been as barbarously treated as most people think. The woman carries the pack because the man has to be prepared at all times for armed battle and not because he is selfish.



Photograph by Becker and Maass, Berlin

Ellen Key as she looks today

Through her motherhood woman's sexual nature becomes gradually purer than man's. The child becomes more and more the center of her thoughts and her deeds. The strength of her passions diminishes, the depth of her tenderness for her children and their father grows. Out of this tenderness and out of the admiration for the manly qualities which the father shows in defence of herself and her children, gradually arises an erotic feeling for this man alone. Thus in early days love began.

Blind forces have been at work for centuries in improving marriage, but it was not until the last century that woman has entered directly the great battle for better morals. Her part before had been through the indirect influence of her desirableness and her opinion as mother and wife, daughter and sister. The influence of Christianity had also been at work. Heathendom glorifies the masculine virtues, Christianity the feminine ones. The worship of the Madonna has increased the reverence for woman, especially the mother. But what the Church gave with one hand, it took back with the other. The ancient world looked on marriage as a duty to the race and to the nation. Pauline Christianity allows it, but only as a necessary resource against temptation. Like other Oriental religions Christianity considers sexual life as impure and only celibacy absolutely without taint. When even the marriage sanctified by the Church was looked upon as a lower state it stands to reason that when woman outside of marriage tempted man to unchastity she was looked upon as "the gate of the devil," to use the expression of an apostolic father. The Church has encouraged monogamy but this benefit has been offset by the heavy debt which the Church owes to illegitimate children and to unhappily married couples held together against their will. The Church has much to answer for, besides this sacrifice of the innocents in the entire false view of sex which grew out of the ecclesiastical attitude. A woman's virtue came to mean her virginity before marriage and her faithfulness afterward. To be sure, a woman's sins against property and character were punished like a man's and her strength and courage were praised, but she was seldom obliged to show these virtues or to resort to crime for self-preservation, as the man protected her. But man's virtue consisted in courage, energy, pride, honor and business ability, while his sexual morality had nothing to do with his "honor" and "virtue."

SLAVERY in marriage gave woman all the vices which men call woman's nature. She gained all the blessings of life—motherhood, honor as a housewife, support, protection and pleasure, if a man were enough pleased with her to marry her. First in the home of her parents, then under her husband's care, a woman got everything she wanted by being docile and flattering. The average woman could hardly escape hypocrisy. Self control forced on a human being from without may make good habits but it may also make pretended ones. Woman became a coward because she was not allowed to act on her own responsibility or to take her own risks. Whether freedom will cure these woman vices remains to be seen, but the women of the present give a fair promise that it will. Self indulgence, luxury, gossip and scandal are neither womanly nor manly. They spring in either sex from a low degree of culture. With the advance of culture women are learning the love of truth, intellectual honesty and unselfish perseverance. These same ideas are carried over into their private lives. The most flagrant example of woman's immorality in the present is the countless women among the rich, who, released from all work, are parasites upon the father or husband, satisfying their craving for pleasure or luxury, without accomplishing anything to pay back what they receive from society. Because of their parasitic state sex has become the whole content of life to these women. In many women erotic life is over-developed because of the centuries of their sex slavery and we still possess a class of women whose love-life is only a desire

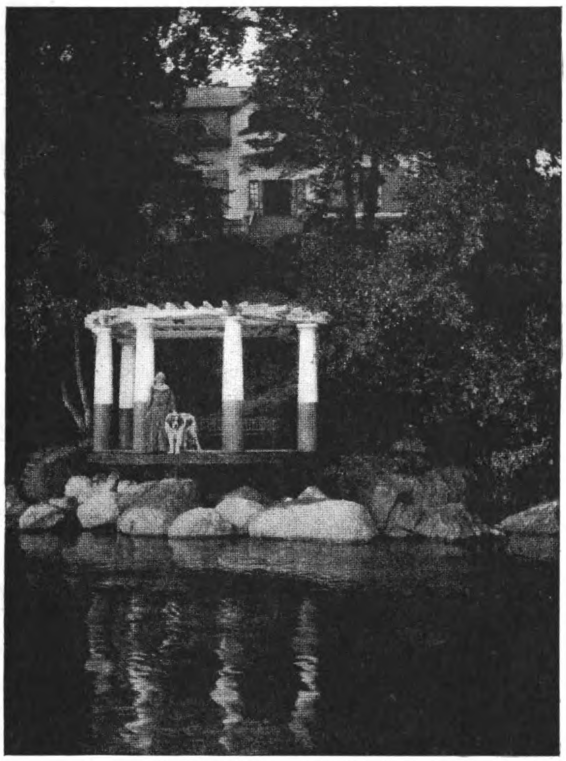
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for sensual gratification. When women have reached this stage, sex hatred is very near. There are no more dangerous enemies to the feminist than these parasites.

IF, as some men think, the faults we have been discussing were the only results of the sex slavery of the past, we might well hasten from the past to future, but there has been good as well as evil. In the first place, motherhood has developed a whole set of virtues which man has seldom even noticed because they seem to him just as natural as the milk which flowed from the mother's breast to the lips of the child. Kant's definition of virtue is that which is difficult. Because woman's sex virtue was difficult, it was looked upon as her only true virtue. Her other attainments—patience, gentleness, thrift—were taken for granted and like the air we breathe, were only noticed when absent. All the qualities developed in the care of children, and in farming, housework and craft were no more inborn than the vices produced by sex slavery.

During all the time of this one-sided moral training the sexual self mastery which once she disliked was becoming at last her happiness. She realized that if the man's children were certainly his own, he loved them more and was more faithful to her. She knew that illegal motherhood deprived her children of their father's protection, so that the outward demand for faithfulness met with her inner approval.

The close relationship, physical and mental, which exists between the mother and child is the innermost reason why chastity is second nature with women, but this chastity was also made easy because women's emotional life was scattered over family life and household duties. And the cooler they grew erotically the more sensitive did they become in regard to their sexual integrity. Thus out of animal sex instinct has grown human love and the soul and senses of one person dedicated entirely to another. In her love for her husband, as earlier than in the love of her child, were focused all the noblest virtues of woman. Thus, in a woman's life the demands from without and the desire from within, nature and conscience, the needs of society and her own needs were the same. When this is true, morals are unnecessary, for it is impossible to break the law. Because woman knew that her morality was more important to the race than that of man she allowed the double standard to exist. Men still judged women and women judged each other, according to sex morality. The fallen woman was not she who lied or betrayed, hated or plotted, or she who made her home a hell for its inmates, not even she who stole and murdered, but the woman, who, outside of marriage, allowed herself the natural expression of one side of her life, even if the most soulful love caused her so-called fall. This point of view has lowered man's respect for the woman he has seduced or for the woman who has freely given herself to him. His conscience has remained asleep, for neither public opinion nor his mistress have awakened it. Female criminals are everywhere less numerous than male, partly because their position is more protected than the man's, but especially because where a man, unable or unwilling to work, becomes a thief, a woman becomes a prostitute.



Strand. The home of Ellen Key

ANOTHER result of the double standard is that woman's ideas of right and honor in ordinary social questions are just as dull as man's in regard to sexual questions. The offhand way in which women secretly break the law has often struck man with amazement. He ought instead to be surprised that women's social morals are not worse. It is much more amazing to find women, citizens in many important matters, absolutely without rights in others. On the great occasions in the life of many nations, woman has shown herself fully equal to man in the sense of duty and the willingness of self-sacrifice. Many mothers have sent their sons to battle for their country, many women have become martyrs for the truth. In our day the working women among Socialists have developed a sacrificing spirit and a solidarity which shows that they understand progress as well as the men. But the soul of the average person obeys the law of least resistance, even in the case of woman's morals. These have been focused on her family because her sense of duty never has had a chance to develop in any other way. The greatest heights that men have reached, sacrifices for unselfish aims, fearless search for truth, burning desire for justice, have once in a while been achieved by woman, but few women have attained these heights, because few women have had the chance. In times of distress woman has been called upon to make sacrifices for her country, but in every-day life her duty has never been too wide to be embraced within her arms. The idea for which the struggles of the present age are raging, the greatest happiness for the greatest number, woman has always been able to accomplish in her little world. What her conscience has demanded her heart has wanted; her reason has harmonized with her desire.

The strong democratic movement born in the English Civil War and the French Revolution which took hold of people and commonwealth included freedom for women. The struggles which have followed have brought about much moral confusion, but confusion is feared only by him who does not know that growth awakens needs and desires which in their turn lead toward better conditions than the old ones. In looking back over a transition period we often find values which we had thought lost forever, merely changed in form. Ever since freedom for women came upon the world's stage women have begun to share deliberately in the changing of morals. For a century women have labored with increasing energy for the improvement of the relation between the sexes. At the same time, their new position as wage earners has indirectly changed many old ideas and customs. No gain is ever made without loss of some old good. Lamentations over the new times are justified only when it can be proved that a better organized and richer life has not grown out of the confusion.

In the next article Madame Key will tell of the moral life of woman as it has been changed to meet new conditions. Where it is better and where worse than before and what women should do about it.

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Single Tax in Western Canada

By JOHN T. McROY

WIDESPREAD interest has recently developed concerning the application of single tax in Western Canada. Its success is one of the bases of a concerted effort to untax industry in New York. It has inspired many a single tax prediction in electorial campaigns last year in Missouri and Oregon. Wherever the initiative is in force the United States has had single tax or quasi-single tax campaigns. It would not be too much to say that Canadian experience is the source from which these hopes have come. A knowledge of its workings should be possessed by every citizen, for he may have to act on similar proposals at no very distant date.

NOW, this aversion of the average man to a study of taxation is because its working does not affect him as directly as his grocery bill. The less concrete, the less visible an economic action, the less vividly is it realized by those who are affected by it. It may hurt them immeasurably, yet they will yawn over any attempt to discuss its operation. Particularly is this so when it affects them negatively. For instance, should it create combinations that imperil civic freedom, or should it diminish opportunities, which by limiting labor and capital press down wages—should it have these effects, a discussion of it will be poohpoohed as technical. Western Canada seems to show that taxation may become a subject of hope and absorbing interest to the mass of men. It demonstrates truths to the practical man who despises "theory" and "hypotheses."

Since the only thinking done on taxation is usually in catch phrases at election time such as "low taxes, low rents," a methodical study of taxation in some given region that will be appreciated by the ordinary citizen is both desirable and imperative.

HITHERTO attention has been called to Western Canadian taxation mainly on account of the sensational development of the country. Its growth has had all that glaring rapidity that goes to make a successful newspaper contribution. Towns growing into cities in a year; factories rising as if out of an Aladdin's Lamp, go to make a good "write-up." The play and interplay of economic conditions and the interactions of various other social phenomena are left out in the brilliant accounts of its development. The annual emigration of 150,000 farmer folk from the United States into this section has been a startling and suggestive fact. While no hasty inferences can be drawn from such a consideration, yet one thing is clearly evident—that Northwest Canada possesses some attractions which the United States does not. The contention which is constantly made, that this progress has mainly as its cause the taxation of land values and non-taxation of improvements, is the conception that we are now to analyze.

The country is mainly agricultural, save in British Columbia where lumber, mining and fisheries predominate. However, there is fruit growing in the Frazer River Basin. In view of the insistent assertions of Taussig and other orthodox economists that the single tax would work better in towns than in the country, it is interesting that a rural community has been the first largely to apply Henry George's teachings.

The production of grain is the greatest industry of the Canadian Northwest. Wheat, oats, barley, rye, well-nigh exhaust the slim list of their products. There is, however, a considerable amount of cattle-raising.

The railways are rapidly covering the country with branch lines. Despite this, there is a dearth of box-cars, and shipping facilities are far from good. There are three channels of traffic—The Canadian Pacific, the Canadian and Northern, and the Grand Trunk Pacific. These railroads have been the recipients of large grants of land and money from the Dominion government. They have largely contributed to develop the section with a view, of course, to increase the traffic on their lines. Distances between towns are large, and the farm life is of that lonely American type which will no doubt make for individualism of the most pronounced type.

BESIDES insufficient traffic facilities, there is the inevitable difficulty of the non-adaptability of the farmer to his new conditions. However, matters are being speedily adjusted, improvements are being made on the farms, machinery and implements are up-to-date.

A great disadvantage in farming is the shortness of the season. The farmer is "worked to death" for a few months, and spends the rest of the time in dreary monotony. It also necessitates seasonal labor and thus tends to create a "hobo" and floating class of laborers. The same defect also clogs building and contract work in the cities. The type of men who enter the Northwest are mainly intelligent farmers, hard workers, thrifty, stable, and suspicious of large monopolies or corporations. They seem to have an outlook similar to that of the old English freeholders and yeomanry. They are organized into the Grain Growers' Company and coöperatively find a market for their produce. The Grain Growers' Guide, their official organ, is a champion of radical democracy and of single tax.

That the country has been growing too fast, there seems but little doubt. That the cities have over-developed will be denied only by those who do not understand how evanescent booms are. We can, therefore, reasonably expect a slackening of development, though not a cessation of development.

The industry of the region is conditioned by the nature of its products, which, being staples, form a basis that will last for all time.

That the region is developed abnormally is due largely to the alluring appeals of the railroads and land speculators. On account of this, there is an agitation for pure single tax in order to eliminate land speculation and let Northwest Canada grow according to its true capabilities.

Taxation in Western Canada is more largely under the control of cities and towns than in any state of the American Union. By demonstrating the merit of a certain system, a town becomes the center of a host of nearby imitators. These in turn tend to spread their workable policy over the province. By exempting improvements, for instance, a town encouraged industry and commerce which was an advantage, and other towns were forced to adopt the same policy.

In British Columbia, for local purposes all of the large cities and towns such as Vancouver, Victoria and Prince Rupert, tax land values only. Improvements of any and all kinds are excluded from taxation. The provincial taxes, whether personal property, income or poll, still exist.

The value of land is taxed more heavily in proportion as it is kept out of use. A lot held for speculation is discriminated against by a higher rate. In Alberta and Saskatchewan land-value taxation is compulsory throughout the provinces. Neither improvements nor personal property is in any way taxed. Provincial taxes in small degree remain. In Manitoba, land is practically the basis of agricultural taxation. Stock, implements, etc., are not taxed. In Winnipeg the assessment of buildings is only two-thirds that of the land.

THERE can be no doubt that this policy has immensely increased the quantity and quality of improvements. Building in the towns and country is out of all proportion to the growth of population. Medicine Hat had a 400 per cent. increase in 1912. Edmonton adopted the pure land value tax in 1912. The figures for buildings were $10,250,562 for 1912 against $2,197,920 for 1911. Towns of 30,000 inhabitants show as much progress in buildings and improvements as American cities of 200,000 population. The exemption from taxation of business has resulted in industries equipping and improving their plants to the highest degree. Stores are not afraid of being penalized for erecting commodious buildings. It has also reduced the cost of doing business, thus affording an improved service for the same money to the consumer. While the towns will have to slacken this rate of growth, one fact seems to be indisputable. It is that unwise taxation has been shown to have more effect in checking building, farm improvements, and business than is commonly supposed. And Western Canada has proven that by not penalizing industry, it can the better develop and the more effectually serve the people. The poor man who buys a lot in the United States and improves, finds himself confronted by an increased tax. In Western Canada this amount every year is saved.

A single case will serve to show the meritorious effect of exempting stock and personal property in that section. A man owning 20,000 head of cattle in Canada told a questioner that he would have been taxed one dollar a head or $20,000 in an American state. That a saving is effected to the consumer by untaxing business stock is clear. The situation almost tempts one to say that the beneficence of exemption of industry has been proved. Perhaps its success may not be so marked in older and more staid communities, but no one can any longer afford to neglect a proposition that has beyond all question "made good" in the region where it has been tried. No party and no body of men in Canada has agitated for a return to the old system.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

Chesterfield Stuff



UP STAGE STUFF

If you have not a face that goes
With opera hat and evening clothes,
Affect a blank and vacant stare,
'Twill get you almost anywhere.



HIRSUTE STUFF

Always get up and give your seat
To all old tops with wigs, you meet.
One might turn out to be John D.
And make you his sole legatee.

WATCH-YOUR-GRUB STUFF

The guest who hesitates, to pick
The proper fork, had best be quick
And keep, while he debates the matter,
A vise-like clutch upon his platter.









Musings of Hafiz

(The Persian Kitten)

I BELONG to the leisure class. I may say I *am* the leisure class; for with the exception of the long-haired members of my immediate family, every creature, from the smallest flea to the largest elephant, that has anything to do with the human people is trained to work or play in exchange for a living.

There is, I am told, but one case on record of a domestic cat-person who performed acrobatic feats. Needless to say he was a short-haired cat and only did it because he needed the mice, being practically mouseless when he joined the theatrical profession.

THE most extraordinary instance of human tyranny in this respect comes from Germany. I should never have believed it if I had not actually seen an account of the occurrence printed in a paper I found in the big desk in the study.

There was a picture, too, which proved the truth of the story, as they say, beyond a purr adventure. I have had the picture reprinted so that the readers of "Musings" may see for themselves the pickled herrings in the very act of jumping through the hoop and standing on their heads to make a German holiday.

There is no question but that the herrings were pickled (no sober herring would ever think of jumping through a hoop), but the article gives no hint of the nature of the stimulant under whose influence a herring, in its normal state the most quiet not to say bashful of fish, can be induced to make such an exhibition of himself.

I WONDER if any of my readers have ever met a cat that looks like this picture. It is a faithful likeness of one sent to my chrismouse tree by three particular friends of mine: Eunice, Langston and Mary Cleveland Moffett.

It is my great privilege to know these most delightful young people personally, but you who have not that good fortune may read about them in a wonderful little book called "The Mouse Colored Road" written by Mr. Vance Thomson, the father of the fascinating white angora Gloria Thomson.

Charming as it is, I must confess the book has one very disappointing thing about it. There is not one single mouse in it from beginning to end, except on the title page.

The following letter mews for itself:

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 13.

Dear Hafiz:

We have long followed with admiration your books of poetry. But the thing that stirred us to write to you was your article on short and long hairs in HARPER'S WEEKLY. We feel very strongly on the subject.

When we came last spring as very young kittens to keep house for the Haskells, we found Uncle Peter, a two-year-old-short-hair, already in charge. Far be it from us to say that Uncle Peter is not good looking, as short hairs go. He has fine sea-green eyes, a pink nose that we envy, and a stunning white cravat. But of course he really isn't in it with an angora. Any unprejudiced person will admit that. Both of us have magnificent white waistcoats, ruffs that Queen Elizabeth might have worn, hair so long we really ought to do it up in curl papers, and fine boots. Besides, Uncle Peter was haughty toward us at first and wouldn't be polite. He spit at us when we tried to make up to him. But we just wouldn't have it that way and he has come around pretty well.

But what we started to say was that when any visitors come in and look us over, they seem to think Uncle Peter's nose is out of joint and they say, "Poor Peter, after all I do believe Peter is prettier than the twins." Isn't that impolite? It makes us spitting mad.

Yours for the long hairs,

ALI BABA and SINBAD HASKELL.

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"Her voice was strong, her eye steady and the revolver well aimed"

The Burtons' Burglar

By NEITH BOYCE

Illustrations by Herb Roth

MRS. BURTON pushed open the door and at the same moment pressed the knob beside it that lit all the electric lights in the room. She was holding her revolver pointed straight before her, and the man who whirled round blinking found it leveled at his breast. His hand dropped toward his coat-pocket. Mrs. Burton said sharply:

"Put your hands up or I'll shoot!"

Her voice was strong, her eye steady and the revolver well aimed. The man stood blinking and staring at her.

"Hands up or I'll shoot!" she repeated, and advanced a step.

The man held up his hands. Behind him on the floor was a writhing figure in pink pajamas. Mrs. Burton knew it was her husband, but she did not dare take her eyes off the intruder's.

"Theodore, are you hurt? For heaven's sake, get up if you can," she cried.

Mr. Burton struggled to his feet, and with his arm—his hands were tied together—managed to free himself from the half-fastened gag.

"By Jove!" he cried. "Edith, hold him a minute longer, if you can, till I get my hands loose!"

"Of course I'll hold him," she replied calmly. "Put your hands up higher, please!"

This was addressed to the burglar, and he obeyed. His mouth was half open, he panted uneasily.

"Theodore," said Mrs. Burton, "go to Miss Hayden's room and call her quietly and get her to untie your hands. Be careful not to wake Gwendolen."

"And leave you alone with this fellow? I can't, Edith!"

"Yes, you can. He can't move. And you can't do any good with your hands tied, can you? Hurry up. And tell Miss Hayden to ring up Michael. And bring something to tie this man with—there's some rope in the trunk-closet."

When he had run down the hall, Mrs. Burton fancied she detected a wavering in the burglar's attitude.

"Keep your hands up!" she said.

"I *am* keeping them up," replied the burglar sullenly. "Don't get nervous, now, lady, and shoot me."

"Nervous! I think you are much more nervous than I am," said Mrs. Burton, her knees trembling slightly.

"Well, I've got a right to be nervous," said the burglar. "How do I know that that thing won't go off by accident?"

His small watery blue eyes watched her hand and her face with alarm. Short and wiry, with a red face, a beaked nose and a small thin-lipped mouth, he reminded Mrs. Burton of some sly rodent. She dared not take her eyes from his face; but she perceived the window behind him open on the balcony, where he had doubtless entered.

She heard Miss Hayden's voice and smothered scream in the hall; then Mr. Burton came running back with his hands free and a length of rope.

"Now, then!" he cried. "How shall I tie him?"

"Tie him to a chair. Put a chair behind him. Now, you, please sit down—but don't lower your hands!" The burglar sat down. "Now, Theodore, feel in his coat-pocket—the right hand one. . . . I thought so!"

Mr. Burton had extracted a revolver from the pocket, and now he held it gingerly.

"Now, Theodore, put that down, over there on the table, and then tie his hands behind him to the back of the chair—cross your hands behind you, please—and then you'd better put a length around his ankles and tie them too."

When this process was completed to Mrs. Burton's satisfaction, she sat down herself and laid her weapon on her knee, keeping careful hold of it however.

"Well!" she said.

Her bright hazel eyes and Mr. Burton's large blue eyes stared at the burglar, who blinked in return with a crestfallen expression.

"I could have shot you easy enough through my pocket," he said suddenly to Mrs. Burton, "before you got the drop on me."

"Why didn't you, then?" she asked.

"Well—I ain't never shot anybody yet, to kill—and I didn't want to begin with a woman. . . . I guess my nerve is gone all right," he ended hopelessly, his head drooping.

"Gone? Not a bit of it," said Mr. Burton. "You've got as fine an article of nerve as I ever saw."

MEANTIME the house seemed to be waking up. Miss Hayden, the English governess, spoke agitatedly from a window. Michael the coachman pounded on the door below. There were shrieks from the top floor where the cook and waitress slept.

"Theodore," said Mrs. Burton. "Michael can't get in and they're all afraid to go downstairs. You'll have to let him in. Turn on the lights as you go down, and take that pistol with you. Look first and see if it's loaded. Mercy! don't look into the end of the barrel! I don't believe there's anyone else in the house, but be careful!"

Mr. Burton went downstairs and let in the coachman. Then they both came upstairs and looked at the burglar. Miss

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Hayden peeped at him from the hall, her high-colored face expressing horror.

"Now I think you ought to search the house," said Mrs. Burton. "Make sure that there's nobody in hiding."

"You needn't take the trouble," said the burglar with an air of bravado. "There's nobody but me. I always work alone."

"Ye do, do ye? And d'ye think we'll take your word for it?" inquired Michael truculently. "Come now, how did ye get in? Climbed the porch, hey?"

"None of your business, my man," said the burglar nonchalantly.

"What's Miss Hayden doing?" said Mrs. Burton sharply. "Here, she's at the telephone—stop her, Theodore!"

Miss Hayden was stopped, and explained: "I was just calling up the Elmwood police station."

"Well, when we get ready to call the police Mr. Burton will attend to it," said the mistress of the house calmly. "Now, Theodore, you and Michael just look through the house, to make sure. I think, though, that this man is telling the truth, for no one could get in downstairs without setting off the alarm."

THE search was made, then Michael was told to wait in the hall, and Mr. Burton came into his room and shut the door. He and his wife contemplated the burglar and then looked at each other.

"Well, the question is now, What shall we do with him?" said Mr. Burton.

"Exactly," said his wife.

"I suppose you'll send for the police and hand me over," said the burglar with an air of indifference.

"That would be the obvious thing to do," said Mr. Burton. "What would happen to you then?"

"Oh, I'd go back to Sing Sing."

"Back? You've been there before, then?"

"Sure. Twice. I'll get a good long bit this time."

"How long were you in before?"

"Two years the first time, and four years the second—about."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

Mr. Burton's mild face plainly expressed consternation. The burglar was evidently interested in this look and in the questions. Mrs. Burton's appearance was more enigmatic. Mr. Burton looked around and found a cigarette, lit it and sat down near his wife.

"Put on your dressing gown and slippers, Theodore," she said. "And you'd better shut that window."

He obeyed.

"You see," said Mrs. Burton, finally, "we don't believe in sending people to prison. We are Anarchists."

"Gee, is that so!" said the burglar. "You don't look it."

His watery eyes fixed themselves on Mrs. Burton with a look keen, incredulous, and hopeful.

"Don't look what?" inquired Mrs. Burton. "How can you possibly tell what political opinions a person holds by his or her looks?"

"I've seen Anarchists before, in jail," said the burglar. "They didn't look anything like you."

"Ah, they were poor people," said Mrs. Burton, "and were imprisoned not because of their opinions but because of their poverty. We are well-to-do, you see, and no one would think of putting us in jail, no matter what our ideas are."

"Hell, that's true enough," said the burglar. "But those people were jugged because they ran around in the street with red flags and wanted the President killed. You don't do that, I suppose?"

He seemed really interested. He looked now less like a rodent, and more like a human being. There was intelligence in his eyes.

"We don't exactly do that," said Mrs. Burton absently. "But we express our opinions. We don't believe in Government."

SHE frowned as the revolver lying on her knee caught her eye, and she looked at the bound hands and feet of the burglar. He was shoeless, and his hosiery was by no means above reproach. Otherwise he was fairly well dressed.

"Don't you?" he said skeptically.

"No," said Mr. Burton, taking a hand in the conversation. "We agree with your friends in jail that government ought to be abolished. We think that society is all wrong. We don't believe in capitalism or private property."

The burglar glanced round the room, which was comfortable and even luxurious. Then his eye rested on Mr. Burton's countenance, which had lost its embarrassed look and was beginning to glow.

"We don't," proceeded Mr. Burton, "blame you, for instance, for trying to acquire by force a share of what should rightfully belong to you. We bear you no grudge for breaking into our house and trying to take our watches and plate, for we realize that we are no more actually entitled to those things than you are."

The burglar stared critically.

"Of course," Mr. Burton went on, "no man likes to be waked out of a sound sleep and choked. One naturally resists that sort of thing."

"I didn't want to wake you, nor choke you neither," said the burglar with some return of his former sullen and defensive manner.

"No, I know you didn't, if you could get what you wanted without doing so. But I suppose you would have shot me, if necessary in the course of business. . . . Understand, I'm not blaming you. I consider you a poor victim of society."

"I don't think I'd have shot you. My nerve's not what it was when I was younger," said the burglar rather mournfully. "Doing time—and then the hospital—they take it out of a feller. I'm afraid I'm a dead one." His head sunk again. "Only two months out," he murmured. "And then to fall like this—a woman and a gun that probably ain't even loaded!"

"Oh, it's loaded," Mrs. Burton assured him. "And I think I would have shot you too, if you had attacked us again, or even if you had tried to get away. . . . Yet that is irrational, for we have no intention of giving you up to the police."

"You won't?" The burglar stared again. "What will you do then?"

"Well, that's just it. I don't see what we can do with you."

THE burglar looked down at his bound feet and twitched in his chair.

"Well, why am I tied up like this, then, if you don't want to give me up?" he muttered.

"That was done on the spur of the moment. We never had a burglar in our house before. It is instinct, I suppose, to protect one's life and property and secure the intruder—atavistic instinct, no doubt. In a proper state of society, of course, you would not be breaking into our house after plate, for you would have enough of your own."

"Maybe," said the burglar.

"Ah, of course you don't believe that a proper state of society is possible," said Mr. Burton. "I don't blame you. But it's sure to come."



"If it's all the same to you, I'd rather go this way, down the post," said the burglar. "I left my shoes and hat down there"

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"You mean that the people that have got the goods will divvy up with them that haven't got any?" said the burglar. "Ah, g'wan!"

"They will. Many of them are willing and even anxious to do it now, and the others will be obliged to sooner or later."

The burglar smiled wearily at this.

"Don't you believe it," he said. "You're talking through your hat—or you may be a little bughouse on that question. . . . Say, do you think you could untie this rope? It hurts my wrists. I won't try to get away or anything, honest."

Mr. Burton looked at his wife.

"Yes," she said, "untie his arms, Theodore."

Mr. Burton did so, and then after a slight hesitation offered the burglar a cigarette and a match, which were accepted with thanks.

"That is, if you don't object, ma'am," said the burglar politely.

"Not in the least," Mrs. Burton replied.

"By Jove, some whiskey would taste good—I'm afraid I've caught cold," said Mr. Burton suddenly.

"Yes, do get some, Theodore," his wife anxiously advised. "You know you mustn't take a chill."

MR. BURTON went downstairs and reappeared, after an impatient colloquy with Michael and Miss Hayden in the hall, with the decanter and two glasses. He got the water jug from his stand, and handed one glass to the burglar.

"Say when," he observed, pouring the whiskey.

The burglar took a stiff drink, neat, and when he had got it down he sighed, sat up in his chair, and lifted his head almost jauntily.

"That feels good—I'm obliged to you," he said. "Now do you think you could untie my feet? They're going to sleep. I won't get up—I'll stay here as long as you want me, that is if you'll let me go before daylight, if you're *going* to let me go."

"You think we *are* going to let you go, don't you?" asked Mr. Burton.

"Well, I don't see what else you can do, if you don't send for the cops—unless you want to take me to board," remarked the burglar. "I suppose you'll want me to sign some kind of a pledge first—that I'll be good and never steal no more."

"Hardly. I don't see what else you can do," said Mr. Burton. "It isn't a question of reforming you, but of reforming Society. Society, at present, would probably not permit you to stop stealing if you wanted to—except on the alternative of starving. Of course you can always starve if you like."

Mr. Burton, having finished untying the burglar, had taken a comfortable chair; and with a glass of whiskey-and-water in one hand and a cigarette in the other he was thoroughly enjoying himself. He had a great many ideas and some oratorical ambition, but he had always been too nervous to speak from a platform. Now he felt that he was expressing himself with pith and point, and that he had made a decided impression on his audience—that is to say, on the burglar. Mrs. Burton also looked interested. Unobtrusively she laid aside her revolver, and continued to observe the stranger. He looked decidedly human now, but his eye was wary as ever. It expressed suspicion, mitigated, but not lulled to sleep. He was alert, too, for the slightest noise in the house. He was on his guard. Still, the atmosphere had suddenly taken on a social tinge. A smile—though constrained and rather wry—illumined the burglar's face at Mr. Burton's last speech.

"That's about what it comes to," he said, "but I wouldn't expect you to know it."

"You think, I suppose, that intelligence is confined to people like you," said Mr. Burton, "and that I, for instance, am a fool, don't you?"

"I don't know," said the burglar, frankly. "I never saw anything like you before."

"Well, there are plenty like me—with my ideas, anyhow—plenty of people who believe that there should be no prisons, no police, and that those who produce wealth, the working people, should share in it. You think that the few reformers who are well-to-do couldn't force the ruling class to divide, but don't you see that the mass of poor people, if led by the educated few, *can* force the rich minority? That is what is going to happen, my friend."

"It's a fine pipe-dream, anyhow," said the burglar patronizingly. "I reckon it'll come along about the day of judgment. Why, look here now, you wouldn't whack up, would you—with me, for instance?"

"My friend, have you ever heard the story of Rothschild and the Socialists?" inquired Mr. Burton. "They suggested to him that he should 'whack up,' and he proved to them that if he did, the share of each person in his fortune would amount to five shillings. He then offered to give that amount to anyone who applied for it. Now if I should divide equitably my modest property, your share, for instance, would by no means amount to ten dollars. However, I shall take pleasure in presenting you with that sum."

MR. BURTON was as good as his word. He extracted a ten dollar bill from his vest and handed it to the burglar.

"What's this for?" asked the latter sheepishly.

"Just as an evidence of good faith. I can't divide my property with you, because I consider that I do better to use it in propagating Anarchism. But when the day of division comes I shall be ready—and may you be there to get your share!"

"And meantime what is he going to do?" inquired Mrs. Burton crisply.

"Why, he will steal, I suppose," answered Mr. Burton. "I would offer to help him to get a so-called respectable job if I saw any use in it—or if he does. Do you?" he asked the burglar.

That person shook his head.

"I never worked," he said cautiously.

"I don't blame you," said Mr. Burton. "You're quite right *not* to work, in the present state of Society. Only you don't seem to me to be much of a success at stealing. You spend too much time in prison."

The burglar for the first time looked Mr. Burton in the eye and spoke spontaneously.

"You're right, I *ain't* a success," he said bitterly. "I made a good thing as a dip—a pickpocket—for years. I made sometimes fifty dollars a week. But I got too ambitious. I tried the second-story business, and I ain't got the nerve to make a go of it, that's the truth!"

"Well, take my advice and go back to pocketpicking," said Mr. Burton philosophically. "At least," he added, "I'll have to get you to promise one thing—that you won't try burgling again in our suburb. You see," he explained, "it's a small place, and if I let you go tonight the whole community is going to know about it. Then if any other house is robbed here they'll blame it on me."

"Sure, I'll promise," said the burglar with emphasis. "If you want me to swear it on the Bible, I will."

"No, I'll take your word. I suppose," said Mr. Burton, "that you think I'm illogical in simply barring you out of this suburb, and leaving you free to burgle anywhere else?"

The burglar had glanced at the window somewhat nervously. . . . But Mr. Burton was very reluctant to lose his audience. He felt himself just getting into trim for a true burst of eloquence. He hurried on:

"But I admit I'm illogical. With my ideas it's inconsistent for me to put burglar-alarms into my house and keep a loaded revolver. I know it. But I hope the day is coming when I sha'n't need those things. I honestly believe that with the last policeman will go the last thief. They go together——"

"They do, sometimes," said the burglar, fidgeting in his chair.

"And they are equally deplorable effects of our false social system, which has been going further and further wrong for thousands of years, building up a pyramid of tyranny, crushing the many to uplift the few, until now, sir, now, I say to you, the only thing left us is to destroy it utterly, to sweep away rulers, judges, priests, the army, capital, in one vast——"

"Theodore! I really think this man ought to be going," interrupted Mrs. Burton. "It must be near daylight——"

The burglar fairly burst from his chair.

"Thank you, ma'am," he cried, "I think I do see light out there!"

"Light, pish, it won't be light for an hour yet," said Mr. Burton peevishly. "But come along, I'll let you out the front door."

"If it's all the same to you, I'd rather go this way, down the post," said the burglar. "I left my shoes and hat down there——"

"Well, go ahead," said Mr. Burton.

HE went over and raised the window. The burglar hesitated a moment and just glanced at the table where his revolver lay. But, as he had said himself, he was lacking in "nerve"; he did not ask for it. He looked at Mrs. Burton and said again:

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Don't mention it," said the lady. "I hope you won't get into prison again. I went through a prison once—" she shivered slightly.

"Look here, are you hungry?" asked Mr. Burton suddenly. "If you are, I'll go down and get you some stuff before you——"

"No, no, I'm not hungry—I'll just go now. Good night, and——"

The burglar had stepped across the window-sill, and he turned and paused for an instant, listening for sounds below, but all was silent. He looked back into the room, and seemed to want to say something more, but thinking better of it, turned away and with a single quick motion was over the edge of the veranda. They heard a thud as he landed, then a rustling in the shrubbery—he was gone. . . .

Mr. Burton closed and locked his window. A knock sounded on the door. The Burtons looked at each other. Then Mrs. Burton opened the door, and they faced outraged society in the persons of the middle-class Miss Hayden and the servants.

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During the Luncheon Hour

By TUDOR JENKS

Illustrated by W. J. Glackens

WHEN about to take a boat or a train, the writer, like his fellow sinners, is sure to look about him wildly at the last minute for "something to read."

It is part of the penalty we pay for being surrounded by the distractions of modern life that we come to have an unconscious abhorrence of being free from an outward stimulus to thinking. We do not trust life to supply the mental food that is around us everywhere as the whale's food is around him in the sea. Only when by a fortunate accident we are relieved of the obsession of eternal reading, do we learn that the common round of life can be read with at least as much benefit as the printed page, and often with the greater profit that we are viewing realities direct instead of through the darkened glass of realism.

The lunch-hour came, and I went to a very ordinary restaurant, such a one as is patronized by those to whom every copper coin is a countable asset. It was not at all an unpleasant place, though a little crowded, and more than a little noisy because of the nearness of the kitchen with its never ceasing clatter of metal and china.

Yet this eternal clatter soon lost its power to annoy and became an undertone accompaniment to the life of the place.

And, as I waited for my order, gazing at the men and women about, there came to me once more the proof of the change that has come over the population of this marvelous town of Manhattan—in the type of the rank and file of the crowd.

HERE again and again were seen the faces that in youth we associated with the deserts of Arabia—the piercing but impenetrable eyes, the hawk-nose with strong high bridge and nostrils thin and sensitive, the prominent cheek-bones, olive skin and dusky hair. In the young girls the type often produces a look of beauty and pride that is unrecognized by many of us only because it is seen on Broadway and Sixth Avenue, rather than in the Orient.

These girls are clerks and cashiers and stenographers, steady ambitious workers who are fighting the battle of life at fearful odds—a public-school education for a weapon and even worse beasts than the wolf of Poverty for their foes. Nor do they allow the battle to deprive them of hope, ambition and romance. They dress well, for the most part, and with good taste that is astonishing, when we remember their limitations. As to their behavior, it is above reproach. When alone, their dignity is unbending; when with one or two friends, there is a genial good-fellowship delightful to see.

At a neighboring table sat a young man who, captured as he was, might have served to wear in an advertisement the newest brand of shirt or collar. And his bearing was worthy of his get-up. It was as if Alcibiades had deigned to lunch at a wayside tavern. There were three other seats at his table, and soon a trio of girls who wished to lunch together took these chairs, and solved that most difficult of problems—to retain their affable composure toward one another, while neither including nor uncourteously excluding their chance table-companion. They chatted freely, and yet never in any way showed the slightest self-consciousness in the presence of Alcibiades.

I wondered how many young ladies of greater social pretensions could have come so well through the little test of good-breeding.

AT length I too had a table companion, a young man who must have been familiar with the resources of the establishment, for he was able to order a most ample and satisfying lunch without allowing the management a profit worth mentioning. His attitude seemed hostile at the first view; but when I had obligingly moved the tomato sauce into his own territory for the convenience of the newcomer, the olive-branch was accepted and we talked about the weather, and risked a few remarks on the probability of rain and the quality of the pie, or something else as important, which the writer is ashamed to say he has forgotten.

If the man interfered with the flow of thought, he more than made amends when he came to his post-lunchial cigar. The deliberate and calculated enjoyment of this luxury was a sight to make a wandering Sybarite homesick. No hasty puffs wasted the nicotian joy, but each was appreciated like a line from a favorite author.

But, speaking not as a snob, but with judicial calmness and detachment, the fellow was (compared to his feminine counterparts) vulgar. He ate with too much conscious enjoyment, and smoked sensually. He lacked that detachment from the material which nearly all the women knew how at least to assume. He had no personal dignity, but was plainly what the English call an absolute cad.

Possibly the young women would have shown similar lack of breeding in their talk; but to the eye they bore themselves in a seemly style and with fitting self-respect.

Where did they learn behavior? From the moving-pictures, from the fashion papers, from chance study of lady visitors to the shops? It is hard to acquire the niceties of demeanor save through the eye; yet these girls in their teens had at least the elements of it, and it is safe to say that their children will be many steps further along the road to the "manners" that "makyth men."

SO the writer was made more hopeful of the future of our republic as he recalled for the hundredth time that charming bit from the writings of Mrs. Ewing the Great, where the erring small brother begs pardon for his wrong, at the same time muttering low:

"*Do's* first, *feels* afterwards. I'd like to punch his head!"

And even if the manners are no more than paste jewels, they are an imitation well worth the wearing in the absence of the reality. By all means, let us encourage the education in manners in the hope that the imitation of right doing may grow into right feeling. Perhaps the little brother will come to ask pardon *without* the desire to punch the wronged one's head!

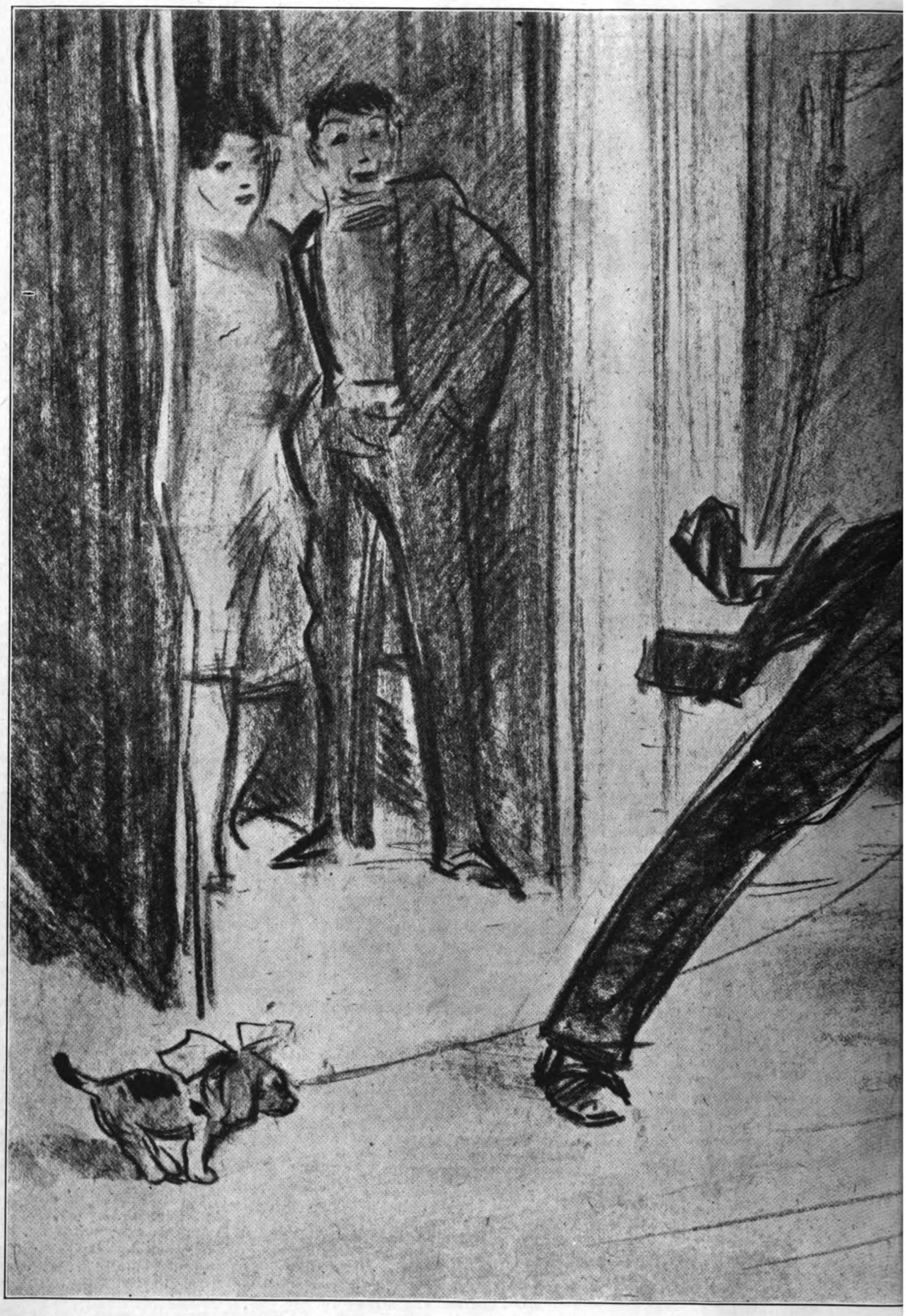
If the moving-pictures will teach the lesson of better behavior at ten cents a session, they will deserve well of the nation. And never before has the demeanor of Princes and Powers and Potentates been brought so clearly and so powerfully and so convincingly before the eyes of all the world and his wife and children as by the device that lets us all "assist" in the French sense at most of the earth's most notable happenings.

That this thought came by way of a cheap restaurant is natural enough when you realize that the table is, after all, the great test of good manners.

View for yourself the customers at these places, and perhaps you, too, will see reason to believe that the material out of which the nation is to be moulded is amenable and capable of kneading into better stuff than you may have believed.

With self-respect all things are possible.

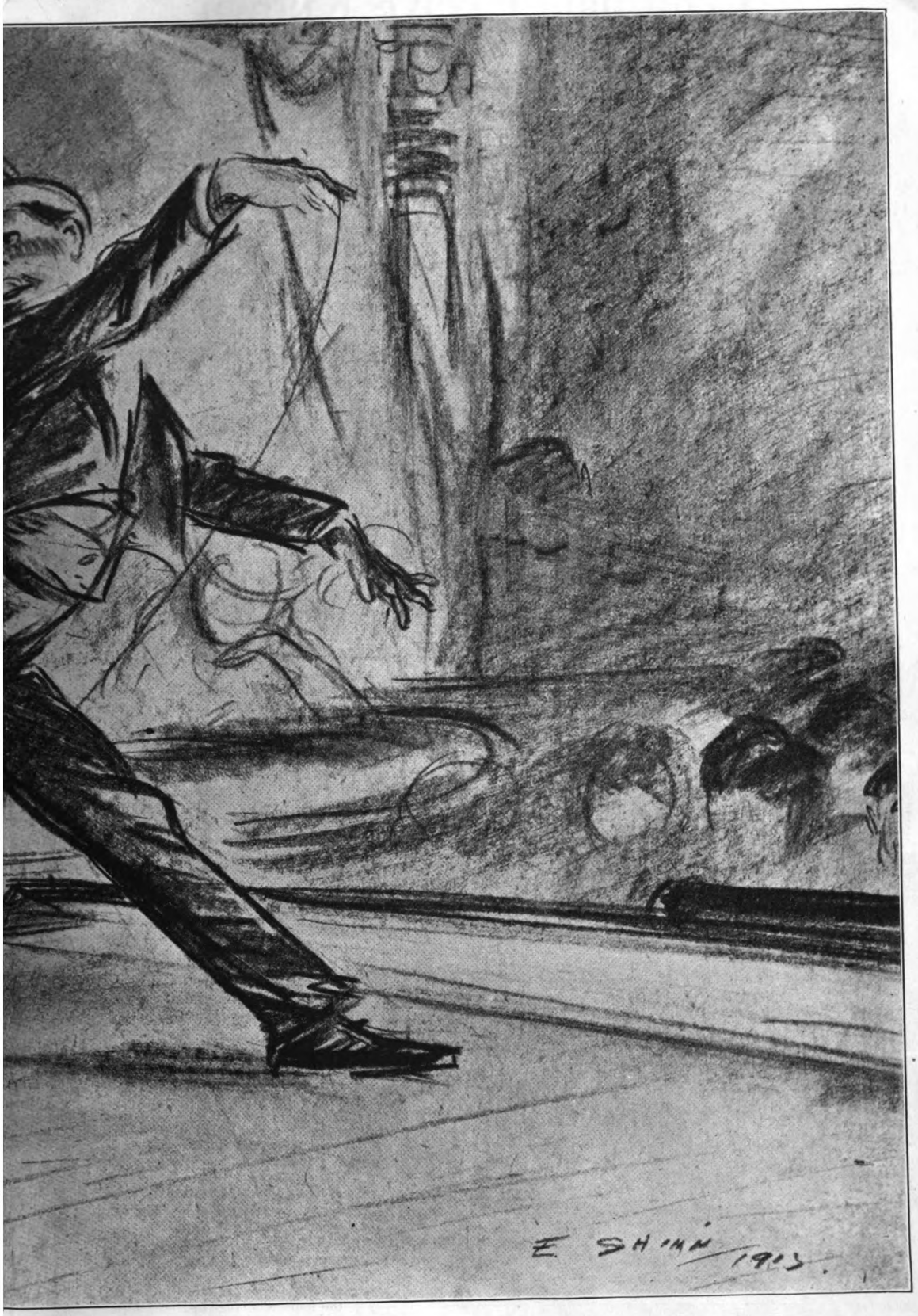
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By E

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Criminals I Have Known

By T. P. O'CONNOR

Illustrated by William M. Berger

VI. Henry Wainwright

IT was many years after my first hanging that I saw my second. In the interval I had gone through many strange experiences. Coming to London with four sovereigns in my pocket as my entire fortune, and determined never to leave it again, I had to face either success or starvation. I had the unfortunate experience of attaining a little of both. For three long years I found it impossible to get regular work; though I should add that this dread interval came not in my first three years in London, when I had good situations. These years of privation, of constant and corroding disappointment, of despair sometimes, and always of anxiety, had made their mark on me; even today the wounds have never healed. My outlook on life, even my opinions, reflect the experience of those days of suffering and privation. If I have learned to have a passionate desire to improve the human lot, which now abides with me as the purpose and the passion that have burned up all other desires and passions; if I have an infinite indulgence and sympathy for human failings, it is to these years I owe it.

Let that pass, however, except in so far as it is relevant to the story I am now telling.

AT last the tide had turned, and I had got regular employment as the chief sub-editor of a morning edition of the old *Echo*, which had then been started. The hours were long, I rarely got to bed before three or four o'clock in the morning, and my duties were responsible and difficult. And one day I was asked, after the conclusion of my work as sub-editor, to go and describe the execution of Henry Wainwright. I did not get to bed until three, and to be sure of being in time I had to rise at six o'clock; I was told by those who saw me that I looked ghastly—as indeed I might well do.

I had followed the story of this murder with great interest, for Henry Wainwright was an interesting and an unusual criminal. He was a brush manufacturer in a fairly good way, in the East End of London. One day, going for an outing to Broxbourne, he met a handsome young girl named Harriet Lane, and an intrigue followed. She had two or three children by him, and meantime he had at home a wife by whom also he had had several children. The demands on his purse in keeping up these two homes had proved more than he could bear without getting into endless pecuniary difficulties. It may be, too, that the unfortunate woman, in that state of despair which such false positions usually produce, had proved exacting and ill-tempered. What transpired to bring about the final tragedy nobody ever knew, but what happened was that Wainwright invited Harriet Lane to come and see him at night in his warehouse in the East End; that he then and there killed her, and buried her body under the floor. As so often happens with even the most cunning murderers, Wainwright made the mistake of covering the body with the lime that preserves instead of that which destroys the human remains.



"It became certain that detection would follow unless he was able to remove the body from his warehouse"

ONE day it became certain that detection would follow unless he was able to remove the body from his warehouse. He dug it up, put it in a loosely-corded packet, and then employed one of his men to carry it to a cab. This man, his suspicions aroused, followed the cab and traced him to the City churchyard. A few hours afterwards the body was traced by the police and Wainwright was arrested. And then came the trial. Popular interest in the murder was very great, partly because of its horrible surroundings and partly because of the personality of the murderer. For Wainwright was a personality—handsome, daring, fairly well-to-do, excellently educated, and a popular figure at literary entertainments. He was one of the small celebrities of the East End. If I remember rightly, he used to send occasional contributions to newspapers, including *Punch;* he was an excellent amateur actor, and he had often figured as an effective reciter at penny readings. Added to all this was the instinct that somewhere, deep down in his nature, there was that grim resoluteness of character that made him capable of desperate deeds. All the witnesses who knew him laid stress on his determination of character; and it will be seen that he was the kind of man to impress a powerful and fascinating personality on all with whom he came in contact, and especially on women, who have a primordial and indestructible instinct to subject themselves to the kind of man they recognize as the master that can conquer, even though they may feel that he can also destroy them.

The trial, then, took place amid every circumstance of popular interest. When Wainwright took his place in the dock, his appearance answered immediately to the impression that had been formed of him. Of middle height, of well knit and robust frame, with a fine beard and a large mustache, with a certain air of dignity, composure and self-confidence, he seemed the fitting figure to occupy the central place in a great tragedy. He dis-

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played, too, some of the qualities one would expect in one who was at once a man of business and, in a degree, a man of letters. His sight had become impaired during his imprisonment, and the audience saw accordingly a man in the dock carefully taking notes, wearing *pince-nez*, which, somehow or other, increased the sense of looking at a man who was tranquil, well educated, and methodical. George Manville Fenn, the well-known novelist, was sent by the *Echo* to report the trial, and I remember still the eloquent passage in which he drew a contrast between this quiet figure in the dock carefully and composedly taking notes and the hands of the clock gradually but surely numbering and decreasing the hours that lay between him and horrible death.

The evidence, of course, was purely circumstantial. Nobody had witnessed that dreadful interview in the dark hours of the night and in the silence of the deserted warehouse, during which these two people, that had once loved each other and had exchanged all the delirium of guilty passion, ended with one a corpse and the other a murderer.

The case for the prosecution was in the admirable keeping of Sir John Holker, the Attorney-General of the period—himself a remarkable personality with a life not without its strange ups and downs, nor also without a curious romance. A burly, broad-shouldered, robust man with a sleepy look, perhaps half-consciously exaggerated, an easy going and detached manner, a certain grim humor, and a somewhat affected manner, Sir John Holker was just the kind of deadly advocate that was wide-awake when he seemed asleep. And, of course, there came the only possible verdict. Wainwright was convicted and it was my business to record the story of his hanging.



"Sir John Holker was just the kind of deadly advocate that was wide-awake when he seemed asleep"

I SAW the hanging in Tullamore jail with nerves apparently of iron that nothing could disturb, and I went through the terrible ordeal without any obvious disturbance. But I remember that, what with the late hours and the short sleep and somewhat damaged health, I was painfully nervous when I had to see this second execution. The scene in the grim yard of Newgate was remarkable and indeed somewhat scandalous. The sheriff at the time was Sir John Bennett, the great clockmaker. He was a strange being—exuberant, gay, greedy for notoriety and popularity; and was proud when, with his splendid head of silver-white and curly hair and old fashioned dress, he was always received with tumultuous cheers by the democracy at Lord Mayors' shows. It was partly owing to his strange personality that admission to the execution was given freely, and when the unfortunate Wainwright appeared on the scaffold—horribly like, in its construction, to a butcher's shambles—he found himself confronted by more than seventy pairs of curious and horrified eyes. I can recall still the curious curl that came to his lips under the long, graceful mustache as he surveyed this big crowd of sightseers. It was his final defiance to the world—the last and greatest evidence of the daring self-confidence and scorn of his powerful personality.

Meantime I was reduced to a state of extreme nervousness. I found my hands shaking—a very unusual experience to me—and I did not know how to keep myself from a nervous breakdown. And as I looked around at this long array of spectators, all leaning against the big wooden bar which stretched along the yard, and every face showing in some form or other the universal feeling of horror, my own nervousness went on increasing. Fortunately the calls of professional duty were there and had to be obeyed. As it was known that I was to be present, several journals had asked me to write an account, and this account had to be ready almost immediately after the execution so as to get into the early editions of the evening papers, both in London and the provinces. Those familiar with newspaper work will know that journalists, when they have to supply the same article to several newspapers, are able to write several copies at the same time by the simple expedient of putting carbonized paper between the sheets, which reproduce on several pages what is written on the first. And the way I was able to escape from my nervousness was to keep on writing on my manifold, as it is called, which I had to hold in the palm of my hand, and upon which I had to press hard so that copy might get through to the pages underneath the first. And this I continued to do while I kept looking at the ghastly preparations for the execution in front of me. I should add that I had heard that Wainwright died with the same steady nerve as he had shown at the trial. I believe the doctor who felt his pulse immediately before the execution found that it was normal.

AND now let me conclude this narrative by noting the difference between my sensations not only during but after these two executions occurring within a few years of each other. I have already told how I found myself at a theater the very night of the first execution. I was surprised myself by the coolness with which I had gone through the whole terrible business. And the morning after I woke cheerful and active, and went through my day's work in the usual way. Then I came home to the poor lodging in which I lived with my brother and sisters and sat down on the sofa. Suddenly, without any notice, I became conscious of something descending upon me like some thick cloud of black and sudden night. I was seized in the iron grip of a fierce attack of melancholia—almost like one of those attacks from which George Borrow used to suffer. The whole world became black and hopeless to me. This then was human life, I kept saying to myself—this transient, miserable thing that on a summer morning could suddenly be destroyed, as had been done in the case of those two poor wretches whose execution I had seen the day before. It was an instance of a tendency which I think is common to men of some temperaments—mainly to men of imagination—who feel things much more in retrospect than while they are actually going on.

The very opposite happened to me after my second execution. I was nervous before and during the execution; I threw off all its horrors immediately afterwards. By this time I had plumbed the depths and the abysses of life; it no longer appeared to me so sacred and so beautiful a thing for anybody to be so concerned about its ending. "Death," I repeated to myself in the words of the Epistle to the Corinthians, "was swallowed up in victory." Or, to put it in another way, and in the words of even a greater writer, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

Today I do not think I was right in either the one case or the other, but I am narrating, not philosophizing.

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Senator Miles Poindexter

My Conscience and My Vote

By

MILES POINDEXTER

WHEN I was in the House of Representatives I heard someone translate in quite a unique and happy idiom Louis XIV's famous dictum in these words, "The State, I am It." So I might say as to my party at the present moment in the senate—I am It; at least so far as the official party designation is concerned. There are, however, in the senate some twelve or fifteen real Progressives in the Republican Party and an equal or perhaps larger number in the Democratic Party; and the profound political query contained in the title of this article is how long it will be until all these Progressives shall be free from the whip of the party caucus, and vote together for the common principles in which they all agree.

The above title is used only to point out the principle, and what I shall say has little or no reference to any particular action of mine, and is applicable to all political parties alike. The question, as I conceive it, really involves the whole proposition of popular representative government. As applied to a member of congress, the question is whether he himself shall control his own vote and cast it according to his convictions and his own sense of the proprieties of the occasion, or whether the political party with which he is affiliated in its organized formal capacity shall control his vote and direct on which side it shall be cast.

The question is as to which is of more concern, his own freedom of soul and action as represented by his vote, or his allegiance and subserviency to the formal orders and dictates of his party organization. This is as it concerns him individually; but as a public man there is that larger concern of the community and the welfare of the people as it is affected by one or the other of these propositions.

As to them the question is whether, in each of their several districts, states, or other political divisions, in the making of laws, which involves the decision of questions of vital importance to them in every phase of their lives, their quota of votes in the law-making body shall be cast in accordance with their interests, their wishes, their decision as indicated by an election, their judgment as ascertained through the investigation of their own chosen representative and the conclusions which he reaches; or whether their quota of votes shall be cast upon the instruction of some small caucus majority, or still smaller committee majority, or still smaller majority of a majority of a caucus, or majority of a majority of a committee—the majority of the majority controlling the majority, the majority controlling the committee, the committee controlling the majority of the caucus, the majority of the caucus controlling the caucus, the caucus controlling the party, and the party, if it be in power, of course, controlling the legislative branch of the government—this small controlling factor being chosen in other political subdivisions in which they had no voice and whose material and spiritual views, interests, concerns, and political problems may be entirely different from their own.

OF course, the ideal popular representative government is where the people of each political subdivision—each congressional district—so far as the House of Representatives is concerned, we will say for illustration—either by express instructions, or acting through the judgment of their delegated representative—is cast with absolute freedom and independence in the interest of that particular district, on the question which is involved.

Of course, in determining what is in their interest, the people themselves in each district, in weighing all the elements that should be considered in arriving at a just conclusion, will give due weight, as one element in the equation, to the importance and value, whatever it may be, of the success of the party in whose general doctrines and principles they believe; and will weigh, one against the other, the comparative benefits, where they are in conflict with each other, of a vote for their preference in the particular question in hand, or against their preference on the particular question, for the party success as a whole.

The evils of surrendering their representation, or of a member of congress surrendering his vote to the dictates of the party organization, also vary in degree with the varying degrees of merit of the party organization and the methods and rules upon which it is founded and conducted.

The question is also affected necessarily by the general political situation and the importance, or lack of importance, at any particular time, of party unanimity and harmony; by the virtue, or lack of it, of the principles upon which the party is founded, and the importance of the issues which for the time being it is promoting. All of these, however, as stated above, are elements which in an ideal condition of really independent representation can properly be taken into consideration both by the people of the political subdivisions themselves and by their representative or senator in determining whether he should yield his own judgment or they should yield their own interests, in the particular question involved, to the adverse decision of the party organization.

IN considering, as an ethical and also as a practical governmental proposition, the degree of control which a political party should exercise over its members we naturally inquire what right or reason has the party itself to exist. There is nothing whatever in the Constitution, either of the United States, nor, until recently, in the Constitution of any of the states, providing for political parties or the government of the same. They are purely voluntary organizations, and in fact there was, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, and has been at all times since, a large force of public

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opinion which regards political parties and government by political parties as injurious and unnecessary. At the time of the organization of the government there were no political parties in the sense in which we now understand them; and some of the wisest men and most profound thinkers of that era looked upon party spirit and party subserviency as one of the most insidious dangers that the experiment of free government, which they were engaged in establishing, would have to confront. For many years, however, in both this country and in other constitutional governments, conspicuously Great Britain, a system of government by party has prevailed. Under a system of party government free government necessarily involves, as an essential condition, a free party.

IF the government is by party and the party in its turn is controlled by caucus or by ring, which inevitably if persisted in leads to the domination of a single individual, with his power either absolute or modified by varying conditions of the influence and ability of his chief lieutenants and agents,—then it is perfectly obvious that free government has disappeared and is impossible under any such system. It inevitably leads to the conditions described by Washington: "The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries had perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and, sooner or later, the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purpose of his own elevation on the ruins of public liberty;" and it was against such excesses of party tyranny and intrigue rather than against a wholesome party spirit based upon a unity of belief and held together by general agreement upon issues affecting the public welfare that Washington advised: "Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind, (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight) the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

"It serves always to distract the public councils, and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one partyagainst another; foments occasional riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which finds a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

"There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent it bursting into a flame, lest instead of warming, it should consume."

All through the political history of our country it will be noted that, as the tyranny of the party government increased, the standard of statesmanship decreased. Making all due allowance for the magnified importance of the men and events who laid the foundations and put the government in motion, an impartial comparison of the leaders of public opinion in the great creative days of Settlement, Founding, Constitution-making, and the subsequent great era of Construction, when there was no such political institution as the party boss or the party machine, or ring, or formal secret caucus, shows that there were giants in those days. Party tyranny dwarfs the individual; party tyranny means governmental tyranny.

The ideal representative government would be that where the people in each of their several political subdivisions should decide in the great forum of general elections the issues which most vitally concern them. The evolution of free government has tended more and more to enlarge the functions of the direct franchise and to increase the responsiveness of government. Gradually issues came to be sharply defined, and the election of candidates aligned on the several sides was equivalent, in many cases, to a decision of the principle involved. There were many contingencies of uncertainty, however. Officials were not always faithful to their campaign pledges; there was opportunity for debate and disagreement as to what the issue actually was and what the election decided. Furthermore, it was impossible always to determine details in the elections, or to foresee the constant recurring needs of legislation or administration growing out of a living and changing body politic. Something had to be left to the loyalty, the intelligence, the judgment, the imagination of the representative, whether in legislative or executive office.

THE control of the people over the government in recent years has been enlarged by new agencies giving the people more direct power through changes in state and federal constitutions, as for instance, the Seventeenth amendment providing for the direct election of Senators of the United States; and the various forms of so-called initiative, referendum, and recall. These latter constructive measures are not in themselves new creations, but in one form or another, both in England, in Canada, in Scandinavia, and elsewhere, have been in more or less frequent use and application. With out national conservatism we regarded them a few years ago as extremely radical and perhaps dangerous. Through experience of the more progressive of our states their perfect practicability and efficacy has been demonstrated and there is now more or less general acceptance of the principle involved.

These measures and developments tend toward the destruction of party tyranny, and we are in the midst of an era of party independence, or independence of party.

Party rule by self-perpetuating committees, conventions of delegates appointed by the party authorities or selected under arbitrary party methods, and by so-called leaders or machine bosses, is a recent growth in this country and is unknown in any other country—free or otherwise—in the world. From 1789 until 1832 no conventions and no party platforms preceded the nomination and election of Presidents. During all of this period there were political parties and during a portion of it there was much party bitterness. They were held together, however, not so much by party machinery as by the cohesion of a common belief upon general policies, although, of course, not upon the specific details of government. Political parties in those days were schools of political thought and belief.

In recent years they have degenerated into gangs of spoilsmen operating under bosses with absolute political power. In 1789, 1792, and 1796 there were no Presidential nominations; and yet the great political divisions of Federalists and Republicans, or anti-Federalists, were able to elect, particularly in 1800, their typical leaders, and to cast their votes for Adams and Jefferson, respectively, indirectly, it is true, through the electoral college, by the use of the governmental machinery provided in the constitution and without the aid of the party machinery of more recent years. Washington, of course, rose above all party, and without the semblance of any party organization, by mere force of public opinion, was chosen by an overwhelming vote of the electoral college for his first term in 1789.

IN 1792 party organization was in an embryonic state, without convention, platform, or nomination, but both of the great parties agreed upon Washington for reëlection. Federalists and anti-Federalists—or Democratic-Republicans, as the Liberal Party was promiscuously designated,—represented, in the conditions and issues of that day, the universal principle, which inevitably governs the formation of parties in all times, namely, the Many against the Few; the General Mass against a Few selected individuals; the combination of the Many Weak against the Few Strong; Privilege and Property against Universal Personal rights and opportunities; Aristocracy against Democracy; the Conservative against the Liberal; the Tory against the Whig.

From 1796 no such thing as a nomination in any form by a political party of its candidate for President was known until 1800, and from that time until 1820 the respective parties selected their candidates through formal or informal caucus or conference of the party members of Congress. In 1812 De Witt Clinton was nominated at an informal meeting or convention of Federalists held in September in New York City. The Federalists as a party were rapidly disappearing; so that in 1820 even the caucus nominations disappeared and James Monroe had practically no opposition for reëlection in 1824. There were no party organizations and, as in 1789, a representative leader was chosen President through the machinery of the Constitution alone, and without the aid of party rules. In 1832 began the system of the modern party national convention out of which has grown, coming to an acute form in 1909, the domination of the government by an unregulated and, in one sense, lawless voluntary association, setting up its own methods and rules for the selection of Presidents of the United States and other great officers of government.

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OUT of this system grew that injurious and venomous party spirit, manifested in greater or lesser degree in different campaigns, which Washington warned against, and which in its worst manifestations is a mere unscrupulous political war for the legitimate and illegitimate spoils of office. Under this system party regularity, party subserviency, party servility, party prosperity were the cardinal virtues and prime object. Any indication of political independence was discountenanced, and any disobedience of the rule or order of the self-constituted party authorities was a political crime. It was an era of loot and political brigandage in municipal, state, and, on a somewhat higher plain, also in national affairs. The superlative position in this state of affairs was reached by the Republican Party, which, through the contingencies of Civil War, and Reconstruction, and the economic conditions following thereafter, had, with very brief interruptions, supreme and unlimited control of the government for half a century.

By reason of the system of party government, adverted to above, this party was a law unto itself. It, and not the people, chose the officers of state, from President and Supreme Court Judges down to Justices of the Peace. Such a system inevitably led to corruption and political degeneracy, and this corruption and degeneracy extended by example and contact from political to social and economic affairs. It grew into an era of money-madness. Human beings were ruthlessly sacrificed to avarice. The people and the people's welfare were a jest, and independent political thought was anathema. The taxing power of the government, through the tariff especially, was scandalously applied to building up great private interests at the expense of the general welfare, and a sound and just principle of reasonable protection of American industries was seized upon as a lure and specious pretense to keep unscrupulous interests in control of the taxing power. It was perverted from a policy of general welfare into the means of private aggrandizement. Under this same system of party tyranny, and as one of its natural evolutions, grew up monarchical rule in the House of Representatives. Under the excuse of parliamentary efficiency in the transaction of business, a system of rules was developed by the party in power which placed in the hands of one man absolute control over legislation; so that powerful interests, which had been founded upon conditions, described above, and grown great, virtually controlled the legislation of the United States by controlling the congressional district of the Speaker.

MONEY was used directly and indirectly in political campaigns with this end in view. Millions were spent to elect or defeat Representatives by private organizations concerned in legislation. General political corruption in many counties was illustrated by the arrest of large numbers of voters, and their convictions for selling their votes. Recent lobby investigations have indicated the vast sums of money invested in politics. The ramifications and innumerable lines of influence of the System, reaching from the great centers of finance in New York City into the most remote new Territories where railroads or other public utilities were seeking public franchises, did not prevent complete harmonious control of the whole through the magic word of party regularity. Out of this System grew the most unique of modern political institutions,—peculiar to America and characteristic of these conditions,—namely, the political "boss." The political boss ruled with a power more absolute than many a King upon a European throne. In some instances his principality was a great state; again it was a mighty city; or, at another time, a village, or country town. The System became so powerful that it extended outside of the limits of the party in power and, while preserving in its strictest form party regularity, had its bipartisan agents and emissaries in the Democratic Party; and, in many jurisdictions of the Nation, the latter party wielded the power in city or state which the Republican Party exercised in the Federal Government. In New York City or at Albany, in Pennsylvania or in Washington City, under Democratic Party government or Republican Party government, the System was the same.

There was great plunder to be had—the vast continent of natural resources belonging to the people—lands, forests, coal; the governments and property of the state; city franchises; public works and building contracts; all paid their gigantic toll to the System. Senatorships were bought, paid for, and delivered.

A PART of the success of the System was due to the preoccupation of the people in the great material work, incident to a new country, of settling the land and making homes, and in the primary occupation of earning a livelihood. The people had little time for politics; and it was not until population,—increasing at some sixteen millions in a Census decade,—coincident with the diminishing natural resources and the limitation—by the waves of the Pacific—of the westward migration, began to make the struggle for existence and for opportunity more severe, that the people turned in earnest first to inquire and then to act in the matter of their government. The excesses, mentioned above, sooner or later would inevitable have brought about in any event the destruction of the sinister cult of party priesthood, party orthodoxy, and the political proscription under which they had thrived. But the American people when aroused, although they are slow to wrath and conservative by nature, act speedily and with decision. The one man rule in the House of Representatives and in the Senate of the United States, the so called "bellwether" system of making a tariff bill under the leadership of Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, and the appointment of all Committees and control of the House of Representatives by the Speaker, were completely overthrown, partially by the spirit of revolt in the House of Representatives itself in 1909, reflecting the political revolution which was taking place among the people; and wholly, by the people themselves, in the elections of 1910 and 1912 in which the fortress of party tyranny as it then existed was destroyed and fifty years of Republican rule were brought to a permanent and eternal end with the pitiful showing of eight electoral votes.

OUT of this war and turmoil, the Democratic Party emerged with a majority and the control of all branches of the government. That party itself is divided between Liberals and Conservatives, Progressives and Stand-patters and it remains to be seen which element will direct its councils and its actions. It remains to be seen what use it will make of this power so suddenly thrust upon it out of the fortuitous circumstances of the war of the people against the System. It remains to be seen whether it will follow the unfortunate example which its representatives in the Senate set in the making of the present tariff act, of wielding the party whip, and suppressing the conscience and judgment of its members by the law of the party caucus.

Its tenure of power will depend to a large extent upon its attitude on this question. The people are not wedded to the Democratic Party, nor to any other party. They are wedded to principle and regard party only as an agency for giving effect to the principles of government in which they believe. If majority rule is destroyed by caucus rule, the Democratic Party must pay the penalty which comes to every enemy of free representative government. A general agreement upon the great fundamental doctrines of government, as applied to measures which arise from time to time, is a sufficient force to hold together any political party. The more acute and important the issue, the more cohesion will the party have. The greater concern of the country in the establishment of a principle, the more will Senators and Representatives sacrifice difference of opinion in detail in order to obtain party harmony upon the principle involved. Party tyranny whether through caucus, committee, Speaker, bellwether, boss, or other functionary, while it may enforce unity of action for a time, inevitably leads to dissatisfaction and rebellion in the party and to its eventual repudiation by the people themselves.

WHERE there is not sufficient virility of public opinion to bring about this repudiation of the political machine, the people are exploited through all the agencies of government. Under the cry of party regularity, the ring capitalizes the patriotism of the people. For campaign purposes it voices some principle to which the people are attached and uses it to gain and retain power. In New York City the boss is Democratic, because that is the overwhelming sentiment of the people. In Philadelphia a similar boss is—or was until his abuse of power led to his repudiation—Republican. Both are actuated by the same political principles and are in politics for the same purpose. The same interests contribute campaign funds to the Democratic machine in Virginia and to the Republican machine in Pennsylvania. Under the cry of party regularity, party "solidarity" and obedience to the "titular" head of the party, the effort is made to suppress all free political action and to paralyze individual judgment. Under such a régime, the machine is supreme. The possibility of interference with their plans being thus precluded, the press in many instances being owned or subsidized by the ring and their allies, and the public conscience deadened, the avenues of graft and special privilege are open and safe.

The remedy and the antidote is the doctrine of the new Progressive movement; that there shall be party organization, but no party slavery; party loyalty, but individual freedom; party harmony, but a harmony based on a common political belief. It is this revolt from the tyranny of the ring, and this alone, working in both of the old political parties, that has overthrown the Southern Pacific Railroad domination in California, and has broken the apparently invincible power of the close corporations of politics in so many states and cities.

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JOHN BARRYMORE, NOW APPEARING IN "THE YELLOW TICKET"

By James Montgomery Flagg

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The Changeling Book Agents

By HORATIO WINSLOW

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

AS he settled down at the restaurant table the book-agent nodded to the other diner.

"Soft town, neighbor, ain't it?" he chuckled, after finishing an order for the whole table d'hôte meal from noodle soup to layer ice-cream.

The melancholy man across looked up from his bread and milk with a grunt. He did not smile. It dawned on the book-agent that bread and milk was the cheapest dish on the bill of fare and that the melancholy expression opposite was not the melancholy of a dyspeptic but the deep blue gloom of a hungry man gone broke.

"Pardon me," said the book-agent, "but didn't I see you selling a set on Wilson Street this morning?"

The other stared moodily from his plebian bread and milk to the radishes which marked the beginning of the fifty-cent dinner.

"No, you didn't," he snapped. "You never saw me selling anything on Wilson Street or any other street of this bum town." With a weary gesture he laid a crumpled circular between the salt cellar and the vinegar cruet. "Here's what I was trying to sell—'Billing's Monumental History of the United States.' But I'm through—done—finished. Good night, my love, good night."

Mr. Hansen picked up the circular. "You mean to tell me," he asked incredulously, "that you can't sell a history of the United States here in the United States when you are a—a United Statesman? Listen. My name is Ole Bull Hansen. I'm a Norwegian born, and yet right here in the United States I sell Magnussen's 'History of the People of Norway: Their Literature and Life' on Our Celebrated Easy Payment Plan. My friend, what is the greatest poetry in the world? The Norwegian. Who discovered America? The Norwegians. Who——"

A scrape of chair legs on the floor shut him off.

"Oh sure, that's all right, too. You believe it, and if you believe it you can make the boobs believe it. If you didn't believe it—take it from me you'd never sell a set."

"But the United States is a great country," suggested Hansen. "Now if I wasn't no Norwegian——"

THE melancholy man rose to his feet, "So you think I'm a Yank, do you. Look here, I'd rather register from Timbuctoo than from any place in this back-yard ashpile they call 'The States.' The States! Huh! I'm a Canadian—a Canuck—a gol-blamed Canuck and proud of it. Lemme tell you this, too: just as soon as the good Lord'll let me, and that's tonight, I'm going back to God's country and tickled to death about it, too. The States!—yah!"

Ten-cent check in hand, the Canadian stalked to the cashier's desk while Hansen, looking after him, experienced a feeling of resentment.

"But he's right," he admitted. "You got to believe in it, or you can't talk it and sell it. Maybe if I wasn't such a red-hot Norski I couldn't sell Magnussen's History. But his funeral ain't my funeral."

He drew from his pocket the letter he had been handed at the general delivery window of the post-office a few minutes before. The envelope held a sheet of blue-ruled note-paper.

"Dear Ole" (ran the painful handwriting)

"Wel how are you all wel here come home soon You got to be 21 years old now and we got some news to break. Maybe you been Ole Bull Hansen and maybe not.

your father Lass Hansen."

THE free-lance book-agent may come and go as he pleases. Ole had planned to run up to his father's home at New Christiania the following week. Instead he went the next afternoon. The mysterious letter worried him and seemed to gum up his usually ready praise of Magnussen's History of the People of Norway.

Mother and father met him solemnly at the train. But not until the children had been packed away to bed did he learn any part of the dreadful secret. Once they were out of hearing, three parlor chairs were set at the points of an equilateral triangle while Ole was encouraged to bear up under the Worst.

"But I'm sure it ain't true," the mother sobbed, before the elder Hansen could begin the tale. "Why Ole, you got blue eyes just like my aunt Marie, and hair kind of reddish like my father, and a nose like Grandpa Olsen himself."

The book-agent squirmed desperately. "For goodness sake, Ma, what do you mean? Why ain't I sure enough Ole Hansen, Pa?"

"It's like this," began Pa. "You was born in the Old Country and you was a month old when we got to that hotel in Min'ap'lis."

Tears rolled down Mrs. Hansen's cheeks. "Oh, my poor little Ole! I shouldn't never have let you out of my eye."

"But Ole, she couldn't help it. She was sick yet from the trip over, and I had to do most for you myself."

And then with many pauses and urgings the story came out. The hotel in Min'ap'lis. The bath in the washroom with Pa as nurse. The presence in the washroom of another little boy baby just Ole's size and red and mewling just like Ole. The alarm of fire. Confusion—smoke—yells. The arrival of the firemen in identical black coats and moustaches. Their hasty exit, one with Ole and the second with the other baby followed by Pa and by the girl who had been bathing the other infant.

"So," concluded Pa, "we was all saved. Your mother, she got saved too. Out in the street I got one baby give back to me. But I didn't know if it been you or not. How could I tell? You see you was little and red-haired and yust like all babies and I couldn't find no one to ask. The other girl got her baby and she was gone, and your ma was so sick that it was five years before I told her about it."

"But the hotel register," suggested Ole. "Didn't you look up the register and——"

Mr. Hansen shook his head sadly. "No, Ole, that register book was burned too, and I don't even know what country that there girl was from."

He stared long at the boy before him, while Mrs. Hansen sobbed into a handkerchief.

"Maybe," he said at last, "maybe you are Ole Bull Hansen and maybe you ain't. Yust like I wrote you in the letter, I don't know."

BACK to Chilton sped the book-agent; Chilton, that "easy" town which he had only partially covered. Yet somehow, he had changed overnight. He came back dazed and terrified by what he had learned.

Perhaps he was really Ole Bull Hansen; perhaps—and he shuddered—perhaps the real Ole had perished in the flames. Worse still, perhaps the little chap with royal Norse blood in his veins was being brought up in some Norwegian-baiting, Scandinavian-hating household. All the book-agent's race loyalty boiled hot in anger—boiled hot until he realized that he himself might have sprung from some fatherland that had been ravished and laid waste a dozen times by the old Norse pirates.

It unnerved him. Day by day he brooded over and nursed the secret. From a hale, aggressive salesman he became timid and fearful with a deep hollow marking the spot where once had bulged his bump of self-confidence. No longer was he able to get conviction into his panegyrics. His profits dwindled steadily from the original thirty dollars a week to ten—to seven—to nothing at all.

It was on the Saturday evening of his nothing-at-all week while he was dining frugally on bread and milk that a red-cheeked, light-haired, blue-eyed youth sat down across the table from him and ordered the full fifty-cent meal. Deliberately Ole rebuffed several friendly overtures toward conversation, but there was no halting the genial stranger.

"Well," demanded Hansen slapping down his spoon, "what d'yah want anyhow?" He glared belligerently at the well-fed youngster.

"What do *I* want? It's not what I want that matters—it's what you want. And I can see that you're a man of trained intellect, a man who wants only the best. 'For,' says James O'Donohue on page 97 of his History of the Struggle for Home Rule in Ireland—I'll read it to you later—you'll find it in Volume Five—there's seven in all: cloth, leather, half-morocco, as you prefer—'For,' says James O'Donohue——"

"Never mind James," interrupted Ole enviously, "I can see by the way you talk that you believe it."

"Believe it! Why, man, how could I help believin' it and me born on the ould sod. Born right in County Clare I was, though my folks came to this country early. For they knew that next to Ireland, as James O'Donohue says, 'the United States——'"

"Next to Norway," insisted Ole, without thinking.

"Next to Ireland. But we'll not quarrel about it. You'll be convinced soon enough yourself when I show you the book. It's convinced me for I was only a month old when I came to this country, and as James O'Donohue says in Volume Three page 649——"

A strange thrill stirred Ole. "What year was that you came here?"

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"Year? 1889 it was, a year marked in the history of Erin by the following——"

OLE faced the book-agent squarely. He was shaking a little but he kept from his voice the anxiety and longing that strove within him. "Where did your folks go after they came over?"

"Montana. But they never got there for the reason that they were evicted by a hotel fire in Minneapolis—and speaking of evictions——"

Without ceremony Ole straightened out a long arm to grab the other's left shoulder. "What's your name?"

The other book-agent glared. "Take your hand off me coat for m'name's Robert Emmet Boyle and——"

Excitedly Ole sook his finger across the mustard and the pepper canister. "Listen to me, Robert Emmet Boyle or *Ole Bull Hansen*, whichever you are. Do your folks live here in Chilton? They do! I can see it by your eyes. Well, then, take me to them at once—do you understand? —right away. And don't be thinking you can hand me a bunch of knuckles and get away with it. Maybe I'm Irish myself."

One half hour later the saga of Ole's babyhood was being recited to the Boyle's. By stages the Boyles were incredulous, indignant, aghast.

Mrs. Boyle denied vehemently ever allowing little Robert Emmet out of her arms at the hotel; denied it until Norah appeared. Norah it was who had bathed Robert Emmet on that fatal occasion.

"Of course I took him that morning," she said to Mrs. Boyle, "and why not? I your own sister, and wasn't you burnin' up with the fever in your room while the hotel was gettin' ready to burn up with fire and flames? Didn't I put him into your arms after the fireman carried you out?" She turned to Ole. "But there was no mix-up about it all, at all. I'd never have taken my little nephew back if I hadn't been sure it was Robert Emmet himself. He was thet smoodgy nobody'd have recognized him, yes; but I knew him in a minute by the mole on his right elbow."

A pause of a moment and then Ole bared his arm. "I've got a mole on my right elbow too."

Mrs. Boyle broke the silence that followed, with a snap of her fingers. "There couldn't have been any mistake. You can see for yourself my Robert Emmet has got your Grandpa Connor's chin, and my Uncle Larry's fine eyes, and my own mother's hair."

"Yes," said Mr. Boyle, removing his pipe, "and this other lad here has the small ears like your Aunt Kitty, and eyebrows as light as my own and my father's before me, and it's your very own mouth that's on him."

THE changelings stared at each other speechless.

Then Mrs. Boyle, last to capitulate, became the first to suggest a solution. She walked up to Ole, put her arms around him, and kissed him twice.

"We'll bother no more about it," she said decisively. "I'll take no chances with me own flesh and blood. If you weren't my boy before, I want you for my boy now as long as there's a rafter overhead or a crust on the table."

"We'll be needing the rafters and the crusts both," said Robert Emmet sadly. "I can't sell any more Home Rule when I don't know whether I'm an Irishman or a Norwegian."

"And I know I can't sell Magnussen," echoed Ole Bull. "I've tried it."

"Black shame on the both of you," cried Mrs. Boyle. "Why, back in the old countries you wouldn't have half the chance you have here. I've had my trials and my troubles in the United States of America but for all its faults it's the best country for livin' in I've found yet. The best."

Ole slapped his thigh with sudden delight.

"That's it—I've got the answer, Robert Emmet. The other fellow didn't belong but we do, and we can get away with it."

"Get away with what?" chorused the Boyles.

"Read for yourselves!" With a grand gesture Ole slapped down upon the table the dog-eared, pocket-worn circular of a certain, "Peerless Edition de Luxe, Consisting of Ten Mammoth Octavo Volumes—Five Styles—Wonderfully Illustrated—Magnificently Written—Easy Payments—An Education for Young and Old—Billing's Monumental History of the United States."

"Like hot cakes," he shouted, "it'll go like hot cakes: the history of the best country in the world!"

"Must be on every parlor table—on *every* parlor table," agreed Robert Emmet Boyle, an awed expression on his face.

"The history of the country you live in—the best country in the world," repeated Ole, "the best in the world."



"Maybe you are Ole Bull Hansen and maybe you ain't"

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The Publication of Plays

By GEORGE MIDDLETON

A FEW years ago, Mr. Ramsay, a salesman in one of the largest book shops in Chicago, foreseeing a marked tendency on the part of the public, asked permission to have, in a conspicuous part of the store, a table that should be exclusively devoted to drama. From a small list he succeeded in building up one of the largest retail drama departments in the country—so great has become the demand for published plays. This increasing output on the part of all publishers without exception, is extremely significant and indicates a new force in the drama which must be reckoned with.

Play publication has been no novelty abroad. For many years it has been a natural outlet for the dramatist, no matter how great or how small has been the vogue of his play upon the stage. When one considers, too, the short runs that most plays enjoy abroad, it can be seen that the publication must have been stimulated by a demand for the play in printed form, since publishers, like the politicians, are not in business for their health. France and Germany have been the great field for this furrowing, partly because the drama makes, as a rule, more of a literary appeal than elsewhere, and also because the dramatist is accepted as a literary man. Production and publication are generally simultaneous. Within recent years England has taken its place as an encourager of the published drama, and this has very naturally influenced the American publisher, who is now boldly accepting the foreign successes and timidly encouraging the native dramatists.

Most plays thus bound between covers have felt the glare of the footlights. A play, generally speaking, must be written to be acted; we are not here concerned with those experiments in dialogue which are impractical and intended primarily for the study. Publication at best is merely the record of the dramatist's intention, since no printed version can possess the vitality of a presentation. But theatrical conditions and social conventions in this country are such that there is a host of plays, outside the universal successes, which can never find their way in our commercial theater with its necessity of group appeal. These are the plays, written by the foremost dramatists, which for want of a production here are translated for those who cannot otherwise keep in touch with the drama of the world.

STRINDBERG, for example—with the exception of sporadic performances of the "Father," "The Stronger," "Countess Julie," and one or two others—must be studied in a flood of translations rather than on the stage. An authorized translation of Hauptmann is approaching completion, though practically we American theater-goers know only the "Sunken Bell" and "Hannele." Two volumes of Sudermann's one-act plays—"Rosen" and "Morituri"—have been accessible for several years, but rarely produced. His "Heimat" (Magda) of course, and the "Joy of Living," translated by Edith Wharton, are also in book form. Schnitzler is no longer a mere name; he, too, is rapidly being prepared for readers, mainly due to the vogue of "Anatol," chastened by Granville Barker. Much of Ibsen remains without American production and yet it has long been possible to study his genius in the library. Of the other Continental dramatists who are translated, one finds Björnson, whose "Beyond Human Power" we know upon the professional stage; Tchekoff; Giacosa; Wedekind, of "Spring's Awakening" fame; Hervieu; Rostand, Becque, the ironic; and Brieux, the most talked of dramatist of the day. The best of Lavedan, Donnay and even Victor De Curel, is also impending in print. And, of course, no superficial list would be complete without many of the obtainable but unproduced dramas of Maeterlinck.

To catalogue the published English dramatists would outrival Homer. Shaw, Pinero, Jones, Galsworthy, Barker, Besier, Houghton, as well as Lady Gregory, Hyde, Synge, and Yates, are within reach of hand. Barrie alone of the prominent writers for the stage refuses to have his plays put in book form. So close has become the English and American stage, through managerial affiliation and the common tongue, that their plays are ours though with varying degrees of success. The American dramatist, too, is slowly gaining the added dignity of publication outside of acting editions intended for amateur and "stock" production. While the list intended for the reading public is as yet small, it is graced by such names as Thomas, Fitch, Bronson Howard, Percy Mackaye, Josephine Preston Peabody, Olive Dargan and Vaughan Moody.

IT is obvious that all this presupposes a growing interest in the drama. This acceleration is due mainly to the great number of lecturers and public readers who are specializing in this branch of creative expression. Added to this is the rapid development of drama courses in the colleges under such men as Professors Baker, Phelps, Henderson, Matthews, and Dickinson. Possibly the greatest single force, however, which has stimulated an interest in the published play has been the Drama League with its study clubs and educational courses all over the country. In this connection, it is pertinent to note that one prominent firm is bringing out a series of modern plays directly under the League's auspices, initiating the edition with Percy Mackaye's "A Thousand Years Ago," and Kenyon's "Kindling." Thus many removed from metropolitan centers may obtain some understanding of the plays they may never see.

Play publication has also raised the standards of amateur performances—and it is in these organizations, so frequently sneered at, that the taste of the future is being moulded. The Toy Theater in Boston, The Plays and Players in Philadelphia, and The Dartmouth Dramatic Society, are among those that are trying to break from the flabby farces and sentimental mush in which it was formerly the custom for amateurs exclusively to indulge. The fact that Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" was first produced in this country by amateurs is some indication of this tendency.

THE published play means much to the American playwright. There are many cases where a play is not ideally cast nor presented as written; cases, like "Chains," where the play has been damaged by ignorant butchery under managerial direction, resulting in failure. The printed word sets the dramatist right before his public. The fact that a play is also to be read is in itself an incentive for a better tone in phrase, which is possible without losing verisimilitude. Stage directions, too, under this spur, become vital and human. Subjectively then it is both a stimulus and a defence. Further, publication renders the author a small but durable public and he becomes accessible and known to many who, in the quiet of the study, may find hidden qualities which are often lost or blurred in the presentation. People are apt to forget that the theater is capricious and does not always offer its financial success to plays of greatest moment. The prophet or social interpreter may be ostracized by the public if he violates too radically the thought and convention of the moment. The published play affords him some audience and keeps his play alive, for it can be read creatively by sympathetic understanding.

Publication may often lead to production. This was the case with Bernard Shaw. All his earlier plays were in book form before they were tested by the footlights. This in itself means much to the dramatist, who may not be able to get his play produced through a variety of causes not within his power to control. The acid test of commercialism is not a criterion of merit. Percy Mackaye, one of the foremost advocates of publication before presentation, has had nearly all his plays presented to the public in this order. "The Scarecrow," for example, reached the stage three years after it had reached the reader.

SOME fear this may lead to piracy; but there is no way to prevent a script being stolen once the words are accessible to a stenographer. Others argue that to read a play before seeing it is to kill the surprise. No one of course need read a play, but if that objection is insisted upon one might answer that few play plots are unknown once the play is produced. Most English plays—like "Prunella," and "Hindle Wakes"—are already in book form before production here. Possibly if the play has some merit, it might be a kindness to give the critic the script before he sees the play; it might add more value to a judgment that must be hastily formulated to meet an edition.

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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

The Day of Municipal Bonds

SINCE the passage of the Federal Income Tax, municipal bonds have enjoyed something of a boom, which they probably deserve, but not solely from benefits conferred by this new law. Municipal bonds are the obligations of counties, cities, towns, villages, school districts, and other small political divisions. It is a fairly settled and comprehensible policy of government to facilitate its own financial operations in every practical way, and thus the exemption of all obligations of political bodies from income taxation is a natural step.

But far too much hue and cry has been made of this favoring clause. Unless one's income mounts far up, above $20,000 at least, the amount to be gained by owning Federal Income Tax exempts is absurdly small. There are so very many deductions to be made before paying the Income Tax—$3,000 for unmarried, $4,000 for married citizens, business expenses, other taxes, bad debts, depreciation charges, stocks owned, notes which are obligations of individuals, and several thousand of bonds the tax upon which the issuing corporations have agreed to pay—that for the man of moderate income, this new Federal impost is ridiculously small. Suppose that after all these deductions are made the internal revenue collectors, with eyes in the back of their heads, do find that you have two bonds upon which you must pay. The total annual tax will amount to the huge sum of 80 cents upon two 4 per cent. bonds or 90 cents upon two 4½s. Horrible! Confiscatory! Socialism!

Why Municipals Have Risen

FOR a number of years past, and culminating in the early and middle parts of 1913, the political sub-divisions of our states have found it increasingly difficult to sell bonds. At present there are probably about three billion dollars of these bonds out, and the amount grows by leaps and bounds. Prior to about 1840 no such bonds existed, but their production increases as people demand new types of public improvements, because of the rapid advance of civilization along humanitarian, sanitary and sociological lines.

In the last few years all manner of borrowers have found it extremely difficult to negotiate loans, a condition especially acute in the case of municipalities because of the general feeling among bankers and investors that a wave of municipal extravagance was sweeping over the country. At times last year great rich cities could not sell their bonds at all. In St. Paul, James J. Hill came to the rescue, and even the extraordinarily prosperous Detroit despaired of raising borrowed funds until one day Henry Ford walked to the city hall and calmly bought a couple of millions for his own account. Elsewhere newspapers and department stores conducted popular sales. A more grave investment situation has rarely been known.

BUT like all financial movements, this one went too far, and was certain to be checked. The incident that checked it was the passage of the income tax law specifically exempting this class of bonds. The actual dollar value of this exemption was minute except to large investors, but the sentimental value was great. One does not have to even mention his holdings of municipals in making out income tax returns. Immediately investment bankers, grasping at a straw, advertised these facts extensively, offered all manner of municipals for sale, high yield and low yield, and all at once the entire financial world was, and still is, discussing this class of bond. As a result prices have rapidly advanced, a few nervously rich investors of the super-taxed variety have bought extensively to prevent the possibility of having their holdings of securities become public property, and the general run of persons wonder what all the excitement is about.

Why Municipals Appeal

OF all branches of finance, that dealing with public and especially municipal finance is perhaps the most complex. But a few essential facts will suffice for the present purpose. Municipal bonds are secured by the good faith and credit of an entire community, and in a sense are a lien against all taxable property. No real person or artificial person (corporation) can move a finger until he has paid his local taxes, and these taxes are what in the main pay the interest on municipal bonds. Of course it is possible for municipal bonds to be illegally issued, for laws are sometimes misconstrued. It is possible for the proceeds to be diverted, for public officials are sometimes grafters. It is possible for bonds to be unwisely issued, for sometimes the people are ignorant or careless, and so are their representatives.

Two years ago a lawyer made a careful estimate of all the municipal bonds that have been held void by the courts, a total of about two hundred million dollars. But the great bulk of this invalidity took place when towns and cities lent their credit to railroad enterprises, a cause no longer operative. And even then nearly all were thus damned before they reached the hands of bona fide investors, the total amount of municipals held void in the hands of investors being only $6,416,000, an insignificant fraction of the billions issued.

No municipal bond, it is interesting to note, ever has been held void in New England. The truth is that these bonds as a class approach absolute safety more nearly than any other class of corporation or private investments. In practically all the states, savings banks, insurance companies and trustees are permitted to invest in them. In a period when capital is nervous such bonds are especially desirable.

IT is true that many cities and towns are extravagant or corrupt. It is bad finance to sell long term village bonds against highways which wear out in two or three years. But the well managed town throws part of these improvements into current budget, and part into short term loans for short-lived improvements. Surely the present generation must not pay



Educators Everywhere

are speaking out against the use of coffee and tea with growing children.

In the young, susceptibility to harmful drugs—such as "caffeine," in coffee and tea, is more marked than in persons of mature years.

And just as many adult coffee or tea drinkers suffer from nerve irritability, heart disorder, digestive disturbances and other ills, so the child with its far more sensitive make-up often suffers a hurt which may show in deficiency of learning ability or physical frailty—more noticeable to the teacher than to parents.

The thing for parents to do is to keep coffee and tea out of the reach of our little citizens. The most unkind thing a mother can do is to place a cup of coffee before her child.—Dr. E. A. Peterson, Medical Director Public Schools, Cleveland, O.

The symptoms produced by coffee-drinking can be observed in the arrested physical and mental development of children.—Dr. Otto Juettner, Sec. Cincinnati Polyclinic, Cincinnati, O.

In the light of such testimony the parent who gives a child coffee or tea is taking grave chances of ruining the child's health.

Mothers, quick to remedy wrong health conditions, yet reluctant to deny childish pleasure its hot breakfast cup, now use

POSTUM

—a pure food drink made of wheat. It is free from caffeine or any other drug, and children can drink it at every meal and grow strong and rosy.

"There's a Reason"

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The Foundation of Many a Fortune

has been made through ability to classify properly the various types of good investments and select the best examples of each type with a definite aim in view. In addition, ability is always required to judge conditions so that the securities selected are purchased and sold or exchanged at the most opportune times.

We endeavor to provide a definite service for our customers, which will assist them to invest in the most profitable way possible.

We send to customers and to prospective customers, from time to time, letters on current affairs which affect high grade investment securities. Our latest suggestions are contained in Circular EV-66 which may be had on request.

A. B. LEACH & CO.

Investment Securities

149 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

8 SO. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

Boston Buffalo Philadelphia Baltimore London, Eng.

for all the improvements that posterity will enjoy. Probably, too, extravagance does not increase as fast as efficient and scientific municipal management spreads. The commission form of government, a city manager for Dayton, and an expert, non-partisan financial management for New York City, are but symptoms. In Massachusetts a new law compels all political sub-divisions to adopt the serial form of repayment, a complete insurance of conservatism and safety.

YEAR by year state laws become more strict, gradually but surely narrowing the scope possessed by political sub-divisions that do not provide sinking funds or serial maturities for their bonds. In the few cases where there are no constitutional or charter provisions, the better class of investment banking houses do not bid for the bonds, or only at prices well out of line with the better securities. Then too it must be emphasized that many municipal improvements such as water works, subways, docks, harbor and port facilities are self sustaining. Fifteen years ago there were practically no such city improvements.

How to Choose

FORMERLY it was held that city bonds were not good unless the net debt was about 5 per cent. or less of the assessed value of taxable property. This rule of thumb no longer holds, partly because of the increase of self sustaining debt. And it becomes increasingly important to consider in each case the general financial and industrial conditions of any particular city.

Fifteen years ago only the bonds of large cities enjoyed a good market. This is no longer true. Not only do many small towns issue wholly safe bonds but there is a demand for them from savings banks, insurance companies and other institutional investors, as well as a growing demand from individuals. Many of our strongest banking firms specialize and constantly trade in these bonds, and the investor should consult a good banking house before making a purchase. Such consultation is not so necessary when the bonds of large cities such as Boston and New York are under consideration. New York City bonds are the only ones listed on the Stock Exchange, and there is always a big, broad market for them.

NATURALLY, no sensible person will buy the bond of a town so small that its population may walk away over night. One small town to escape paying its debts moved from one side of a creek to the other. Nor would any sensible person buy the bond of a one-industry town, particularly a small mining town, where the mine may give out and the prospectors go away. Towns in agricultural territories, or in which there are many diverse manufacturing industries, are naturally best.

Few Eastern municipals yield more than 4¼ per cent. since the recent upward movement. In the West good bonds may be had to yield 4¾ per cent., although even there such cities as Denver, Colorado, and Portland, Oregon, yield less. On the other hand, San Francisco bonds return about 5 per cent., as do most of the western Canadian towns and cities. Naturally investors prefer the bonds of a stable, settled community. Boom towns may fail just as boom industries do. Then, too, the population of a new place enjoys fewer elements of stability and responsibility than does that of an older settlement. However, bond experts say that the elements of stability and moral responsibility are far more evident today in the West and South than formerly.

Why municipals sometimes sell at very low yields is clear enough. Take the Essex County, New Jersey, 4½s which yield only 4.30 per cent.; or the Scranton, Pennsylvania, 4½s yielding 4.25 per cent. In the one case, debt is only 1 7-8 per cent. of assessed valuation, and in the other but 1.9 per cent. Essex County includes the city of Newark where industry is wonderfully diversified. The possibility of property in Newark not being able to pay taxes is too remote for conception. But such possibilities are not too remote in a mushroom town with one suddenly acquired source of prosperity.

IN conclusion it is highly important to observe that municipal bonds are most suitable to persons upon whom state and local taxation is a burden. In New York and New Jersey all bonds of sub-divisions of these states are non-taxable to residents. In California, Michigan, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin, as well as in several smaller states, all the bonds issued in the last few years and all future bonds are exempt. Among the states where certain specified issues are exempt are New Hampshire, Kansas, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Connecticut. In these states investors must be sure in each case whether they are buying taxables or non-taxables. Among the states whose municipal bonds are not free from taxation to residents are Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska, Texas and Virginia.

Often local taxes amount to almost 2 per cent. The widow who has just inherited a small competence is sure to be taxed, because the appraisal of her husband's estate has supplied the authorities with information. And of course the completely honest man is taxed, while innumerable persons less delicate escape. What is wiser therefore than to buy securities which the state in its wisdom specifically exempts from taxation, granted that one does live in a state which has so decreed?

The Squaw

By MARION ETHEL HAMILTON

HE trade me off, for saddle-cloth,
An' tell me, "Fade!"—"Vamoose!"
An' all he leav' for t'ink heem of,
Is leetle, damn papoose.

Last squaw-man, I don' lak heem ugh!
(In dry arroyo's bed,
He lie all bleed, in willow brush;)
I kill! Maybe, soon dead.

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What They Think of Us

Oscar E. Riley, The Globe Democrat, St. Louis (Mo.)

I resolve to read every paragraph of HARPER'S WEEKLY in 1914, that my interest may become all embracing.

Senator Robert M. La Follette

HARPER'S WEEKLY is running a series of articles by Louis D. Brandeis entitled "Breaking the Money Trust." I will say to the readers of "*La Follette's*" without reservation that these articles by this great publicist will constitute an enlightening treatise of present-day conditions that will materially aid in making public sentiment and shaping legislation in the settlement of the greatest problem of our time.

Angeles (Cal.) *Tribune*

It is with surprise that so fine a journal as the *Chicago Evening Post* is observed trying to belittle Editor Hapgood of HARPER'S WEEKLY. It says, in part:

"Mr. Norman Hapgood seems to have abandoned temporarily his self-assumed function as voice of the feminist movement, and to have taken up the task of working out our national salvation from an economic standpoint."

Follow a few flings at Louis Brandeis, who is contributing to HARPER'S a series of eye-opening and vital papers, exposing the iniquity of the leagued money powers, and suggesting methods by which their brutal clutch may be loosed from the throat of the looted public.

Is not the salvation of a nation a worthy task?

Why should it not be undertaken? And why not by such men as Hapgood and Brandeis?

The *Post* hardly would go so far as to say that either is dreaming; that there are not wrongs to be corrected; that there is not possibility of finding a remedy.

When the fact can be demonstrated (as it can, and is being), that greed has devised a system whereby the people are helpless in the hands of a few who are avaricious, money-mad, conscienceless, thus dead to all appeal on the moral side, the making of the demonstration is to be commended.

The Philadelphia (Pa.) *North American*

The *North American* urges its readers to an attentive study of a series of articles now appearing in HARPER'S WEEKLY. The recommendation is unusual, but there is an unusually strong reason for it.

The articles concern the Money Trust, which embodies the most important public question that has confronted this generation. And they are written by Louis D. Brandeis, who is better equipped than any other American to clear up the complexities of the problem and present the facts with convincing force.

Owen Hatteras in the *Smart Set*

The Seven Wonders of New York:
The bread-line.
Diamond Jim Brady.
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Jack's.
Ludlow Street Jail.
Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.
Potashes and Perlmutters.

Before spending a single penny on new clothes, before even planning your Spring wardrobe, consult Vogue's five great Spring Fashion numbers! Beginning with the

Forecast of Spring Fashions

they follow now one right after the other! In the next few months—the very period in which these numbers appear—you will be selecting your entire Spring wardrobe and paying out hundreds of dollars for the things you select.

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown! Gloves, boots, hats, that just miss being exactly what you want, are the ones that cost more than you can afford!

Why take chances again this year when by simply sending in the card, and at your convenience paying $2—a tiny fraction of the loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown—you can insure the correctness of your whole Spring and Summer wardrobe?

$2 INVESTED IN VOGUE MAY SAVE YOU $200

For $2.00—a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown—you may have before you at this important buying season all five of these special Spring Fashion numbers. Not only that, but all through the Summer, the other numbers that follow them.

Here are the twelve numbers of Vogue you will receive:

Spring Patterns March 1
Working models for one's whole Spring and Summer wardrobe.

Spring Millinery March 15
The newest models in smart hats, veils and coiffures.

Spring Fashions April 1
The last word on Spring gowns, waists, lingerie and accessories.

Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes April 15
First aid to her who must dress smartly on a moderate income.

Interior Decorations of Summer Homes May 1
A journey "thro' pleasures and palaces," in Newport and elsewhere.

Brides May 15
Late Spring fashions and special bridal interests.

Summer Fashions June 1
The final showing of the Summer modes that will be.

European and Travel June 15
Where to go, how to go, what to wear and how to wear it.

Hot Weather Fashions July 1
The correct wardrobe and equipment for all outdoor sports

Hostesses July 15
The fine art of entertaining, indoors and out.

London and Paris Seasons August 1
What is going on in the beau monde abroad.

Children's Fashions August 15
Outfits for the infant and the school boy or girl.

The very earliest of the fashion numbers—the Spring Dress Materials—is already on the newsstands. You can, of course, get it and all the others from your newsdealer. But you will have to act quickly—the demand always clears the stands in a few days! If no newsdealer is near by, or if you have any trouble getting Vogue, make sure of your copies now by sending in this coupon. All you have to do is to write your name and address, tear off the coupon and mail to Vogue. If you wish to *enclose* the $2.00 and save us bookkeeping, we will show our appreciation by sending you at once, *with our compliments,* the Spring Materials Number just out, making thirteen numbers instead of twelve. If more convenient, send coupon without money. Your subscription will then start with the Forecast Number and continue through the next eleven numbers. Bill will be sent you on March 1st.

VOGUE, 443 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.
Please send me twelve numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Forecast Number. I will send you $2.00 on receipt of bill March 1st. (OR) $2.00 enclosed herewith. Please send me thirteen numbers of Vogue, beginning with Spring Dress Materials Number.

Name.....
(please write very plainly)
Address.....
City.....
State.....
H. W. 1.24

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HUDSON Six-40

Now a Light-Weight Six

Lighter than equal-powered cars—Lower operative cost—With a streamline body of the most distinguished type—And sold for $1,750—Opening the way for legions to own Sixes.

NOW comes the best news that was ever announced by Hudson engineers:

A high-grade Six, with all the latest equipment, brought down to $1,750.

A six-passenger Six which weighs 2,980 pounds—400 pounds less than the Hudson "37," which was a five-passenger Four.

A Six which is larger, both in power and capacity, than the Hudson "37." Yet the operative cost is one-fourth less.

For $1,750 you can now obtain a Six which costs less to operate, which weighs less, and which undersells cars of any type of the same size, class and power. Think what it means to obtain a Six that offers the advantages which are exclusive with Sixes, and at a price below that at which comparable cars are sold.

In all our comparisons, no equal-powered car has shown anywhere near so low a fuel consumption.

And, with all this, a beautiful car—a streamline body—the very latest equipment. Up to six months ago, no car at any price offered so many attractions.

In this new Six-40, with its matchless economy, Howard E. Coffin has solved the last question on Sixes.

There were only three points which deterred men from Sixes—weight, price and operative cost.

Here now is a weight which marks a new record for cars of this size and power. Here is a price below comparable cars of any type. And here is operative cost which fairly compares with even four-cylinder "Forties."

This brings to the Six, with all its unquestioned superiorities, the only three advantages it lacked.

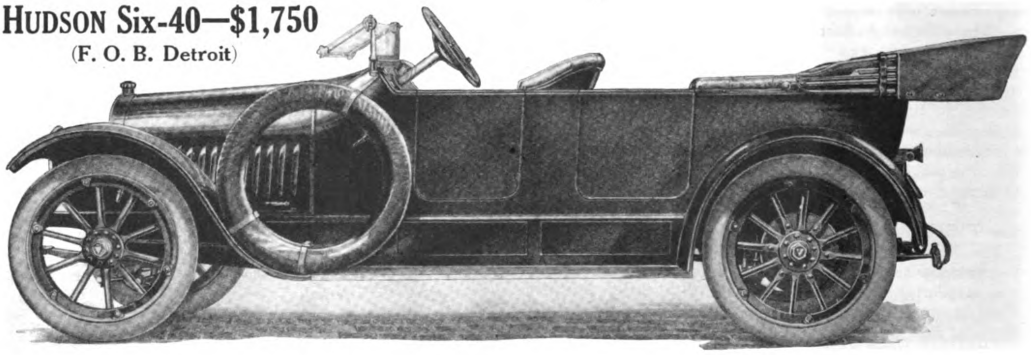
This car will extend the reign of Sixes over an enormous new section of Motordom.

In the high-priced field Sixes long have held sway. Last year—with the advent of the Hudson Six-54—Sixes captured the field down to $2,450.

Now comes a Six for men who wish to pay $2,000 or under for a quality car. Men who want light weight, modest size and power. Men who want low upkeep and low operative cost. And who wish to minimize depreciation.

Every year, tens of thousands of men buy cars of this class. And Sixes heretofore have been barred to them.

HUDSON Six-40—$1,750
(F. O. B. Detroit)



Wheelbase, 123 inches.

Seats from 4 to 7 passengers.

Weight, 2,980 lbs.

Cylinders, 3½-in. bore, 5-in. stroke.

Tires 34 in. x 4 in. Demountable rims with extra rim. Will equip with wire wheels, with extra wheel, for $75 extra.

Left-side drive.

Delco patented system of electric lighting and starting.

Gasoline tank in cowl dash, all instruments and gauges within reach of driver.

Extra tires carried on running-board, ahead of the front door.

Entrance to front seat from either side.

"One-Man" top of genuine Pantasote. A girl can easily raise and lower the top without stepping out of the car.

Quick-adjustable side curtains, enveloped in the top. Passengers can adjust them in a moment from their seats.

Two disappearing tonneau seats—attached—which fold into back of the front seat.

11-in. electric parabolic headlights with special dimming attachment.

Electric tail light, dash light and portable inspection light.

Integral windshield, rain-vision and ventilating.

Speedometer sunk in cowl apron, driven by noiseless concealed gears within the wheel spindle.

Electric horn.

License carriers. Tire or wheel holders.

Hand-buffed leather upholstering.

Trunk Rack.

All tools complete.

Price, $1,750 F.O.B. Detroit.

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HUDSON Six-40

A Quality Six at $1750

No longer need Sixes be considered too costly. We consider this Hudson Six-40 surpasses in richness of finish and mechanical detail any car of similar size or price.

THIS Hudson Six-40 is the latest achievement of Howard E. Coffin and his able engineers. It marks a new era in Sixes. And in just the same way as Mr. Coffin, years ago, marked a new era in Fours.

It was he who built the first high-grade Four to sell under $3,000. That was when buyers of modest-priced cars had to be content with two cylinders.

Later he built the first high-grade Four to sell under $2,000. That car —at $1,500—marked the end of two cylinders.

Four years after he built the Hudson Six-54—the first quality Six to sell under $3,000. And now he offers the first Hudson-grade Six to be sold under $2,000.

So this is the climax of many steps toward lower price and lower upkeep cost. And toward bringing the best in type and class within the reach of the many.

How He Did It

There have, up to now, been some drawbacks in Sixes. In some ways they were costly. So this luxury of motion was confined to men who could afford it.

Mr. Coffin, in part, has followed the latest European practice. He employs the small bore and long stroke. There are several reasons why this results in great economy of power,

He has accomplished lightness without sacrificing strength, so the power has less weight to carry. He has ended vibration at any speed, and vibration means wasted power.

The smooth-running Six has always cut down upkeep. It has lessened depreciation. Its continuous power has minimized the tire cost.

Now comes a saving in weight and a saving in fuel, to give to the Six an unquestioned economy.

Even in Europe, where fuel economy is the paramount question, this new-type Six is this year acclaimed as the coming type of car. Its record in the last Grand Prix race, with a fuel limit, brought this change about.

New Ideas in Beauty

To all this we have added a beautiful car, with the same streamline body as came out this season in the Hudson Six-54. And these cars, we think, must be regarded as the handsomest in America.

Like all the best European makers, we have done away with that awkward, inartistic angle at the dash.

The Six-40 is better finished and better equipped than any previous Hudson, save our new Six-54. Every detail, small and large, accords with the costly-car standards.

Note the specifications, the entirely-new features. The "One-Man" top, the quick-adjustable side curtains. The disappearing tonneau seats. All hinges are concealed.

Note the new weight distribution. The gasoline tank is in the dash. Extra tires are carried ahead of the front door, yet the door swings wide.

All these things typify accepted world-standards, carried out to their final perfection.

Also the New HUDSON Six-54

We have also brought out for this season a new Hudson Six-54. A seven-passenger car with 135-inch wheel base—with tires 36 x 4½.

In body design, equipment, etc., the car is quite similar to this Six-40. It is for men who want a big, powerful car.

Last year, the Hudson Six-54 was the most popular Six on the market. It proved that the utmost in a Six could be sold at a moderate price.

This year there are many improvements, including this streamline body. Yet the price is reduced to $2,250.

Thus we now meet, in a masterly way, every idea in a Six. The Hudson Six-40 for the man who wants lightness, economy, and modest size and power. The Hudson Six-54 for the man who wants more of size and room and power. And both offer you a new ideal of a distinguished car. We consider them, by long odds, the handsomest cars of the year.

Then the car is right in size and weight and power. It marks the fruition of a long-time trend toward moderation, ease of control and economy.

Go Ride in It

Perhaps there are some who, despite these economies, are not yet converted to Sixes.

We ask that such people go ride in this car. Our local dealer will take you.

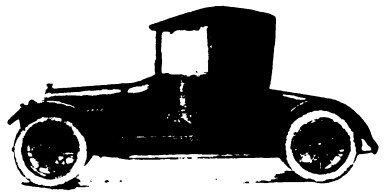
Note the smoothness of continuous power and overlapping strokes. Note the flexibility, the quick acceleration. Note the total lack of vibration. Note how slowly you can go, how quickly pick up, and what grades you can climb without changing from high gear.

Then think that this car costs less, weighs less, uses less fuel and costs less for upkeep than many a car which lacks these advantages.

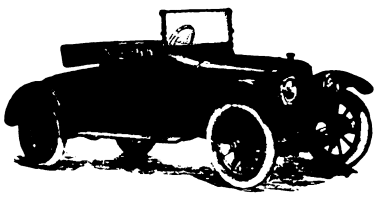
One ride will convert you. No man or woman can ride in this car without wanting to own a Six.

Then you will realize what Mr. Coffin has done in making the Six economical.

Hudson dealers everywhere now have this Six-40 on show. Ask us for Howard E. Coffin's book, reviewing all the 1914 motor car improvements.



The Cabriolet—a New-Type Roadster on the Six-40 Chassis. A sheltered car for winter or summer—completely inclosed. Better than a coupé, because the top can be quickly put down, thus becoming an open roadster. Price $1,950.



A Standard Roadster of the most attractive type, $1,750.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7770 JEFFERSON AVENUE DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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Are they coming to some commonplace breakfast? Or are they coming down to this —



Greet Them Tomorrow

With Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Because these are the only cereal foods which have every food granule exploded.

Because in this way—Prof. Anderson's way—whole grains are made wholly digestible.

Because these grains are crisp and porous — eight times normal size. And the taste is like toasted nuts.

There are no other breakfasts like these. And no other suppers like Puffed Grains in milk.

Serve them because they are scientific foods. Or serve them for sheer enjoyment.

Puffed Wheat-10¢
Puffed Rice-15¢

Except in Extreme West

These grains—in huge guns—are revolved for one hour in a heat of 550 degrees. Thus every granule is toasted. Then each grain is steam exploded. Inside of each grain there occur a hundred million explosions.

Thus come these airy bubbles with thin toasted walls.

Serve with cream and sugar, mix with fruit, or serve like crackers in a bowl of milk. You will serve them for a thousand meals when you find them out.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(498)

Chicago (Ill.) *Tribune*

A Chicago couple are disappointed because their new baby is a boy, not a girl as they had hoped and followed eugenic formulae to insure. Usually disappointment goes the other way. But times are changing. Norman Hapgood will please note the progress of Feminism hereabouts.

John C. Wright, "Poet of the Lakes," Harbor Springs (Mich.)

Allow me to add my testimony to the many others already published, to the effect that HARPER'S WEEKLY under its new editorial management has made such a marked improvement that it may now truly be called "America's foremost weekly."

Sacramento (Calif.) *Bee*

HARPER'S WEEKLY strongly objects to Mrs. Pankhurst being treated as though she "belonged to the criminal classes."

Well, doesn't she?

From the *News*, Macon (Ga.)

The *News* hopes that at the next meeting of the Macon Woman Suffrage Association page seven of HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 27 will be submitted for the inspection of the well meaning but misguided ladies who are members of the organization.

The *News* believes that when the ladies apprehend the significance drawn from the comparative illustrations on page seven there will be fewer suffragettes in Macon.

Would that HARPER'S WEEKLY had a universal household circulation. There would be an immediate thinning of the ranks of the women who say they want the right to vote.

On page seven there are two pictures that might be entitled "Before and After." They are reproductions of photographs of Miss Christabel Pankhurst, daughter of the militant martyr, Mrs. Emily Pankhurst—one taken before she, the daughter, espoused the "cause" three years ago, and the other made only recently.

For the purpose of making anti-suffragettes these pictures are more effective than reason, more powerful than fact, more convincing than argument.

Let any married woman under fifty, or any woman under fifty who wants to be married, devote one minute's study to those two pictures, reasoning *a priori* all the while, and it's a sure thing that she will unhesitatingly disclaim any suffragetic inclinations.

Oh, the pity of it! If you are a man of chivalric nature, you have an irresistible impulse to grit your teeth, clinch your fists and breathe anathemas against the whole tribe of suffragettes.

Surely it was in an unguarded moment that HARPER'S WEEKLY, the self-elected champion of "votes for women," published these pictures of startling contrasts. Editor Hapgood—busied with advising Congress, directing the political affairs of New York city, regulating the trusts, criticising the drama, unearthing half-baked artists, and making after-dinner speeches—evidently did not have time to consider the vital question of a woman's vanity.

Pulpit preachments, editorial admonitions, the advice and pleadings of parents and husbands, even the experience of women vested with the ballot—all combined lack the potency possessed by page seven of the latest issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY for keeping women in the path which nature has designed for them.

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FEB 1 1914

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JANUARY 31, 1914 PRICE TEN CENTS



THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
NEW YORK

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NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

SIXTY-NINTH YEAR

TO THE POLICY-HOLDERS:

Our sixty-ninth was, in some respects, our greatest year. Some of the notable facts are these:

New Business (109,763 Policies)		$232,800,000.00
Gain over 1912		34,000,000.00
Risks in force Jan. 1, 1914 (1,101,655 Policies)		2,273,000,000.00
Gain over Jan. 1, 1913		103,000,000.00
Dividends allotted (1914)		17,600,000.00
Increase over 1913		2,200,000.00
Income		124,000,000.00
Disposition of Income:		
Death claims	$26,000,000	
Matured Endowments, Surrender Value, etc.	25,000,000	
Dividends	15,000,000	
Expenses, etc., including Taxes ($1,352,956)	15,000,000	
Added to Reserves	43,000,000	$124,000,000.00

THE INVESTMENTS OF THE YEAR (OUTSIDE OF LOANS ON POLICIES) WERE $41,740,459.14

INVESTED TO PAY 5.07%.

AS follows:

Domestic and Canadian, State and Municipal Bonds $8,421,095.17

INVESTED TO PAY 4.78%.

Representing thirty-four cities, ten counties and five school districts, located in twenty-two States, and two Provinces.

Foreign State and Municipal Bonds 7,149,471.41

INVESTED TO PAY 4.40%.

Representing eleven countries.

Railroad Bonds 9,856,651.23

INVESTED TO PAY 5%.

Loans on Business Property 15,189,078.66

INVESTED TO PAY 5.58%.

Loans on Farms (New Department) 920,885.17

INVESTED TO PAY 5.50%.

Miscellaneous Bonds 203,277.50

INVESTED TO PAY 4.88%.

ANALYSIS AND EARNING POWER OF LEDGER ASSETS ON DECEMBER 31, 1913:

Railroad Bonds (4.27%)	$311,949,214.47
Foreign Government and Municipal Bonds (4.19%)	83,022,625.44
Policy Loans (5%+)	133,507,619.52
Premium Notes (5%+)	4,598,039.71
Mortgage Loans, including Farm Mortgages (4.97%)	152,970,898.44
State and Municipal Bonds (4.04%)	53,177,784.79
Miscellaneous Bonds (6.67%)	7,003,132.23
Stock (Received from Reorganizations)	284,046.88
Real Estate Owned (4.36%)	9,196,586.10
Cash (2.50%)	7,140,755.82
TOTAL	$762,850,703.40

AVERAGE EARNING POWER OF ALL ASSETS AS OF DECEMBER 31, 1913:

4.54%

INCREASE IN EARNING POWER SINCE DECEMBER 31, 1905:

0.32%

TRANSLATED into income, this increase, if maintained, will yield an added income in 1914, and annually thereafter, of $2,441,000.00

LIABILITIES:

Reserve to cover contract obligations	$642,598,782.00
Other reserves (taking securities at Market Values)	105,898,958.00
	$748,497,740.00

The low price of bonds and the high rate obtainable on real estate mortgages made the year a good one for investment.

The wording of the Federal Income Tax was materially improved and policy-holders generally benefited by the intelligent response made to our letter to policy-holders, sent out last April. The united protest of policy-holders against unfair legislation is something that all legislatures, Federal and State, will have to reckon with in the future.

A statement consisting of 168 folio pages, giving in minute detail the transactions of the year, schedules of the Company's assets, and a vast deal of additional information, will be filed with the Department of Commerce in Washington, with the Government of each State (except one) of the United States, and with the Governments of all the leading Countries of the world. A brief of this, containing important details, will be sent to policy-holders during 1914, and will be mailed to any one on request.

January 8, 1914.

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, President.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY 31, 1914

Cover Design ..... Mildred Tilton

The Fuller Sisters ..... Alice Boughton 2
A photograph of some interesting artists

Editorials 3

The Mystery of the Hated Man ..... James Montgomery Flagg 6
A detective story
Illustrated by the author

Woman in a New World ..... Ellen Key 9
What the change in moral standards has brought in its wake

New England Conscience in the South ..... A. J. McKelway 11
Children in the cotton mills

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 12

Sales and Local Color ..... Amos Stote 13
A way to increase foreign sales
Illustrated by William Oberhardt

The Snow Dumpers ..... George Bellows 16
Cartoon

A Protest ..... Alice Hubbard 18
Mothers should have salaries, not pensions

An Adventure in Democracy ..... Brand Whitlock 19
Personal reasons for the short ballot
Illustrated by Herb Roth

Wilson His Own Stenographer ..... Robert Halsey Patchin 22
With pictures of the President's shorthand notes and personal typewriting
Illustrated with photographs

Johnny Doe ..... Sophie Irene Loeb 24
Shall we let him starve?

The Fuller Sisters 25
And their charming old English songs

The Creative Fire ..... Caroline Dudley 25

Honoré Willsie ..... N. H. 26

William Winter's "Wallet of Time" ..... Montrose J. Moses 28
A review of the dramatic critic's latest volume

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 29
Bank stocks in a new light

Gleams ..... Edwin Björkman 31

What They Think of Us 32

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Frederick L. Collins, President — Arthur S. Moore, Secretary

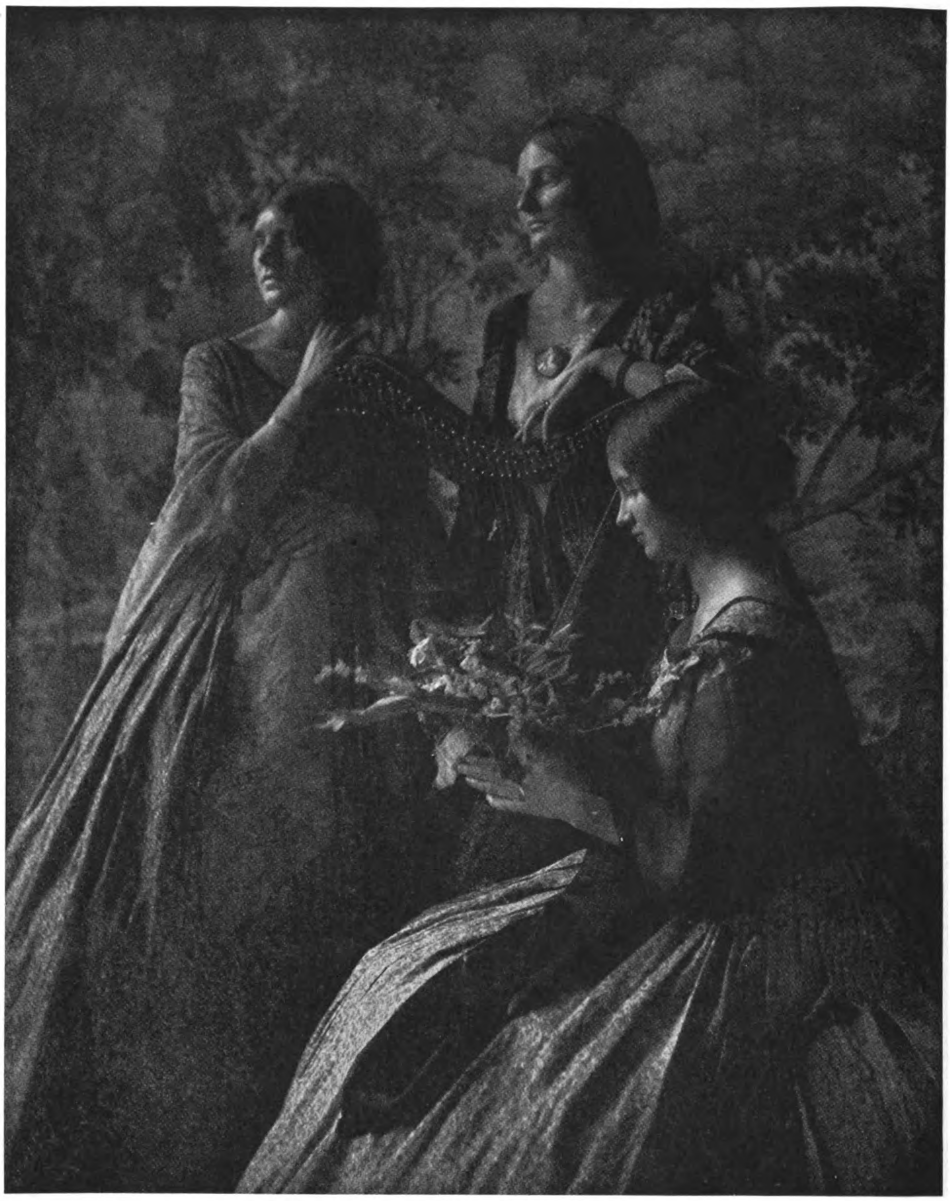
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NEW YORK

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THE FULLER SISTERS

ROSALIND, DOROTHY AND CYNTHIA

From the photograph by Alice Boughton

The beautiful art which these sisters represent is described on page 25

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII] No. 2980 | *Week ending Saturday, January* 31, 1914 | [10 Cents a Copy $5.00 a year

Illinois and Roger

THE Democratic Party, until its better element won the victory at Baltimore, has been long disgraced by the domination of three grafting bosses, who were able to control not only their own neighborhoods but to a large extent national conventions. They were Murphy of New York, Taggart of Indiana, and Sullivan of Illinois. Sullivan is now trying to induce the imperial state that he honors with his residence to pay him the tribute of a senatorship. Such a step would be very decorative for Roger, but what would it do to the prestige of Illinois? Or can it be that Roger is only pretending to be a candidate to hold his men together for some stalking horse of his?

And, by the way, how is Roger's money invested, since his political ambitions led him to get rid of gas?

A Wise Young Man

THE attitude of the richest youth in the country must be important, because the relation between great wealth and the public makes one of the most essential problems now before us. Mr. Vincent Astor is only twenty-three, but his study of social and business conditions is serious and industrious. His recent public letter defining his position on socialism, altho interesting on that particular subject, was more interesting for the side lights it threw on his sympathetic relations to labor leaders and on his strong feeling that "there are great wrongs to be righted" and that "it is the duty of every man who has the interest of his country at heart to do what he properly can to establish and maintain industrial and social righteousness." Mr. Astor states, with becoming modesty, that his experience is necessarily limited, before he goes on with the conviction that those Socialists who say that the mass of men are becoming poorer have no justification. HARPER'S WEEKLY has recently discussed this matter editorially, and published Mr. Ghent's reply, which was one of many communications from the Socialists. Only a few declared that the laboring classes were becoming absolutely poorer. Most of them went no further than to maintain that they were not getting their proper share of the advantage in production resulting from the use of steam and mechanical inventions. Great wealth almost always makes toward an unreasonable conservatism, but Mr. Astor gives every promise of using his power, with open-mindedness and tolerance, toward carrying out the ideals of the time without hostility or undue commotion.

Klaw and Erlanger

WORD has been sent out by the great theatrical firm of Klaw & Erlanger to all their managers. They are to have nothing to do with us. We are not even to be permitted to obtain photographs to illustrate articles on Klaw & Erlanger plays or, as they would prefer to have it, "shows." This information has just reached us, although the order was given out many months ago, and it is based upon the whole past record of the editor in his treatment of drama. The firm of Klaw & Erlanger was the most oppressive element in the old theatrical syndicate and the objections made by the present editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY constitute ample ground for this remaining bitterness. The breaking away from the syndicate of the Shuberts had, through the healthy influence of competition, a very liberalizing effect on the American drama. What the result will be of the new arrangement between the Shuberts and the syndicate it is a little too early to tell, but very likely we shall be able to go into that subject adequately in a few months. Probably Klaw & Erlanger are too intelligent to suppose they can do HARPER'S WEEKLY and its editor any harm. All they can do is to express their own convictions about the theater and their own abhorrence of what HARPER'S WEEKLY stands for. They are, in other words, merely acting upon principle.

Enterprise

ON Sunday, January 11, 1914, the New York *Sun* published an interview with Mr. John D. Rockefeller, in which the reporter pictured himself as asking Mr. Rockefeller to give his advice to young men,—what message he had for them on the New Year, and what they should do in 1914 to make the New Year successful and happy. Mr. Rockefeller replied to the effect that the young men were to go straight and make a success and keep happy and comfortable those who depended on them. "If you make mistakes," he added, "remember that it is human to err, but try again and try harder. Above all things, be honest with yourself and with those with whom you deal." In the New York *Journal* of December 31, 1906, a reporter asked Mr. Rockefeller precisely the same question and he made precisely the same reply. Not precisely after all. In the *Journal*, he said "this" New Year, and in the *Sun* "a" New Year. In the *Journal*, he said depend "upon" you and in the *Sun* he said depend "on" you. In the *Journal*, he said remember "that" it is human to err and in the *Sun* he left out "that."

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The Duties of Directors

THE firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. (as we have said before) in diminishing the number of its interlocking directorates set a good example that ought to be carried farther. They gave as one of their reasons for resigning that "the necessity of attending many board meetings has been so serious a burden upon our time that we have long wished to withdraw from the directorates of many corporations." It may be observed that a director can scarcely know enough of a corporation to fulfil his duties by merely attending a directors' meeting. The duty of one who directs,—one who guides, superintends, governs and manages,—cannot be performed by an occasional hour listening to a report from the officers.

More Distribution

THE Baltimore & Ohio is to be commended for distributing its assets. Perhaps it would have been better to have sold the Baltimore & Ohio stock instead of distributing it among its stockholders and with the cash raised by the sale to have retired the bonds of the Union Pacific or its auxiliary line. Whatever the very best plan, however, the good work goes on, and each step makes the next more inevitable.

The New Haven Settlement

THE agreement of the New Haven railroad to the basis demanded by the Attorney General, if carefully carried out to preserve public rights, will have admirable results, and such a carrying out is to be expected in view of the thorough knowledge of the situation possessed by the special assistant to the Attorney General, T. W. Gregory, and by Assistant Attorney General Jesse C. Adkins. If this is done as it promises to be done, the administration will have achieved a complete victory. President Taft and Mr. Wickersham withdrew the suit started by President Roosevelt, a suit meant to accomplish substantially the same results now reached by agreement.

Wise Financing

THE Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts has set aside the order of the Public Service Commission approving the New Haven $67,000,000 six per cent convertible bond issue. Financial plans are thwarted and bankers will lose $1,680,000 in underwriting commissions; but the stockholders are to be congratulated. The decision may compel the company to sell unnecessary security-holdings and pay its debts; instead of further increasing its liabilities by new security issues. The New Haven's troubles are largely due to buying at exorbitant prices properties it did not need. Needless buying is a waste which is apt to make want. There is no cure for a bad purchase; but the loss can usually be minimized by a quick sale. We might almost lay down this rule as a "first aid" to the financially injured; "Help them let go." By the way, we hope that Mr. Brandeis, while cross-examining President Willard before the Interstate Commerce Commission on the proposed advance in freight rates, will ask this question: "Why doesn't the Baltimore and Ohio raise money by selling its Reading stock?" The Baltimore and Ohio has held, for years, $30,332,500 par value Reading preferred and common. It is at market values, even now, about $35,000,000. And yet President Willard's company with banker-directors, raises its new money by the issue of short-term notes and convertible bonds. Why?

Williams for Comptroller

THE savage fight against John Skelton Williams for Comptroller needs more of an explanation than the flimsy case made against him, because he lent $1,000,000 to avoid a panic. The fact is that Milton E. Ailes, former Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, now Vice-President of the Riggs National Bank of Washington was concerned in the newspaper attack. The National City Bank of New York has connections with the Riggs National, and Mr. Ailes is one of the connecting links. Frank A. Vanderlip is another connecting link. When Mr. Williams took office, soon after the administration of Woodrow Wilson began, it was discovered that a desk in the Comptroller's department was occupied by a woman employed by the above mentioned National Banks of Washington and New York. Mr. Ailes had also seemed to possess extraordinary knowledge, for an outsider, of the affairs of the Treasury Department. Both connections with the Treasury were promptly broken. But long before that time, John Skelton Williams was fighting for the independence of the Seaboard Air Line system, of which he was the President and organizer, and for the prevention of its control by Thomas F. Ryan. When Mr. Wilson was nominated and elected Mr. Williams, Ryan's ancient foe, was made Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Then it was announced that Williams would be promoted to Comptroller of the Treasury.

The Millennium Still Absent

BOSTON has a rational ballot which excludes party columns. The election for Mayor on January 13th brought in no party question. Indeed both candidates were Democrats. A thorough political demagogue won over a man independent and fit. The demagogue had served part of his time in jail, and had been the moving factor in the foundation of a political club which he took pleasure in calling The Tammany Club in order that there might be no mistake about its political principles. He won because he knew the game of politics and his opponent did not. For example, some of the distinguished citizens of Boston, who have in various ways done good service for the town, such as Major Higginson, supported the fit candidate in this election, and their support was turned by the demagogue to his own advantage by dramatically pointing out the part they had had in the conduct of the New Haven Railway and charging that his opponent if elected would be a New Haven tool. Cheer up! The campaign for political improvement in this country is progressing even if the victories cannot be all on one side.

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How Much Did Omar Drink?

THE ill-fated play "Omar the Tentmaker" naturally reflects that view of the Persian poet, philosopher and man of science, which has been made familiar to the western world by Edward FitzGerald. It is not a point of view which is accepted by the majority of scholarly Persians. The occidental world finds it difficult to realize the degree to which metaphor enters into the oriental mind. If an American speaks of the sun rising or setting, he is scarcely aware at the moment that he is using a figure of speech. Anybody reading the Koran or oriental literature in general must come to feel that the Persian goes much further in imagery as a part of his everyday expression. The use of wine as a symbol for the actual pleasures of life is wide-spread in the East, and it is extremely improbable that the man who reformed the calendar, who thought with clearness and depth in philosophy, and who produced high-class poetry was a drunkard, any more than Goethe and Keats were drunkards because they expressed the love of pleasure in the form of drinking songs.

Two Plays About Women

J. M. BARRIE is never like anybody else. In "The Legend of Leonora" he has written an extravaganza, fascinating (except for the perfunctory last act) in daring, originality and buoyancy. He loves to celebrate women, and the more old-fashioned they are the better he seems to like them. He seems to be afraid that if they expand and give up the pretty, childish charms of ignorance, they will not have those instinctive and primitive qualities which he loves. Rachel Crothers in "Young Wisdom" also is a little hard on the new woman. Hers is a broad farce, amusing in dialogue, situation and plot, and the victim is a theoretical young woman just out of college, reaching after freedom. Miss Crothers contrasts her with her old-fashioned mother, who has much more actual book learning even on the subject of modern ideas than her young daughter, and yet remains conservative. Miss Crothers has been an able and bold preacher herself, as shown by "A Man's World" and "Ourselves," but she is opposed to criticism of marriage along the lines made familiar by Ellen Key, George Meredith and George Bernard Shaw. It is the business of comedy to exaggerate those things at which it laughs. Molière was not fair to doctors or to the studious ladies of his time. Mr. Barrie and Miss Crothers have not painted the mass of serious women of the Ellen Key type who are undertaking to get a hearing for their views, but even for those of us who most believe in the so-called Feminist Movement it is a pleasure to see the other side presented with such art, such intelligence, and such good humor as these authors show in their latest plays.

Is Drama an Art?

THE Institute of Technology of Pittsburgh would answer this question in the affirmative. It has just founded a department of drama, open to men and women, planned to give a general knowledge of technique, literature and history and a severe training in practical producing and acting. The course leads to a degree of Bachelor of Arts in Drama. The theater founded in connection with the course, will, it is hoped, be opened on Shakespeare's birthday, April 23rd, with a Shakespearean production. By first year students short plays will be acted. Second year students will appear in classic plays; third year students in modern plays, and in the fourth year there will be specialization according to the talent of the individual. Thus drama is put on the same honorable plane as painting, architecture and music, and studied as a part of literature and as a live art.

Southern Opportunity

MEMPHIS has been celebrating herself with a prosperity dinner, and she has sufficient reason. According to the map prepared by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the most prosperous portion of the whole country is that of which Memphis is the center. In Tennessee, Mississippi, Northern Louisiana, Northern Alabama, Southern Kentucky, Eastern Arkansas, there has been an extraordinarily good cotton crop and a fine corn crop. The lumber business has been good. West of Memphis is what is known as the St. Francis Basin. The soil is rich because of the limestone from the rock regions above that has dropped there for numberless centuries. The country was almost a waste except in a few high regions until a levee was thrown in front of it a few years ago. It is now about one quarter clear and every acre of it can be tilled. The timber in the uncleared part is enormously valuable. Below is the Yazoo Delta, another alluvial region in front of which there is now a levee and that country is only one third open. Memphis is putting the second double track railway bridge across the Mississippi. Yes, the city has reason for her prosperity dinner.

Science and Mercy

THE Anti-vivisectionists have been putting out a circular in Philadelphia, with the statement that Dr. George W. Crile made experiments on one hundred and forty-eight dogs "in an endeavor to learn the extent of the agony that can be inflicted on a living animal." Do the kind-hearted women who are backing this movement believe that Dr. Crile did anything of the sort? When they leave out all mention of anæsthesia, do they do it by accident? If not by accident, why do they do it? Surgeons until recently thought that when a patient was unconscious they could tear loose adhesions and manipulate tissues roughly without doing mischief. Crile's experiments were to determine whether this view was correct. He found that it was not; that serious injury could be caused by shock even when there was no consciousness. Realizing the difference between psychic shock, which is prevented by anæsthesia, and traumatic shock, which is not prevented by anæsthesia, is an important step ahead, which has already resulted in a lower death rate and a shorter time for recovery. Crile, like other men of science who are called monsters of cruelty by these kind but ignorant sentimentalists, is the apostle of gentleness.

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"I accuse you of this crime"

The Mystery of the Hated Man

By JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

AT five and twenty minutes after nine on the evening of Boxing Day, Policeman X7890 entered the front door of No. 13 Mobsley Mansions, Queen's Gate, under a strong suspicion that something was wrong. The house was unlighted, as he discovered by the aid of his bull's-eye lantern. For some reason, unknown to himself, he walked directly to the library of the house. He found the body of an old gentleman stretched at full length on the floor. The old gentleman was not in his body. Policeman X7890 ascertained this by knocking several times on the old gentleman's forehead and asking him in a loud voice if he was in.

The old gentleman was certainly not in. He had gone for good. The officer was quite nervous by now and slowly waved his light around the room. There was apparently nothing out of place. While it was almost certain that murder had been done there was no sign of a conflict—no overturned chair or lamp. The large handsome Turkey carpet was unruffled. There was no stain on the varnished mustard-colored wall paper. A thorough search revealed no weapon.

A close scrutiny of the dead man's face gave the officer no clew. It was as serene as though the man were sleeping.

What puzzled Policeman X7890 was the fact that to his certain knowledge no one had been in No. 13 Mobsley Mansions for over four years. It was the property of an old spinster who had moved to Putney and had resolutely refused to rent it to anyone. She had left her furniture and belongings. Everything but her mongoose. (The mongoose is put in to sound like a clew. It isn't, believe me!)

Who this old gentleman was and how he had entered and why he had been murdered were the questions that the officer scratched his head about.

"Ah, woy didn' Oi think o' thet befaw!" X7890 felt in the old man's pocket and found a card case. He flashed his bull's-eye on a card. It read, "Mr. Septimus Smelly." No address.

X7890 pulled the corners of his mouth down, which revealed two enormous teeth, like a pair of pale green dominoes hanging on a line. This lent his face an unsuspected look of intelligence. He tapped the little card knowingly with his forefinger. He nodded his head like a mandarin. "Oho! So thet's it, is it! Septimus Smelly! No bloomin' wonder 'e was done for. It's only strynge an' mirakillis 'e weren't done for long afore this, Oi says!" He looked down at the dead man, tapping him playfully on the chest with the card de visite, and murmured, "It's a aht-an'-aht mirakil they let yer live t' be woite 'aired, it is fer a fect!"

WITH the light of returning confidence in his eye Officer X7890 went out to a telephone and called up the "Yard." Within twenty minutes Conway Sprowch, the cleverest detective in the service, alighted from his limousine at No. 13 and entered directly, shaking hands silently with the policeman, who immediately washed his hands and led the famous sleuth to the library in which a single light had been turned on by

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the policeman. The two men were not a little startled to see an old grey rat stagger away from the corpse, hesitate and look up at them with his dust covered eyes, and hobble off under the lounge.

The two officers shivered. Sprowch swallowed a tennis ball that happened to be in his throat and asked, "Who is it?"

"Septimus Smelly!"

"My God!" He wheeled around at the policeman and hissed, "I accuse you of this crime!" Policeman X7890, not to be outdone in courtesy, retorted:

"I accuse you, Mr. Sprowch!"

Our thirty-two million readers are of course wondering why the name of Septimus Smelly should cause such peculiar, to say the least, actions on the parts of these gentlemen.

If you were a Londoner it would be unnecessary to explain who Smelly was. He was known and loathed to a point of hydrophobia by every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom!

The horror and hatred inspired by any foreigner in the breast of an Englishman would be almost an affectionate regard compared with the feeling that Smelly invoked. "Why, how could that be?" you ask, nervously twitching about in your chair!

Listen! Smelly was an Englishman. So far so good. But he did things no Englishman could forgive. He did unspeakable things! First of all he openly entertained visiting Americans and showed his liking for them in public places. Although he was of gentle birth he did not insist upon Esq. on envelopes addressed to him. He never refused a light from his perfecto to Germans. He disliked tea and said so. He openly admired and smiled at pretty, attractive kiddies in omnibuses. He went to the theater in a lounge suit. He thought the Royal Academy was preposterous. He would not pronounce "Liqueur," "Lickure."

And if all these things weren't enough, he had never mentioned the word "Mater" in connection with his father's wife!

You can readily understand now why he was hated as no other Englishman was hated.

We will now return to the two men who glared at each other suspiciously in that gloomy library with its noble and lofty ceiling.

"Well, well," said Sprowch, generously dividing a cigar with his companion.

"I shall begin by suspecting myself and going over my past thoroughly—I shall have to weed myself out at once in the interests of the Crown—you can see that, officer, can't you?"

"I saw that, sir, before you spoke!"

"I knew you were one of the most intelligent men in the service!"

"Yes, sir, and then wot abaht me?"

"Ah, what about you? I am sorry to have to say so, but as you discovered the crime you are perhaps the *most* suspected person anywhere in the four mile radius!"

"As Julian Street would s'y, Oi knew you were gowin' to s'y that, sir!"

"But, as I was about to add, as you are the most suspected person it naturally follows that you couldn't have been the criminal. You ought to know that!"

"Thenk you, sir, Oi hexpected that, too! So Oi shall not sigh with relief."

"No, certainly not. Now that we are practically eliminated, we shall have to start somewhere. As every one else is the possible murderer we may as well begin suspecting His Majesty."

"Aoh, Oi s'y, sir! 'Int thet blasphemous in a manner o' torkin?"

"Possibly. But it can't be helped. *Everyone* includes the King."

The sleuth then examined the body minutely with a large reading glass. He was about to give up his search for any suspicious marks when he suddenly gave a cry, stood up and whipped out his note-book.

"Wot is it, sir?" Asked X7890.

"Oh, nothing much, perhaps," replied Sprowch modestly; "most people would have let it pass



"These men were discussing the murder"

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unnoticed—but everything has a meaning, no matter how seemingly unimportant. You of course wouldn't have remarked it, but there are three bullet holes in the left temple! They may mean nothing and yet they may, on the other hand, be a real clew!"

AS the two men left the house a swarm of reporters lit on them.

"What is it, Mr. Sprowch?" they clamored, notebooks in hand.

"I refuse to say anything for publication. Septimus Smelly has been murdered!"

Cries of delight arose.

"Be careful, boys," continued the sleuth, "any funny noises you make now will be used against you at the trial!"

THE papers next morning greeted the overjoyed Kingdom with the news of the murder of Septimus Smelly. An extra Bank Holiday was declared.

Excursion rates were announced by the railroads and millions of happy and curious people were poured into London to be taken by Tube, Underground, bus, taxi, tram and barrow to Queen's Gate to gaze on the Hated Man. Mothers brought children to look on the features of the man who had defied English customs. They took the opportunity to point endless morals for the guidance of their offspring. The whole affair was way ahead of Mme. Tussaud's!

The nation's joy was turned to consternation the following day when it read an open letter in the press from Detective Sprowch, in which he stated that as the murderer was unknown at the present time and that as Mr. Smelly was cordially hated by everybody alike the length and breadth of England, that it was his shockingly painful duty to suspect everyone in the Empire of the crime—with the exception of himself and perhaps Officer X7890.

But—he did hold out one ray of hope! There was a chance that a certain party, whom he had been shadowing, might be the guilty man.

AT this very moment Sprowch was seated in the private room of the Pink Boar at Hampstead, disguised as the Emperor William so as not to attract attention. From behind a copy of the Winning Post he watched an old gentleman who was talking to a friend in the corner over two pints of bitter.

These men were discussing the murder. Sprowch had difficulty in suppressing his excitement as the old gentleman, unconscious of a listener or that he was getting himself into a devilish mess, openly declared his horror at the crime and his liking for the late Smelly, Esq. His companion could with difficulty keep his twitching hands off his older companion, such was his disgust at the words of praise bestowed upon the murdered man.

The sleuth felt that hesitation was no longer needed, and yanking off his mustashe he hissed in the old chap's ear, "You're wanted, my man!" and snapped the bracelets on his wrists.

IT was the day of the trial. The court room was crowded to suffocation and asthma. People were standing on each other's shoulders and hips, as the case happened to be. Fresh air was quoted at twenty-one guineas per cubic inch.

Sprowch, the peerless Sleuth, was on the witness stand.

Q. C. Now, Mr. Sprowch, tell us in your own words——

Mr. Sprowch. I intend to, m'Lud. As I was about to say, I first saw the prisoner rolling down hill at Hampstead Heath in a suspicious manner——

His Lordship. What do you mean by suspicious manner?

Sprowch. Well, he had no expression on his face!

His Lordship. That was not suspicious—that was English—but proceed!

Sprowch. I waited for him to reach me, and I approached him, and in order to put him at his ease I said, "Why did you murder Smelly?" He merely looked at me and started to roll up hill again——

Counsel for Defense. I object, m'Lud, on the grounds that it is iridescent, non-corrosive and slightly perfumed——

His Lordship. (To court officer) Remove G. K. Chesterton! Proceed, Mr. Sprowch!

Sprowch. I followed the scoundrel to the "Pink Boar." Here he threw caution to the winds and confessed his liking for the deceased. (Consternation and flutter in court room. Several emotional actresses faint.)

His Lordship. Yes, yes. What other evidence have you?

Sprowch. Other evidence, m'Lud? You do but jest!

His Lordship. Of course I do. Do you not know me? I am the jesting Judge! As you have no further evidence to offer I shall instruct the jury to find the prisoner guilty, and they may do so without leaving their seats. (To jury) You find this wretch guilty, do you not?

Jury. Jolly guilty, m'Lud!

His Lordship. Ah, I thought so! Prisoner, stand up! O! you are standing up—then sit down! You have nothing to say as to why this court should not pass sentence upon you! I sentence you to be hanged by the neck till you are strangely annoyed! We cahnt have delays in this sort of thing! The American public expects every English prisoner to be hanged within twenty minutes of his arrest! And, by Jove, we're eight minutes late!



"You're wanted, my man"

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Ellen Key at the age of seven

Woman in a New World

By ELLEN KEY

What Women Have Done for Morals and What They Have Yet to Do

MADAME KEY in her previous article showed that the old-fashioned woman was the happiest that the world has yet seen because her duties harmonized with her desires. The world has changed and woman has had to change with it, to meet the new conditions. How she has done this in the moral field and what she has yet to do is the subject of this article.

THE most obvious of the sad results of present economic conditions is an ever increasing number of women who, though well fitted to be mothers, are, through no fault of their own, dry branches on the tree of life. This has a very bad effect on morals, since stifled longing for love and motherhood causes many abnormal situations and mental conditions. We also find many married women who might be mothers, failing to be so on account of overwork or of a frivolous desire for pleasure. In the last hundred years the severe labor conditions for women have wrecked many mothers as well as children. It will take another century of hard work to overcome all this mental and physical degeneracy. This is what a world governed entirely by men has done for women.

Besides these purely statistical facts showing that growth and progress are not always the same, there are other more subtle evidences of the same thing. Woman's soul culture has not developed as fast as her desire for freedom. This is particularly true in the realm of sexual ethics. George Eliot in the last century was the ideal of womanly conservatism in the sphere of morality. Another woman, George Sand, was the fiery prophet of woman's right to freedom in the same field. She voices an eternal truth when she says that marriage without love is immoral, but true love even without marriage is moral. If we believe this truth, it follows that marriage as an institution with its sex slavery is immoral even when the two individuals stand higher than the institution. Marriage is only moral when it grows from an inner necessity and not from outward pressure. Only a free gift under perfect equality can make such a relationship right. Unfortunately, George Sand with her long string of misadventures showed clearly that the great problem is to find and keep the only true love. She herself became an argument against her own creed, raising the question, "Is a succession of unions all expressing different phases of true love of higher value to the individual soul and to the life of the race than one unbroken although loveless marriage?" Even if we answer yes from the point of view of the individual, are the children better served by successive marriages or free unions than by a home where parents are held together, even though not by love, by a sense of duty for their children? Since these questions have not yet been worked out, they can only be decided in each individual case. In spite of all the confusion and error which the new sex morals have brought in their own train, it is upon these morals that women must build in order to gain a higher morality for the future. But in so doing we must not lose that which was good in the old sex morality. In other words, the old love with its ideal faithfulness and permanence must be kept and to it added the conviction that chastity is harmony between the soul and the senses and does not exist without such harmony. The next great task with which women are confronted is to combine these two principles and make them practical.

SO far, women have failed in doing this. This is partly because their erotic life has been injured by centuries of sacrifice and resignation and partly because today's rebellion against the old order has been so violent. The demand for the right love, like the demand for freedom and justice, is only valuable when it promotes actions that not only enrich the life of the individual but benefit the life of the whole. Because love between two persons may cause other persons to suffer, as the demands for liberty and justice often do, does not prove that these feelings are in themselves wrong. The road of all progress is marked by the sufferings of individuals, of classes or even of whole nations. The question is, will a given action which brings pain to others be an advance to the race or a retrogression? Unfortunately, this question has been shirked by many who lead the struggle against sex slavery.

With the new emancipation of sex, we have come to see that the sex morality beaten into women for so long is neither as general nor as deep-rooted as we have been led to expect. Very few women who have taken advantage of the new moral freedom and have given themselves to a man have had the right to plead in the words of Schiller, "A man who loves passes beyond the bounds of all other ordinances and stands beneath the laws of love alone." There is an exalted state in which many other duties, many other moral standards no longer are binding upon him. In many cases the feelings of these women have been far from an exalted state. Their love has not been the great love which kindles the soul and the senses and increases the value of life and the soul possibilities of the lover. With most soul mates of the present day, the right to happiness has turned out to be a trivial desire for fresh stimulation. The right to live one's own life has resulted in vulgar gratification of silly desire. The great passion has never grazed these people with its wings, much less has the great love ever entered their dreams.

Lust, idleness, the excitement of flirtation and sport cause the too hasty divorces, loose relations, and repeated trial marriages easily distinguished by a growing loss of spiritual questions and an increase of coarseness. Many wives, among whom are mothers, who in their children have the greatest possible stimulus to a richer life, and many family girls with splendid possibilities more or less lead the life of a courtesan. The only difference is that these women are not paid. They often themselves have to pay in the form of loans to those invertebrates to whom alcohol, tobacco, silk linings and automobiles are necessities of life. These "comrades" frequently belong to the literary and artistic Bohemia where men have the leisure to court women in the social world here referred to. They try to make up for their lack of creative genius by all kinds of pleasures, particularly the enjoyment of women. Add to these qualities the feminine need of

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luxury and pleasure and you have a class of modern women who are a counterpart of these men.

WE had hoped that woman's companionship with man would teach her better manners and this is true in coeducational schools, but in proportion as social intercourse between the sexes loses in modesty and the erotic life sinks to a lower plane, the manners of girls lose their delicacy and attractiveness. This is an incidental but a very disconcerting fact of modern standards.

Of course, where love is lacking, people do not want children and motherhood is avoided or prevented. Sometimes it is the man who does not want them. In such a case it is his own fault if his wife tries to fill her empty life with love adventures. All this is frequently called the newer morality of our day, but it has always occurred during transitional periods. I only speak of it because many of these modern courtesans, both male and female, call their mode of life the new morality instead of its real name, unchastity. They thereby bring about a confusion of ideas through which the lives of many worthy men and women are ruined. No wonder many people feel a violent reaction toward the old morality.

One of the good results of the revision of this old morality is the change in our point of view toward the so-called fallen woman. In the early fifties, Mrs. Gaskill in her novel "Ruth" and Hawthorne in "The Scarlet Letter" made a first attempt to change the judgment on unmarried mothers; a change that has been going on ever since. Unmarried mothers and their children are now beginning to get the care long refused them by society. But even here we have been at fault in using too much sentimentality and too little sense. We call motherhood holy, no matter how miserable are the children whom mothers, married and unmarried, cast upon society. As we change the standing of unmarried mothers we must become more severe in our judgment of these others. Otherwise protection of all mothers will result in a diminished sense of responsibility. The old by-gone custom of putting undesirable children to death was really more moral from the point of view of society than our custom of asking the strong and healthy members to burden themselves with heavy taxes to support the vicious and defective class which is allowed to propagate its kind.

WE have also changed our attitude toward the prostitute. Lennep's book, "Klaasje Levenstee," first told the virtuous woman that there were many innocent women among the prostitutes, both those deliberately trapped into the traffic, the so-called white slaves, and those who are the indirect victims of starvation wages. Dumas and Tolstoi and others have shown us that the harlot may be possessed of real love and humanity. On the other hand, we have a great many books that are unwholesomely sentimental upon this subject, books that would make us believe that a brothel is a leaden casket containing nothing but pearls. All this confusion only goes to prove that women, bewildered by sudden freedom after centuries of slavery, have been unable to lead with a firm purpose. Many have been too hasty in condemning the monogamous marriage, the achievement of ages which, with all its mistakes, impresses on the husband and father a sense of his solemn responsibilities. Too many have underemphasized faithfulness and self-control. Women have not shown themselves as capable of a wise moral development, as we hoped thirty or forty years ago. The early feminists thought that love in its highest form would be immediately secured by the freedom of women. They thought that self-support for women would prevent all marriages except love matches, that their equality with men would bring about purer morals, a more developed human life and a more perfect motherhood. They did not suspect that for many women self-support was so hard a task that any marriage was a deliverance, that woman's purity frequently would have no effect on men, that great love would be degraded into erotic adventures and that motherhood would be looked upon as an unwelcome interference in work or pleasure. But even if those first apostles of feminism had suspected all this they would no more have kept silent than Jesus would have been silenced had he been told of the inquisition and *auto-da-fe* that would follow in the name of Christianity. The greatest faith has strength to endure the worst of all disappointments, the shortcomings of the disciples. Neither the worst disciples of women's freedom nor the worst errors of the new morality can change the truth that only woman's perfect equality with man in education for work, opportunity to work, wages for work and duty to work is a fundamental condition for the final victory over sexual morality, legal or illegal.



"The old womanliness may remain typical of the daughters of the future"

EVERY transition period has brought confusion of ideas and laxity in morals. The race cannot form a new morality without first loosening the bands which formed the old. At present we are living in a chaos where old and low instincts fertilized with new and high ideas have given birth to many monstrous forms of life. Only when these ideas have become feelings and the feelings have become instincts which supplant the old, will the new morality be strong and solid.

There are two lines along which morality is growing,—the individual's right to his own love life and society's right to limit this life for the welfare of the race. The first demand is based on the growing knowledge that people are not alike in the life of their souls and particularly of their erotic needs. The second demand grows out of a new ethical principle, eugenics. By the swiftness with which this idea is gaining ground, we can see that a morality which is organically part of life has a power of growth aside from any help by laws or customs. There are certain ethical crimes which, breaking out here and there, show the existence of a new moral condition of mind. Such crimes are now being committed yearly in the name of eugenics, and they will continue to be repeated until they give rise to a new idea of right and to new laws. A crime of this sort is the one which the mother commits when she puts to death a child who is in every way unfit for life. Another is the deliberate motherhood of unmarried women who are self-supporting. Another is race suicide when the mother knows that the child will suffer for the father's iniquities, and lastly the revolt of some women against the unreasonable waste of energy, personal and social, in bringing more children to life than can be cared for. Woman's new demand for her human right to self-preservation and for her duty to cultivate her own spiritual and physical

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energies is perfectly compatible with the good of the race, when it is used to produce a better not a larger race. That some of these actions of the most moral women look like the actions of the most immoral ones ought not to seem inconsistent to the very people who advocate capital punishment for single murder, and at the same time glorify wholesale murder in war. They say that the motive determines the ethics. Why not consider the motives in connection with these crimes of women?

But in spite of all these passionate conflicts, we are on the whole quietly and steadily advancing. Better care of children has resulted in the decrease of infant deaths. Men and women will now break an engagement or even a marriage when they find that either is suffering from an hereditary disease. More and more numerous are the men and women who will not enter into any sex relation when they know themselves to be victims of such heredity. A great mass of people are still ignorant or careless of the commands of eugenics, but public opinion is growing and in time conventions will arise which in turn will become laws. In time eugenics will become as deep rooted in the instinct as the duty to defend the home country against invaders. Anyone not blinded by the present idea of international war, colonization or industrial politics, who can still put his mind on the culture of humanity, must realize that the race can only be improved through selective breeding. A lower birth rate is not a national evil. What is dangerous and immoral is that the worst element has no check upon the number of its children while the best women are frequently either unable or unwilling to fill the high office of motherhood. Some women who have children even begin to preach a mother's duty not to bring up her own children, but to leave it to the community to train and educate them collectively.

THIS question of motherhood is the most important of all woman questions. The answer which women can give will determine whether they are to continue to be the standard bearers of a new morality or whether their morals will become more manly in evil as well as good. Only he who believes that moral laws are divine and unchangeable can doubt that woman's self-assertion will on the whole be good for humanity. But the very one who hopes this, will also hope that the ancient womanly virtues of motherly sacrifice and wifely faithfulness will never be outgrown. These virtues will be all the more needed when love is made the standard for marriage because this relation is governed by a law, as inflexible as the necessity for the presence of both oxygen and nitrogen in the air, that love implies a mutual desire for an eternal relation brought about by faithfulness between husband and wife during their life and into the future through children. No freedom ought to make women indifferent to self-control and motherly devotion since from these qualities some of the highest values in life have sprung. The best qualities of the sailor are still needed by the aviator though the latter has a wider space in which to sail. Unless we realize this truth through our imaginations, we shall soon learn it from the number of victims sacrificed.

WE cannot understand the modern woman's moral uncertainty by talking of religious disbelief and the evil of the times. The fact is that woman never has been and is not now fully free. The fact that for thousands of years they have bought all those things which enhance life through their sex value and that they are, therefore oversexed has more to do with their confusion. Therefore it is unreasonable to speak of the present state of woman's morals as the new morality. Not until women have enjoyed liberty over a long period of time and have had for some centuries ethical and social culture on a par with man's, a legal and economic equality which does not exhaust either body or soul, will it be known whether women have a new nature or if the old womanliness will remain typical even of the daughters of the future.

But we must not forget that in the next hundred years we shall see another change which will have an enormous influence on woman's nature. I mean our new ideas of the relations of property and labor. It is most encouraging that woman's liberation coincides with this democratic revolution and plays a part in the increasingly socialized theory of evolution. We are beginning to know that the struggle for existence is balanced by mutual helpfulness and that the right of the strong need not rob the weak of his rights. Woman has a good chance of escaping the demoralization of honor and riches, unchecked competition and unbridled enterprise, for these are passing. At the same time women are coming into the industrial field and gaining the self-confidence that comes from knowing that they are productive members of society. When we compare the wives who still do heavy daily labor in the homes without being paid, except through the husband's gifts, with their self-supporting sisters, we can realize what an economic independence means. When woman no longer needs to use her cunning or beauty to cajole a man into giving her what she needs, the whole woman sex will rise to a higher plane of morality. To the extent that exotic pets and beasts of burden in the shape of idle and worn out women vanish, sex morality will be rid of its worst blemish, the commercial value of the woman body.

The third and last article will give Madame Key's opinions about woman's work and what her sphere will be when she lives up to her promises. She will tell where women have done their new work well and where they have not made good.

New England Conscience in the South

By A. J. McKELWAY

CHILD Labor has always been the curse of the cotton mill. But for a century in England, a half century in New England, and for a decade in the South, humane men and women have been protesting against the system. Among the New England states, Massachusetts has led the advance in child labor reform, although because of the importance of the textile industry it has only lately reached the standards of protection for the child workers that have been adopted by other progressive states.

The lowest standards in the country are those of the four cotton manufacturing states of the South—Alabama, Georgia, and the two Carolinas. In Alabama to a large extent and in Georgia in smaller measure, Massachusetts capital has been invested in cotton mills. These Massachusetts manufacturers discovered that an Alabama statute forbade the employment of children for a longer period than eight hours a day. This law was repealed upon their representation that otherwise capital would not be invested. Then came a fight for reform, led by Edgar Gardner Murphy, then a clergyman of Montgomery, and another child labor law was enacted in 1903. Mr. Murphy, recognizing that child labor was a national and not a sectional evil, suggested and promoted the organization of the National Child Labor Committee in 1904.

In 1907 the same manufacturers' lobby opposed the raising of the low standards of the former act and did force a compromise that made the enforcement of the later act impossible. Again in 1911 they succeeded in defeating the amendments necessary to render the law effective.

IN Georgia, the history of child labor reform is singularly like that of Alabama. An old Georgia statute forbade the employment of minor children except between the hours of sunrise and sunset. This law was amended so as to exempt the employees of cotton and woolen mills. The agent of a Massachusetts corporation located in Georgia signed his name to an appeal to the people against the enactment of the child labor bill proposed in 1905. The same agent was prominent in the manufacturers' lobby which succeeded in defeating the bill proposed that year. Later he opposed the enactment of the ten-hour bill for Georgia and the creation of the Department of Labor, charged with the enforcement of the child labor law.

Today Massachusetts has a fourteen-year age-limit for the employment of children in factories, a sixteen-year age-limit for illiterate children, prescribes an eight-hour day for the children between fourteen and sixteen, forbids night work, and possesses effective machinery for the enforcement of these statutes. Alabama and Georgia have a twelve-year age-limit, a fourteen-year age-limit for night work, allow an eleven-hour day, and with laws rendered purposely ineffective, permit the wholesale violation of these low-standard measures, the Massachusetts corporations in these states being admittedly parties to the violation. Georgia allows children of ten to be employed, if they happen to be orphans or the children of dependent parents.

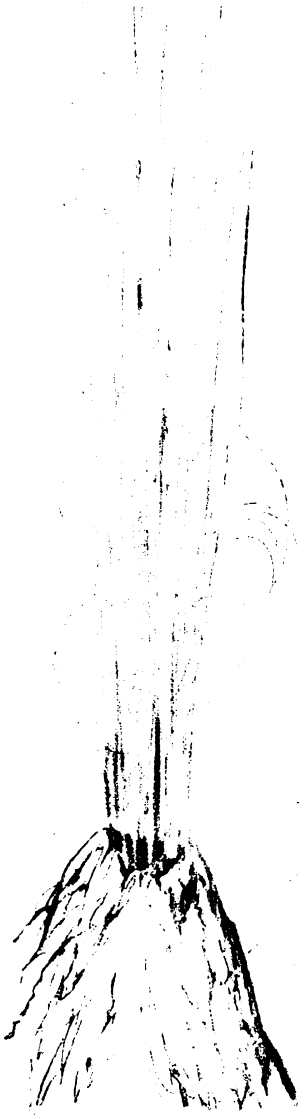
THE agents of these corporations claim that they at least observe the letter of the law by accepting the affidavits of the parents, but in Massachusetts such a proof is disregarded and documentary proof required. Certainly if these manufacturers were anxious to observe the law, they could ascertain the real ages of the children from the family Bible, the school records, or the child-insurance papers. The Massachusetts corporations are doing in the South what would not be tolerated in Massachusetts either by public opinion or by law.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD





A Metrical Skyscraper

AS Hafiz says it's a poor fur that won't rub both ways. Nowadays when the mountain labors and brings forth a Ridiculous mouse we yawn politely behind our gibus, or look the other way. But this is quite another story. The mouse has labored and brought forth a Ridiculous mountain and we sit up and take notice. The scene of the accouchement is California and the maternal rodent we trust is doing well.

If under the famous psychological third degree test we were given the word California and bidden to express instantly the first suggested thought we should hesitate —between *Big Tree* and *Luther Burbank*— These represent the two poles of thought reaction on the human mind of the word *California*. The big tree makes man feel like a little insect—Luther Burbank makes him feel like a little creator.

We hate the big tree, it reminds us of the days when we were giants in the land—and still more do we hate the carriage load of tourists that ever since the dawn of photography has been stalled in the aperture at the base of the big tree, like an irrevocable nickel in the slot of an "out-of-order" weighing machine.

But Luther Burbank, who creates vegetables, is greater than Bernard Shaw who only kills and devours them, even as Corot père who created ladies' hats was greater than his son who painted early mornings—which Parisians, who had never seen an early morning, accepted as exquisite fantasies.

And now Luther Burbank must take a back seat; his melonized squash must give way to the discovery, by a California publisher, of a Blank versatile Architect.

To quote the publisher's circular, *He is an architect; fellow of the American Institute of Architects; Member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters; Associate of the National Academy of Design (Elect); Member of the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects; Member of the Architectural Leagues of New York and the Pacific Coast; Supervising Architect, Professor of Architecture and Director of the School of Architecture, University of California, etc.*

It is from this melon of architecture that (reversing the Burbankian process) has been evolved the perfect squash of blank verse.

"One of the greatest critics of our time—" says the circular—(we dare him to give his name) writes of this book of blankitectural verse, "It epitomizes an epoch . . . the diction wonderfully forcible—without ceasing to be poetic—it nowhere seems to sag—or the author's energy to flag."

Another famous author (also nameless) writes "The *mise en scène* is concrete and vivid . . . no one who has reflected upon the business of being an architect can fail to be stirred by the power and substance and beauty of the formative idea."

Like Mr. Tree's Hamlet Brunelleschi (that is the name of the book) is funny without being vulgar. What could be more refined than this:

Awake, Andrea! For today once more
After these bedrid aeons, would my feet
The skybound platform of my Dome achieved
Press Cheerly.

or this

. . . . —more fully draw
The grapy damask from the pouring rays
Until its glinting dragons drown in dregs
And these used eyes, antiqued with Roman wont,
Joy in divine proportion.

Press cheerly, only one more flight—

. . . . beneath the frameless vault
Of circumambient ensconsing skies—
As now thro' arched oblongs exquisite.

IF architecture as some one (was it Martin Tupper, or was it Townsend Martin) has said is "Frozen Music," then surely this is a thawed out skyscraper—something between the Flatiron and the Woolworth Building—say.

We wish we could afford to read more, but (alas, the high price of laughing) what with its "Etruria hand-made paper from Italy" and its "blue Ancona boards with a uniform slip case"—the cost of the book is six dollars.

There ought to be a society for the prevention of cruelty to hand-made paper.

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"The young man had an attack of visions completely surrounded by orders"

Sales and Local Color

By AMOS STOTE

Illustrated by William Oberhardt

MR. STOTE'S previous articles brought out so much favorable comment from people interested in selling methods and the export trade that we have persuaded him to do two more. In this article he tells of the method by which the foreign prejudice against America can be overcome

A YOUNG man from Virginia was sent over to London in the interest of an American manufacturing company that has a factory in one of the industrial towns of that country and its own office building not far from St. Paul's Cathedral. Before assuming control of a department he was given a three months roving commission in which to "take on atmosphere."

Along toward the end of this furlough, having acquired what he thought was a fair idea of the working of the English mind, he decided to have a go at the selling problems the country presented. This decision was really a result of ignorance, not conceit.

None of the salesmen had been able to make the least impression on a prominent concern that should logically be in line for a number of their particular kind of office machines. The Virginian hardly expected to bring back an order, but he decided to go after this house in a way that would make it possible for him to report exhaustively on their attitude and objections, something on which the salesmen might work. He decided to interview the managing director, and he did—but it took three days of diplomacy and a tip. Believing the man at the top should have as much ability to appreciate as to purchase, the young American put his whole soul into the argument. Conviction and proof struggled in every word, and the managing director listened without interruption. At the conclusion of this full-blooded plea, a respectful moment was laid away in silence before the Englishman spoke. The young man had an attack of visions completely surrounded by orders. When the time for reflection had passed the managing director remarked, in the exceedingly subdued tone of his kind: "You people of the States do most remarkable things, most remarkable; but we—it was only three years ago that we adopted the use of steel pens in our clerical departments, in place of the quill."

28—Count 'em—28

SOME years ago another of our manufacturing houses, none other than the champion heavyweight in selling—that voiced modest claim to hold the trophy against all comers, with its hands tied—picked twenty-eight strong men and true and sent them to instruct England in the art and science of sales. It was an all-star cast, the flower of our selling army, quite the Old Guard of trade. Not one had ever before visited the land of the Britisher, but so well were they trained that before landing the country was divided so that each man might carry a section of the island in his left hand coat pocket. The man with Buckingham Palace in his territory wagered the one with Windsor Castle that he would be the first to place their product in the hands of royalty.

Month after month these men went at the job furiously. One of them nearly made a sale to a greengrocer; but tea-time came while he was wrestling to express dollars in pounds and pence.

Their results are best likened to those obtained by the Light Brigade in its well-known charge. Twenty-eight perfectly good American salesmen rode, with much vocal demonstration, into that commodious and accessible Valley of Failure. Instead of stirring England to its depths and carrying off the top soil of trade, that nation merely glanced over the top of its spectacles—and wondered at so much waste of energy.

They all came back to us. Their expenses had been guaranteed. Fortunately the employers of these twenty-eight men were able to withstand the loss, and are now doing a business in England that is profitably engaging the services of hundreds of people; but you could go through this branch business with a fine-tooth comb, and where the English public has to be met, you will not find a man who was born in the States, though the head of every department has received his business education on our side.

Yet another one of our producers, doing business in England for thirty years, one who has, during this period, tried more than fifty of our salesmen over there, says that it is not so much the question of failure but rather that the man himself is never satisfied. He makes

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more money at home. This is really one of the principal reasons why our salesmen do not stay abroad, even when they chance to secure a measure of success.

Until our commerce has developed a cosmopolitan type of salesman, one who can literally be all things to all people, the only way we may hope to get the best results from our foreign efforts is to put the native to work in each country, and to this extent make American salesmen of them. At the last convention of salesmen a New England manufacturing company held in its London offices in the interests of export trade, about twenty nationalities were represented. Among those present were Chinese, Japanese, Danes, Norwegian, German, French, Dutch and Scandinavian—not to mention a Jew who covered the White Chapel Ghetto district of London. And all of them are American salesmen.

The languages of many countries have done much to save us in spite of ourselves; though you will find Americans all over the world trying to introduce their wares with the aid of an interpreter, or limiting the business they do in a country to those who are able to speak some words of English.

The Man with the Lonesome Job

ON one of the trans-continental expresses I met an American bound for Berlin. He represents an Illinois company that is trying to hold its own in a competitive market where a heavy tariff is against it. This man speaks French, Spanish and Italian; but can get no further than a bill-of-fare in German. His territory is practically everywhere except the two Americas. With headquarters in London, he is able to visit most of his agents on the Continent twice or three times a year; but Africa and a few other portions of the world have to stand in line if they hope to see him annually. Germany, which should be one of his greatest markets, must be in the hands of some one who can speak English; and so helpless is the American that any work of investigation he wishes to carry on must be done with the constant aid of the man whose methods he is trying to investigate.

For more than ten years the man from Illinois has been traveling over this territory, and I gathered from what he said that he is having trouble in keeping his sales up to the mark they reached quite early in his career. In the meantime, competitors have been very busy. The man with the lonesome job has been able to make money for his firm; and the latter, being over-conservative, has not attempted to gain a more secure footing. With the position the company now has it would be possible to organize efficient sales forces in each country through the medium of a resident representative, an American who is able to speak the language and so have an intelligent grasp of all conditions that influence trade, enabling him to direct the efforts of the native salesmen. Under present conditions reasonable growth is impossible and it is only a question of time before the competitors on the ground will carry off the market.

The American in Germany, while he should be at the head of the branch house, should strive to keep himself in the background just as the most successful of them do in England. His work should be limited to directing the efforts of the local men who are hired to meet their fellow countrymen. For years one of our great engineering corporations spent hundreds of thousands of dollars maintaining a German branch. Their sole idea of business was the American way. They seemed to make no attempt to meet German methods and their organization was so lacking in the necessary Teutonic element that its members could not understand why it failed to secure the work for which it had every expert qualification.

At one time they received a request to bid on a small municipal job. As the invitation came from an obscure town in a distant part of the Empire they carried the matter no further than the securing of a superficial report on its position, size and prospects for growth. The greatest profit they could hope for would net them less than a thousand dollars; so they refused to bid, feeling their position had been rather belittled by having so trifling a proposition put up to them.

Debit Experience—$1,000,000

A GERMAN competitor went to the trouble, not only to prepare a bid on the work, but to send an engineer to look over the job and consult with the municipal authorities. Of course they received the contract, and the town became so proud of this improvement and so much favorable comment was aroused during the work of construction, that a million-dollar job grew from this small beginning.

It may be interesting to the reader to know that the American house, after buying a few million dollars' worth of experience, which it neglected to use, has at length abandoned the German field.

The acorn or germ variety of order is very common all over the Continent. The people over there are not apt to place large orders through persuasion or impulse. There is likely to be a pressing need when any of them comes across with what an American salesman would consider a regular order. In many lines the most profitable business is made up of small orders that come with little argument or delay, and so reduce the cost of getting business.

This condition forms one of the stumbling blocks that not only make the American salesman more to be pitied than blamed when turned loose on the Continent in quest of orders, but which are past the understanding of his boss.

One day the president of an American company engaged in the manufacture of valves made a trip to Europe and looked over the shoulder of his German representative at a bunch of orders that the latter was about to send to the stock room to be filled. The president had good eyes and he noticed the majority of the sheets called for from one to three valves.

"Why don't you use those for packing?" the president asked, "we are not running a street corner stand. The profit on such business can hardly carry its proportion of expense, let alone leave us anything this side of the vanishing point."

But the agent informed him that ninety per cent. of their orders were of just this kind—and both of them knew the Continental branch of the business was paying a good return.

The head of that house came home with a knowledge of foreign trade that surprised everyone, including himself. He had learned two fundamental rules of export selling. If the small order is ignored the big one does not come; and unless you respect the little business, the length of your purse registers the date you will kiss this branch of the business on the back of the neck. He also learned that when done according to Continental rules, especially with American brains back of them, not only is selling expense so small there is a profit in practically any order, but that the entire expense of operation, from office boy to rent and from salesman to shipping clerk, is so much less than at home that the despised small orders of the European branch net a larger proportionate profit than the so-called man's sized orders of the home market.

In most of the countries over there our business comes easy if we only know how. In Germany, the appreciation of the American business man (aside from his competitors) is such that could he master the commercial language of the country, which is as unlike the usual social conversation as is our own, he would at the same time acquire enough knowledge of the workings of the Teutonic brain to understand their methods of business approach, and so make it possible for him to personally enter into the selling end of the business. Thinking in German and as the Germans, however, is wonderfully and commercially different from merely being able to speak the usual Anglo-German dialect.

There is a newspaper man in Berlin, who has lived there for years, whose wife is German, who belonged to a German singing society in Brooklyn—a fellow who swears he speaks English with a German accent. He surrounds himself with the Gothic architecture of a German suit of clothes. Yet hardly a day passes but that some Berliner humbles him by answering his excellent German with very shattered English. He is a foreigner, and that is enough to make the loyal German feel there is something lacking; even while that same patriot would not stop to take breath if opportunity offered to land him on our shores. We, who are made up of all the nations of the earth, find it hard to realize the feeling in which we are held by any compact and kindred people. We are not offensive, but we are very, very strange.

The French Limit

THIS brand of national feeling is more pronounced in France than it is in Germany. The Frenchman, though a heavy buyer of thousands of our commodities, is firmly convinced that if the men of his country would bestir themselves to the task of making any of these wares, they could excel in the work as well as in the finished product. For an American to try to sell goods of our manufacture in France, I mean personally to make the sales, is just as reasonable as driving a motor car with the brakes on. The possibility of such an undertaking has nothing to do with the practicability of it; and the fact that some Americans are actually making sales over there only goes to prove the wonderful market the country offers.

This attitude is strongly supported by the government, and if certain bills now being considered by the Chamber of Deputies are passed, it will be vastly more than a question of employing French salesmen to secure the patronage of any departments of State. These bills demand that the government do *all* its shopping at home. This sounds reasonable and patriotic, until conditions are more fully understood.

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For years the French government has been a heavy buyer of American-made wares, especially office appliances and machines. In most of these lines the French are not in a position to offer competition; yet the bills demand that the government shall not purchase any foreign goods if anything even pretending to accomplish the same work is produced at home.

AN American manufacturer, to come in on the favorable side of this law, must produce in that country every part of the product it offers the government. Its labor must be ninety per cent. French, six-sevenths of its office force and management must be French, and ninety per cent. of the capital owned by Frenchmen. If any department finds it absolutely necessary to purchase articles not coming within these requirements, it is the duty of that department to reduce such needs to a minimum, even though its accomplishment necessitates complete reorganization.

There is a law already in existence requiring all foreign concerns selling the government to have offices in France; and there is nothing flexible about this ruling. When the War Department wanted to purchase submarine telegraph and telephone equipment from an English house, it advised the latter to open an office in France and put a Frenchman in charge. As the business was worth the expense, the Englishmen organized a French company and made an old French naval captain chief stockholder and nominal director; in other words made his position of sufficient importance to allow the French officials to treat with him.

The business of the French government is valuable; it is worth many concessions to obtain. At the present time an American concern, with a subsidiary company incorporated under the French laws, is promoting a series of changes in its organization, solely for the purpose of holding the government business. They have increased their capital stock from twenty-five thousand francs to two hundred and fifty thousand francs and have distributed in small quantities, the shares among Frenchmen, so as to secure as many supporters as possible. They have taken new quarters in the finest office building in Paris, at double their present rent, three years before their present lease expires, solely to indicate to the government their prosperous condition and determination to remain.

A friendly government official even advised the management of the American branch company to equip a room with machines and tools and to have parts of their own machines scattered about, so as to give the impression of producing at least a portion of their product in France. To the men who know, all these arrangements are considered so important that the European general manager, whose headquarters are in London, has made eighteen trips to Paris solely in connection with this work. And, bear in mind, all this expense and preparation is not to meet a condition that actually exists, but only to prepare for a bill that *may* become a law, and which, even if passed, relates only to government contracts.

AFTER all, these steps have been taken not so much for fear of the passing of this drastic measure, for the French are making nothing in competition, but chiefly to hold the friendly feeling now prevailing.

In painful contrast with the wise attitude of this concern, with its exceedingly French appearance and conduct, is that of an American house making farm implements. Though paying a tuition to experience of thousands of francs a year, the latter company never seems to acquire the French feeling fo sales. The manager is an America who can hardly write a letter in French yet he conducts the correspondence wit the implement agents in the farmin districts. Under him are fifteen o twenty American mechanics, who kno still less of the language and ways of th country, who are sent throughout th farming districts to instruct purchaser in the use of machines. That they ar paid three times the wage French me chanics command is an incidental iter when compared with the wonderfu opportunity their employment destroys The men performing this work shoul constitute a most valuable advanc guard in educating the people in the us of their machines, and in spreading th good word in new quarters.

Imagine a Frenchman in Kansas, tell

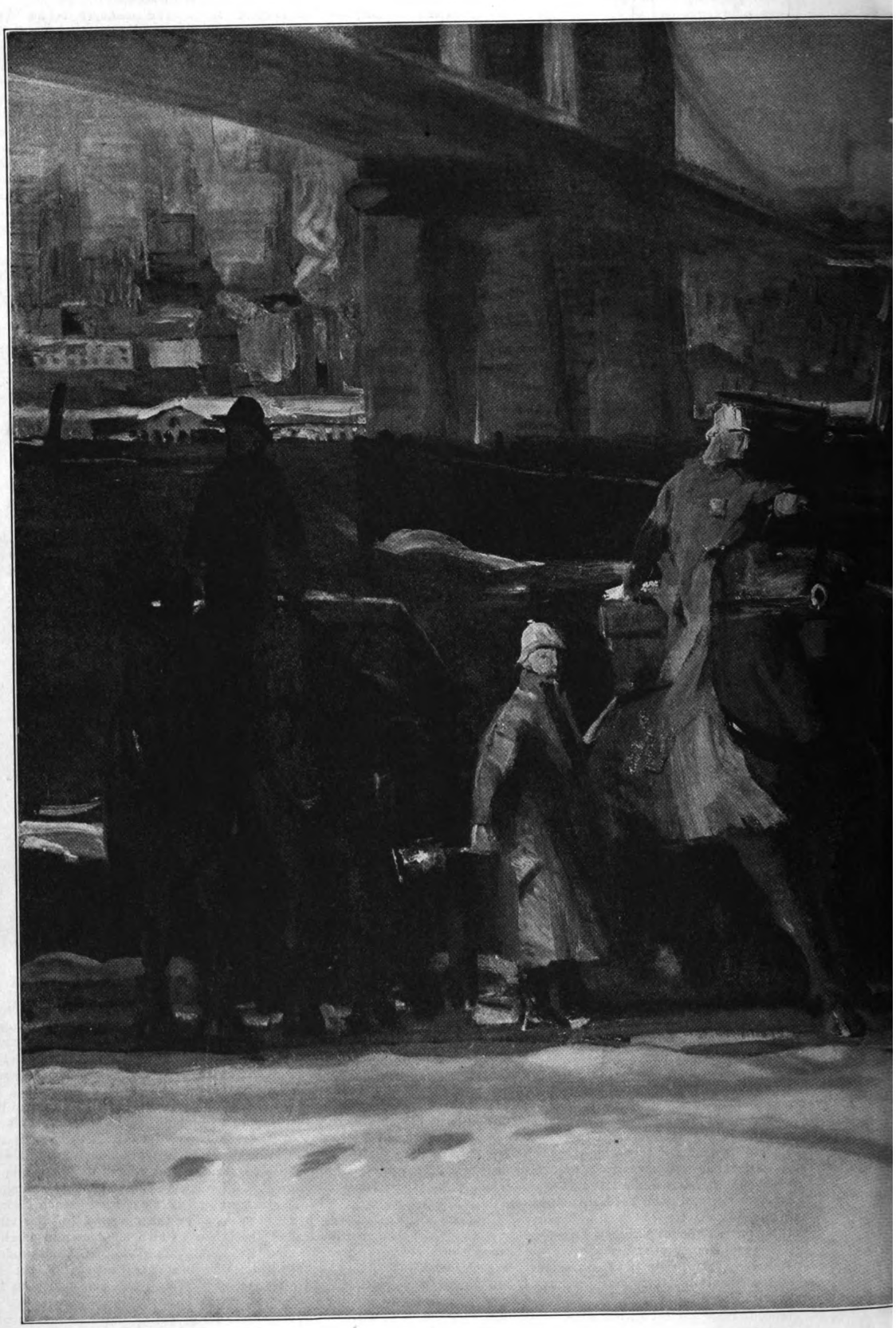


"A Frenchman in Kansas, telling the farmers how to operate some new-fangled implement, and trying to sing its praises in Franco-Kansas"

ing the farmers how to operate some new fangled implement, and trying to sing it praises in Franco-Kansas. Do you thin that man could sell machines? Do yo even suppose he would escape withou bodily injury? And the French farme is not without his patriotism and instinc tive doubt concerning the ability an honesty of foreigners. Even if it wer possible to persuade the individual, h would still retain the impression of foreign product sold by strangers. I would be far easier to teach French me chanics the operation of the machine than to give an American mechanic mind trained to meet and understan the mental operations of the Frenc farmer, and the personality to be or with him.

The American is the man to organiz and manage his business abroad, but le him stay behind a foreground of the be grade of local color, against which is onl visible his French sales and office force or his German, or his English, as the cas and the country may be.

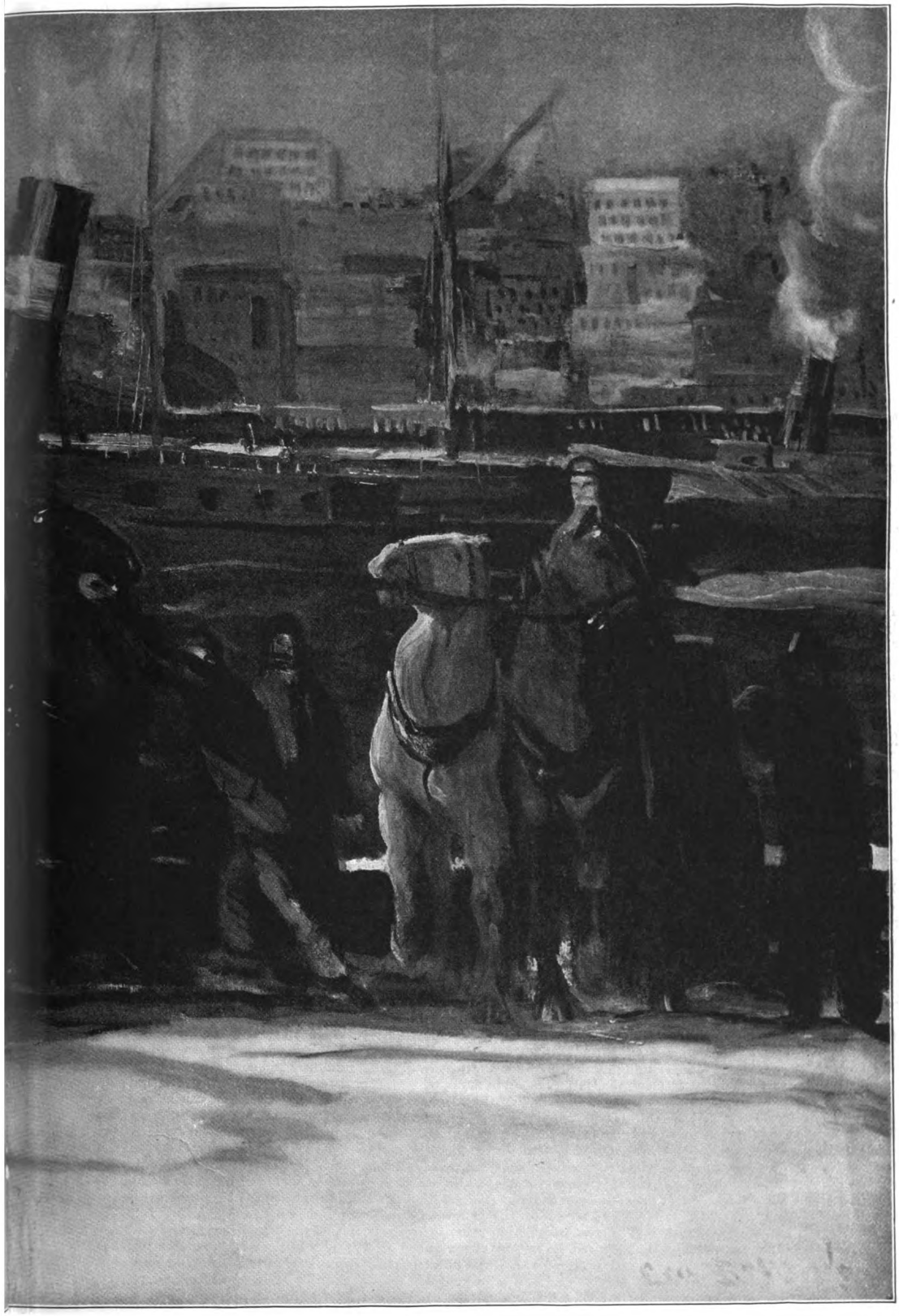
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THE SNO

By GEOR

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DUMPERS

BELLOWS

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A Protest

By ALICE HUBBARD

THE President of the United States gives his time to work for the people.

George Washington was quite properly called the Father of his Country, for he gave consuming interest to the welfare of the American people.

We pay the President of the United States $75,000 a year. Each member of his Cabinet—called the President's family—receives $12,000 a year as a compensation for his time, although it is said that the compensation is inadequate—and I do not question that it is.

Every official in the National Capital receives a compensation for his services. The money paid for these services is derived from the people at large.

The Governor of the State of New York receives—as long as he can hold his office—$10,000 a year. State Senators, Members of the Assembly, all state officials, receive a compensation for service rendered to the state. All county officials and almost all town officials receive compensation for their service for their fellow citizens. And the money received by the public servants is derived from the people. The people do not object, although sometimes they say the taxes are very high, and try to reduce the number of "public servants" and improve the quality of the service.

In each state there is a public servant known as State Superintendent of Education. In New York he receives $12,000 annually for his work. There are also County Superintendents, and in each city and town there is a Superintendent of Schools. Each school is presided over by a Principal. The work in each schoolroom is carefully supervised by a teacher.

This great teaching body receives compensation for service rendered. This money is derived too, from the people, raised either by direct or indirect taxation.

Soldiers on the battlefield, or soldiers inactive—the army and the navy—all receive compensation for service, and the source of this compensation is by taxes derived from the people.

WE speak of the compensation received by these people as their salaries. The word "salary" has a dignity. It is never used except where a business transaction has occurred. There is implied an agreement between the earner and the person or people to whom the service is rendered.

The servant of the people is never compelled to serve. His service is voluntary. We congratulate our friends when they secure the opportunity so to serve, so well do the People pay their servants.

The word salary is never used with regard to a tip, a gratuity, a bribe, hush money, or money received by politicians which they dare not acknowledge.

A salary is legitimate compensation paid to people in good standing, who are working regularly and distinctively for an organized Government, corporation, or individual employer. It suggests that the parties concerned are free people. The one rendering the service is not in bonds.

Robbers do not have salaries, nor do gamblers, nor people playing the games of chance.

Neither do old soldiers receive salaries. What the Government pays them is termed a "pension."

Pension implies a gratuity. The service rendered is past. There is a note of generosity in the tone of those who give pensions.

A pensioner is not in a desirable position. He is supposed to be either maimed, disabled, or sick; therefore only half a person. He is out of the game of life, a dependent, a past participle belonging to the past.

The pension is always a little disheartening, and is collected with the tremolo stop full on.

People feel charitable, that is to say, superior, when they pay out a pension fund. A pensioner is in the same position as one who is receiving something for nothing. He is practically receiving a gratuity. The pensioner is a poor relative, akin to the beggar. When he dies the tax-payer gives a sigh of relief and thanks Heaven that it is over.

There is an unpleasant association with the terms "pensioner" and "pension."

Intelligent societies are discussing the subject of State Pensions for mothers. This has an unpleasant significance, as though mothers did no legitimate work or were in senile occupation.

THEREFORE, mothers object strenuously to having the term pension applied to the fund given to strong, noble, faithful women in the prime of life, who are working for the state, who are on duty for three shifts in a day of eight hours each; who risk life, every ambition, opportunity for development of brain, who give to their children the time which, if spent in developing a talent, would give them a salary that would put them out of the reach of pensions.

Intelligent societies should be discussing the subject of State Salaries for mothers.

The school, the church, organized government, and the business world, are said by wise men of old and now to have but one fundamental purpose,—namely,—to maintain the home. The home is the center of interest of school, church, government and business.

The purpose of the home is that there may be shelter, food, clothing and opportunity for the development of children.

The center of interest in the home is the child.

If this is true, then business, school, church and government are adjuncts to the home.

Service rendered in the process of carrying on the work of the government and school is recognized as belonging to the state. The state maintains them. Business that renders to the world a service is being claimed as belonging to the state, and the state taxes all business, all accumulated property, for the maintenance of public service.

It is universally recognized that the service which a mother renders to her children is indispensable, but we have not yet recognized that the mother's service holds the same relation to the state that the teacher's service, or the governor's, does.

The great majority of homes today are unorganized. They are places owned or rented by a man whose vital interests are elsewhere.

The home is the mother's place of business. She alone can organize the home. The home by every right should belong to the mother. She cannot organize it unless she is educated to its responsibilities, and such learning is not possible except by doing.

Without economic independence a woman cannot carry on her business of home-making, home-keeping. Without wages for her work she cannot be economically independent.

If a woman spends her time in simply making a home for one man, then this one man should pay her for her service rendered.

If she spends most of her time in the work of developing citizens for the state, she should receive a compensation from the state as do teachers, government officials, or any other public servant.

Mothers who are giving to the care of children their interests, which they might use in occupations which the world recognizes as valuable, are devoting the best of their lives to giving to the world citizens.

We are not serious when we say we are afraid of race suicide. We are not serious when we say that good men are the best products that any state can have. We do not mean this.

The market price for service in anything else is greater than for the service rendered that there may be men. We pay in honors and money for production, for the building of railroads and cities, tunneling mountains, building bridges, canals, locks and boats, raising cattle and poultry, preserving the forests, buying, selling, manipulating those representations of wealth called money, scheming, planning, advertising—everything. But for the development of children in the homes, for whom all these activities are said to exist, we give charity doles. The average stable-man, who cares for the horses and cows, has more than is the average wage of the mother.

THE most perfect condition that could have been devised by the cleverest brain for discouraging woman to give her service to the state by becoming a mother could not have surpassed this present condition.

The world as it is operated today is planned for grown people, not for children. Starting with the fundamental industry of production, the great work of production is not for children, does not have that end in view. Transportation—that is not for children. Building of cities—neither is that for children.

We feel charitable when we give over a few acres in a city for breathing spaces for men, women and children. But even the parks are not for babies exclusively.

The amusements of the world are not for mothers and children. The pay-rolls of the world are not for mothers and children. Everything that can be done we have done to take the interest away from the nursery and from the home, whose first purpose was to give shelter, food and clothing to the child, and protection where he might best be made a citizen.

Mothers object to pensions, except where they have been reduced to the plane of the dependence of beggars.

Children should object to being the recipients of all the time and service of a mother's labor and love, and yet feel that they owe their chance in the world, their opportunity of making a living, to money, which only their father can give.

Mothers and children object to pensions!

Justice demands that mothers be paid salaries by the state to whom they give the best work of their lives.

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An Adventure in Democracy

By BRAND WHITLOCK

Minister to Belgium

Illustrated by Herb Roth

THIS is election day, and I have just come from the polling booth where I vote. Last night the campaign closed; another cannot begin until to-morrow morning, and while I am on this little isle of safety, as it were between the two roaring streams of the traffic of politics, that behind me and that just before, in this one little instant of the whole year when one may express himself on political subjects without being charged with insincerity or a base selfish interest, and accused of trying to wreck the structure of the republic, I am going to describe a remarkable adventure I have just had and to relieve my mind of its disquieting impressions

This is what they call an off year; nothing especially important in the political way is on hand just now. We elect today municipal officials; not national officials, not state officials, not even county officials, but municipal officials, choosing the men who for the next two years are to direct our affairs right here at home. And yet I had to vote on eight ballots and make a mark with my pencil nearly forty times. It is not the physical effort of which I complain; one may be called upon to waste himself, even to give his life for his country. It is the strain upon the mind, upon the memory, upon the patriotic intelligence that I grumble about. There were in this election eight ballots, as I have said. One was for the municipal officials, another for a commission to draw a new charter for the city (a thing in itself unusual of course, one that should have been attended to at a special election, but there is always some such thing). Another ballot was for the school board, another for judge of the city court, another for a bond issue for new schoolhouses, another for an increased tax levy to build roads, another for a referendum on a bill the prohibitionists initiated, and the rest for various amendments to the constitution of the state.

Now I think it entirely proper that we vote on all these subjects. We have to amend the Constitution again, because we must undo this year the mischief we created when a year ago we last voted to amend the Constitution. And all those questions about tax levies, and schoolhouses, and good roads, and shipping beer to the ungodly who live in dry territory, should be referred to the people. They have the right to be consulted on these matters and to direct their representatives what to do about them. And far and away beyond this consideration, I think it an undoubted education for people to be forced by this contrivance to concentrate their minds on abstract problems, and to study out, if they can, which of these things should be done, and why and how. In these days of the plebiscite the people in the evolution of democracy will more and more have to do this. Democracy requires intelligence, else it ceases to be democracy, and people cannot grow in intelligence unless they compel their minds to think, and these exercises in the referendum should increase their capacity in this respect. The result should be a more intelligent electorate.

IT is not, therefore, the Constitutional amendments, or the other impersonal questions we were called on to decide today, that I wish to talk about. One is always glad to vote on amendments to the Constitution, and usually to vote "yes." It is this voting for a score or more of specialists, technicians, clerks, errand boys, little whipper-snappers of all official sorts, this staff of under officials to be picked out, by some sort of divination, from the hundreds of names on the ballot, that I am complaining about.

I voted for a mayor, knowing fairly well what I was about, understanding more or less what I would have to expect if he were elected. I knew this much because for two months we have had a municipal campaign in which the several candidates for mayor, or their representatives and newspaper organs, have been abusing and vilifying, ridiculing and challenging one another, and filling the air with charges, so that we all seem to know the worst about them, and can therefore vote intelligently.

And then I voted for a member of the city council from my ward. I knew him; he is a neighbor of mine, has served faithfully in the council already, and if elected will continue to do so. I knew perfectly well what I was doing when I voted for him.

NOW I contend that when I had voted on all those abstract propositions that had been referred to the people, and had expressed my choice for mayor and councilman, I had in that relation done my full duty as a citizen. I contend that, especially as I have to vote on tax levies and bond issues and constitutional amendments and laws relating to moral and ethical problems, I should not be expected to select all the underlings for the mayor and council. I cannot, obviously, represent the wishes of the mayor and councilmen in that respect, and I cannot even express my own, for I know nothing about these fellows, and cannot tell whether they will make good underlings or not. For the most part, though I have been a politician myself, I never heard of them before. They were put on the several tickets, or got themselves on some way, and during the campaign nobody ever said anything about them, or made any illuminating charges against them, so that there is no human way to tell how bad they are. Everybody has been talking or shouting or whispering about the candidates for mayor, the campaign has raged and swirled about their personalities, and in the fog and the furore these obscure phantoms slip into office to become, later on, very material entities for whom no one is responsible.

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"I had to choose four constables. This was carrying the joke too far"

There were on the ballot, for instance, a lot of names proposed for councilmen at large; vote for three, was the mandate. Perhaps I should explain that in my state we elect councilmen by wards, and in addition have an appendix of three entirely supernumerary councilmen at large, the result of which is that three wards in the city have two councilmen each, while all the others have but one.

THEN I had to vote for a city solicitor, whose business it will be to advise the mayor on the law, and a city treasurer, and a city auditor, and a president of the council, to name no more. Just why the mayor should not select his own legal adviser I have not the least notion. Where he gets his legal advice is his affair, not mine, any more than it is my affair what physician he consults, or what architect, or what other spiritual or temporal adviser. I will deal with him, to speak in the menacing note of democracy, on the results of these various advices, when he comes up for reëlection. Nor can I see any valid reason why he should not pick out an auditor to audit the accounts, or in these days of indemnifying bond companies, a treasurer to handle the funds. In this business of administering the affairs of the community I see no reason why we should not concentrate our attention on the selection of a capable man to manage the matter, and let him select his assistants and work out the details according to his own temperament, as we do in the case of a President for instance. I should as soon think of attempting to interfere in his choice of a private secretary, or of a wife, as in that of his legal adviser. And if the council is capable of deliberating at all, I should think it would at least be capable of selecting from its own numbers a man to preside over its deliberations and a clerk to record its transactions, and not expect me to do that for it.

But that is not all; we haven't come to the worst of it yet. I had to vote for four members of the school board, three of them for long terms, and one of them for a short term; and if I confused the long with the short I know not what disaster, if the warning on the ballot meant anything at all, is to befall the cause of education. Outside the polling place at the little red flags that mark the one hundred-foot limit, within which, happily, importunity must cease at last, were groups of shivering men and women with blue noses urging us to vote for this group or combination, handing us little slips of paper whereon were printed the names of those who alone, of all the candidates, could save the school system from ruin and decay. Now I knew little of any of these candidates, at least so far as their views on education were concerned.

But that is not the point. Whatever their understanding of pedagogics, or their theories of education or school management, it is the superintendent who conducts the schools, of course, as everybody knows, and in most instances, especially in the cities, he conducts them very well, even when he is the inert compromise resulting from the various pressures exerted on him. Why then a board at all, especially since, on all boards, there is invariably one controlling spirit who dominates the rest? Why not vote for the superintendent at once and have done with it, or better still have some executive, the mayor for instance, appoint him?

BUT having selected a school board as nearly to my taste as I could, I discovered that I had to select a clerk of the police court. I know of no reason why I should cudgel my brains over this problem. No principle was involved, no public policy, no question of expediency even. The clerk of the police court merely writes in a book the amount of the fine which the judge of the police court guesses to be fit retribution for a night's debauch or the theft of a second-hand overcoat on the first cold day. And if the judge of the police court isn't fit to select a man to keep his records, then he isn't fit to make the record at all—that is, he isn't fit to be a judge.

And there was a ballot called the judicial ballot, from which I learned that I must now proceed to the selection of a judge of the City Court as we began to call our justices of the peace when we became ashamed of them. I had been in politics, and I had practiced law for a good many years, and having a retentive memory I happened to recall one of the candidates proposed for this high office; that is I recalled his face, and I voted for him, or for his face, not because it was a strong or beautiful or refined or scholarly face, but simply because it was a face, while the countenances that might light up with intelligence at the mention of the other names on the poll, were to me by the mysterious accidents of fate the vaguest blurs. Any mayor, out of his numerous acquaintance, or even from among his henchmen, could have selected a city court magistrate with the same unerring instinct for probity and legal acumen, and in that case I could have had the satisfaction of blaming him for any mistakes the magistrate would make, though I believe there are three or four higher courts charged with that duty.

I FELT that surely this must be the end, that this absurdity could be pushed no farther. But no, the end was not by any means yet, the hardest task of all was before me; I had to choose four constables. Now I submit that this was too much. This was carrying the joke too far. The professional politicians were rubbing it in. For of course it is the professional politicians who have devised this labyrinth, this maze, amid laughter no doubt that echoes demoniacally in the nether element they inhabit. A long time ago they told the people that this was a glorious democracy in which they were living, that they must protect their rights, assert themselves as sovereigns, take

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government into their own hands, and, casting off the trammels of kingcraft, arise and choose their own constables.

Now it happens that I have never given any thought to this recondite question of constables; my tastes have run in other lines. You might with perfect propriety say that I have never been interested in constables in the least, and so have no means of making a choice among them, no rule by which to indicate my preference. Somehow to my untrained eye constables all look precisely alike; they have the same disheveled, degenerate, abandoned and hopeless aspect they must always have worn since they came as an institution into this world, the same forlorn aspect they must always exhibit so long as they exist and perform their negligible functions.

BUT it seemed that as a good, law abiding citizen, I was now called upon suddenly to stand up, to come out and declare myself, to tell exactly where I stood on the issue of constables. I think I may say without presumption that I am a man of some intelligence, I have lived in my town a good many years, have had a broad acquaintance, and have ventured into public discussions, and yet ardently as I longed to be given, if but for a moment, the inner light that enables one to pick out constables, I could not, though my life had been at stake, recall one of the illustrious names ranged on that ballot under that important heading. I looked at them, studied them, there in my dark little stall, conscious of the impatient electors waiting outside, sneering no doubt at my fumbling ineptitude and slow understanding, peering from one ticket to another, searching under the rooster, the eagle, the bull moose, the arm and torch, the rose, and all the other symbols of enlightenment and progress, for one lone constable I could call a friend. In vain. Not one of them did I know.

And yet, after awhile, there was a name, one out of all the others, which seemed to have some mystic meaning for me; it wore a friendly aspect, there seemed in it to be somehow an elusive association, a suggestion, however faint, of familiarity. I looked at it with fond hope, and yes, it brought back to my memory a man I once had known, long years before; and presently I recalled the man as a constable, one of the insubstantial spirits arising from the past, out of my early days at the bar. Evidently he was a perfectly incorrigible constable, and must have been running for that office years and years, all unknown to me. Possibly I myself had voted for him innumerable times. Or was it that there had been an interim during which he had been out of office? Had his policies proved unpopular, not suited to the temper of our progressive times? Somewhere in his career had he faltered, and yielding to soft luxury, become a reactionary and failed to brandish the torch of liberty? At any rate, I felt that I could greet him and vote for him as an old friend. I recalled him somehow, as Bill; that had been the diminutive of affection to which he had been responsive. And so I took my pencil, poised it before his name, and was about to make my sovereign and electoral mark, when I saw that the given name was not Bill, or even William, but James; so that after all he could not be the constable I once had known. I was at a loss to account for the discrepancy, but I reassured myself with the thought that if this James was not Bill, he must be another of the same constabulary family, and so put my cross before the name.

I WAS too exhausted by the strain and anxiety to seek further; I was indeed growing quite reckless, and voting at random for three other names. I took my eight ballots out to the clerk; and as he looked at me severely and demanded to know if I had voted all the ballots, and I assured him that I had, I wondered how long it would be before we would select the judges and clerks of election at the polls as well. That would add to the ballot not more than eight or nine hundred names to each ticket and . . .

BUT my wife was waiting for me outside the booth. She is permitted to vote only for members of the board of education, her endowment, in the eye of the law, not being sufficient to enable her to select constables and clerks of police court and justices of the peace, and so she had voted more promptly than I. I was glad that the work was done for another year. Next autumn we shall be called upon to choose a Governor, a Lieutenant Governor, a Secretary of State, an Auditor of State, an Attorney General, and trustees and commissioners without number, whose titles I forget, beside all the county officials, sheriff, clerk, treasurer, coroner, commissioners, auditors, prosecuting attorney, not to overlook a county surveyor, and district officials, and many judges and clerks of court, to say nothing of voting on initiated and referred bills, amendments to the Constitution, tax levies, bond issues, and no one knows what else. I thought of this as we walked along in silence, and wondered why it was that a state which has such an excellent Governor as Ohio has, should not permit him to choose the judges and the ministerial officers and let them select their own clerks and porters. My wife waited a while, and then, assuming no doubt that the solemn emotions evoked by the discharge of the great democratic function had somewhat subsided, she asked:

"How did you vote?"

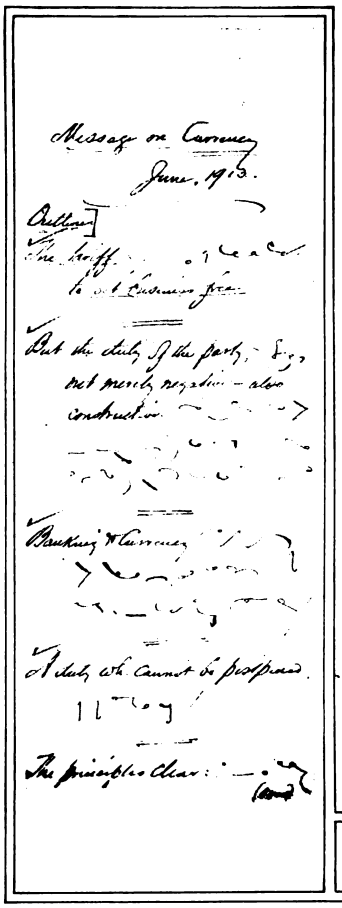
I looked at her in amazement.

"How should I know?" I demanded.



"Laughter, no doubt, echoes demoniacally in the nether element they inhabit"

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The first step in making the message to Congress on the currency. The stenographic outline written by the President's own hand

Wilson His Own Stenographer

By

ROBERT HALSEY PATCHIN

WHEN President Wilson writes a message to Congress he tries to fill the public eye with a picture of the issue—a moving picture. His screen is the press. The film that catches swift thought and lucid argument from his brain is the shorthand he learned as a sixteen-year-old boy.

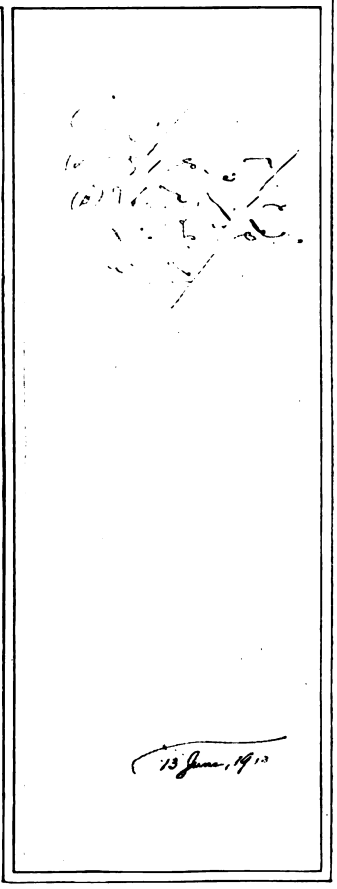
How much the habit of composing in shorthand and then plugging out the transcription on the typewriter that stands in the private study of the White House, far from the Executive Offices, contributes that which reporters call the "punch" in the President's state papers, can only be guessed. Mr. Wilson never wrote any other way. His predecessors used goosequills, steel pens, or dictated their thoughts to stenographers. Their messages were usually long; President Wilson's are short and always vivid.

President Wilson combines with the well adjusted mental mechanism of the trained thinker a ranging imagination and in words a swift felicity of choice. His shorthand is rapid enough to catch and chain to paper, subtleties of thought that otherwise might be deadened in the sound of dictation or drowned in ink. Even with fair speed on the typewriter, the President finds the machine a less valuable aid to original composition than stenography. Pausing for a word, he is conscious that the rattle of the keys has ceased, and the staccato resumption is a shock to the sharp refinements of expression with which both his speeches and his conversation abound.

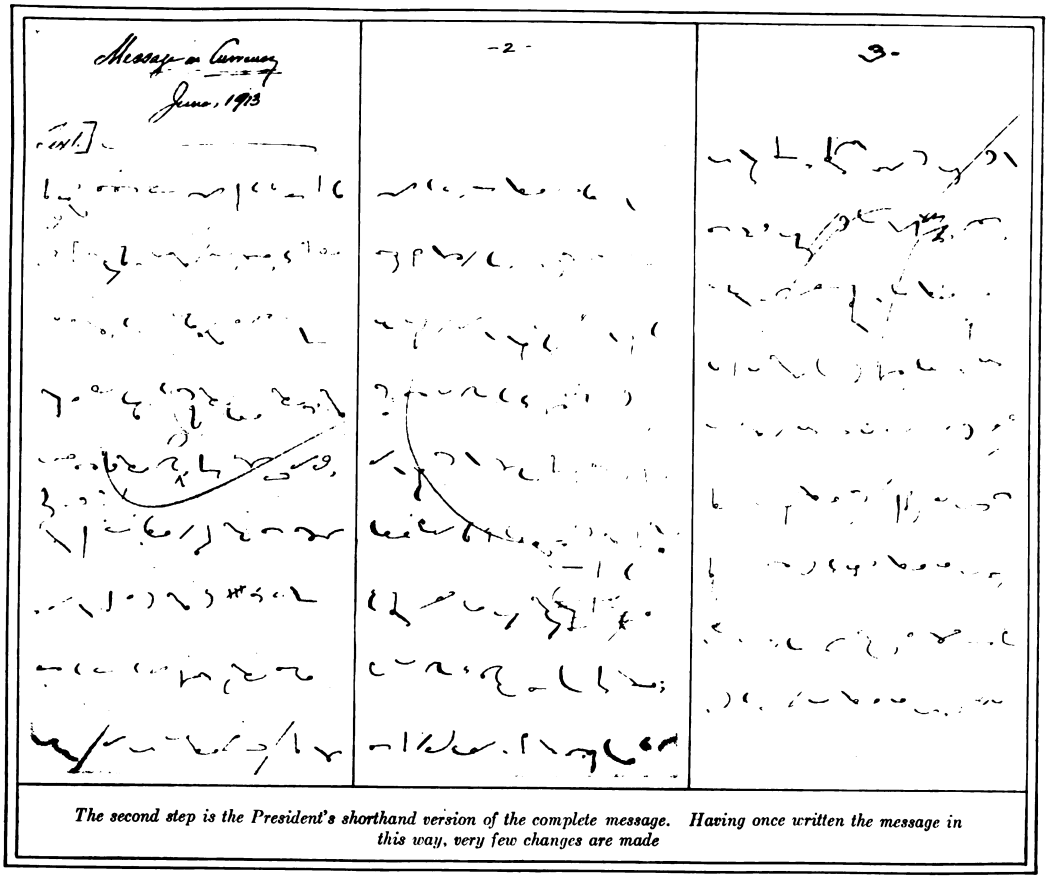
Shorthand is almost an unconscious process, silently following the sinuosities of the President's thought, and accurately recording the niceties of judgment that contribute strength and positiveness to his conclusions.

CLARITY is the note of the clean Graham characters and of the neat typewritten copy. The President scratches out but little; his discourse marches evenly onward. Such improvements as suggest themselves are made between the stenographic outline and the stenographic text, during transcription on the typewriter, and sometimes—but sparingly—by interlineation afterward. This applies to single-subject messages, such as that on tariff and currency. The more general message delivered at the opening of the regular session of Congress in December consisted of topics which had been so thoroughly discussed in the campaign of 1912, or at the Cabinet table, that the President was able to dictate all that he wished to say directly to his personal stenographer, Mr. Swem, one of the fastest in the country.

Through the President's courtesy it is possible in the accompanying photographs of his stenographic notes and edited typewritten "copy" to look to the bottom and earliest physical beginnings of what is probably the most important communication he has yet sent to Congress—the message urging immediate reform of the banking and currency laws. The precision of the script and stenographic characters in the preliminary outline foretell the firmness of the President's management of this difficult policy, for which the party had no such direct mandate as on the tariff issue, and concerning which no such unanimity of sentiment existed. One need not be a stenographer to fancy in these illustrations the chief characteristics of the Wilson policies—firmness and preparedness.



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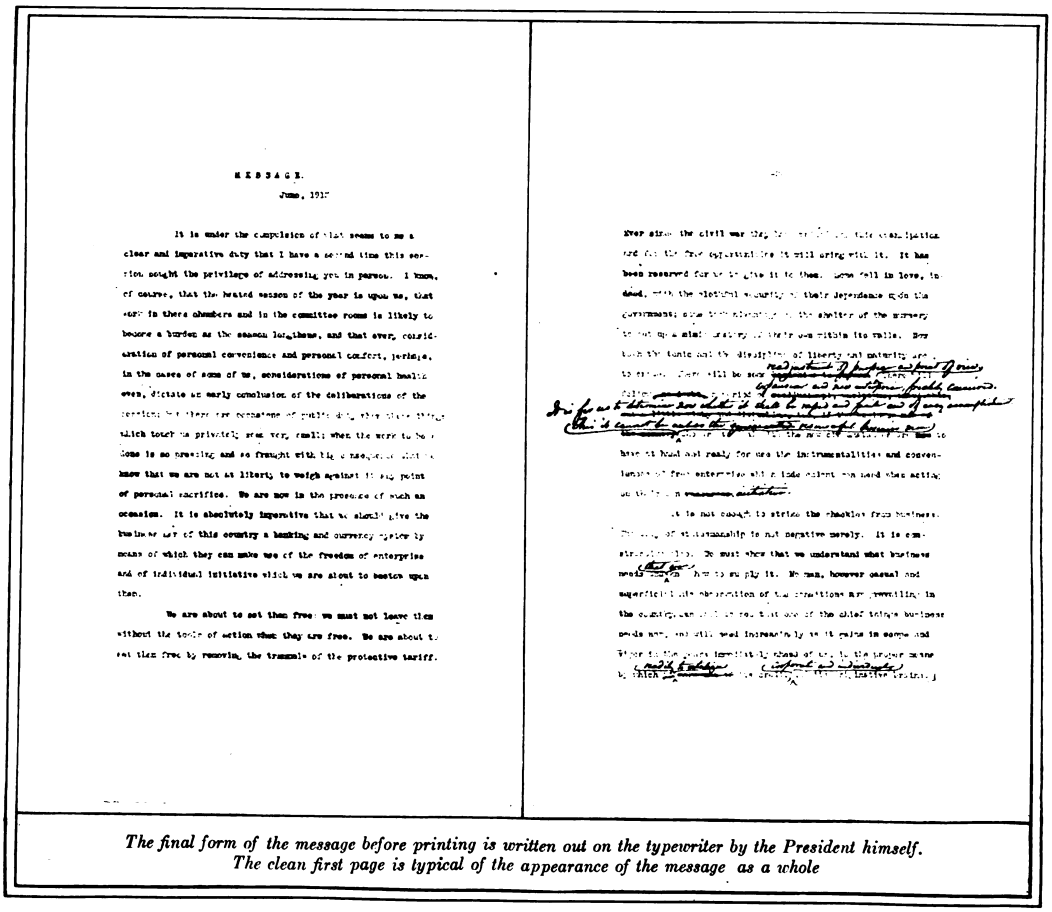


Message to Congress
June, 1913

-2-

-3-

The second step is the President's shorthand version of the complete message. Having once written the message in this way, very few changes are made



MESSAGE.

June, 1913

It is under the compulsion of what seems to me a clear and imperative duty that I have a second time this session sought the privilege of addressing you in person. I know, of course, that the heated season of the year is upon me, that work in these chambers and in the committee rooms is likely to become a burden as the season lengthens, and that every consideration of personal convenience and personal comfort, perhaps, in the cases of some of us, considerations of personal health even, dictate an early conclusion of the deliberations of the session; but there are occasions of public duty when these things which touch us privately grow very, very small; when the work to be done is so pressing and so fraught with the welfare of the country that we know that we are not at liberty to weigh against it any point of personal sacrifice. We are now in the presence of such an occasion. It is absolutely imperative that we should give the business men of this country a banking and currency system by means of which they can make use of the freedom of enterprise and of individual initiative which we are about to restore upon them.

We are about to set them free: we must not leave them without the tools of action when they are free. We are about to set them free by removing the trammels of the protective tariff.

The final form of the message before printing is written out on the typewriter by the President himself. The clean first page is typical of the appearance of the message as a whole

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Johnny Doe, His Mother and the State

By SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

(Member of N. Y. State Commission for Relief of Widowed Mothers)

EVERY normal child has, at birth, five senses: seeing, hearing, tasting, touching and smelling. All knowledge is obtained through them. These five senses are physical.

New York State has a compulsory education law. This law says to the parent or guardian of a child, "I demand your offspring to come to me for education from the time he is seven until he is fourteen years of age and until sixteen, if he hasn't a job. He must get knowledge from me through his five senses.

"I have mapped out a program for him to take through these five senses. I pay a teacher to carry out that program. It consists of reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, English language and geography."

Johnny Doe, the son of Mrs. Doe, washerwoman, sits side by side with Clarence Van Aster, son of a prosperous merchant, to take the knowledge that the State has prepared for them. Just as it should be. Free country, equal rights and all that.

Little Johnny Doe had some tea and dry bread for his breakfast. Clarence had—well, never mind. He looks it.

"C-A-T spells cat," says the State to Johnny Doe.

"But I'm hungry," sighs Johnny.

"Never mind," answers the State, "C-A-T spells cat. Get that?"

"Eight times nine equals seventy-two," says the State.

"I'm shivering, my underwear isn't very warm," pants Johnny.

"I'm not concerned about that," returns the State; "eight times nine equals seventy-two. Don't forget that."

"Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean," says the State.

"If I only had some good soup," wails Johnny Doe.

"This is your geography lesson," cries the State, "Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean. Remember that."

"An adjective is a word used to qualify a noun," says the State to Johnny Doe.

"But my two brothers sleep in the same bed with me and my back aches," he wails.

"I can't help that," says the State. "You must know what an adjective is."

THROUGH nine years of Johnny Doe's life he must take what the State has to give him through his five physical senses, unless he can show a certificate that some of his senses won't work.

Further, the State in its own language says this: Failure on the part of a person in parental relation to a child to cause such child to attend school is a misdemeanor, and punishable by fine or imprisonment.

Question before New York State by the people:

Have you a right to compel Johnny Doe to take your knowledge through his five physical senses without seeing that Johnny Doe's five physical senses are fit to take that knowledge?

If Johnny Doe's senses are impaired because Mrs. Doe has failed to make them physically fit for your knowledge, are you fair in giving your knowledge to physically fit Clarence Van Aster and not give Johnny Doe the same chance?

In other words, can you impose a burden on a back without fitting the back to bear the burden?

You insist that Johnny Doe shall take the same knowledge as Clarence Van Aster. Why? Because you are a public institution.

Thus, being a public institution, if Mrs. Doe is unable to see that Johnny is fit for you to teach, are you as a public institution going to leave it to private charity to see that Johnny is made ready for your knowledge?

"Yes," the State has answered to all of this, until a few months ago, when a slumbering conscience was awakened by a cry that would not down—the cry of the greatest congested section in the world, New York.

THERE was one among them in the very heart of the East Side, where the children of mothers grow like weeds, who sounded the first tocsin in the slow-moving machinery of the legislature. This man, a judge of Municipal Court at thirty-two, fathered the bill creating a commission with a view to having the State mother her children through their own flesh-and-blood mothers.

So important was this question finally deemed, that $15,000 was appropriated for investigating purposes. We have conducted investigations, heard the heads of all the most important charity organizations of the State, and have had volumes of testimony taken.

Each and all of our members are trying their level best to keep an "open mind" on this question until the end of our research. However, whatever our forthcoming recommendations may determine, I want to say that in all the hundreds of cases of relief for dependent mothers with children, I have yet to hear of one where any charitable organization has adequately met the common, ordinary, everyday, living needs of a common, ordinary, everyday, average family.

And this, my observation, is not surprising in view of the statement of Robert W. Hebberd, secretary of the State Board of Charities, former Commissioner of Charities of New York City, who says: "Looking back over an experience of more than thirty years I have not yet seen a single case in which adequate assistance, whether from public or from private sources, has been given to the widow and her children."

WITH these facts staring us in the face, has the great State of New York left, either wisely or well, the fate of Johnny Doe's nine years of physical warfare to private or public charity, to make him fit for the knowledge it has to give him in the creating of citizen stuff? For that is what the compulsory education law is for.

Thus the paramount consideration is, How is the State of New York going to conserve the energies of the child, Johnny Doe, that he may have the fighting chance for citizenship that is accorded Clarence Van Aster? This is an age of conservation with its forces directing toward the ounce of prevention rather than the pound of cure.

The Charity Trusts have presented many arguments against the advisability of the State giving the mother direct money to see that Johnny Doe is properly prepared in bodily comfort before he takes the educational meal that is placed before him.

They have yet to present a plan by which they ever have or ever could conserve Johnny Doe's energies; unless it be that if the State gives them the money, that they can do it. For they say, "If New York State puts such a law in actual practice, the moneys that have come to us by kindly disposed folks, will be withheld."

IF the child is the ward of the State by a compulsory education law until he is sixteen years of age, is the State not, at least, his educational father? Then why delegate "*in loco parentis*" to any society whose past inability to cope with this tremendous problem is painfully evident?

Every day the State pays a charitable institution a certain sum for taking care of a child. That institution may, in turn, board the child out with a foster mother; yet that self-same State has at present no law by which it pays the money direct to the real mother. It has no way of giving her the money for the same service rendered. The State has been moving in a circle.

Twenty-five per cent. of the charity applicants are mothers with dependent children who now cannot go direct to the State.

Don't mistake my meaning. There is great work done by the charitable institutions, but it is not in the direction of keeping the mother and children together in their own home.

SOCIETY at large in its beneficent moods has been tried and found wanting. The dependent mother, in her last desperate struggle on half the pay that her husband earned, proceeds to the child-caring institution or orphan asylum, and in one last agonized cry leaves to others the clinging arms that are a part of her.

The State takes the burden from her shoulders by financing the institution, in place of the great evil of "pauperizing" her.

That is the real sum and substance of the opposition against Johnny Doe's being given enough money and mother-love to keep body and soul together during nine years of his life while the State claims him for its very own.

Whatever will be the final summing up of the Commission on Relief for Widowed Mothers in the coming legislature, a few facts are evident:

No charity institution has ever adequately met the average needs of a widow and her children during their school-going period.

The Charity organizations have had great problems to solve, and their usefulness will go on, regardless of any action taken in behalf of the widow and her children.

There will always be private individuals philanthropically inclined to come to the aid of well-meaning charitable bodies.

The question to be solved is:

"How shall the State best conserve the child so that he becomes an asset rather than a liability to the community?"

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The Fuller Sisters

DOROTHY, Rosalind and Cynthia Fuller of Dorset, England, who form our frontispiece this week, are now singing in the United States, English and Scottish folk-songs. A very picturesque group they are, in early Victorian costume, accompanied on the Irish harp. They form our frontispiece because their art represents something interesting, lovely and unusual. They have sung to many cultivated audiences, including those at Harvard, Bryn Mawr, Columbia, Smith, Radcliffe and the New England Conservatory of Music, and where taste is highest they are most appreciated. Listen to what Andrew Lang said about Folk-songs:

"Folk-songs sprang from the very heart of the people, and flit from age to age, from lip to lip of shepherds, peasants, nurses, of all classes that continue nearest to the state of natural man. They make music with the splash of the fisherman's oar, and the hum of the spinning wheel, and keep time with the step of the ploughman as he drives his team. Indeed, the pastimes and the labours of the husbandman and the shepherd were long ago a kind of natural opera. Each task had its old song, —ploughing, seedtime, harvest, marriage, burial, all had their appropriate ballads or dirges. The country seems to have aided man in the making of these songs, the bird's note rings in them, the tree has lent her whispers, the stream its murmurs, the village bell its tunes. The whole soul of the peasant class breathes in their burdens as the great sea resounds in the shells cast up on the shores. Folk-songs are a voice from secret places, from silent people, and old times dead, and as such they stir us in a strangely intimate fashion."

THE beautiful songs of England are dying rapidly. Some of those sung by the Fullers have barely been rescued, and sometimes only one old peasant could be found who remembered the words. Mrs. Fuller, in her little English village, sang them and brought up her daughters to sing them. These girls are natural artists. Their methods fit their songs entirely. They sing as simply as the peasants sing. Their enunciation has a clearness and purity that in America is startling. They have youth, freshness and joy in their work. They come to America at a time when everybody is seeking stress and marked sensation, and they bring an art of entire purity, gentle, historical significance and quaint, inviting charm. A well equipped American critic says:

"Self consciousness was entirely lacking in the earliest singers of folk-songs. Hence the feeling of the rhythm would be kept as exact as the singer's musical sense could make it. But there are nowadays few trained singers who dare risk a folk-song in its natural state, without emotionalization or 'expression.' The fact that the Misses Fuller dared to do it proves their faith in their songs, and this faith becomes contagious. It must be added, too, that most of the English songs lie emotionally rather on the surface, observing and relating facts but not expressing the deeper feelings. One must go across the border or across the Irish Channel to find the latter. And even Scotch or Irish songs, being musically self-sufficient, rarely demand much 'expression' in the singing. At any rate, the songs of Saturday afternoon expressed high spirits or whimsicality or a canny sense of literalness, and the less intensity given to the singing of them the better. Our first artistic debt to the Misses Fuller is that they have had the courage and artistic insight to sing their songs in the most simple and literal manner, without the slightest concession to 'artistic taste.' By so doing, they have made themselves the authoritative interpreters of folk-songs in the genuine manner."

To them may justly be applied the words of one of their own songs:

"In Brixham town so rare
For singing sweet and fair,
Few can with us compare,
We bear away the bell.
Extolled up and down
By men of high renown,
We go from town to town;
And none can us excel."

As these young girls express the spontaneous singing of the peasants of by-gone generations, they make us feel the truth of what was said by the Vicar of Hambridge:

"INDEED a folk-song cannot really grow old or fail in its charm. It can touch and stir the heart of the twentieth-century man, if he will but yield to it, just as deeply as it did in the far away days of its birth. Scientific music shifts and changes like other scientific accomplishments, but the native melodies of England can charm the children as they charmed the fathers. They can perhaps do more. They can turn the hearts of the children back to the fathers and knit past and present together in great and unaffected sympathy."

Until lately, it has been generally assumed that the English peasants had no folk-songs of their own and that "the English peasant was the only one of his class in all Europe who was unable to express himself in terms of dance and song." Recent research, truly scientific, has put an end to that strange misconception. Genuine folk-songs of high quality have been gathered by the hundred, and still, in spite of the loving search that has been made, the larger part of rural England has not yet been explored with thoroughness. The men and women who are carrying on this work do not edit and change, like the eighteenth century collectors. Their object is historical, and they remain strictly true. The best treatise on the subject thus far printed is a volume called "English Folk-Song," by Cecil J. Sharp, and the best embodiment of these songs to the eye and ear is that of Dorothy, Rosalind and Cynthia Fuller.

The Creative Fire

By CAROLINE DUDLEY

IF I cannot make out of words
Verses eternal, enduring all death;
If I cannot blend out of color
Tones to liven the eyes,
To quicken the heart
With their various contrasts;
If I cannot carve out of marble
Beautiful breathing bodies;
God give me the power
To mould in my womb
Women and men.
May beauty be born of my
breath,
Whether to live like a star,
Whether to die like a flower—
Some beautiful breathing form.

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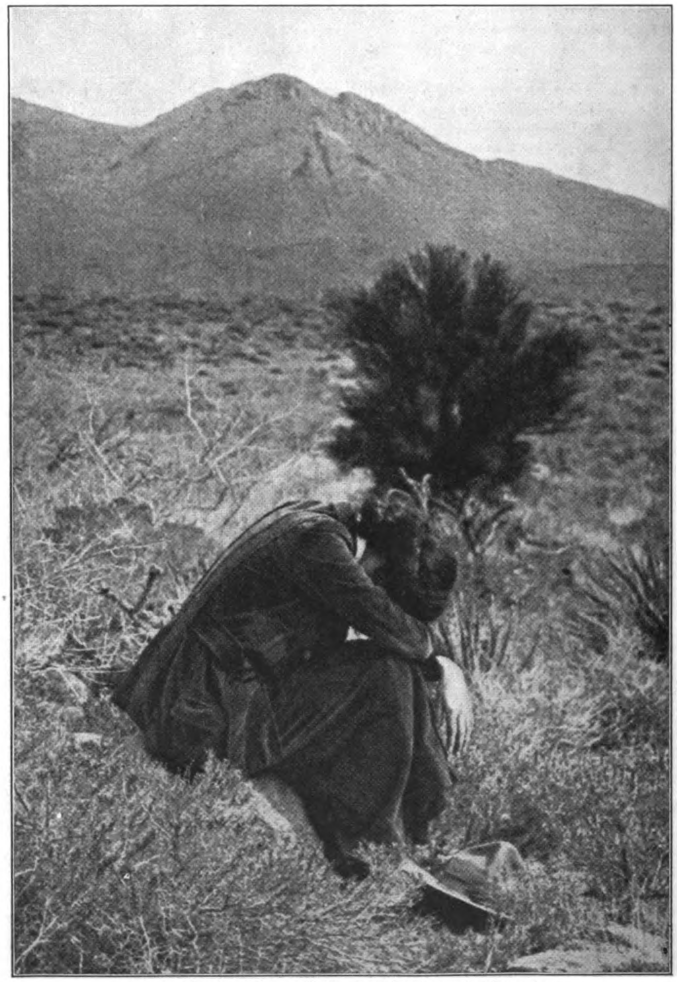
Dinner in camp

Honoré Willsie

By N. H.

AS will be guessed by the pictures accompanying this article, Honoré Willsie has not led a secluded life. She was born in Autamura, Iowa, and educated, as they say, at the University of Wisconsin, although she is such a constant reader and observer that the word "educated" ought not to be confined in her case to the years she spent at college. She has been very often in the far West and all her trips together there would aggregate nearly three years, all of this time out in the open, and nine months at one stretch without a roof over her head. Six months at one stretch she was in a region where she never saw a woman, up in the mining district called the Desert Mountains of Arizona. Her favorite travel has been in large open spaces in America. Her recently published novel, "The Heart of the Desert," shows how deeply and intimately she loves the West. To that intercourse with nature, she has added a wholly unusual intimacy with the best literature. Although in her twenties, it would be difficult to find many persons in the United States who have as wide an acquaintance with the best books as she has. She has a memory which keeps vividly present to her the good things she has read, and this intimacy with great literature is felt in the style which expresses her. When she was about seven years of age her father said to her, "Don't get so many books out of the library." Therefore she went to the bookcases in the house and began to read at the upper left hand corner and read right along to the lower right hand corner; it made no difference whether it was Shakespeare, Alice in Wonderland, Pride and Prejudice, a complete Dickens, or a book on minor surgery. They were all good in one way or another for her purposes.

NOW, at a certain period in my existence, not many years ago, I had never heard of Mrs. Willsie, because I am



A snapshot by Mr. Willsie near the close of a long day

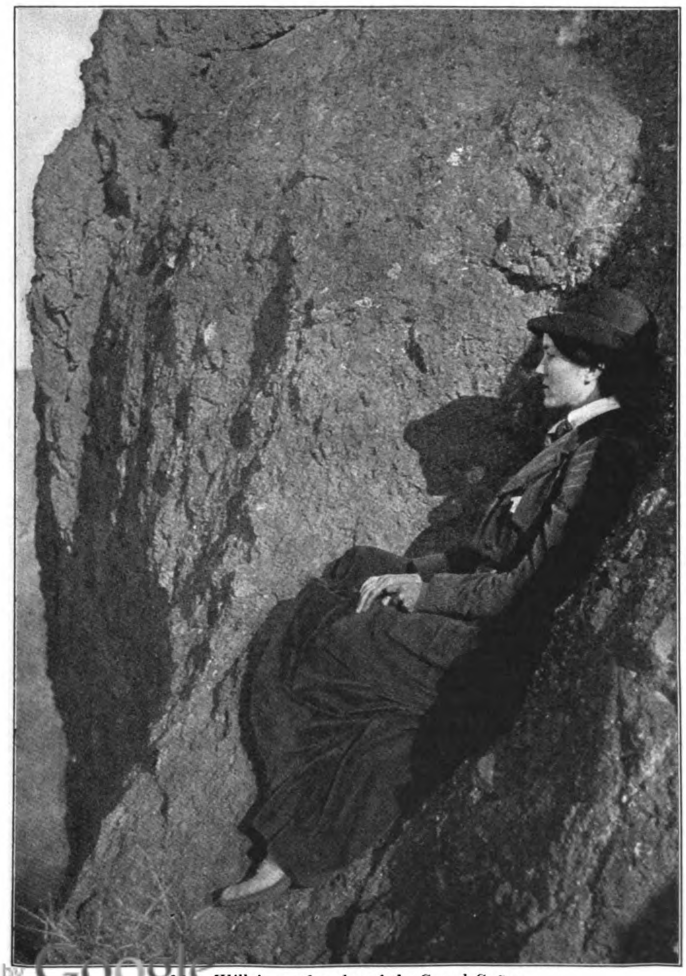
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not a magazine reader and not a reader of current novels. I was at that time in a very general way responsible for the policy of a publication for women, although I took little part in the practical conduct of it. The man who was conducting it asked me one day if I thought it well to run a series on Divorce. I said, "Yes, provided it is written by exactly the right person," and I asked him if he had anybody in mind. He said he would like to have a woman come to see me on the subject. A few days after, she called. She was tall and unusual looking, as you will see by the pictures, and apparently a little shy. I asked her how much she knew about the subject and she said, "Very little." I asked her if she had any convictions about the right way to solve our divorce problem and she said, "No." Those answers helped me to believe she was the right person to go into the subject, where dogmatism would have been uninteresting and what was wanted was an open mind. She did that series so well that since then I have been following her career with exceptional interest, and have become so impressed with her ability to get at the essentials of a big question, and put it in simple and human terms, that I am continually worrying her to take up more topics than she really has time, in justice to her fiction, to undertake.

Mrs. Willsie talking to some old friends



MRS. WILLSIE'S work is already well known to the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY through the accounts she has given of the plans of Mr. Lane and Dr Alsberg, and also through one very charming piece of fiction. Of her writing in the WEEKLY, Mr. Lincoln Steffens said: "We are getting the new-fashioned news which the old-fashioned journalism never saw or heard of—I mean the news you can't see with the eye and picture with a pencil: the news in ideas. HARPER'S WEEKLY has been 'running' a good example of it in Honoré Willsie's articles on 'Mr. Lane and the Public Domain.' She knows how the new Secretary of the Interior is working in the new spirit of this new administration. And it is so simple, so 'undignified,' so human and so democratic, that it shocks the old spirit which is the gist of all that we all are fighting in this country." We are about to print a good deal more of her news, dealing with large, progressive, serviceable steps being taken in Washington If in the forthcoming articles, she gives the main plans and point of view of the Department of Agriculture as well as she has already interpreted the Department of the Interior and Bureau of Chemistry, she will fully earn her wages.



Mrs. Willsie on the edge of the Grand Cañon

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William Winter's "Wallet of Time"

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

IN the preface to his drama "Merope," Matthew Arnold wrote: "The laws of Greek tragic art are not exclusive; they are for Greek dramatic art itself, but they do not pronounce other modes of dramatic art unlawful. . . . 'Tragedy,' says Aristotle, in a remarkable passage, 'after going through many changes, got the nature which suited it, and then it stopped. Whether or no the kinds of tragedy are yet exhausted,' he presently adds, 'tragedy being considered either in itself or in respect to the stage, I shall not now inquire.' Travelling in a certain path, the spirit of man arrived at Greek tragedy; travelling in other paths, it may arrive at other kinds of tragedy."

I quote this passage as illustrative of an open mind well steeped in classic training, yet willing to acknowledge that the spirit of man, never static, might at some future time need other standards by which to measure the perfectness of its art expression. It is because Mr. William Winter, in his massive volumes called "The Wallet of Time,"* fails to recognize this change in the spirit of man, that I regard his work as so much dead matter, and place it among books of reference.

Mr. Winter has served half a century in the cause of the theater. During that time he has had a wide range of playgoing, has made rich friendships, and has witnessed the old order giving place to new. He has not realized the truth of Emerson's saying that time changes not, 'tis we who change in time. He has not kept his mind plastic or his vision clear. He has stood still and let the tide of life flow by.

"The Wallet of Time" contains a mass of fact about actors and actresses of the past; it contains equally as generous an amount about players of the present. The future student of the drama will turn to William Winter for plots of plays and for analyses of the individual actor's accomplishment. It is a long and full record of the American stage, in which he defends American acting in comparison with acting abroad and in which he shows an undoubted love for the theater. It repeats what has elsewhere been served up as "Shadows of the Stage." His former volume, "Other Days," is much lighter in narrative, and leaves a clearer impression. Mr. Winter's personal recollections would have been as entertaining as Jefferson's famous Autobiography, had he possessed the flexible spirit or the sense of humor to forsake the austerity of the confirmed critic.

THE design is the same as that used in all of his books. First he gives biographical data; then under separate plays he reproduces his criticisms written probably at the time of seeing them. Even in *The Tribune* I have known Mr. Winter to use the same criticism over again whenever a play was revived, making changes only with the change of actor. Once Mr. Winter has approached a play, there is no new approach for him. "The Wallet of Time" is an uninspired volume. Covering over thirteen hundred pages, I can safely say that it does not bite deep into the memory, it does not invigorate the mind, it does not offer one brilliant portrait though it paints so many.

Mr. Winter's style—designated Early Victorian—has always been ponderous and colorless, despite its sedateness and its well rounded sentences. It is usually marked with a wide choice of adjectives, with a minute care for analysis, with a conscientious bestowal of judgment along conservative lines. It has no humor. There are no apt phrases to flash across the page.

My grievance against Mr. Winter, however, is of a much deeper character. It is against Mr. Winter's type of mind—a mind that crystallized during the days of Niblo's Gardens, and has advanced no further than the era of "Sweet Lavender." I will grant him a considerable sensitiveness to poetic beauty; he has shown ample evidences of love for Shakespeare; and simple sentiment has ever found him a cordial advocate. But he has been totally blind to changing conditions, totally deaf to modern demands, and totally unresponsive, unsympathetic to those large questionings which have broadened the spirit of man in all relationships. He has been thoroughly consistent in his stand—an obstinate stand, if it is not one which is due to the limitations of mental grasp.

COULD he, in one moment, be handed the art universe to control, he would blot out much of Greek tragedy—he intimates this in his review of Mrs. Campbell's Germanized version of "Electra" played in New York some years ago; he would eliminate certain distinctive aspects of Molière's habit of mind; he would sacrifice Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," which he calls obnoxious, despite its grandeur, and he justifies himself by applying an ethical test which he decides must be the standard for the theater. Since Mr. Winter holds such set opinions regarding morals and ethics, he condemns Ibsen, Shaw, Pinero, Maeterlinck, and Sudermann. He denies the right of the spirit of man to make new demands, to seek new adjustments, to question old institutions. Since change is the very soul of the modern movement, "The Wallet of Time" is largely a brief against the expression of the modern spirit.

Were Mr. Winter's eliminations to take effect, little of the modern drama would remain. He is as determined against the problem play, the thesis play, the unconventional type, as Shaw in his refreshing "Dramatic Opinions" is against the romanticism and sentiment which the veteran critic champions. His adjectives of condemnation are piled thick against "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "The Gay Lord Quex," "Magda," "Hedda Gabler," "The Joy of Living," "Iris," and "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont"; he cannot see the social meaning or the technical excellence in them. Because he is not in sympathy with her repertory, he is unable to give proper estimate of Mrs. Patrick Campbell or to measure wholly the individual force of Modjeska, who first introduced Ibsen into this country. Disliking Brieux on moral grounds, he condemns the intellectual sincerity of Laurence Irving.

His zealousness to prove our modern drama one large cesspool of ignoble thinking and sensual action has made him take unfair advantage of chance remarks uttered by actors themselves intellectually alert and in sympathy with the modern movement. He has, in several instances, made Mrs. Fiske and Mansfield half-hearted in their appreciation of the realistic school. The former has always clearly realized the new forces at work; the latter forsook "Candida" for no other reason than that the character of Marchbanks did not suit his personality; and if he went grudgingly to work on "Peer Gynt," it was because of ill-health rather than lack of sympathy.

What Mr. Winter does not appreciate he either denounces in opprobrious terms or ridicules. "John the Baptist" and "The Sunken Bell" are beneath his contempt; he is bitter against "A Doll's House," "Ghosts" and "Rosmersholm." And when he quotes a passage wherein Maeterlinck gives his interpretation of Ibsen's "Master Builder" he undertakes to be sedately hilarious. He sneers at Miss Mary Shaw's efforts at the time of "Mrs. Warren's Profession"—the subject matter of which he deems unfit for the stage. He slays Walter's "The Easiest Way" and Sheldon's "Salvation Nell." He recognizes no spiritual value in Kennedy's "The Servant in the House" because it touches on social regeneration. Plays to him are bad when they do not accord with his code of morals or ethics, or when they are identified with an actress who associates herself with the delineation of unconventional rôles.

MR. WINTER is more generous in the bestowal of praise upon the modern player than on the modern play. Marlowe, Sothern, the late Frank Worthing, Blanche Bates, Mrs. Fiske, and Mrs. Carter, come in for praise; and even among minor players he realizes traditions of the past being upheld. He is lavish when he bestows praise; his appreciation of Worthing is as tender as that of Barrett; his designation of Ada Rehan as eloquent and as discerning as that of Charlotte Cushman. Not in "The Wallet of Time," but in a special biography, he prophesies the increasing greatness of Tyrone Power. Why does he omit mention of the work of James A. Herne, why ignore the invigorating example of Heinrich Conried's policy at the Irving Place Theater? He forestalls such criticism by saying that he is writing another volume.

We need a live intellect to catch the spirit of the modern drama—an intellect invigorating, refreshing. Mario Borso is an Italian journalist who went to London for a few months to study the theater. He saw things as a whole. He saw them brilliantly in the light of social, artistic, and economic activity. He wrote an enlightening book on the English drama. Mr. Winter has been a critic of the theater for nearly half a century and he has seen no further than his prejudices.

*The Wallet of Time: Containing Personal, Biographical, and Critical Reminiscence of the American Theater. By WILLIAM WINTER. Two volumes. Moffat, Yard & Co. New York. 1913.

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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Inquiries will be answered as soon as possible, but considerable time is often required to secure reliable information. This magazine does not have the facilities to assist in raising capital for even worthy enterprises.

Bank Stocks in a New Light

TWO great discussions of the day have served to thrust the institution of banking into new prominence. For several years we have heard much of the "Money Trust," which necessitates bankers, and now we have a complete, new Federal system of banks, which alters in radical fashion the status of this business and the relations of banking units one to another.

It cannot be said fairly that any economic question of the day creates more discussion than banking. In theory and practice its every feature is examined with microscopic minuteness. So fascinating a subject is it alike to student and man of affairs that Carter Glass, chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency from whose midst sprung the original Owen-Glass bill, has asserted that only two or three men have really qualified as experts on these subjects and still remained sane. Mr. Glass hastened to deny any claim to being an expert. In obviously fantastic and exaggerated language he served to indicate the importance of banking in modern life.

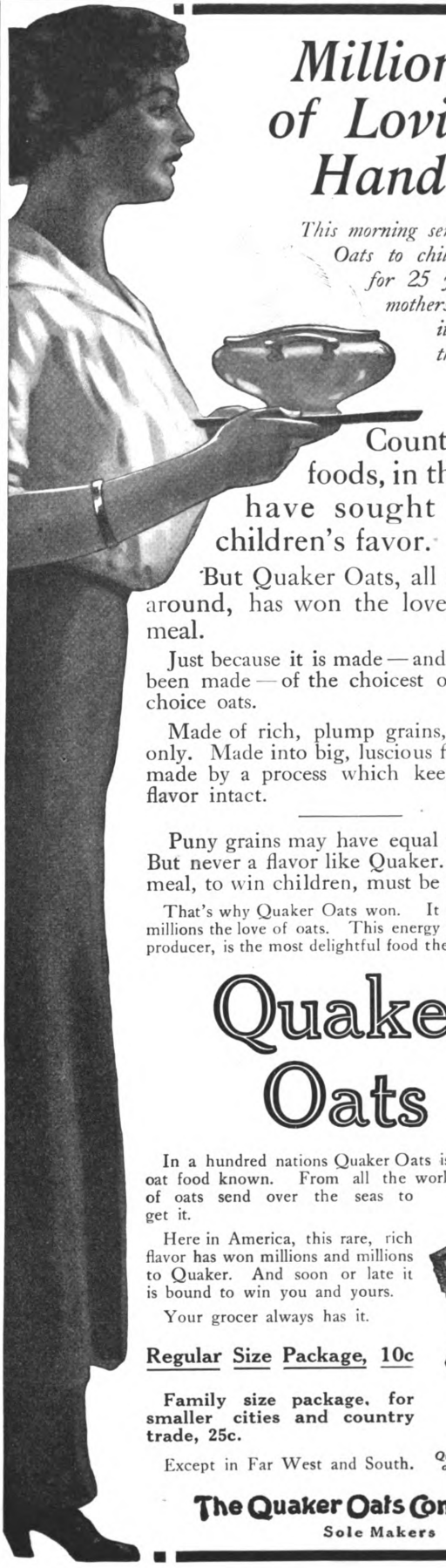
BUT it is curious enough in one sense how little attention has been given to bank stocks from an investment viewpoint. Investment in railroad and several other classes of securities literally has become a business apart from the industries themselves. Investment in these securities has a science and nomenclature all its own. But while every citizen airs his views on banks and the "Money Trust" it is rare to hear the stocks of these concerns mentioned from the investor's point of view as distinct from that of the depositor, borrower and public.

Of Necessity Local

BANK stocks have not declined as much relatively as many other securities in the last few years. But they have fallen not a little, and show higher income yields than formerly. Are they attractive securities to buy in view of this fact, or does the new Federal Reserve Act detract from their worth? These are practical investment questions to be answered as accurately as space allows.

The first fact to insist upon is that a bank must necessarily be judged as a local institution. There are a few monsters in New York and Chicago with national influence, but their number is insignificant. There are perhaps thirty thousand banking institutions in this country as compared with a few score in Canada and a few hundred in European countries. Our system is obviously different from others. The new Federal Reserve Act will not change it much except to strengthen it. In buying bank stocks the average investor should usually confine himself to those of institutions local to his own habitation.

Success in banking is more personal perhaps than success in any other busi-



Millions of Loving Hands

This morning served Quaker Oats to children. And for 25 years other mothers have done it because of this matchless flavor.

Countless oat foods, in that time, have sought for the children's favor.

But Quaker Oats, all the world around, has won the lovers of oatmeal.

Just because it is made — and has always been made — of the choicest one-third of choice oats.

Made of rich, plump grains, and those only. Made into big, luscious flakes. And made by a process which keeps the full flavor intact.

Puny grains may have equal food value. But never a flavor like Quaker. And oatmeal, to win children, must be delicious.

That's why Quaker Oats won. It has created in millions the love of oats. This energy food, this vim producer, is the most delightful food they know.

Quaker Oats

In a hundred nations Quaker Oats is the choicest oat food known. From all the world over lovers of oats send over the seas to get it.



Here in America, this rare, rich flavor has won millions and millions to Quaker. And soon or late it is bound to win you and yours.

Your grocer always has it.

Regular Size Package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

Except in Far West and South.

Look for the Quaker trademark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers (496)

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ness undertaking. J. P. Morgan, the elder, told the Pujo Money Trust committee that character counts most in making loans. This statement has met with derision, but while capable of modification contains an essential truth. The successful banker must make loans to persons who he is sure will repay. This means that the successful banker must first of all be honest, secondly have excellent judgment and common sense coupled with conservatism, and thirdly possess considerable experience. It is all very well to say that banks should aid in upbuilding industry, but while the banker must be broad-minded enough to realize that continued success depends largely upon a liberal attitude toward business enterprises, his first consideration is and always must be, the safety of the money which he lends out and which belongs to his depositors and stockholders. No system of examination can ever make up for personal integrity and judgment on the banker's part. He must possess at least a modicum of the hard-headed, cold-blooded shrewdness of the old-fashioned Yankee horse trader. If he does not, he will be imposed upon by every crank, fool, grafter and spendthrift.

If you know that your local banker comes up to these qualifications then the stock of his institution is likely to be a good investment. A banker serves a given, and generally a pretty small, locality. Therefore he must know its people and its needs. This phase of American money lending has kept bank stocks from being footballs of speculation. A national bank cannot loan on its own stock, and even in large cities bank stocks are often difficult to sell. Country bank stocks have no market at all in large cities. All of which is highly fortunate and desirable. The shares of fiduciary institutions should not be speculative, or the market for them capable of being rigged. They are to be bought solely for investment, not for speculation.

Wherein There Is Safety

SHARES of national and state banks and trust companies differ radically from those of railroads, public utility and industrial companies. To enjoy any confidence whatever, and therefore success, a bank must have a real, tangible, liquid surplus. Good-will, overvalued plant, "water," do not appear in its assets from the very nature of the case. In order to build up a surplus at all a bank cannot pay out its entire earnings in dividends. In 1913 the average earnings of all national banks on combined capital and surplus was 9.06 per cent. whereas dividends were 6.75 per cent. Somewhat similar figures hold for every year since the system was formed.

Bank resources must be invested in cash, readily negotiable securities or loans payable at stipulated intervals. The resources of nearly all other business enterprises are invested in permanent plant, rarely convertible into anything except junk. Thus the value of a share of bank stock is readily determined by the amount of surplus and undivided profits, for the surplus is an ascertainable quantity, which is not generally the case with other forms of business enterprise. Thus bank stock is measured by "book" value, that is, the sum total of capital, if intact, surplus and undivided profits, divided by the number of shares. The true worth of bank stock is consequently more easily and accurately got at than other securities.

A wealth of suggestive and picturesque illustration of these principles in available. From 1829 to 1890 the Chemical Bank of New York built up a surplus of $6,000,000 beginning with $4,000. This was done without greatly increasing its capital stock. No wonder the stock sold at $4,900 a share. The Fifth Avenue Bank of New York has a capital stock of $100,000, upon which it pays more than 200 per cent. dividends, but its surplus is more than $2,000,000.

Why Banking Is Profitable

BANKING is a profitable business because in a way it employs other people's money. Defending itself and other New York City institutions against the charge of being too profitable, the National City Bank gathered figures to prove that 24 local banks over a period of five years had made only 1.19 per cent. on their deposits after allowing 5 per cent. interest on the capital, surplus and undivided profits. Although intended to do just the opposite, these figures prove how profitable is the banking business. To earn 5 per cent. on one's own capital and on all the accumulated savings from these earnings, and then one and one quarter per cent. on other people's money is not to be sneezed at. It may not be *too* much, but it is enough to be most inviting.

Last year there were 7,514 national banks, and they made an average of 11.4 per cent. on their capital, which is about the way bank profits have run for many years. Of course there is plenty of competition, but not in all localities. No sound, well-established and aggressive bank was ever killed by competition. Not only do banks make profits from other people's money but they profit largely when many other industries suffer. High labor costs do not affect them, nor does the high cost of raw materials. High living costs make for high interest rates, from which on the whole banks profit. If the cost of living and doing business became so high that men could not live or do business at all, to put the case rather absurdly, then banks would suffer, but any ordinary rise in interest rates means larger bank profits. On the other hand, bank earnings are fairly stable, more so than most industries, the national banks as a whole never having earned less than 6.7 per cent. in half a century.

Bank stocks rarely give large returns on the money of a new investor. Frequently 3 or 4 per cent. is about all they yield. At present, a few of the great, strong New York trust companies return 5 and even 6 per cent. on the investment. But this is an unusual condition. Rich men like to own bank stocks much as they do real estate, not so much for the immediate return but because of the solidity of the investment and the chance of future advance in price. As already explained successful banks add yearly to their surplus, and thus the price of the stock, or the dividends paid upon it, are automatically forced up year by year. This only emphasizes the fact already brought out, that these stocks should be held for a considerable period, never bought for quick speculation or immediate high income yield.

Real Drawbacks

THERE are two serious theoretical, and sometimes practical, disadvantages incident to bank ownership. There are 432,920 owners of national bank shares, and every one of them is liable in case of failure to pay over to the receivers the full amount of the par value of their holdings. That is, owners of this class of stock, unlike nearly all others, are doubly liable and can be assessed for 100 per cent. of their holdings. This is also true of many state banks, and will be true of members of the new Federal Reserve system. A small bank in western New York was looted, and innocent old men, widows and whole families were forced to pay a 100 per cent. assessment. Such cases are common enough to make them a warning.

Then, too, no business offers such opportunities for theft or misapplication of funds as banking. "There are few banks in the United States which have not suffered some loss from the dishonesty of an officer or clerk," says Edward Preston Moxey, former expert bank examiner for the Department of Justice. Most of these losses were small, but now and then a whole community is paralyzed by a big loss. There would be no defalcations if directors always directed. But theft outright is a small factor as compared with unwise or dishonorable banking. The principal cause of this trouble is thus described by William Barret Ridgely, former Controller of the Currency:

"The practically universal rule is that all failures are due to excess loans to one interest or group of interests, generally owned or controlled by the officers of the bank itself."

THE safe bank of course is the one that loans to many diverse enterprises, and whose directors and officers do not use it merely to further their own outside propositions. Since the national banking system began in 1865, 506 of the 10,457 banks started have gone into receivers' hands. Total assessments upon stockholders up to October 31, 1912, have been $42,065,290, although stockholders were able to pay only $20,041,001, or 47.8 per cent. On the average, they were assessed 58.5 per cent. of their holdings. Dividend records are published only since 1870. The total paid up to October 31, 1912, was $2,457,116,551, and there was earned $3,256,242,044. The ratio of assessments to dividends and earnings is thus very small.

Except in panic years bank failures are exceedingly few, and if there were no panics the loss through ownership of bank shares would be so small, relatively speaking, as to be negligible. Under the Federal Reserve system panic failures in a large measure should be prevented. A few of the great New York City banks may be slightly less profitable under the new law, although on this point there is only guesswork. Other banks will lose nothing, and for an investment, extremely small in itself, will receive protection heretofore unknown in this country.

Not only are bank shares relatively cheap at this time, but they promise to be much safer in the future than in the past. The new law cannot prevent dishonesty or dishonor. Even with its protection no man or woman should buy a single share of bank stock unless convinced that the managers of the concern are men of unimpeachable integrity, and ordinary common sense, experience and judgment. It takes dishonest and foolish railroad directors and officers a number of years to wreck a railroad, and even then they leave all the road bed behind. Bad bank managers leave nothing behind, and it takes them often only a year to do it.

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Gleams

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

WORDS are bowls of thought into which each man pours the wine of his own experience.

Many things utterly out of place in the present have to be tolerated, or even cherished, as memories or ideals.

The way to master a subject is to keep it at heart while studying everything else.

Every new thought starts at its maximum of abstraction and works back toward concrete life and application, which always implies compromise.

The more consciously selfish a man is, the more thoroughly he is being fooled by life.

It is easier to acquire a knack than to assert a gift.

Back of our tendency to claim immortality lies a process of logical reasoning based on our consciousness of a past. And whatever is logical is possible.

IT is all but impossible to understand what we love or hate with great intensity.

When the spirit of self-assertion frets and fumes within you, try to bear in mind how hard it is to satisfy one's own vanity without hurting somebody else's. And that other soul, at whose cost you have flaunted the superiority of your own, will be sure to send back trouble in some form.

A sense of personal grievance is often to the mind what a cancer is to the body.

When all are out for profit, some are certain to "get left."

In this world of clash and clamor you get nothing because you feel that you ought to have it.

The conservative mind is centred in memory; the radical, in imagination.

We may hope to make *good* citizens, but for the gift of *great* ones we can only pray.

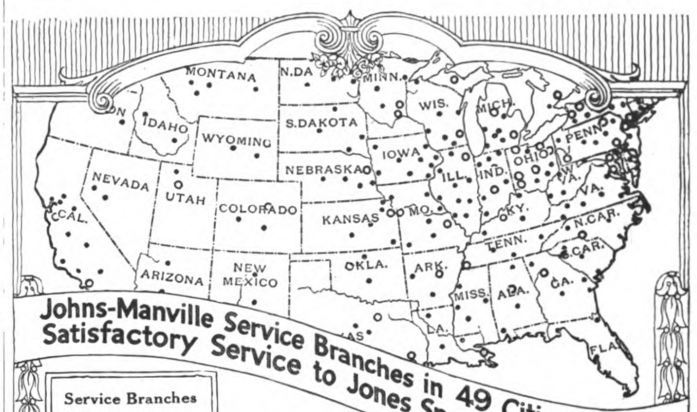
Such movements as Socialism and Syndicalism stand for organized dissatisfaction—and without such organization nothing but futile and anarchic clamor would spring from that divine discontent which is one of the prime movers of sluggish man.

A social explosion is generally a human mixture of one per cent. idealism and ninety-nine per cent. plain grouch.

Granting all you want to environment, every man remains nevertheless to some extent his own maker. From the work done by his hand and brain and will may come a leering faun, a saint, a genius, or —just a man.

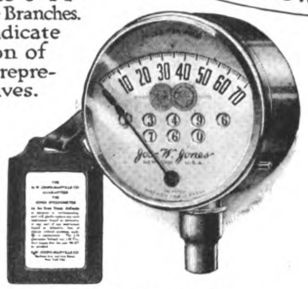
THE individual initiates, experiments, invents; the mass tests, judges, imitates: to life in its entirety it is equally essential that either side be unhampered in the exercise of its particular task.

What counts to the artist is his effort. In this itself, and not in its results, lies his principal reward. But for that effort the critic and the public care not at all. To them the results are everything, and by these the man behind them will have to be judged.



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What They Think of Us

Baton Rouge (La.) *State Times*

A notable series of articles is now running in HARPER'S WEEKLY from the pen of Louis D. Brandeis, the Boston attorney and economist. . . . The articles have been interesting and timely, and have been an important contributing factor in the popular approval which the currency legislation has received. It may be remarked in passing that the new HARPER'S, under Norman Hapgood, is one of the most forceful, sanely progressive of American publications.

San Antonio (Texas) *Light*

Hark! Do you hear that murmur from the East, like the echo of a vast roaring? That is Louis Brandeis, Sam Untermeyer, Old Doctor Bryan, Norman Hapgood and the only Tom-tom Lawson, each explaining why he only is responsible for the Morgan partners withdrawing from 27 directorates, and hailing the incident as proof positive that he has broken up the "money trust."

Ft. Worth (Texas) *Telegram*

HARPER'S WEEKLY, under Norman Hapgood, pants continually for the public weal and spits fire at the money trust in every issue.

To guard against further deplorable blunders on the part of the supreme court, the government should make some arrangement under which the public printer would print and place before the judges all the decisions of Brandeis as fast as he releases them. As an extraordinary precaution against accidents and civic disasters, perhaps the government should also employ a dependable mind-reader to follow Brandeis around and record such throbs and spurts of compelling wisdom as must be always churning around in his brain, but which he neglects or refuses to make public.

Ft. Worth (Texas) *Telegram*

Elbert Hubbard is something of a chimera chaser himself, and he knows a real willipus-wallopus the moment he sees one. Some time ago, in a little journey to homes of great humbugs, Elbert turned his distinguished consideration on "Brainy Louie Brandeis," the Boston Wonder, and drew one of his most slashing pictures of a most slashing subject. Louie is now trying to live up to the Cubist pen-picture by Hubbard and the great expectations of Norman Hapgood, another famous conserver of civilizations and scape-pipe of condensed civic righteousness. To fill this very difficult and highly skull-duggerish rôle, Louie must fairly set the money-trust woods afire and chase out a given number of adult chimeras, or miss his regular morning wallow in magazine glory and maybe his pay envelope, also—and he knows it. Therefore, as the Pike County, Missouri, poet said of the winter winds in bleakest Kansas, Louie is "Humping of hisself, a-tryin' for to blow." But even a Bostonian of the largest intellectual caliber—a man of brain so large and ponderous that a derrick is required to lift his head when he wishes to rise in the morning—may let his zeal overreach his discretion when he throws his genius in high gear and slaps on the uttermost unit of propulsive energy.

Reverend Mitchell Bronk, Pastor Second Baptist Church, Troy, N. Y.

I think that HARPER'S WEEKLY under your direction has been giving us a whole lot of fine things, but Lincoln Steffens' dissection of the up-to-date American college in last week's issue seems to me particularly, outstandingly good.

C. P. J. Mooney, Managing Editor, *The Memphis* (Tenn.) *Commercial Appeal*

Your magazine is furnishing plenty of ideas for busy editorial writers.

The Tampa (Fla.) *Morning Tribune*

"Just before I commit suicide," is a favorite of Mrs. Harry Floyd, the lady destined to be the first woman governor of Florida. (I will be the power behind the throne, I think—but who knows!)

If Mrs. Harry commits hara-kiri, I will feel rather depressed for a few days, I am sure. . . . I am much reconciled to the idea of Mrs. Harry's hara-kiri by two thoughts: 1. Emerson's quotation that when the half-gods go, the gods arrive; and 2. The new Norman Hapgood HARPER'S WEEKLY. . . . I have been reading the old HARPER'S WEEKLY for fifteen years and when Hapgood bought it, I wept and would not be consoled. Something precious had passed away! Something priceless was dead!

But the half-gods have gone and the gods have arrived! The new HARPER'S is better than the old, suggesting the old tragical question that has occurred to all of us—did we not marry too young?

Edward A. Platt, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Norfolk (Va.)

As a reader of HARPER'S publications for forty years, I, with many other old readers who have expressed similar opinions, had about given up hope as to the future of the WEEKLY. HARPER'S WEEKLY under the editorial régime of George William Curtis was a mighty force for good. . . . Again we have a clean-cut, modern, progressive thinker in the chair, who, while not a master of so facile a pen as Curtis, is, nevertheless, an efficient exponent of the best thought and principles of the times.

Concord (N. H.) *Monitor*

Norman Hapgood more than maintains the quality of his HARPER'S WEEKLY contributors, the last number of the old year listing on its title page Louis Brandeis, T. P. O'Connor, Elizabeth Robins, Sydney Brooks, Wallace Irwin, Neith Boyce, Oliver Herford, Berton Braley, James Montgomery Flagg, John Sloan, Everett Shinn and Wallace Morgan, among others.

Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*

The new HARPER'S WEEKLY is about a congenial task and in an appropriate rôle, in justifying criminal libel and defending libellers. If the WEEKLY were held down to the truth in muckraking men and institutions, its activities would be painfully circumscribed. A chief of the muckrakers, it is grieved, when men whose characters have been assailed by other muckrakers, appeal to the law for redress for assaults made upon their good name.

Chicago (Ill.) *News*

HARPER'S WEEKLY commends the Vrooman candidacy and asks Roger C. Sullivan where he got his gas stock, to whom he sold it and where his money now is.

Dr. J. B. Cranfill, Literary Editor, *Texas Christian Advocate*, Dallas, Texas

You have done much for HARPER'S WEEKLY in an editorial and literary way, but you have horrified me and I doubt not multitudes of your friends and readers with the atrocious illustrations you carry in the WEEKLY from week to week. The climax was reached with the caricature of President Wilson in your issue of this date, which has just come to my desk. I wonder if there is any way for your readers to be protected from this abortional and aboriginal art. Nothing like it, I think, has ever appeared in any high-class weekly publication. It is grotesque, uncanny, untrue, inartistic and murderous. I would like to continue reading your publication, but I do not think that I can unless in some way you can veil these Flagg and other libelous artistic productions. Can you help me?

John C. Wright, "*Poet of the Lakes*," Harbor Springs (Mich.)

Allow me to add my testimony to the many others already published, to the effect that HARPER'S WEEKLY under its new editorial management has made such a marked improvement that it may now truly be called "America's foremost weekly."

Mary Johnston, Warm Springs (Va.)

May I say how valuable to the whole Woman Movement are the papers you are publishing in HARPER'S WEEKLY?

James McCarthy, Hudson Falls (N. Y.)

When I first read your courageous and outspoken editorials in behalf of the industrious producers of real wealth of the nation, and in bold defiance of the money power, I said: "I wonder if he is aware that he will be punished."

After having seen so many brave men driven from the battlefield, I can earnestly hope and pray that your financial support will be such that, although the money power may persuade the advertisers to withdraw from your pages, and otherwise attempt to drive you back from the battle-line where you are struggling, they will be doomed to defeat.

David Churchill, Northampton (Mass.)

My brother brought home your paper today with the remark: "I'm going to buy HARPER'S WEEKLY every week for the rest of my life, if I can afford it."

His hatred of current magazines is such an admitted thing in the family that we were amazed.

"Anything special?" I asked him.

"It's all good," he said, "but this article of Yeats' on John Sloan is perhaps the most unusual."

[Alfred Vance Churchill is a painter, and instructor in art at Smith College. ED. HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

W. G. Eggleston, Oakland (Cal.)

It is very fine for the WEEKLY to publish the really constructive news articles of Honoré Willsie. The article on Dr. Alsberg is especially good, not only because it introduces an unusually efficient man to the public, but also because it emphasizes without shop-talk the importance of the public health functions of our government. The article is timely, too, because of the vast amount of misinformation now radiating from the Medical Freedom Association. or whatever it is called.

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Gen. Lit.

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

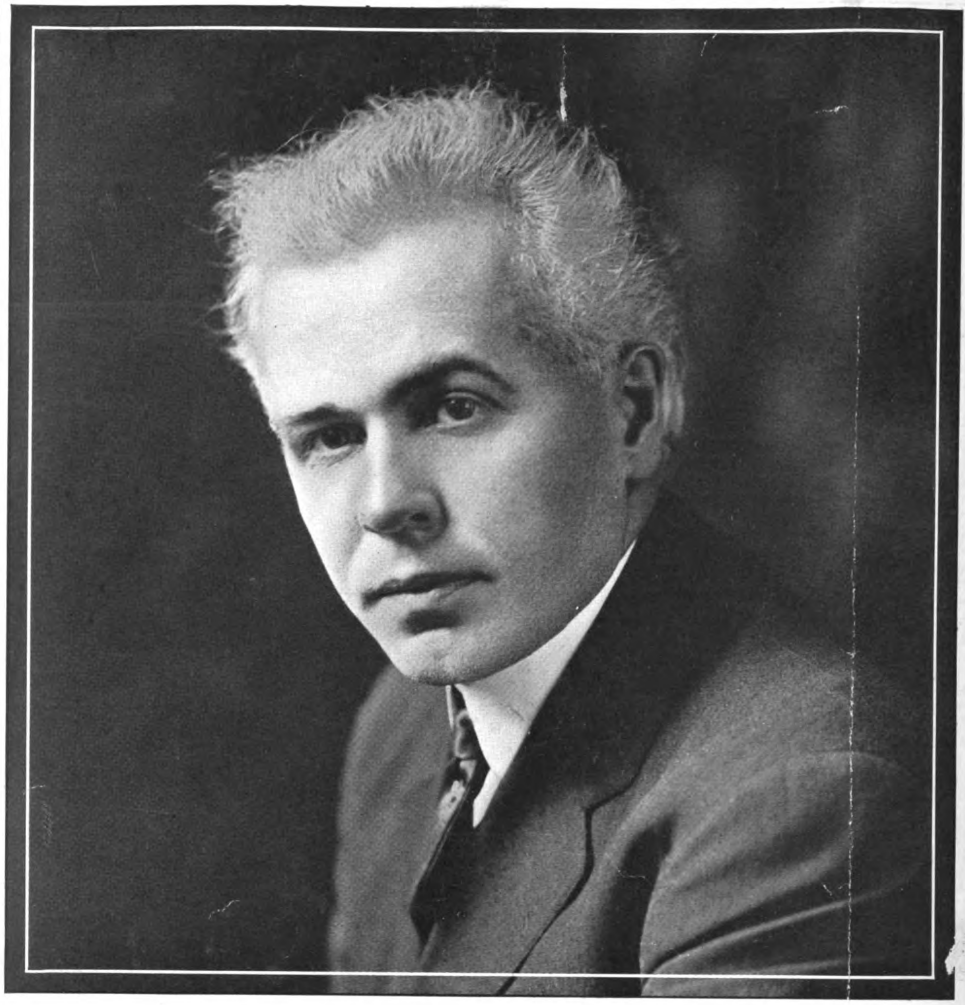
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NEW YORK

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This is Lewis B. Allyn

who made Westfield, Massachusetts, famous as The Pure Food Town

Professor Allyn comes to THE LADIES' WORLD from the Editorial Staff of COLLIER'S WEEKLY—where his work in the cause of pure food has attracted nation wide attention.

His first article as Food Editor will appear in the March issue of THE LADIES' WORLD—followed by a regular monthly department in which he will tell you how to protect yourself against impure, low grade and harmful foods, beverages and medical preparations.

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On All News Stands February 18th

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY 7, 1914

Cover Design ..... Mildred Tilton

Captains of Industry ..... James Montgomery Flagg 2
I. George Barr McCutcheon

Editorials 3

What the South Americans Think of Roosevelt ..... Travis Wells 6
They love him as a man but are bored at what he says
Illustrated with photographs

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 9

A Progressive at Large ..... Neith Boyce 10
Lansbury, the friend of liberty in all its forms
Illustrated with photographs

Making Money in Strange Lands ..... Amos Stote 12
How romance may enter into business
Illustrated by William Oberhardt

The Attorney-General for the United States ..... McGregor 15
The personality and record of James Clark McReynolds

The "Daffydil" Athletic Club ..... George Bellows 16
Cartoon

A Brilliant Shakespearean Repertory ..... Harold Stearns 18
Drama. Margaret Anglin in Antony and Cleopatra, Taming of the Shrew, Twelfth Night and As You Like It
Illustrated with photographs

Sleeping-Cars and Microbes ..... Edward Hungerford 20
One of the points at which America has grown cleaner and healthier
Illustrated with photographs

Woman in a New World ..... Ellen Key 23
Woman's sphere as the leader of the feminists sees it
Illustrated with photographs

A Little Ghost in the Garden ..... Richard Le Gallienne 26
Story
Illustrated by Peter Newell

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 30
Protecting the stockholder. Part I. Arousing him

What They Think of Us 31

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Captains of Industry

By James Montgomery Flagg

1. GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

ONE OF THE GREATEST BUSINESS MEN IN LITERATURE

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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A Leader

THE reception given to Woodrow Wilson's trust policy by the business world is one of the most significant and interesting developments of recent history. A business friend of ours was talking about public affairs the other day. He had voted for Mr. Taft and had been generally distrustful of Mr. Wilson. "He makes a noise like a real man," he said. "I think he will stand among our presidents next to Washington and Lincoln."

As the business world has made up its mind to follow him, so has Congress. When he first threw away precedent and read his own message, he was received with a cold and hostile silence. The second time he appeared, there was scattered applause. The third time he was received with enthusiasm. He had won, partly because his ideas were right and partly because he had shown the ability to gain victories. The public likes a winner, and the President who is able to do things inspires the same loyalty in Representatives and Senators and the rest of us that victorious generals or champion baseball players inspire. Happily Mr. Wilson gives every proof of deserving the immense power that is now lodged in his hands. He is not only the real leader in Washington; he is the one essential leader. If he should be taken away tomorrow, and succeeded by the well-meaning Vice-President, progress in legislation for the present would be at an end.

It is a masterful gift to combine courtesy and a reassuring manner with firmness and a drastic programme, as the President did in his Trust message. He is a radical; conservatives have often called him an extreme radical; and yet the time has come when he frightens nobody. The time has come when those ideas which we all feel to be right can be put into practice without being regarded by the business world as so much dynamite. Rapid indeed has been the progress since the Fourth of March: the tariff system initiated, that we have been confronting with fear for a generation; our old currency system overthrown and a more democratic one introduced; the whole nature of private monopoly facing a change, and almost no one found to doubt that the President's outline of this change will be carried through. Through these rapid steps ahead, much glory must come to the man who holds the most responsible office. Of course, the underlying causes can be traced far back. They can be traced to the insurgent Republicans, to Roosevelt, to La Follette, to Bryan, to the Populists. They can be traced across the ocean to successful experiments in many different lands. They can be traced back to the invention of the printing press and the harnessing of steam. But, however much we may believe that progress is inevitable, we must realize also that it is greater or less in degree according to the leadership of the moment, and that those who have property gain many and many an unjust victory over those who have not. Therefore, when those who sympathize with the movement toward fairness of spirit, brotherhood, justice, the essentials of the Christian religion, find themselves with the advantage of so competent a leader, new energy is given to the effort to do good, and new hope is given to those who struggle against many obstacles.

The Sherman Law

"UNSCRAMBLING" proceeds apace. Each week brings news that another important merger is to be dissolved, and the work of a decade undone. First it was the Telephone-Western Union; then the New Haven-Boston & Maine with numerous steamship and trolley subsidiaries; then the Atlantic Coast Line-Louisville & Nashville: meanwhile J. P. Morgan & Co. declare Interlocking Directorates "things inconvenient." An attorney-general determined to enforce the Sherman Law is a mighty "discourager of hesitancy." When it is strengthened and supplemented as the President recommends, the disintegration of the Money Trust will be in sight.

Naturally

THE New York *Sun* opposes the President's policy on Trusts. Why not? It opposed Grover Cleveland and supported Tammany Hall. There must be one newspaper in every great metropolis supported by illicit money.

Machinery

IN a few short years the higher forms of music have been put into millions of homes by a mechanical invention, making almost as vast a human difference in that field as the invention of the printing press made in literature. "But," you say, "long before the talking machine, or even the piano, was invented, the people had their popular songs and other forms of simple music." Yes, and also before the printing press they had their oral legends and their oral ballads, but the printing press brought the great field of thought in words to the millions, and likewise the great fields of thinking in music have been brought to the masses by the triumphs of the last few years. Whomever else you may criticise, take off your hat, O you Believer in Progress, to the inventor and to the man of science.

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Action

THE nations are a series of short experiments. A nation may disintegrate inside of a century. It may flower inside of thirty years. It would be possible that a Middle-Western town like Cedar Rapids should tomorrow begin to put forth a group of heroes, who should overrun the earth with the charm and vigor of their ideas. A sudden quickening, mind catching flame from mind, and once again you would have the miracle of Plato's Athens, of Elizabeth's London.

If now and again some man had not decided to stop drifting and take hold of things and reshape them, there would have been no discovery, no invention, no art. He might have said, as many like to say:—"Why not let my big idea rest quietly? There is time enough in the long future. Why be in a hurry? Why so hot, little man? There is quiet sleep in the churchyard for the men that have gone before, and soon I too will be there." But, prevailing, he said:—

"Now is the time, and the place is here, to bring my idea to action. I insist on being heard. Here is the plan. We will not postpone it till next century. We will try it now."

It is our business to make our ideas prevail. We are not to go silent, nor to retire from activity, believing that our nation is long-lived, and that our thought has an eternity in which to come to pass. We must speak up. We must strike early and strike hard. The time is short. It is right to wish to get something done in our own life-time.

Why Is It?

SOMETIMES it seems as if every person who was lacking in initiative, special ability or industry desired to be either a writer, an actor or an artist. The most agreeable way for a lazy person to make a living is to express his own opinions, emotions, and impressions.

The Stenographer

A WOMAN of much quiet charm and culture, who earns her living by swift and accurate stenography, has sent us a letter in which she points out the frivolous treatment of the stenographer in popular literature. As to her appearance, see O. Henry's "The Romance of a Busy Broker:"

"A high rolled fringe of golden hair under a nodding canopy of velvet and ostrich tips, an imitation sealskin sack and a string of beads as large as hickory nuts, ending near the floor with a silver heart."

As to her mentality, consult "Short Story Writing" by Professor Pitkin of Columbia University:

"The gum-chewing stenographer, who devours the literary offspring of Mr. Robert Chambers, may have her difficulties with this."

Her conversation is described in a story in *Red Book* for November:

"Believe me, when it comes to the real thing, the blown-in-the-bottle kind, our Bill's got the best of 'em beat to a fade-away."

Her equipment may be found described in any of the alleged comic papers:

"Have you done anything for spelling reform? Yes, I fired my blonde stenographer."

Why is she so treated? We all know the facts. Among those earning their living in this way happen to be George Washington's great-grandniece, a granddaughter of a Governor of South Carolina, a great-granddaughter of Laurens of the first Continental Congress, and thousands of others of cultivated ancestry. Many are college graduates. The truth is, the world loves familiar jokes and familiar effects, and if one stereotyped trick gets started and proves amusing to the average mind, it is hard to stop.

The Subjection of Man

THERE is a charming bit on Feminism in Spenser's "Faery Queen." Sir Artegal fights with the Amazon and becomes subject to her power. She clothes him in women's attire, and confines him with other defeated knights.

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have shaken off the shamefast band,
With which wise nature did them strongly bynd
T' obay the heasts of man's well-ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand
To purchase a licentious libertie;
But vertuous women wisely understand
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Unlesse the heavens them lift to lawful soveraintie.

She humbles him,

And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
A sordid office for a mind so brave:
So hard it is to be a woman's slave!

Britomart, victorious queen of women, comes along, conquers the Amazon, and frees the knights. Then Britomart

Changing all that form of common weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt; and them restoring
To men's subjection, did true justice deale:
That they all, as a goddesse her adoring,
Her wisdom did admire, and hearkened to her loring.

The word-music and word-pictures of Spenser have such charm that we willingly run what risk there is of setting the Feminist Movement back by putting these arguments into the hands of the Antis. They are free to use them, without credit, with whatever intelligence they may possess.

Newspapers and the Bible

WHEN some of our editorial friends around the country were gunning for us, they spoke scornfully because the editor of this erudite WEEKLY said "you are a man who do" instead of "a man who does," we came back at them with quotations from Carlisle, Longfellow and Macaulay. As some have not been satisfied with these writers, we now offer them II Chronicles xx-7:

"Art thou not our God, who didst drive out the inhabitants of this land before thy people Israel, and gavest it to the seed of Abraham thy friend forever?"

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Probably most of them will admit that the King James version of the Bible is written in fairly good English. The *Brooklyn Eagle* calls our construction "Damaged Goods in English." It observes that the third person is closer to the pronoun and hence the jar to the ear when the verb comes along in the second person. However, it admits that the personal pronoun has in this instance for antecedent a choice of subjects, one in the second and one in the third person. It seems that we are free to use our own ear and find out whether it is jarred or not. As a matter of fact, it is not a matter of ear so much as of visual imagination that caused us to choose the form that raises the image of the person spoken to instead of the indistinct image of a man in general, and when it comes to ear and visual imagination the Bible, Carlyle, Macaulay and Longfellow can probably stagger along.

Mobile and Tampa

THE rivalry of the Gulf ports is becoming acute, for the benefits to be derived from the opening of the Panama Canal. A protest has been received by us from the Tampa Board of Trade against a recent statement which said of Mobile, "It is also nearest the Canal among the more important ports of the Gulf." The protest goes on to state that Mobile is 1,358 miles from the Panama Canal, Pensacola 1,340, and Tampa 1,216. Tampa is undoubtedly one of the most thriving cities of the Gulf, as well as one of the most beautiful. It is the center of a tremendous cigar industry with thousands of native Cubans and latterly of American workers in a high-wage industry. Still our language describing Mobile was exact. The more important ports of the Gulf with reference to the Panama Canal are New Orleans, Galveston and Mobile. The next in importance, would be Tampa, Pensacola and Key West, all Florida cities.

The correspondent from Tampa shows that the duties collected at the Port of Tampa amounted to more than one million dollars for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1913, Tampa standing eleventh in the list of eighteen ports in which more than one million dollars were collected, Mobile not being mentioned. The greater part of the imports into Mobile are free imports, while the greater part of the imports into Tampa are dutiable, mainly because of its large importation of Havana tobacco for its cigar industry. The exports from Mobile are more than six times as great as those of Tampa. Doubtless all the Ports of the Gulf will receive a great increase in commerce from the opening of new markets through the Panama Canal route. Mobile, with its direct connection by water and rail with the Birmingham steel and coal district, will be in a position to make a specially rapid advance. What any port will do, however, depends much upon the spirit of thrift and enterprise among its people. Jacksonville, on the Atlantic side of Florida, has recently begun preparations for the opening of the Canal with the voting of a large bond issue for the construction of docks under municipal control. The same spirit of enterprise and of outlook toward the future is conspicuous among the people of Tampa.

Race Mixtures

DR. ELIOT, of Harvard, spoke recently of the changes immigration has caused. In his youth Dr. Eliot's community was homogeneous. His father's servants, the men who worked his farm, the mechanics, all the servants at Harvard, were Americans, descended from pilgrim stock. But those puritans, let us remember, were themselves not at all pure ethnically. There has probably never been since Homer, nor for many thousands of years before him, a pure race of men. The English who supplanted the aboriginal Indians were by no means a pure type; nor were the Dutch, nor the French, nor the Spaniards. Take the Frenchman of to-day. In the North are the descendants of the Belgae, the Walloons and other Kymri; in the East those of Germans and Burgundians; in the West Normans; in the center Celts, who in the epoch when their name arose consisted of foreigners of various origins and of the aborigines; in the South, ancient Aquitanians and Basques: Professor Boas of Columbia has found that where the ratio of race-intermingling is as one to nine there will be, among the more numerous population, only eighteen per thousand in the fourth generation of pure blood; and where two types intermarry with equal freedom, less than one person in ten thousand will be of pure descent—that is, within a century the process of intermixture should be complete.

Erlanger

IN the old days before the Shuberts broke away from the syndicate, Klaw & Erlanger, and principally Abe Erlanger, used to hold the power of life and death over nearly all plays and actors in America. Since the competition between them and the Shuberts, which had so healthy an effect on the American drama, has been diminished or ended, there is much danger of a return to the old oppression. The firm which has the power to route plays has the power to destroy them. Even the difference between taking an interest in giving the play a favorable routing and not caring anything about it one way or the other is a difference that may well be vital. The way that Klaw & Erlanger have been treating the Shakespearean performances this year is a good example of indifference, if not of hostility. They had Faversham and his two new Shakespearean productions, Margaret Anglin, with her four Shakespearean productions, and Benson, with his various Shakespearean productions, all playing in Toronto and neighboring Canadian cities at the same time, so that the market was killed, where they might all have been successful if they had been spread along as they would have been if Klaw & Erlanger had had any money in them. The same thing happened to them when they began to come down to New York State. Syracuse, for instance, a small city, would get these three in rapid succession, and of course no one of them would do well. Sothern and Marlowe and Robert Mantell in the West have had a less drastic but somewhat similar experience. The only way to have a chance, under the present system, is to put out a play that is pleasing to Mr. Erlanger, and then give him a pecuniary interest in it.

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Colonel Roosevelt and party at Nova Galicia Colony

What the South Americans Think of Roosevelt

By TRAVIS B. WELLS

Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic
December 10, 1913

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is now well on his way into the interior of Brazil. The last official escort will, in a few days turn back and leave him free to his own thoughts, to act without having to first consider whether he is dressed properly for the occasion, to speak unshackled by the restraint of propriety, and to sustain life without endangering digestion.

After two months of Lucullian feasting, being whirled from course to course, on the exhaustive and exhausting menu in crack warships, speedy trains de luxe, high-geared automobiles and thoroughbred horses, being allowed occasionally to speak publicly on the Monroe Doctrine, and from time to time having to pause and listen to a few eulogistic and personal remarks, always hemmed about by officialdom, he is now deposited with his scientific and hunting kit and followers on the watershed that separates the civilization of South America from the semi-barbarous, half-known regions where khaki and canned goods are good form.

HE will emerge from the Brazilian forests near Mañaos on the Amazon river next March and reach the United States a few weeks later. If the tropical bronze color and the full beard which most explorers into uncivilized countries acquire, were sufficient disguise to insure his travelling incognito, it would be interesting for Colonel Roosevelt to return over the route he has just traversed and find out for himself what he has accomplished by his visit to Brazil, the Argentine and Chili.

The people of each of these three republics have openly expressed a desire to know, after they had speeded him on to the next, what their royally entertained guest really thought about them. Not once during the weeks that he has been the recipient of the hospitality of these nations, has a word of criticism slipped from his lips either in his public utterances or in private conversations with those designated by the governments and societies to do the honors.

The Brazilians and Argentinos and Chilians are too broad-minded and too well versed in the history and present status of other nations not to realize that they have much to learn, to mend and to improve upon. They know that at least some of their imperfections must have come to the attention of their guest, although because of the constant round of inspections from Boy Scouts to fat cattle, of presentations from busts to blooded horses, and of breakfasts, banquets and other forms of gustatorial hospitality, he had much less time than the ordinary tourist has, to study the actual conditions of the people he was invited to show new and better paths to greater national achievement.

There is a feeling of disappointment, then, as Colonel Roosevelt disappears into the little trodden wilds of the heart of South America that the man whose personality appealed to them so strongly, and whose political astuteness and administrative genius is acknowledged to be so great in his own country, should not have taken advantage of the opportunity to apply his powers of political discernment and exposition to the questions that are of moment to the great republics of the Southern Hemisphere.

IT is fairly reasonable to assume that Colonel Roosevelt has made a deeper impression on the people of South America than have any of the "gringos" who have preceded him. Some of the reasons for this are obvious, others probably quite different than would be given by the ex-president himself, and not a few depend on what he may do, either in his writings or by other methods, upon his return to the United States.

When the people of Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires and Santiago, and of all the broad, beautiful, productive lands that these capitals represent, refer to their reception of Colonel Roosevelt, they proudly declare that they outdid themselves in comparison with the entertainment that was accorded to William Jennings Bryan, Elihu Root, Robert Bacon, or any of the lesser lights of the American firmament who have been their guests. It is flattering to the latest tourist, if they found new and more extravagant ways in which to show their appreciation of the honor they conceived their visitors conferred on them.

ALL accounts agree that Bryan and Root and Bacon have cause to remember for the rest of their lives the overwhelming hospitality of their hosts, which, notwithstanding its opulence and unsparing persistence, is always sincere and flawless. From the time Colonel Roosevelt first stepped on Brazilian soil at Bahia, 4,000 miles away from New York, throughout the entire journey of 2,000 miles in Brazil and a similar amount in the Argentine, with 500 miles in Chili and smaller trips in Uruguay and Paraguay, he was accorded official and social acclaim, and whenever the undecorated and unlisted citizens were given an opportunity, they disclosed a rather intimate and appreciative knowledge of the more strenuous characteristics of their guest, and acted much after the manner of the Bull Mooser's following in the States.

THEY are still telling a story here illustrating the impression which Mr. Bryan made when he journeyed to the Land of Great Opportunities.

A member of the reception committee had heard wonderful accounts of the career of the Peerless One, from Cross of Gold days down. His duties kept him at the side of the distinguished visitor at receptions, reviews, breakfasts or banquets, and he watched ceaselessly for the words of wisdom, the scintillating aphorisms and

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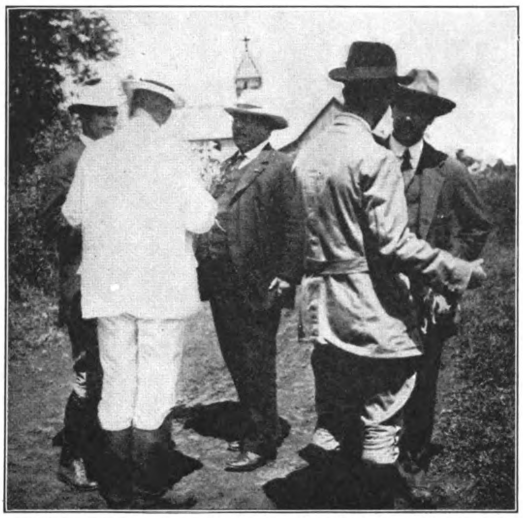
Roosevelt at Nova Galicia Townsite, showing church and colonist house

statesmanlike utterances that he had been led to expect. Toward the end of the program was scheduled an inspection of the Fat Stock Show.

"Now," said the curious one, "I shall certainly find out whether Mr. Bryan's claims to greatness are well-founded. He says he knows all about farming among other things. If he does, he will prove it while we are looking at the cattle."

Short horns, Herefords and Polled Angus of pure breed and perfect conformation were led slowly past the Sage of Lincoln, but not a word of praise escaped his lips. At last, near the end of the procession, stalked past a steer that resembled the Texas brand.

"What a magnificent pair of horns!" was the perfervid utterance of the visitor. That settled Mr. Bryan's standing in a country in which the chief source of prosperity is the cattle industry and where nine out of ten calves are dehorned before they get a chance to do injury to the meat or hide on their fellows' flanks.



A little talk on colonization by the Brazil Railway Company colonization representatives

THEODORE ROOSEVELT chose to make the Monroe Doctrine the theme of his discourses to the people of South America. He began to interpret its meaning at the informal reception tendered him by the Government of Bahia where he first stepped on Brazilian soil, and it was the subject of his last formal address before he departed into the wilderness of central South America. Most of Colonel Roosevelt's speeches were written before he left the United States, translations of them made into Portuguese and Spanish, and copies printed for distribution to his audiences and the newspapers. In these prepared addresses Colonel Roosevelt laid the foundation of his arguments on the new Monroe Doctrine, and the text of this took up the larger part of each.

But the Brazilians, Argentinos and Chilians do not want the Monroe Doctrine at all. They even do not care to listen to a continuous course of lectures on it.

"Why does he repeat here the speeches he made in the Argentine and Brazil?" was the comment of one of the foremost men of Chili. "Root gave us a variety of topics and much food for thought in a scholarly way, but Roosevelt seems to think we never heard of such things as Magna Charta and the Bull of Poverty. We might listen attentively to a learned disquisition on the Monroe Doctrine but the reiteration that it has been modified, or even that it exists at all, is not what we want."

This attitude of the people of the three chief republics of South America may, perhaps, be better understood by referring to the long bruited project of what is popularly called the "A. B. C." alliance, between Argentine, Brazil and Chili, for purposes of mutual protection and commercial achievement. This proposed compact might easily long ago have become an accomplished fact, if it had not been for the ever present feeling of distrust and envy which dominates all international affairs between these nations. Collectively and separately they regard the United States as they do each other. The feeling towards us is akin to that of the youth who has been through school, started in business, is moderately successful, and cocksure of himself, and who no longer wants any parental oversight or exercise of authority.

To give another illustration of this. In one of his speeches, Colonel Roosevelt said with great earnestness:

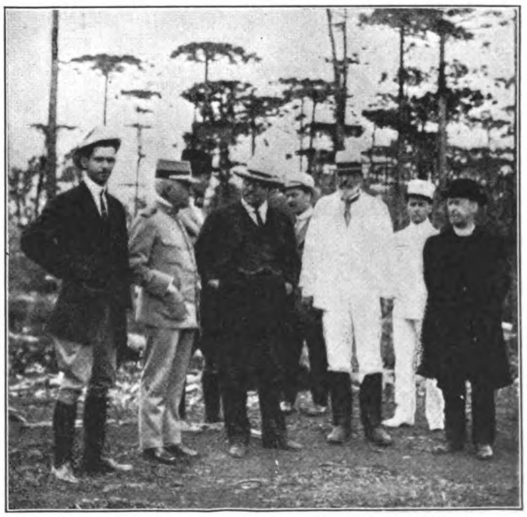
"It is just as necessary for nations to act according to the dictates of righteousness as it is for an individual; otherwise those nations, like the individual, will be lost in this world and the next!"

One of his hearers remarked:

"Well, if nations are going to heaven, too, it seems that according to Mr. Roosevelt we must have a Monroe Doctrine in the next world as well as this."

Fortunate circumstances, governmental control and the natural politeness of the Latins toward a guest prevented serious disturbances upon the entrance of Colonel Roosevelt into the Argentine and Chili by the "student bodies" of these two republics, as a protest against his attempt to make a like issue out of the Monroe Doctrine.

How then did Colonel Roosevelt, preaching an unpopular doctrine, get such a hold on the people of the governing and



Roosevelt inspecting the farm lands at Nova Galicia

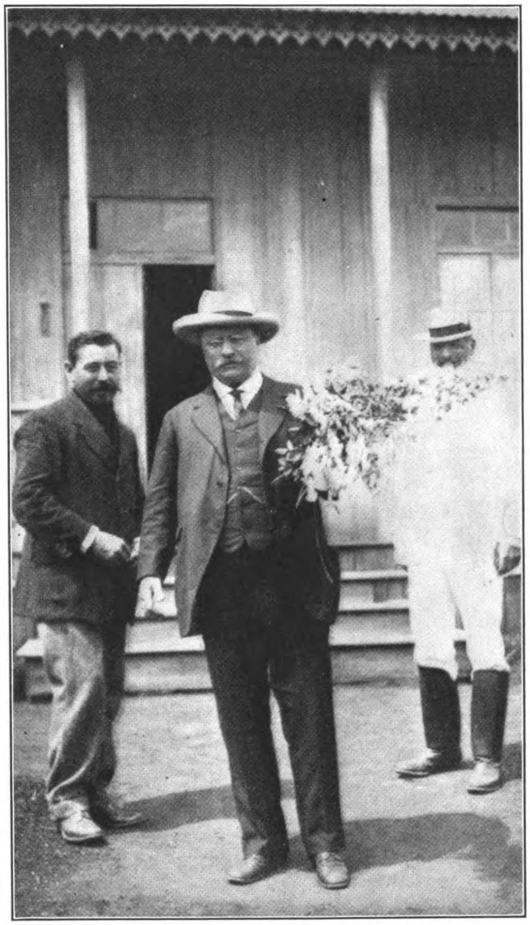
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subservient classes, and what do they expect will result from his visit?

"Why did you give Colonel Roosevelt such a 'bully' time?" a leading Brazilian banker was asked.

"Well, you see we are so far away from the rest of the world," he replied, "that we are glad to have any distinguished man visit us—and then," he added, with the Latin-American's appreciation of the strenuous life, "you see Teddy was the Colonel of the Rough Riders."

"T. R.'s" active personality caught the fancy of the tremendous crowd which greeted him at the Y. M. C. A. reception at Rio de Janeiro. It was the hero of San Juan hill, who packed Florida, the street in Buenos Aires that is at once the Fifth Avenue and Nassau street of the Argentine capital, from end to end with a dense mass of cheering humanity on Roosevelt's arrival. It was the Colonel of the Rough Riders who was greeted vociferously by the martial Chilians.



Roosevelt in front of the Administration House

THE most spectacular demonstration of all was in the beautiful Colon Opera House in Buenos Aires when, at the banquet in his honor, Colonel Roosevelt strode down to the center of the immense banquet hall made by throwing the stage and auditorium into one, and jumped up on a table in the midst of the diners so that he might be heard by all. The enjoyment of this act was greatly enhanced for the delighted Argentinos because a persistent admirer of Roosevelt's had thrown his arms about the Colonel just as he was about to leap upon the table, and it took a well directed "shove" of "T. R.'s" fist to free him from his too-well meaning friend. The display of teeth that emphasized the thrust endeared Roosevelt to everybody present. They had seen what had so often been pictured to them.

It was in this same opera house on the occasion of Colonel Roosevelt's first address, when the three tiers of boxes, as well as the seats on the main floor, were filled with the most representative men and the most beautiful women of the Argentine, that Roosevelt, the man, was given another instance of the appreciation of his strenuous character.

In his address he said:

"My ideal of a government is a strong government with a strong man to administer it, and a strong people to make the strong man go as they wish him to go. You don't get effective work for the nation unless you get a strong man for the strong nation, but the nation has to keep absolute control so as to see that the work done is done for the people and not against them."

Delivered with all the emphasis of his nature, this sentence made the biggest hit of anything Roosevelt said during his entire trip through South America.

The Latin-Americans whom Roosevelt has visited and come to know would be the last to demand a return of any kind for the hospitality they have extended in such a lavish way to him. But they hope that as the result of his tour through the most important of the South American republics the people of the United States will, through his writings and by any other means he may adopt, become better acquainted with their character, their resources and their achievements. The benefits derived from his visit by the people here will be worked out in the United States, and they will be of the commercial and diplomatic order rather than political. There will be no political upheavals here as the result of Colonel Roosevelt's appearance. He gave to those who are not enfranchised, who are living under conditions that are harder and unlike any existing in the United States, no basis for a demand for a betterment of themselves and their dependents. He did not come in contact with the strata below that of the official and educated ones, and even if he had what he said would not have been understood by them.

Manhood suffrage does not exist in these countries, but the franchise is limited by property and educational qualifications. From the standpoint of an American citizen there is much to be desired, but there will be no upheavals due to Colonel Roosevelt. The days of revolution in the three great republics of South America are over. The governments are stable and strong and the leading men of these countries are wise and broad-minded. They know that the time will come when they will have to extend the rights of citizenship, and they will do so without question when it is proved that those who now have no part in the government are qualified for it.

What is hoped for is that Mr. Roosevelt will tell the people of the United States that the Brazilians, the Argentinos and the Chilians are friendly to them.

THE Latin-Americans want the people of the United States to treat them with the equality in which they are held by the English and Germans and French. They do not understand why the Americans discriminate against them in business. They would like to have Colonel Roosevelt carry back to his countrymen a roseate view of their characters, resources and activities. They recognized in him a great molder of public opinion and they trust that his inspection of them has proved to him the soundness of their claims to constructive statesmanship of a high order, to commercial ability and rectitude, and to educational, artistic and racial qualities, entitling them to equal standing with the other great nations of the world.

The jealousy of the United States that has existed heretofore and which has resulted in more or less friction between the northern republic and its three big southern neighbors has its foundation in the failure of Americans to recognize what Europeans have long ago conceded. If Colonel Roosevelt can effectively bring about a better understanding between his countrymen and the Brazilians, Argentinos and Chilians, he will accomplish the laudable purpose for which he was invited to visit them.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST



XXXII

To picture Cissie Loftus' laugh
I'd need a cinematograph,
Her very frown* has got the smile
Of Mona Lisa beat a mile.

*Hartley Coleridge stuff





XXXI

When Kipling's stuff
Was new to us,
I used to make
His picture thus.

But since the world
Has found out how
It's done, I draw
Him this way now.

THRIFT STUFF

With dress, a single stud is sheek.*
It seems to whisper "I'm unique,"
While Pairs and Triples loudly roar
"We come in sets of two or more."

*Pronounced *chic* as in French.







Musings of Hafiz

STREET ARAB. (*The Persian Kitten*)

I WAS painfully misquoted on this page last week. I did not say "It is a poor fur that won't rub both ways—" What I *did* say was "It's a poor fur that *will* rub both ways."

All Furbearing people are aware how unpleasant it is to be rubbed against the nap.

I once overheard a relative of the playwright Ibsen (Ibsen was said to resemble me in a hirsute way) say that the great man was apt to be excessively cross when rubbed the wrong way. To look at the late Mr. Ibsen's picture one would find it hard to decide which *was* the right way to rub his fur.

I don't believe he knew himself.

Perhaps there wasn't any right way. That would account for Mr. Ibsen's plays, which I am told belong to the Angora school. That is to say they are plays written by long-haired people about long-haired people for long-haired people.

ONE cannot be too careful what one says about actors—especially actresses. Everybody knows the proverb, "*Actresses will happen in the best regulated families.*" The truth of this epigram has been brought home to me in an unexpected way.

Only a few weeks ago I stated in this paper that none of my family had ever been on the stage. Imagine my surprise and mortification to hear the very next day that a Persian relative of mine was being starred in a New York production.

The play had a special interest for me as it was about a Persian named Omar who wrote a human version of my Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten.

The Angora Kitten (who had quite the best part in the piece) was the only real Persian in a company who, according to the program, were all natives of Persia, [these Poor Humans—how easily they are imposed upon!] I am told that my relative's performance was beyond criticism and her voice, which had been trained in the latest method of the New School of acting, was perfectly inaudible.

I wonder why the critics (who all agreed that the scenic production, by Mr. Wilfred Buckland, was the most perfect thing that has been done since Mr. Buckland left Belasco) failed to mention my relative, though a very amateurish "equine wonder" who never really came on the stage at all (practically a super), was not only mentioned in all the papers but had a line all to herself among the lingerie announcements and shoe advertisements in the program, stating that she was a genuine Arab; street Arab would be nearer the truth!

And now when I am getting used to having a relative on the stage and beginning to believe (from hearing it so often) that a kitten may lead just as many perfectly pure lives *on* the stage as she does *off*, I received a letter from our family legal adviser that revives all my forebodings.

Here is the letter:

January fifteenth

My dear Hafiz:

If your Kitten relative now playing in Omar the Tentmaker is under age you may invoke the aid of the Gerry Society. If not, your only hope is to bring a criminal action for disorderly conduct.

According to the present law of New York State all actors are disorderly persons. See Title VII of the Code of Criminal Procedure, under the head of "Proceedings Respecting Disorderly Persons."

Section 899, *who are Disorderly Persons?*

The following are disorderly persons.

Jugglers, common showmen and mountebanks, who exhibit or perform for profit, paid shows, wire or rope dancers or other idle shows, acts or feats.

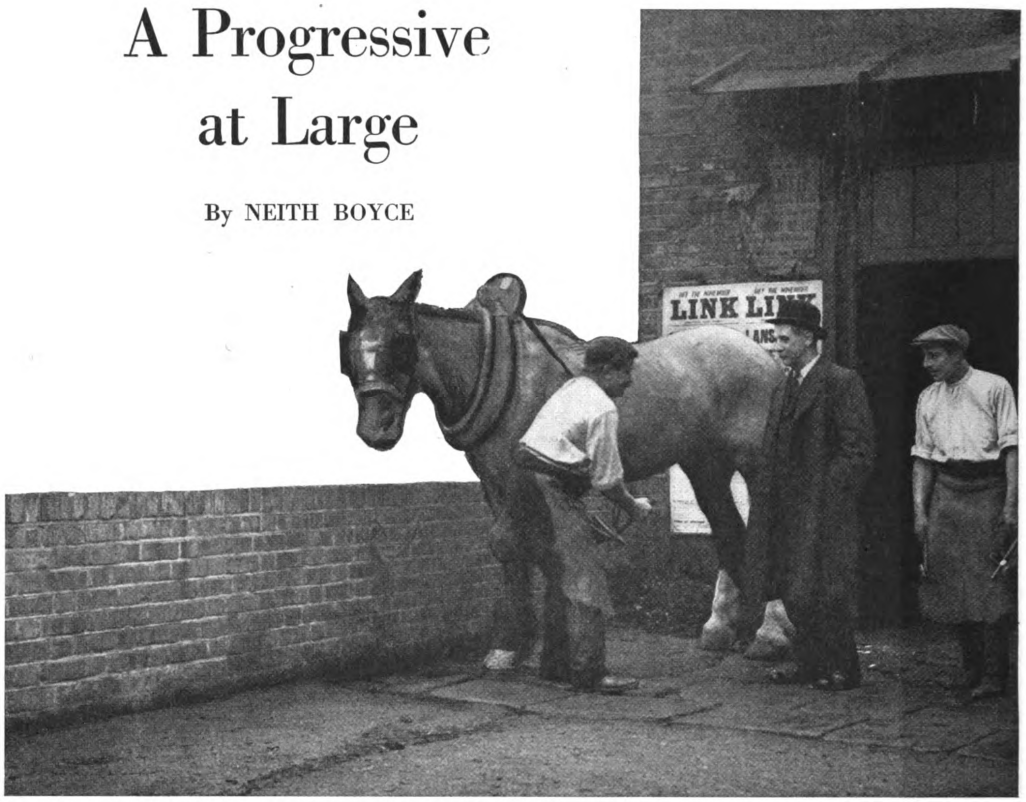
Sincerely yours,

GEORGE EDWIN JOSEPH.

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A Progressive at Large

By NEITH BOYCE



THIS is a study of George Lansbury, friend of all kinds of people, champion of all progressive causes, forming with his efficient methods of publicity and his loyal following a most effective flying battalion which he uses in the interests of any liberal cause that needs his help

LANSBURY unites two qualities which are not often found together. He is a practical philosopher—a man of action and also of vision—a fighting idealist and—O marvel!—a tolerant one. It is perhaps this rare combination that makes his personality and his mind so deeply pleasing. A radical with humor—an idealist with common sense—a revolutionist who is not a fanatic, who has not an infallible panacea which is to cure all the ills of society if only firmly applied—a man who runs straight without blinders—a man who has spent his life on the firing-line and yet has a broad grasp of essential principle—truly this is no common spectacle.

Lansbury is essentially English, traditionally English. He is a man of middle age or beyond it, with that alertness, vigor and vitality that we generally associate merely with youth.

HIS aspect is typical; he wears "mutton-chop" whiskers, his face is rather square and, when he is not tired by a long day's work, ruddy and almost unlined; his eyes are kindly and keen; he looks genial. Now—we must repeat it, for it is essential—a genial revolutionist is the rarest of rare birds. This warm human quality implies a strength that is not easily exhausted. Lansbury somehow suggests those picturesque old phrases which correspond to a deep quality of the English nature—"hearts of oak" and all the rest of them, and even "Britons never, never will be slaves!" He has that dogged, indomitable fighting-quality which is traditionally and really English. He has that staying-power which makes the Englishman, by as much as he is difficult to rouse, very difficult indeed to suppress when he is once roused. Heart of oak is tough wood, not easily kindled, nor does it burn out quickly. It is for this reason that radical movements are more serious in England than they are with us. When they have progressed far enough to find a voice, they generally find action too. The social readjustment which has so many prophets nowadays may, many people think, be first effective in England. If so, it will probably not be a flash in the pan.

WE call Lansbury a "labor-leader," but he corresponds to nothing that we know in America as such. He is not bound to any one organization, to any definite platform or program. He is not definitely a socialist, nor a syndicalist, nor anything else that is committed to a hard-and-fast dogma, though he is affiliated with all these organizations. He believes this: That the industrial revolution will come; that it will come from and through the working-class, not imposed upon them from without; that the program which is to carry it into effect has not yet been formulated and cannot be, but must be felt and worked out step by step; that the just and main thing is to rouse the people—once roused, they'll take care of themselves. To this end he is working with all the means at his command—his newspaper, The London *Daily Herald*, the League which has formed about it, and his own personal influence and example. Lansbury, his League and his newspaper, may be likened to a flying battalion, fighting under one general banner but not attached to any regimental colors; now in one part of the field, now in another, throwing their strength behind one phase after another of the forward movement—a strike, a socialist or single-tax or syndicalist demonstration, a labor-agitator unjustly imprisoned, or the rising of the militant women. Free lances of a new and picturesque kind—fighting in the abstract name of liberty with weapons of a specific and effective sort. Witness the case of Larkin, the labor-leader, whose release was forced by threats and partial execution of a General Strike, for which Lansbury and his associates made energetic propaganda; the amendment to the Insurance Act, for which Lansbury fought in Parliament; and his active support of the suffragists.

Lansbury will probably be returned again by the Labor Party to the seat which he recently resigned. This action of his—leaving Parliament because the Labor Party, after supporting Woman Suffrage outside, refused to vote to include it in the Franchise Bill—is a striking illustration of the quality which has caused him to be called "the most honest man in England"; of what he himself means by "no compromise"; of what able critics name as his most salient characteristic, his "loyalty." One impersonal admirer adds: "He's the only leader of labor who never would sell them out." This last is an extreme statement of the feeling that one has about Lansbury: that material rewards of place or power mean nothing to him—that his work is luxury to him, and that he wants no other.

NOT less strikingly, the resignation of his seat illustrates the greater weight and importance of English radicalism. Is it possible to imagine an American member of Congress resigning for

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any reason connected with woman suffrage? The difference of the English party system from ours does not explain away this difference. Woman suffrage is a political issue in England. With us, so far, it is an amusement or an occupation. And woman suffrage is in England a radical movement by virtue, not so much of the action of the militants, as of feelings and meanings represented by such women as Mrs. Despard—that amazing old lady, now something like eighty years of age, who, as one admiring Englishman put it, "has been in every row for a generation or two." These Englishwomen have the blood and spirit of the men. For many generations kept subordinate, except where individuals could assert their individual power, they are now, with a principle to fight for, showing their heritage of fire and determination.

"I go to prison" he says, "as a definite protest against differentiation of treatment as between myself and Mr. Bonar Law, the Duke of Abercorn, and Sir Edward Carson. These three men have not only incited but have caused riots and loss of life in Ulster. At this moment they are seditiously inciting officers of the British Army to turn traitor to King and Parliament. They are doing this openly and unashamedly, boasting of their power. Neither Mr. Asquith, nor Mr. McKenna, nor the tied Parliament, moves in this matter—and I am sent to prison for a speech."

And, by the way, good Americans will be astonished to hear that even after this experience Lansbury declares England to be a freer country than America!

On his release Lansbury published in the *Daily Herald* a statement of his intention to carry on his campaign as before, and he has done so ever since. He is now to become the editor of the paper, in place of a gentleman who writes an instructive though indignant letter to the *New Age* on his retirement. This gentleman was, according to his own statement, ousted by Mr. Lansbury's friends because of his preaching "the gospel of hatred." The paper, he was told, would continue to stand for the class war, but it would not preach class hatred. And the angry ex-editor quotes Lansbury as saying: "*Hate conditions, not men.*" This utterance, of course, appeared to the other perfectly unreasonable. So it will to nearly all revolutionists. It is the one man in a thousand who can feel and speak, like Lansbury, without bitterness, with fire and sweetness, too.

HE is a true radical and aims to strike at the root of social injustice and not to patch up its exterior appearance; he hates charity. In a speech on "Poverty and Legislation in England" he mentioned the Charities Organization Society as "the society which had so organized charity that there was none left over." And he said: "This business of relieving the poor is like putting up a ladder and throwing your money at it—what stops on the rungs of the ladder the poor get, and the rest goes to well-fed officials and contractors. Sometimes I think that if we walk away and leave the poor alone—and get off their backs—the poor will be able to look out for themselves."

Syndicalism pure and simple, he says, is losing ground in England. The idea that any group of workers can run their own industry for their own benefit without accounting to any one, he thinks impracticable. But neither is he a Socialist, believing in absolute control by the state. What he suggests is that the various great industries—the railroads, for instance, the mines, the factories, should be run under a contract from the state.

"The management must be responsible to the community, the people. But every member of its working force must be an integral part of the scheme, having his share of the duties and his inviolable right to the benefits."

And he advises the working-men: "Begin now to make yourselves competent to run every department of your business. Master all the details of its management. Then when the time comes say to the Government: 'Here! this is our business. We are going to run it on a contract with the state.'"



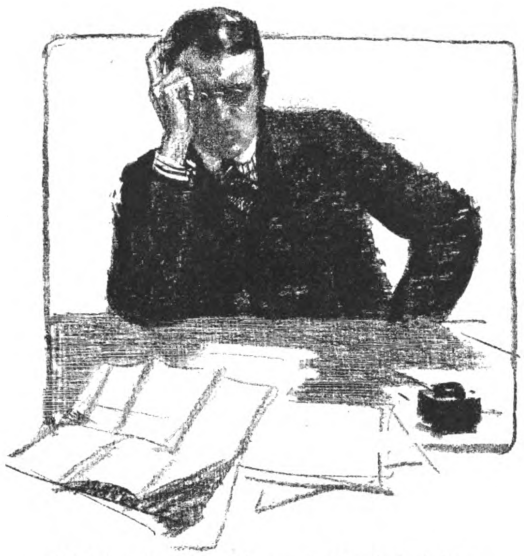
"His most salient characteristic is his loyalty"

LANSBURY is distinguished again from most champions of the working-class by his charity—if he will forgive the word—toward the present capitalist class. He does not want the workers to rebel against the capitalist personally and sweep him bodily from the face of the earth. He wants both worker and capitalist to rebel against the present system in favor of one more equitable and more pleasant really for both sides. He realizes that the path of the present-day masters is by no means strewn entirely with roses. He even feels that this class may contribute something valuable to the new civilization; whereas our American leaders of labor are practically unanimous in affirming that the capitalist and the bourgeois are mere cumberers of the earth and had better at once be swept into the scrap-heap, together with all their culture, arts, and other fripperies. Lansbury's theory of the leisure class is more merciful. He would like merely to distribute leisure equally, and all other benefits, so that there should be neither waste nor want, in the industrial democracy to which he looks forward.



"We call Lansbury a labor leader, but he corresponds to nothing we know in America as such"

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"Each time the office of the president has had windows toward the sea"

Making Money in Strange Lands

By

AMOS STOTE

NOT far above the twentieth floor of the Woolworth Building, in a distant corner, where windows face to the south and west, there frequently sits a man looking out to sea. Three times in the last eight years business has required of this man the taking on of enlarged offices. Three times the manifold problems involved in the housing of a clerical army have been worked out. Each time the office of the president has had windows toward the sea—and the Hudson, with its broad commercial back that gains in substance what it lacks in beauty in its lower waters.

"No marine view, no president," that official has laughingly told his office manager when the leasing of new quarters has been up for discussion. History teaches us that battling business seldom confesses to any sentimental inclinations, hardly admits the reliability of inspiration; yet this man is suspected of harboring thoughts concerning each of these attributes. The clinging to a southwest outlook is enough to convict him of export inspirations.

Many years ago, when a reporter on a Hackensack newspaper, the man with the corner office determined to deny sentiment and build a business that would encircle the globe. He gave over the gleaning of news and turned to industry. Long after, when he had reached that stage where the mechanics of operation require only the oil of supervision to keep a big business machine from getting a hot box, he looked back on his work—and found it full of sentiment. He had held fast an enduring passion for achievement, he had become enamored of the ocean-going Hudson. For years he has found peculiar delight in certain reports that come to his desk every morning, from Moscow, and Peking, Rome, and Cape Town, also from Hackensack.

By noon of every working day he knows the extent of business the world did with his organization up to the hours of closing on the previous day. Cable, telegram and letter bring in the records. The Hindu salesman who lingers over-long with his prayer rug is aware that before the setting of a second sun the "all powerful" in far-off America will know of the falling off in his sales. And while the Hindu sleeps, the manager of the Hackensack office is spurring his men to greater efforts in the hope that they may stand well in the report for that day.

THERE is a great lump of sentimental leaven—it might be termed ambition—in the foreign efforts of the man with the corner office. He has wooed and won success in international trade because he has given personal attention to its requirements. Each year a long journey is made to many of the capital cities of the world. He finds it a wonderful inspiration, to see the goods he has caused to grow from raw wood and steel to a finished product, in the hands of people who are strange in their dress and speech and habits, in an unfamiliar land where even the money with which his wares are bought may have a fantastic appearance, almost unreal.

On these trips the local managers everywhere have the opportunity to point out the peculiar conditions influencing their efforts; to take their boss by the hand and lead him up to problems they must meet and which are so difficult of explanation in writing.

The understanding good that results from the brief visit of an observing man is beyond all computing.

Most export errors come either from neglect to supply proper goods or ignorance of selling conditions. While without the right goods the best selling organization in the world can make little progress; yet market ignorance really seems more distressing, and is surely more demoralizing. It not only prevents the manufacturer from offering that practical encouragement so essential to the men abroad; but the latter are always aware of the fact that their efforts cannot be understood, and so live in momentary dread of hampering dictations from the home office.

JUST last summer an American manufacturer sailed for Paris with so large and violent a temper, the boat people wanted to charge him excess baggage on it, and make him turn it over to the butcher for safe keeping. All the way over, he rehearsed the awful imprecations he would hurl at the American who, because of an ability to chatter French, had worked the company into the establishment of a Paris branch. For weeks prior to sailing, the sight of a letterhead with the Paris address on it, the few words that so impressed him when they first appeared, brought on an attack of grouch.

The manufacturer laughed a cruel laugh when he spoke of how the French agent had tried to keep the home company keyed up to sending over money by using the old jokes about good prospects, time required to make a start, orders promised for future dates, tide would certainly turn before very long. He knew a reasonable amount of time was required to start a business anywhere; but this office had been running a year and had taken in hardly enough to pay postage expenses. Now he was going to find out about that turning-tide business, and why those future dates never matured.

Of all the thoughts that rankled, the one most active had to do with the fact that they had taken this man away from another American house because he had built the latter a fine business in France, and was supposed to know all about trade conditions over there. To avoid accusations of underhand methods the misguided merchant had written of his coming, but gave no date. He intended to give the French manager a chance to hang himself before starting the picturesque condemnation.

NATURALLY, the chief value of this incident is its anti-climax. The French manager did not strangle on contradictory statements and the manufacturer did not open his vials of wrath. When the latter arrived he found a detailed report awaiting him which he was not allowed to read, but which was read to him. Each paragraph was sandwiched between explanatory remarks, extracts from salesmen's reports, correspondence, and specific statements relating to each condition mentioned.

You will now find this manufacturer an enthusiast over French business, because he knows something of how it is done. When the agent stated that his office estimated a delay of six months in the closing of each deal after satisfactory demonstration, the manufacturer was at first inclined to be skeptical, but the agent stalled it by taking a card from the pile of evidence on his desk.

"This sales report card," the representative remarked, "has to do with a

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public-service corporation that probably has more ready cash than any similar concern in the States. Today is July 19. The third week in May our best salesman concluded demonstrations before two important officials. He was told the machine was satisfactory and that purchase would be made in October. I will wager my contract with you against a trip to the home plant that, if these men are alive and in office during October, we will have their signed order before the first day of November."

The first part of this story had been told me by the agent, in Paris; but the manufacturer rendered a more detailed account when I called at his office in New York on October 16. A few days before, a cable had come from Paris telling that the public-service corporation had already signed the order.

TO give the foreign representative intelligent sympathy and support, it is necessary that some of the men in authority at home be personally familiar with conditions in the country where the agent is at work. While the most thorough information will not eliminate all mistakes a fair, working knowledge should reduce their number and prevent a repetition of the same error. Even when the powers at home lack foreign experience they should give the men abroad, on whom they have thrust the responsibility of success, the comfort of confidence, and belief in the reasonableness of their requests.

If our manufacturers would only get over the idea that the men on the other side are making unnecessary demands when they ask for things outside the American routine, our export trade would take a long and profitable step forward. Only those who have been through the mill are able to understand how the foreign representative hates himself every time he has to make an unusual request, and how he feels blue for three weeks, or until the mail brings the regular home office complaint.

Many of our houses have lost good men to other companies, not because the former have howled at expenses or complained of results; but just for the fact that every time the agent asked for something his market required, that was not understood at home, he had to carry a burden of criticism and discouraging delays while waiting for the factory to meet his demands. At such times, when another concern comes along that seems to know what it wants to do, the harassed agent is likely to chuck the trouble and go where he will be appreciated, or at least where his efforts will be understood.

SOME years ago, when the phonograph stood at the top of the industrial wonder list one of our companies producing these machines built a thriving business in France. The novelty of the thing brought customers with a rush. They bought the machine and the half-dozen records a salesman had played in proving the genuineness of the marvel, and gave no thought to the future. Later, when these customers returned to purchase other records, they discovered that unless they wanted American songs nothing remained but instrumental pieces of the brass band type. When the factory was appealed to, the answer came that home orders were too heavy to spend time getting out French records, and that, besides, the big profit came from the sale of machines.

Even in the face of this limitation the machines continued to sell. One model was especially popular and the French office sent repeated orders for this type; but if the factory was over-stocked with other models the latter would be shipped. If the foreign manager insisted on having the popular model the factory would write to the effect that their records showed the agency to have a varied assortment of other models on hand, giving a list of them in detail, and suggesting that it would be better to push these before new shipments were made.

And there were actually times when the great Paris department stores, as well as the company's own salesrooms, for months on end, did not have enough stock



"Even the money with which his wares are bought has a fantastic appearance"

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to make a decent display. This was the opportunity on which a French manufacturer grew from a small one-room machine shop to a chain of factories.

SOME of the troubles American manufacturers force on their branch houses abroad are the result of carelessness or failure to appreciate the importance of certain instructions. One constantly recurring difficulty in France is in the matter of customs. The papers to be made out in connection with the shipping of goods into that country are sufficiently detailed in themselves to insure against trouble, if correctly and truthfully filled in.

A Detroit shipping clerk looked after these documents for a machine his factory was sending to its French company. To simplify records the factory has numbered the various types of machines it produces. When the clerk made out the papers he filled in the description of a machine of the wrong number. No one discovered the mistake until the shipment came under the searching eye of the French customs. Then all the good behavior of the past was lost. It had taken the American agency two years to prove to the French customs officials its right to have their shipments accepted on the strength of their declarations.

Like our own government employees in this work, the men on that side are suspicious of any so-called "errors" in declarations. So the French agency was not only fined five hundred francs in excess of the full duty for the machine, but, for months after, all shipments were opened, and the machines, wrappings and packings each subjected to separate weighing tests and examinations. The net result was endless delay and confusion, frequent breakage, and an embarrassing skepticism concerning any remarks on declarations. Another mistake of this kind might put the American corporation on the black list and forever prevent its wares entering the country until each shipment had been dissected to the last strand of excelsior.

THE work this company is doing in foreign countries is in the majority of cases very successful, and I refer to its mistakes to emphasize the need that exists for exceeding great care, foresight and understanding in the conduct of well-established branch houses. The following contrasting piece of work in another branch of this concern gives further illumination to the text:

Its German agency was for a long time permitted to carry $640,000 worth of stock on consignment; but when it asked to have a slight change made in the motor equipment that goes with some of their machines the factory paid no attention to the matter. As their product is a costly affair that concerns must test before purchasing, it is necessary that all their sales offices, especially in countries not extensively educated to its uses, have a number of them available for putting out on trial. The cheapest model sells for several hundred dollars and the tying-up of stock in this educational work may easily run into millions in a world-wide business. Because of this the branch houses are expected to call for no more machines than they are able to keep busy.

The German agency is not under the direct control of the home office, so that intimate supervision of its operations has not always been feasible. About twelve months ago a general investigation was made. Then it was discovered that of more than half a million dollars tied up in consignment machines, not more than fifty per cent. of them were ever in use at one time on trial exhibitions. The balance was stored in the back rooms of various offices and under indifferent conditions.



"The boat people wanted to charge him excess baggage on his temper"

The strange part of this situation is that the home company would permit the stagnation of so much capital, allow such a condition to come into existence, would take so over-generous an attitude and yet fail to respond to the German agency's urgent request for a comparatively incidental alteration in motor construction. It seems to be a characteristic of the Teuton to give his mechanical devices very severe service. The machine in question stood up under the strain to everybody's satisfaction, but the motor was inclined to breed trouble in the course of time. After repeated attempts to have the factory in Detroit remedy the weakness, the agency was forced to place its motor orders through the London offices, and have them sent from Detroit to the company's factory in England. Here it was necessary to undo much that had been done before the required change could be effected. After which the motors had to be repacked, rebilled and reshipped to Germany.

One of the strangest cases on record of an American manufacturer blocking the game of his foreign business occurred in England a few years ago. Instead of refusing to give the British agency his entire coöperation he almost succeeded in killing it with too much attention.

He made so many trips to England a friend suggested that he apply to some steamship company for a commutation ticket. He gave personal supervision to the decoration and furnishing of the London offices; and of course made them so American that every Britisher who entered felt strange and uncomfortable. He heard of the rigid class distinction that exists in England, so raised the salaries of all department heads and insisted that they spend the money in living like gentlemen. In an effort to boom sales he arbitrarily cut the price of the commodity; and offended all old customers.

Nothing less than the unquestioned excellence of the American product could have saved the English branch from utter failure; that and the long purse of the man who made a pet of it.

It has been some time since this manufacturer learned the difference between "butting in" and real coöperation. After this lesson was learned the British agency began to make money, and has been doing so ever since.

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The Attorney-General for the United States

By McGREGOR

THE Supreme Court of the United States is in session and the celebrated Tobacco Trust Case is being argued. Learned lawyers, such as only great wealth can employ, present their views of the law and the facts in behalf of their powerful client. Then a younger man arises, tall, vigorous, smooth-shaven, with forehead wide and high, nose and mouth and chin eloquent of forcefulness, and dominates that distinguished assemblage with the *brool* of his lion voice. One instinctively goes back to Carlyle's description of Mirabeau for a fitting comparison, another Aristocrat who was Attorney for the People. "In all countries, in all times," said Mirabeau, on being expelled from the Provence Assembly, "the Aristocrats have implacably pursued every friend of the People, and with tenfold implacability, if such a one were himself born of the Aristocracy." Here also, now standing before the Highest Court of the land, is a man "*who will glare fiercely on any object; and see through it and conquer it: for he has intellect, he has will, he has force beyond other men. A man not with logic-spectacles, but with an eye.*"

The Justices pay him marked attention, for here is one who knows more about the case before them than any other man could be hired to learn. Said Justice Brewer: "He has made a greater reputation with the Court than any man in twenty years. His briefs help the Court in the preparation of its decisions." For two hours he sums up the results of three years of investigation and study, and closes with this challenge: "There are some of us who have hoped for a peaceful solution of this great question under the law as declared by the Courts. But if in the light of the facts here presented, this Court shall decide that this defendant has not violated the law, then our hopes are a dream." The assemblage gasps. Here, in the presence of the Court, was a threat of Revolution as the alternative to peaceful solution under the law.

THE man was James C. McReynolds, special assistant to Attorney-General Wickersham, now Attorney-General himself. *That speech was never published.* There was a difference of opinion between him and his Chief in the method of handling the case, and the speech was omitted from the brief for the Government. The Supreme Court decision was that the Tobacco Trust should be dissolved. The carrying out of the decree was committed to the Circuit Court in New York where the case originated. When its decree was declared, McReynolds publicly denounced it and demanded an appeal again to the Supreme Court for correction. But Wickersham the next day announced that he was satisfied, and McReynolds offered his resignation, which was declined. Later, Woodrow Wilson thought McReynolds would be a good successor to Wickersham.

Few perhaps recognize the importance to the country of the office of the Attorney-General and the work of the Department of Justice. The other nine Departments of Government refer to him for final decision on questions of law, fifty-three such questions having been so referred during the year, at the request of the heads of Departments. Respecting title to lands acquired by the United States, 231 opinions were delivered last year, while 346 cases were begun and 543 cases terminated in the Public Lands Division. There are also Solicitors, or Assistant Attorneys-General, serving the other Departments under the direction of the Department of Justice. Think of a law office, employing more than three hundred officers, attorneys and clerks, directing eighty-five district attorneys in all parts of the United States, and supervising some fifteen hundred other officers and employees. In the United States District Courts, there are pending 5,310 civil cases to which the United States was a party, 9,685 criminal prosecutions by the United States, 5,802 Admiralty cases, with 35,405 Bankruptcy petitions, and for the proper hearing and conduct of all these cases, the Attorney-General's office is responsible, through its selection and appointment of district attorneys and through advice continually asked and given. All cases coming before the Supreme Court in which the Government has interest are directly under the Attorney-General's care, there being 143 such cases last year; cases instituted by the Interstate Commerce Commission are under his direction and control, 49 such cases having been instituted during the year and 65 concluded, to say nothing of customs cases, violations of the banking laws, white slave traffic cases, etc. He also has charge of the Federal Penitentiaries, and controls the issuing of pardons. There have been 633 convictions under the White Slave Act, more than half of which were obtained during the past year.

What manner of man is now holding this office? In the words of the Constitution, "There shall be appointed a meet person, learned in the law, to act as Attorney-General for the United States."

JAMES CLARK McREYNOLDS was born in Elkton, Todd County, Kentucky, February 3, 1862. His father, John Oliver McReynolds, was a country physician, with a big plantation of his own, who dominated the county by the sheer force of his character. His mother was a Reeves, of an equally notable and forceful family.

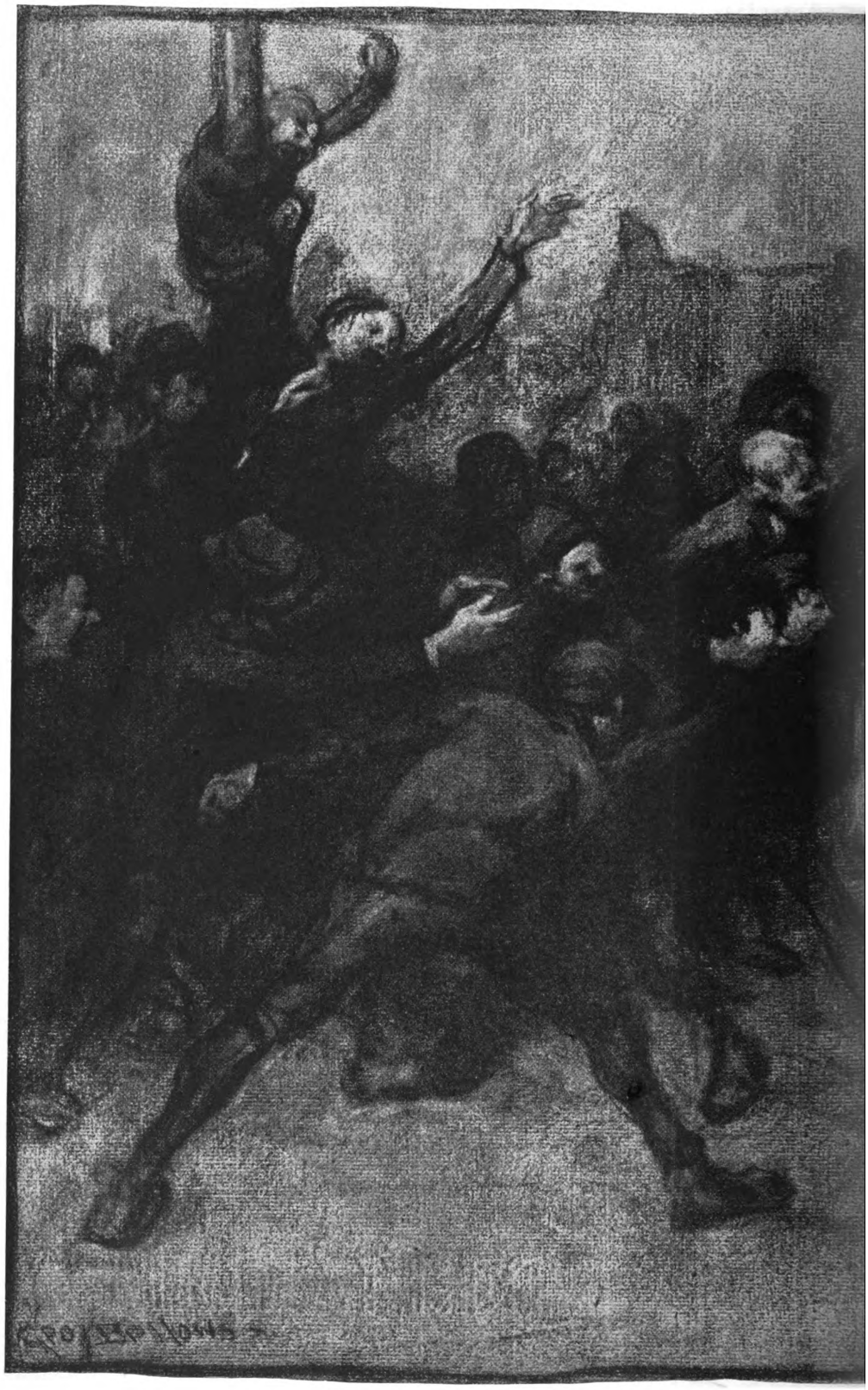
Young McReynolds was brought up on the Kentucky plantation amid such surroundings of refinement and culture as Thomas Nelson Page has depicted for Virginia society of ante-bellum times. In his later teens he went to Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tennessee, and immediately became the acknowledged leader of the student body, was prominent in the literary societies as orator and debater, set high standards of clean speech and blameless life, was able to help, with his fuller purse, students struggling to secure an education, and graduated with many honors and medals, at the age of twenty. He studied law at the University of Virginia, graduating at the head of his class, and then settled down to practice law in Nashville. His success in practice, (he was never unprepared when his case was called,) won him the position of professor in the Law Department of his University, then he became Dean of the Department. He was a born teacher, his only fault being his impatience with dullards, whom he tried to discourage in what he considered a foolish ambition for them. During this period he was continually guilty of left-hand ignorance of right-hand benevolence, helping the unfortunate while shrinking from their gratitude. While in Nashville he led a successful fight for civic righteousness against the gang of gamblers and toughs who controlled the city, being associated with Dr. Manning, now of Trinity Church, New York, in the battle for decent government.

When Philander Knox was Attorney-General he asked Don Dickinson, afterwards Secretary of War, where he could find a twenty-five thousand dollar man for five thousand dollars. Dickinson, without hesitation, named McReynolds. So he gave up his teaching and came to Washington as Assistant Attorney-General during Roosevelt's second term. And those were rather busy days for the Department of Justice. He resigned just before that Administration went out and became a partner in a New York City law firm. But private practice had lost its attraction for him. He was thinking of going back to his Kentucky farm and starting a private law school of his own, when he was asked to become special assistant to the Attorney-General in the enforcement of the Anti-Trust law, and accepted.

SINCE he became Attorney-General he has striven in the administration of the Department to make the spirit of the service what it ought to [illegible] As the district attorneys resign, and [illegible] resignations are hastened, he puts in their places men known to be devoted to the public welfare, fully in sympathy with the present Administration and free from former entangling alliances with unlawful or oppressive corporations. To say that he, himself, is a glutton for work, does not meet the requirements of the situation in the eyes of his subordinates. They say he is a "hog for work." And no one familiar with the Department can fail to see the improvement in the spirit of the service, its loyalty to the Government, the new idea that is taken of the honor of serving the Government by having the people of the United States for one's client. He is a swift and accurate judge of men. The whole Congressional delegation of one Southern State united in recommending the selection of a district attorney. McReynolds mentioned his knowledge of the man's former affiliations with interests he might be called upon to prosecute, and declined to make the appointment. If he doesn't like a man's looks, he will not appoint him. He has the task of recommending the Federal Judges to be appointed and he has suggested that judges of seventy years of age, while they cannot be retired, if they will not resign, be subordinated to new judges appointed to sit with the older men.

"*A man stout of heart; whose popularity is not of the populace; whom no clamor of unwashed mobs without doors, or of washed mobs within, can scare from his way.*"

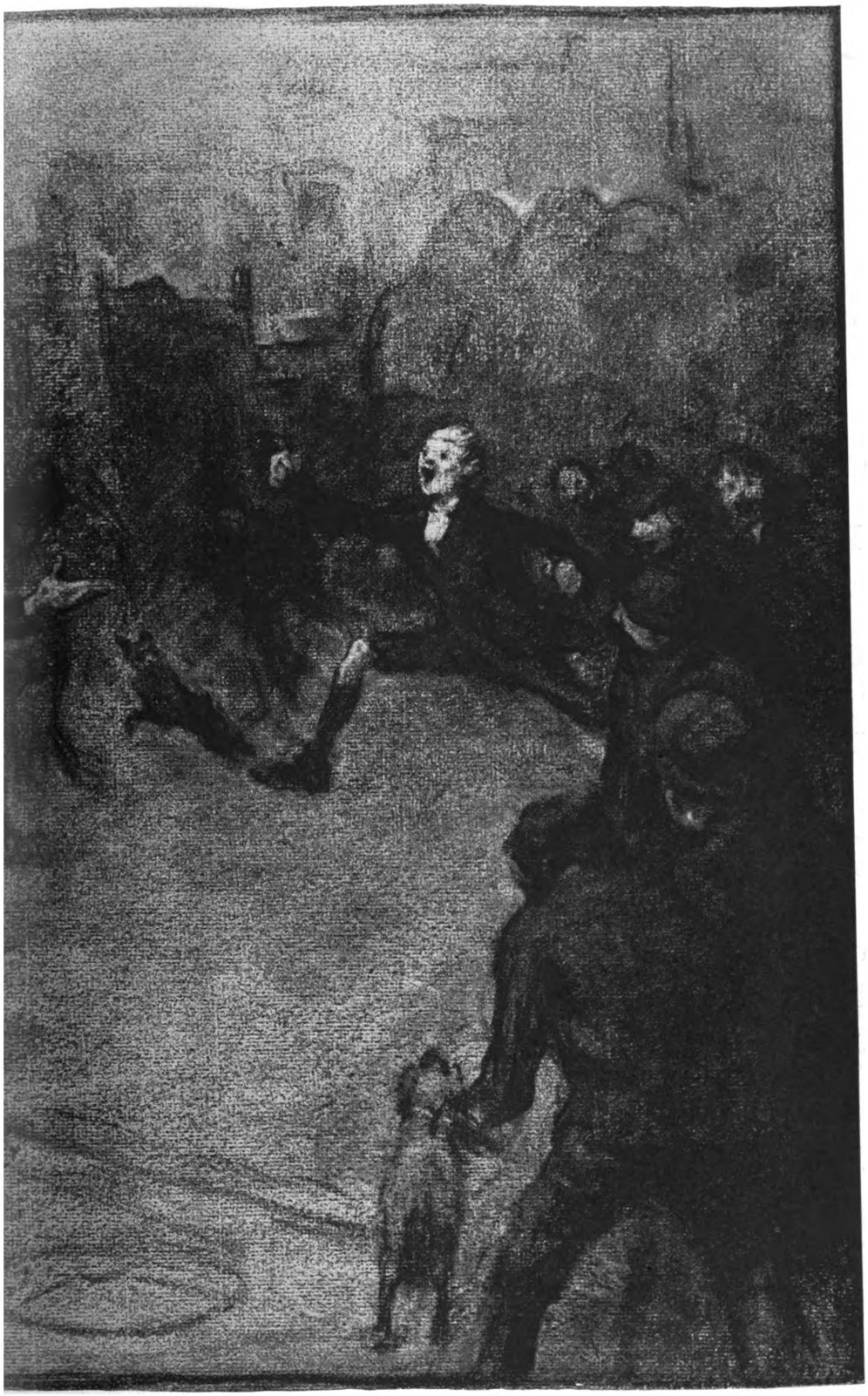
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MEET OF THE "DA

By GE

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LLOWS

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Scene from Act V in "Antony and Cleopatra"

A Brilliant Shakespearean Repertory

By HAROLD STEARNS

FOR Shakespeare on the stage, America is dependent on the whims of its own stars and the chance tours of foreign artists. We have no theater devoted to the production of Shakespearean and other classic plays. In fact, since the New Theater project was abandoned, we have no theater with even a definite tradition. A full season might conceivably go by without a single play of Shakespeare's being given on the "regular," *i. e.*, the two-dollar houses. Therefore we have reason to be grateful to those actors and actresses who, year after year, keep hammering at the classics—to Sothern and Marlowe, William Faversham, Annie Russell and all the others. Let us now be grateful to Margaret Anglin. In a season that is notable for its Shakespearean productions, Miss Anglin's productions of "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Antony and Cleopatra" stand forth brilliantly.



Miss Anglin as Katharina in "Taming of the Shrew"

MISS ANGLIN is a cultivated gentlewoman; she lacks that quality of the histrionic temperament which makes the possessor eager to hide everybody's light except his own, under a bushel; she has imagination. The plays she puts on are correct from the academic point of view; that is, they reveal no anachronisms and they take no liberties with the lines. The company is an all 'round company of capable actors, not an ill-balanced aggregation of one or two stars surrounded by mediocre satellites. The plays are mounted with scenery that has beauty and illusion; and they are stage managed with a sympathetic understanding which keeps faithfully to the play's meaning and spirit.

Classic seems to signify to her, something vital. She has approached these plays reverently, but without that peculiar fear and trembling which is the earmark of a superficial culture when confronted with a world masterpiece. Her whole effort has been to make them clear and humanly understandable. Above all, she has made them swift-moving. In her version "Antony and Cleopatra" has five acts and fourteen scenes, and there are four ten-minute intermissions between the acts. Yet the play is over within three hours. No wait between the different scenes is longer than fifty seconds.

MISS ANGLIN'S method of staging has much to do with this replacing of the customary tedium with—may I call it—fluidity? The stage is framed like a picture, with stiff side curtains and a low hanging drop curtain. Directly behind the side curtains, sloping *inward*, toward the center of the stage, are two solid doors. Between these doors hang rich tapestries. Behind and above these doors hang other curtains at the same angle, similar in design to the front side curtains, which are lateral to the stage. This arrangement serves for a simple interior. By lifting the tapestries between the doors, the scene is changed. At the end of the scene the characters walk through the solid doors and into the next scene through a side entrance farther back on the stage. There is no wait whatsoever.

SHAKESPEARE has been produced with scenery that has a poetry of its own and does not shame its text. Livingstone Platt, who has already introduced modern German ideas of stagecraft to Boston, designed Miss Anglin's scenery and gave her a few suggestions. Most of what is practicable—as well as fine—in Gordon Craig's theories she has also turned to account. Against a huge cyclorama at the very back of the stage are thrown trees or towers, resting solidly on the floor of the stage and ending halfway up to the bottom of the front drop curtain, giving an astonishing illusion of space. There is much overhead illumination, and direct lights from the wings play over the leading characters, bathing them, it often seems, in the veritable light of the sun.

Most of the colors on the canvases are painted in a stipple of primary colors, which in white light would appear gray, but properly illuminated by overhead or side lights take on simple tints, glowing as if the light came from within the canvases themselves. Soft, glowing blocks of color, large solid masses, space illusion, curtains framing the whole picture (no unsightly overhead strips), and suggestive shadows—these things give the key to the unique stage settings. The decorations are simple without being austere. In "Twelfth Night," every touch is, so to speak,

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joyously Oriental; in "The Taming of the Shrew," sixteenth century Italian; in "As You Like It," pastoral and romantic; in "Antony and Cleopatra," dignified and massive. I have seen nothing more wonderful on the stage than the scene on the roof of Cleopatra's palace. Yet the means of gaining the effect were almost absurdly simple; the cyclorama far in back, a pale light playing upon it, to the front a raised parapet extending across the stage with broad steps leading up, and on each side high and solid rectangular masses which cast real shadows. Cleopatra sat on the parapet, looking far away into the distance, as if to catch a glimpse of Antony in Rome itself. The illusion of vast height and space was perfect.

YET after all, the swiftness of scene shifting—as even the beauty of scene setting—is a secondary thing. The scenic setting for a play always has been and always will be, I believe, the relatively unimportant part. Drama is an art dealing first of all with human character and human speech. We may talk of a dozen "arts of the new theater," but plays will live because of what is said and done in them by the characters, not by what is done *to* them by electricians and scene painters. Miss Anglin's productions had beauty and charm, yet they never were obtrusive.

IN her treatment of spoken verse, Miss Anglin shows that strict metrical accuracy may often be sacrificed to clearness. It is really a case of sacrifice, or judgment of what is better, not a case of ignorance, as is so often true of Shakespearean actors. For example, in that marvelous speech of passionate defiance by Cleopatra, which is always worth quoting:

"———know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt,
Be gentle grave unto me! Rather on Vilus' mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abherring!"

Miss Anglin makes "nak'd" a monosyllable, which is the only way to keep the movement of this verse. But in "Twelfth Night" I noticed three examples of (academically) incorrect scanning. In a speech of Valentine's:

"——— all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance."

"Remembrance" should be quadrisyllabic. It was given three syllables. Again in the speech of the Duke's, immediately following:

"Her sweet perfections——"

"Perfections" should be quadrisyllabic, and it also was given three syllables. Once more, in the sea-coast scene, with which Miss Anglin begins her version of the play, Viola says to the captain:

"Know'st thou this country?"

Country should be, strictly, country, with three syllables, but Miss Anglin pronounced it as we do commonly. In all these and other cases, the hiatus in the feet of the line was compensated for by a gesture or by a pause. There was no loss in metrical value, and the gain in clearness in unaffected pronunciation was notable.

IN the casting of parts and the directing of how they should be played, Miss Anglin has done most to give us good entertainment. The clowns in Shakespeare are always exacting rôles, and the comic rôles are uniformly well done by her cast. Sidney Greenstreet, who plays Sir Toby in "Twelfth Night," Biondello in "The Taming of the Shrew" and Touchstone in "As You Like It," has unction. Humor oozes from him, and he is fat and funny enough to make us want to see Henry IV on the stage again, just to watch how he would play Falstaff. Fuller Mellish gives a performance of the dignifiedly conceited Malvolio, which would stir Lamb to write another essay were he alive today. His Jacques, in "As You Like It," is perfect. Max Montesole plays Grumio in "The Taming of the Shrew" and the clown in "Twelfth Night" as if to the manner born. Eric Blind does Petruchio capitally, free from the conventional boisterous swagger. Nearly all of the cast have had previous Shakespearean training.

Miss Anglin interested me less in "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It," than in the other two plays. As Katharina she proved unexpectedly piquant. She played the part in high spirits, yet with just a suggestion of shy waggishness, which kept the play in a key of fantasy. To be thoroughly realistic in "The Taming of the Shrew" is, I think, to make it unendurable.

"ANTONY and Cleopatra" is a different story. Here is one of the world's great tragedies—greatly produced and greatly acted, not alone by Miss Anglin herself as Cleopatra, but by Sidney Greenstreet, as Enobarbus, Maclaren, as Antony, and Ruth Boucicault as Charmian.

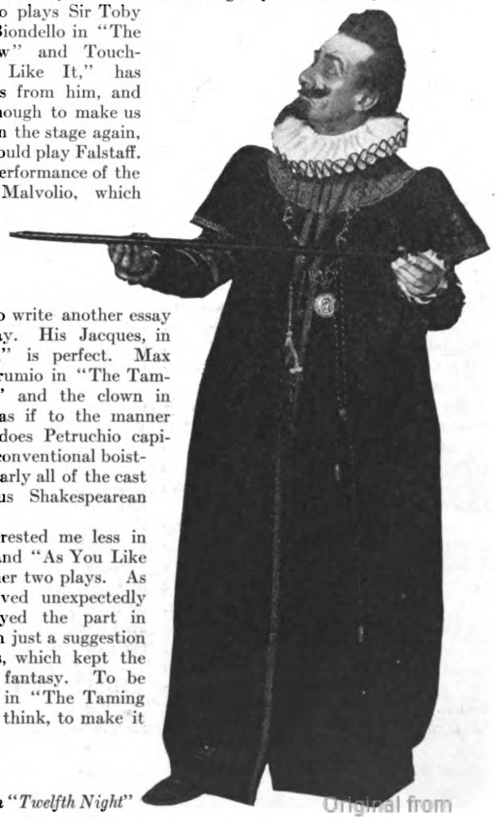
In Cleopatra herself, Shakespeare in a sense gives a psychological recapitulation of all his feelings and ideas about women. She has at times the fresh charm of Viola. She has the intellectual passion of Lady Macbeth—her ambition, too, in a way. She has the wit of Beatrice. She has all the cruelty of Generil or Regan. She has the shrewishness of Katharina, and the softness of the early Juliet. For all her variety, she is an individual woman.

Miss Anglin makes her in the first two acts a woman in whom the passions of the body and flesh have spent themselves. She holds Antony by her mind, by the spiritual fire of her emotions. I do not hesitate to say "spiritual," for the Cleopatra of Shakespeare's play is not a wanton. She is a woman of middle age, desperately trying to keep her hold on the one whom she really loved. We can, as Miss Anglin plays her, see Cleopatra trying every artifice and trick to keep Antony. It is a bitterly ironic tragedy, for in Antony the vague mood of pagan fleshliness is constantly being disturbed by the calls of a still vaguer duty. In that astonishing death scene of the last act—the only place where Shakespeare permits a woman to die on the stage—what is more pathetic than those wonderful lines to Charmian:

"Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?"

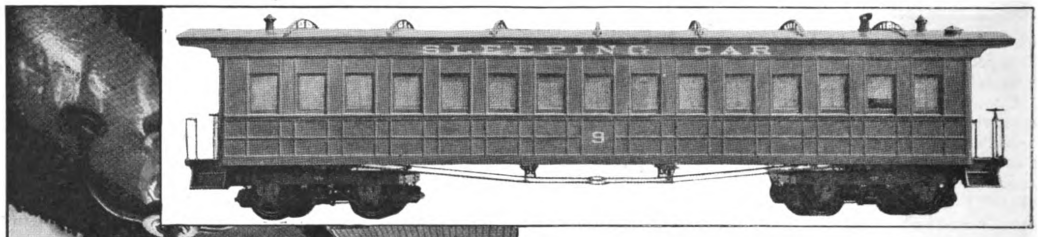
I have seen nothing on the stage more moving and impressive than this final scene of "Antony and Cleopatra," as Miss Anglin produces and plays it.

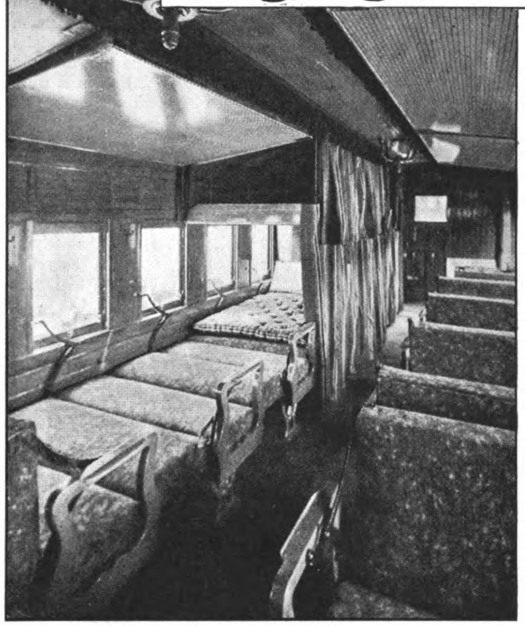




Malvolio and Viola in "Twelfth Night"

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The interior of one of the first sleeping-cars ever in actual use. The picture above shows the exterior

Sleeping-Cars and Microbes

YOU may or may not know how the sleeping-car came into its being. The railroad itself was less than a quarter of a century old before a crude form of a night-car with beds was being operated over the Cumberland Valley road. Other early lines made experiments with cars of this sort—all of them more or less crude. It was not until the close of the Civil War and railroading in the United States was thirty-six years old that the first practical sleeping-car made its appearance. It was called the *Pioneer* and it was the work of a carpenter who had made his way out to Chicago from western New York. His name was George M. Pullman. And the car which was to blaze a new path in American comfort had a melancholy dedication, for it carried the body of Abraham Lincoln to its last resting-place. The son of Abraham Lincoln is today, and for many years has been, the executive head of the Pullman company.

The *Pioneer* was longer, higher, wider—even gayer—than any railroad car that had ever been built before, and it attracted a great deal of attention. But to keen railroad students the most unusual thing about it was a double row of berths suspended from the roof, berths that by day closed up and held the bedding for the entire car. No longer was it necessary for the porter and the passengers to drag the bedding out from the ends of the car. Indeed the *Pioneer* embodied the essentials of every sleeping-car that followed it. Its builder designated it in his records as "A." He did not dream of having more than twenty-six cars at one time. Today the company that he founded operates more than six thousand sleeping-cars in regular and special services.

You surely can remember the sleeping-car of a generation ago? They called it a "palace-car" then. While it was recognized as an essential in our long-reaching railroad routes, it had reached a veritable apotheosis of bad taste. Architectural knick-knacks disfigured it. There were cumbersome, dust-catching, head-bumping, useless moldings here and there and everywhere, "grilles," silly little mirrors, thick draperies with tassels and fringes. It was an orgy of over-decoration and the laughing-stock of all cultivated folk. It became the prize asset of the school of American humor founded by George Ade and his fellows. Bitterness and sarcasm were leveled at it from every corner of its habitat. People forgot the real value of the sleeping-car—what long-distance travel would again become if it were to be taken away.

Some of these shafts must have struck into the heart of the Pullman company. Of a sudden, a little more than ten years ago, it decided that architecture was all very well in its own way but not as a part of car-building. It divorced the two. It began to throw out the useless draperies, the braids, the tassels and the fringes. It simplified the moldings and the senseless decorations. It made a start in the right direction. Some things had already been accomplished. From out of the noisy claims of many inventors the modern car-vestibule had been developed; there were lesser things to the credit of the Pullman car. One of them was the abolition of the old-fashioned awkward pumping devices in the wash-rooms, and the substitution there of metal-lined for marble-topped wash-stands. A negro porter was decapitated in a railroad wreck some years ago by the loosening of one of these heavy marble slabs. The Pullman company then took steps to remove such dangerous devices from its cars.

PULLMAN is the name that we must use when we come to consider the sleeping-car problem of America. For not only did Pullman develop the first practical sleeping-car that the world had ever known but the company that he founded today operates more than ninety-five per cent. of the sleeping-car service within the United States. A few roads have operated their own sleeping-cars for many years, but the general tendency has been the other way.

There is a reason for this. The average railroad company gives the Pullman company all of the revenues from its cars but actually pays mileage for their operation, not so much because it wishes to be relieved of the responsibility, but rather because of the flexibility of the Pullman service. In addition to the cars set aside for its regular service that company possesses many hundreds of spare cars. These spare cars go north in summer and south in winter to meet the exigencies of heavy tourist travel; they move in battalions upon great national conventions, college football games and the like. Last summer 450 of them were drafted to form special accommodations to the Knights Templar conclave at Denver.

Of course no one single railroad could have supplied 450 sleeping-cars for such a purpose—fifty reserve cars would have represented more capital than it should have had tied up in extra equipment of this sort. The Pullman organization is big enough and flexible enough to meet just such situations as this.

THIS, however, is not the story of the Pullman company, but rather of the efforts that are being made to make the American sleeping-car safe and clean and comfortable. The Pullman company is a large organization. It is generally what it chooses to be, itself. It is a transportation company; at other times it prefers to regard itself as a hotel organization. At all times it is alive to the necessities of a situation. So it has come to improve both its cars and the operating conditions upon them—sometimes under compulsion and more times, voluntarily.

In its function of lodging itinerant America the Pullman organization has a hotel problem that is worth attention. It is today operating a little over 5,000 sleeping-cars upon regular routes. The average business done by each of these cars is fifteen passengers a night, so it is safe to say that nightly 75,000 persons sleep in its cars. When one comes to add to this total the passengers of the two or three railroads that operate their own sleeping-car services he sees the population of such a goodly town as Utica or Hartford moving by night in these hosts of peregrinating hotels.

A real hotel can, and generally does

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Woman in a New World

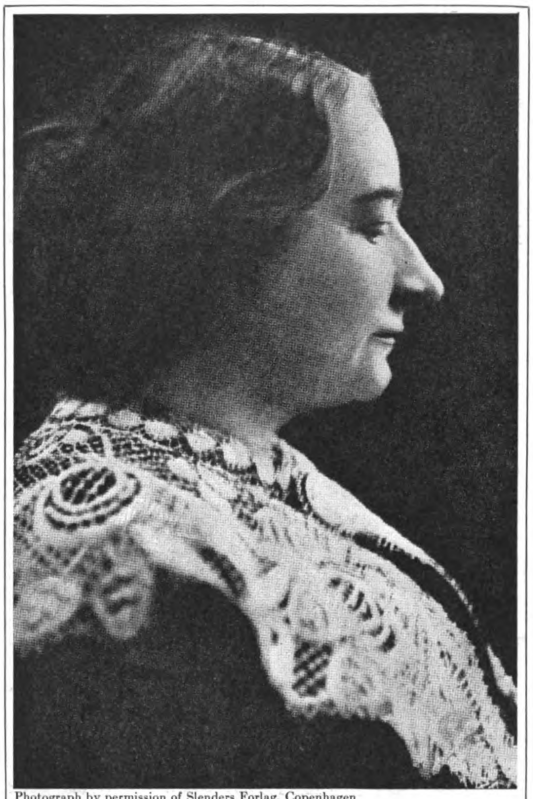
By ELLEN KEY

MADAME KEY has already treated, in previous articles, the subject of the old-fashioned woman and the equanimity and peace which was hers because her duties harmonized with her desires. She has described the change in moral standards that has been brought about by woman's new demand for freedom, and warned women not to lose the old virtues while gaining the new. In this article she tells what women must do to be ready for the place they wish to take in economic life

SINCE women have begun to work for money outside the home, as they have been forced to do by economic conditions, the problems of morals have multiplied and women's conception of ethics has broadened. First came the demand for the right to work, then a realization of the duty to work, and out of that a conception of the honor of labor and the joy of social helpfulness. The more women have developed their common human virtues, the more just has become their demand that their morality have other measures besides that of sex and that man's sex morality shall be taken into account in judging his character as a whole. In this way the modern woman has tried to widen the sphere of her moral duty and to narrow man's moral liberty. Woman is no longer content to cultivate solely the sympathetic feelings and sex virtue. She wants to express her whole self in her life. She wishes to be guided at times by altruism, at other times by egoism, with the right to decide when it shall be one and when the other. She has thus been led into a conflict of her own between individual rights and social duties.

We are most familiar with these conflicts as drawn by Ibsen, but they have previously appeared in literature whenever it has been truly great, mirroring the life of the times. Some of these moral battles have taken place in national life as in the case of the Russian women and the political revolution, and the English suffragettes and their mode of warfare. In passing, I may say that the comparison favors the Russian women as they have tried through their nihilistic attempts on life to expose great wrongs to all, wrongs which could not be known except through deeds of violence. The English women have set out with the idea that because men in times of political despair have used violence, women should do the same in cold blood, as a political measure. They do not act rashly but with great foresight, believing that they cannot win the political right to help in making a better world unless they use the lowest weapon which has been employed by men. History shows that the fruits of a successful revolution are easily lost because when people who have long been without rights take them by storm they are seldom able to keep them, much less use them wisely. Unless the social reconstruction brought about by woman suffrage is based on a higher morality than man has shown in the past, it will be like a wall of loose bricks without cement to hold them together. But there are many present-day women who have fought for their sexual rights with the same burning enthusiasm for self-sacrifice but with wholly clean weapons. They ought to atone in the eye of men for their sister's Jesuit morality..

For more than a hundred years women even under stigma of being unwomanly have worked hard to change social conditions. They have worked in the care of the sick and prisoners, in combating alcoholism and prostitution, in improving labor conditions, housing and sanitation, for the protection of motherhood and childhood, for education and healthy recreation; they have cared for the poor and the aged, they are a power for peace. This work proves that they have a right to citizenship which is not founded on theory alone. It has developed their sense of social responsibility and through them that of men, who have never cared so much for these things as women. It is partly through women's participation in such affairs that we have the awakening of the social conscience, which has been greater in the last century than before in a thousand years. This social motherliness has added beauty to women's struggle for liberty. As they have become eager to follow the commands of Christian love into society they have freed themselves from the authority of the ecclesiastical church; and women's native common sense has prevented them from carrying their love for humanity to such an extreme that it is incompatible with real life, as did Tolstoi. They have demonstrated that sympathy, love and pity become, when used, not only a matter of conscience but a source of happiness. But even these women have had their hands tied in many ways. If ever a right has been demanded for unselfish reasons, it is a woman's right to suffrage and a married woman's right to herself and her property.



Photograph by permission of Slenders Forlag, Copenhagen

The leader of the feminists as she is today

Although women have extended their motherliness over a wider range, it does not follow that in the home itself their responsibility has been sufficient. Although women have for a long time shown a great and joyful capacity for work in the field of domestic manufacture and although they have gradually improved the arts of cooking, dressing and other household craft, it is still true that all the most ingenious devices for the household have been invented by men and that the average level of woman's skill in her age-old occupation has been low. Even today the majority of housewives are still bunglers. The same thing is true in education; not only are there very few women of genius in the educational field, but most women teachers have not the slightest inkling of the meaning of true education. Though it is perfectly true that many men do not do their very best in their own work, there is a great difference between the business pride which men and women show. One reason is that a man's work is appraised by customers and employers while woman's work is uncontrolled and irresponsible, only depending upon one man's comfort or discontent. Also women are without money, and without money it is hard to be inventive. But the most important reason is that woman's natural conservatism has found the old customs good enough and has felt satisfied to follow the advice of mother and grandmother.

THE results of woman's lack of experience in handling money are everywhere noticeable. Women do not know how to spend money, how to discriminate between essentials and non-essentials, between permanent and temporary needs, when to save and when to spend. Women still sin in these matters through thoughtlessness, ignorance and laziness. The physical and spiritual well-being of those nearest to them is the most important point at which they can love their

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neighbor. And these faults are no more numerous among the poor than among those who have plenty of money to provide for the health and comfort of the family. When women began to enter the field of paid labor they carried these faults with them. Women used to hard manual labor soon learned to do satisfactory work, because they had to, but women of the upper classes, widows and daughters of men who had died or lost their money and were thus forced to earn their living, were not prepared to do so. When they had to get work their first thought was "how easy is it," not "what can I do best," and when they did work they expected the same privileges as the home worker. Lack of promptness, undue time taken out for rest, waste and unreliability were their faults. Especially was it hard for them to get rid of the idea that paid work could be carried on with the same carelessness as home work. But as necessity has forced more women into the economic field they have begun to lose these bad habits and, with professional training, their labor efficiency has increased. Some wives and daughters from the well-to-do classes who know nothing of the hard conditions of life because a man has always protected them, who have never learned the value of money, which only earning it can teach, and who have never had any money except gifts, have learned in an amazingly short time to work well. There was a time when women used to conceal their thirst for knowledge or work and for their own money, because such desires were thought unwomanly. Woman learned instinctively to hide all that she thought might detract from her in men's eyes, even her best qualities, if she imagined they might incur man's ridicule or displeasure. But economic necessity has in one generation developed enterprise, courage and self-competence as well as ability. Women no longer say, "I want to do such and such a thing, but I cannot." They more and more say what was once so unwomanly, "What I want to do I can do." One would think that women would naturally cooperate, yet they have failed to do this voluntarily, only by experience have they learned that it is wise to work together for the improvement of domestic as well as social work. And they have found that forethought, thrift, managing ability and the sense of beauty which has come down to them from their grandmothers unite very well with methodicalness, promptness and discipline learned in the outside world. And these women have also retained their devotion and self-sacrifice as one can best see in those who support their families outside the home with as much tenderness as they used to work for them within its four walls.

THERE is another duty which women have to learn, whether working in public or in private life—it is the art of living. They must learn not to overwork to the point of nervousness which breaks down self-control, not to throw themselves into social activities until the home life suffers, not to allow wrangling, nagging and fault-finding to mar the family happiness, not to try to force their point of view when no important value is to be gained, not to miss the sense of proportion between labor and rest. The art of life is sadly undeveloped in modern women as in modern men. Women must stand by the good old phrase, "Charity begins at home." One immoral consequence of the patriarchal family ideal is that family ties have been considered unbreakable and therefore have needed no care. Even people who would not fall short of the duty of loving their neighbors are frequently not lovable at home. Unless women will take as much care to develop the delicate virtues and joys of family life as they do to grow the flowers in their gardens, they cannot expect children or servants to feel happy in the homes they have made. Home life must not only be righteous, it must be beautiful. The breaking up of the patriarchal family customs has added levity to the feeling which many of us have for home ties. No doubt new ideals will gradually crystallize out of this formlessness, but so far self-denial and self-control, which often helped to make family life beautiful in the past, are sadly lacking now. Everywhere one hears pleading for a renaissance of the home.

A more deeply felt personal responsibility for the great private decisions of life and a more uniform social morality common to all classes, ages and sexes in public life is what women should try to reach. If they really want to save home and society as they sometimes say they do, they must guard what is best in the old conditions as well as develop what is good in the new. Women must consider it a moral duty to combat both in themselves and in others not only the temptation to shirk work but to bustle in work. And they must look upon as sins any habits which disturb the normal healthy proportions in life. They must coöperate to satisfy with the least waste all the needs of daily living, and not least of these the need of rest and of joy. The women who stand highest have already learned this truth, but for most women their duty in this respect is confused by the Christian doctrine of self-sacrifice on the one hand and the zeal for social work on the other.



From a photograph by A. Apelgren, Stockholm

Ellen Key at the age of thirty-six

PUBLIC life is a powerful stimulant, more powerful than the home. Ambition is a passion which drives women as well as men to great work and small deeds. Women used to be competitors in the race for men; they are now competitors for social tasks and distinctions. Among the younger women personal morality has not developed as fast as the social conscience. The older generation still looks upon it as a duty to overcome temptation, anger and vengeance, arrogance and vanity, temper and self-deception. The younger generation sees this duty in knowledge, work and social activity, having little time for daily self-examination in the small things that lead toward character. Sweden's great saint, Birgitta, used to take a bitter herb in her mouth to punish herself every time she was angry. Women of today do not have time to so much as bite their tongues on such occasions. Very few people today, either men or women, have time for the personal culture which makes the soul more serene and tolerant, gentle and wise, through freedom from externals. And yet there is nothing we need more today in this strenuous age than moral culture: Our lack of self-control is given a medical, not a moral, name and is called nervousness or hysteria and given sanitarium treatment, but that is not the only thing needed to restore the balance of an age suffering from mental St. Vitus's dance. The successes of Christian Science and similar movements depend on their teaching of the duty of careful self-examination and self-control. We must learn an art of living by which the soul can grow in strength and truth, in tolerance and warmth, in height and depth; and women should be the first to learn. And we must consider this culture of these resources of our souls a moral duty, and, in order to do it, we must have mental insight, determination, peace and time. Ask an active club woman if she has drawn deeply once a year from some well of wisdom in her library, or if Sunday is a day of rest to body and soul, or if once a week she draws the inspiration from nature or music that comes from an inner repose which allows the impressions to flood into the soul. If women's new social morality is to lift us another step out of our misery, toward greater spiritual

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wealth, their own souls must reach heights not yet dreamed of by most of our excellent women today.

BUT the greatest danger to feminism and to humanity is that so many of the best women do not realize that the duty of motherhood is the most valuable to the nation, the race, and humanity, and that it is all important to reach again on a higher plane the union of self-assertion and self-sacrifice which only motherhood can bring. The present conflicts are sharp between the rights of the individual and the rights of society, between woman's demands for her own life and the demands made upon her by the family. The easiest stage of woman's fight for freedom, the struggle for rights, is passed. That which follows is the struggle for production, for the simultaneous creation of men and works, two creative impulses, neither of which can be wholly satisfied together, nor entirely segregated into different periods of a woman's life. Many women have become morally vacillating because of this dilemma and some have tried to get out of it by treating love and motherhood as incidentals. But if the race is to rise, women must remember to take love and parental duty as the most important thing in life and men must learn of them to take it less as an episode. Nothing will more certainly destroy everything in the way of manly sex morality which past ages have built up than that women themselves shall take motherhood lightly.

Only by improving the quality of the human race by a more and more careful, enlightened and loving parenthood shall we gain a more beautiful future. All that women promise themselves and humanity of a new order of life in which purity and responsibility shall mark the relationship of the sexes, and love and justice the life of the people, will not become facts, even though all the women in the world were enfranchised, if the majority of men and women stand on a low plane physically, morally and intellectually, because they have not been well born. Only improved social conditions can eliminate want and crime. All we dream of for the future may yet be realized, and realized through the women, if the mothers of the next thousand years will consider it their highest happiness to promote through their children the evolution of the race toward a higher humanity. Motherhood, which is the fountain head of unselfish ethics and which is woman's special field of action, must become her highest responsibility in thinking, feeling and acting. This is meant not only in a direct sense. When women in youth and early middle age have fulfilled their highest moral duty, to bear and rear the new race, and when in this work they have used all the culture which their new freedom has given them, then the time for spiritual motherhood arrives and occupies their later years. In the words of Frederick Van Eeden, "In the age when woman, according to the old custom, was worn out and done with, she may now possess a new and great mission to increase the common fund of human knowledge by contributing her own stored treasures of intuitive wisdom." It is woman's wisdom which the ancients worshiped. It is this wisdom which must be again respected and followed, in order that humanity may rise to the moral and spiritual height to which it has already risen materially, intellectually and scientifically. Men have gathered together the materials for building a more beautiful and moral world. It can only be built by men and women working together.

Next week will begin a series by Mary Austin on the various phases of the marriage problem. Mrs. Austin's knowledge of the subtleties of women's souls and her wisdom in dealing with these delicate questions is not surpassed in modern feminist literature. Her present contribution to the discussion of love is a defence of monogamy, one of the most convincing ever published.

Slewed Music

By LEO RICH LEWIS

IT has somewhere been said that an element in the enjoyment of smoking is the sense of continuous triumph over slight nausea. Whether the statement be true or false, it may, by suggestion, serve as an informal and speedy introduction to some comments on the product of up-to-the-minute composers like Debussy and Schönberg.

There is no doubt that the music of these men is, aesthetically speaking, nauseating to the average cultivated listener. There is good reason to believe that it is intensely enjoyable to a discriminating—or undiscriminating—few. Let us metaphorically classify the auditors as non-smokers and smokers, and hasten to get nearer our subject.

Music did not begin to be a language until it began to blend dissonating voices. We have had, up to 1900, six centuries of music connected more or less with words, followed by three centuries of music disconnected more or less from words. Such is one kind of a summary of the development of *our* music. But throughout both periods dissonance has been a feature of prime artistic importance. Of course, then, the "average cultivated listener's" nausea is not caused by dissonance. He is quite used to that.

DURING the three-century period Bach and his contemporaries made harmony organic. That is, they recognized certain associations of chords and keys as desirable, and fixed in practice the principles of such associations. But Richard Wagner revised the world's notions on that subject. What might be called the systematic expectancy of the classic period was wholly annulled. Our listener, then, does not object to music because it is harmonically inorganic. He is quite used to framelessness.

Bach and Company also fixed the scales and modes as we know them, major and minor. Tonality (the quality of being in a key) became cogently and definitely a principle of music. Indeed, scales became fewer, and keys more individual. And when, about 1890, composers showed unmistakable tendencies to blur scales and keys, serious trouble began for the average cultivated listener. Neither he nor any of his ancestors had ever felt the pangs of chronic musical astigmatism.

It would be possible, in perhaps two hundred pages of text and musical examples, to show that Bach himself suggested "impressionistic" effects, and that all the great composers (including, by the way, Mozart, and perhaps excepting Schubert) occasionally "reached for" them. But we must, as we are dealing in lines and not in pages, waive everything except reference to the fact. Yet we must not fail to observe that a liberal percentage of blur—or shall we call it torsional strain?—of scales and keys is found in Franck, d'Indy, and Richard Strauss, not to mention Wagner. In Debussy and Schönberg, however, we discover a new feature, the slew. Debussy has slewed Melody and Schönberg has slewed Harmony. As Rhythm was already infinitely slewed, there was nothing left to be done in that domain.

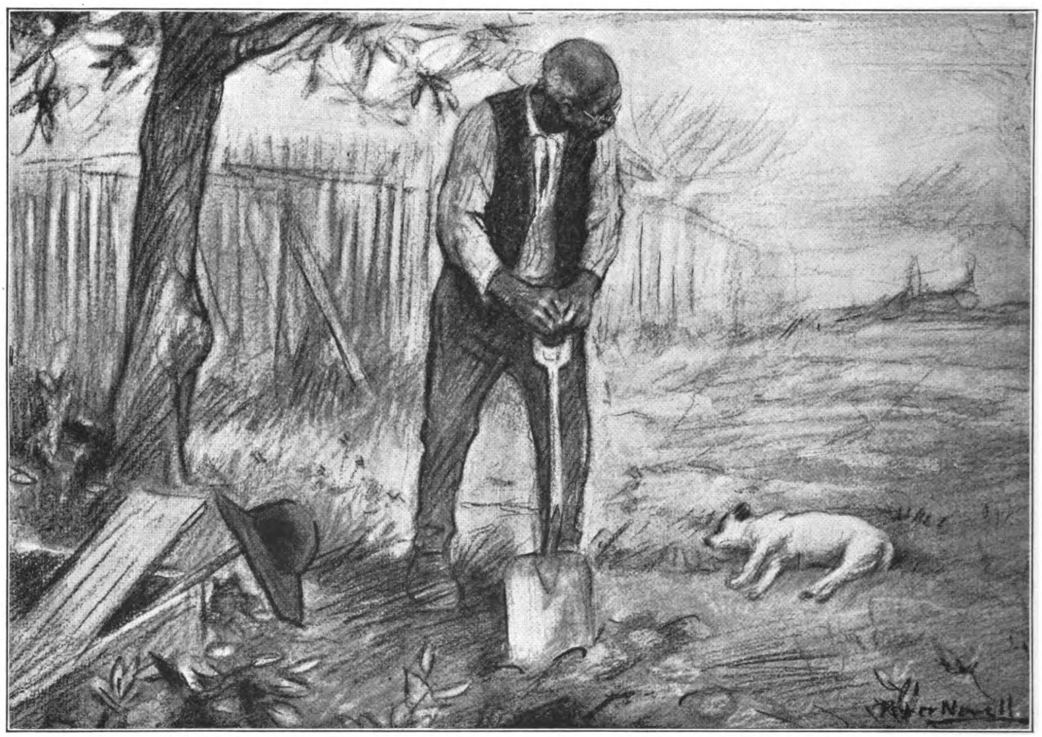
Debussy's cult-fosterers talk of the "whole-tone scale" which he uses. They seem to be in error. At any rate, the nauseating stylistic feature of Debussy's music is quite simple: he persistently slews his melody by the employment of perhaps twenty-five per cent of next-tones, above or below the expected tone. That is, about a quarter of the time, when one might reasonably expect the tone G, one hears G-sharp or G-flat. By unslewing his melodies we get rather agreeable and sometimes even significant music, as might be expected from one who has good things to his credit in "regular" style.

Schönberg's slew is embodied in the harmony: but it is also on the next-tone principle, and the percentage of presence approaches 100. If the upper register is in the key of G, the lower will be in the key of G-sharp or G-flat. Just to clinch the slew, as it were, a few miscellaneous tones appear which "kill" both the keys which are struggling to prevail. Apply the unslewing process to Schönberg, and the resultant is comparatively less interesting than Debussy's.

NOW, bi-tonality or multi-tonality may be destined to enter into the music of the future; but one may safely opine that these things must await clever-er—and, especially, more versatile—exponents than Debussy and Schönberg. The *raison d'être* of the procedure of these composers is easily defined: like their predecessors, little and big, they are striving to produce something novel; a praiseworthy and probably spontaneous effort. We cannot at once know whether these innovations will be durable—or endurable. One may almost take for granted that congenitally distorted creations will be welcomed only in side-shows, where freak meets freak. Of course, in all the arts, the side-show has occasionally put the regular show out of business. But, in facing the future of music, we are still comforted by the occasional appearance of a fresh work which, by its thoroughgoing modernity, its technical mastery, its rich manifestations of melodic and harmonic inventiveness, increases our confidence that the evolution of music is still independent of hectic and inept experimentation.

And, by the way, a really valuable innovation always contains germs of development and elaboration. Shall we dare to attribute exceptional sagacity to the commentator who remarked: "Ah, yes! 'Pelléas et Mélisande.' Really, I am immensely interested in—M. Debussy's *next* opera!"

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"None of us has ever asked Morris about it, and his grief has been as reticent as our own"

A Little Ghost in the Garden

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Illustrated by Peter Newell

I DON'T know in what corner of the garden his busy little life now takes its everlasting rest. None of us had the courage to stand by, that summer morning, when Morris, our old negro man, buried him, and we felt sympathetic for Morris that the sad job should fall upon him, for Morris loved him just as we did. Perhaps if we had loved him less, more sentimentally than deeply, we should have indulged in some sort of appropriate ceremonial, and marked his grave with a little stone. But, as I have said, his grave, like that of the great prophet, is a secret to this day. None of us has ever asked Morris about it, and his grief has been as reticent as our own. I wondered the other night, as I walked the garden in a veiled moonlight, whether it was near the lotus-banks he was lying—for I remembered how he would stand there, almost by the hour, watching the goldfish that we had engaged to protect us against mosquitoes, moving mysteriously under the shadows of the great flat leaves. In his short life he grew to understand much of this strange world, but he never got used to those goldfish; and often I have seen him, after a long wistful contemplation of them, turn away with a sort of half-frightened puzzled bark, as though to say that he gave it up. Or, does he lie, I wonder, somewhere among the long grass of the salt-marsh that borders our garden, and in perigee tides widens out into a lake. There indeed would be his appropriate country, for there was the happy hunting ground through which in life he was never tired of roaming, in the inextinguishable hope of mink, and with the occasional certainty of a water-rat.

He had come to us almost as mysteriously as he went away; a fox-terrier puppy wandered out of the Infinite to the neighbourhood of our ice-box, one November morning, and now wandered back again. Technically, he was just graduating out of puppyhood, though, like the most charming human beings, he never really grew up, and remained, in behaviour and imagination, a puppy to the end. He was a dog of good breed, and good manners, evidently with gentlemanly antecedents canine and human. There were those more learned in canine aristocracy than ourselves who said that his large leaf-like, but very becoming, ears meant a bar sinister somewhere in his pedigree, but to our eyes those only made him better-looking; and, for the rest of him, he was race—race nervous, sensitive, refined, and courageous—from the point of his all-searching nose to the end of his stub of a tail, which the conventional docking had seemed but to make the more expressive. We had already one dog in the family when he arrived, and two Maltese cats. With the cats he was never able to make friends, in spite of persistent well-intentioned efforts. It was evident to us that his advances were all made in the spirit of play, and from a desire of comradeship, the two crowning needs of his blithe sociable spirit. But the cats received them in an attitude of invincible distrust, of which his poor nose frequently bore the sorry signature. Yet they had become friendly enough with the other dog, an elderly setter, by name Teddy, whose calm, lordly, slow-moving ways were due to a combination of natural dignity, vast experience of life, and some rheumatism. As Teddy would sit philosophising by the hearth of an evening, immovable and plunged in memories, yet alert on the instant to a footfall a quarter of a mile away, they would rub their sinuous smoke-grey bodies to and and fro beneath his jaws, just as though he were a piece of furniture; and he would take as little notice of them as though he were the leg of the piano; though sometimes he would wag his tail gently to and fro, or rap it softly on the floor, as though appreciating the delicate attention.

OF Teddy's reception of the newcomer we had at first some slight misgiving, for, amiable as we have just seen him with his Maltese companions, and indeed as he is generally by nature, his is the amiability that comes of conscious power, and is his, so to say, by right of conquest; for of all neighbouring dogs he is the acknowledged King. The reverse of quarrelsome, the peace of his declining years has been won by much historical fighting, and his reputation among the dogs of his acquaintance is such that it is seldom necessary for him to assert his position. It is only some hapless stranger ignorant of his standing that will occasionally provoke him to a display of those fighting qualities he grows more and more reluctant to employ. Even with such he is comparatively merciful, stern, but never brutal. Usually all that is necessary is for him to look at them steadfastly for a few moments in a peculiar way. This seems to convince them that, after all, discretion is the better part, and slowly and sadly they turn around in a curious cowed way, and walk off, apparently too scared to run, with Teddy, like Fate,

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grimly at their heels, steadily "pointing" them off the premises. We were a little anxious, therefore, as to how Teddy would take our little terrier, with his fussy, youthful self-importance, and eternal restless poking into other folks' affairs. But Teddy, as we might have told ourselves, had had a long and varied experience of terriers, and had nothing to learn from us. Yet I have no doubt that, with his instinctive courtesy, he divined the wishes of the family in regard to the newcomer, and was, therefore, predisposed in his favour. This, however, did not save the evidently much overawed youngster from a stern and searching examination, the most trying part of which seemed to be that long, silent, hypnotising contemplation of him, which is Teddy's way of asserting his dignity. The little dog visibly trembled beneath the great one's gaze, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and his eyes wandering helplessly from side to side; and he seemed to be saying, in his dog way: "O yes! I know you are a very great and important personage—and I am only a poor little puppy of no importance. Only please let me go on living—and you will see how well I will behave." Teddy seemed to be satisfied that some such recognition and submission had been tendered him; so presently he wagged his tail, that had up till then been rigid as a ramrod, and not only the little terrier, but all of us, breathed again. Yet it was some time before Teddy would admit him into anything like what one might call intimacy, and premature attempts at gamesome familiarity were checked by the gathering thunder of a lazy growl that unmistakably bade the youngster keep his place. But real friendship eventually grew between them, on Teddy's side a sort of big-brother affectionate tutelage and guardianship, and on Puppy's—for, though we tried many, we never found any other satisfactory name for him but "Puppy"—a reverent admiration and watchful worshipping imitation. No great man was ever more anxiously copied by some slavish flatterer than that old sleepy carelessly-great setter by that eager, ambitious little terrier. The occasions when to bark and when not to bark, for example. One could actually see Puppy studying the old dog's face on doubtful occasions of the kind. Boiling over, as he visibly was, with the desire to bark his soul out, yet he could be seen unmistakably restraining himself, till Teddy, after some preliminary soliloquising in deep undertones, had made up his mind that the suspicious shuffling-by of probably some inoffensive Italian workman demanded investigation, and lumberingly risen to his feet and made for the door. Then, like a bunch of firecrackers, Puppy was at the heels, all officious assistance, and the two would disappear like an old and a young thunderbolt into the resounding distance.



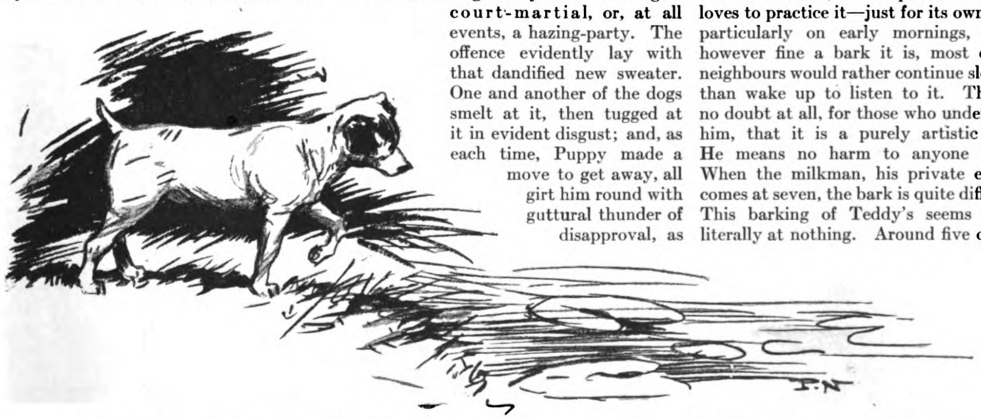
"They stood in a circle around Puppy, for all the world as if they were holding a court-martial or a hazing-party"

TEDDY's friendship had seemed to be definitely won on an occasion which brought home to one the quaint resemblance between the codes and ways of dogs and those of schoolboys. When the winter came on, a rather severe one, it soon became evident that the little short-haired fellow suffered considerably from the cold. Out on walks, he was visibly shivering, though he made no fuss about it. So one of the angels in the house knitted for him a sort of woollen sweater buttoned down his neck and under his belly, and trimmed it with some white fur that gave it an exceedingly smart appearance. Teddy did not happen to be there when it was first tried on, and, for the moment, Puppy had to be content with our admiration, and his own vast sense of importance. Certainly, a more self-satisfied terrier never was than he who presently sped out to air his new finery before an astonished neighbourhood. But alas! you should have seen him a few minutes afterwards. We had had the curiosity to stroll out to see how he had got on, and presently, in a bit of rocky woodland near by, we came upon a curious scene. In the midst of a clump of red cedars, three great dogs, our Teddy, a wicked old black retriever, and a bustling be-wigged and be-furred collie, stood in a circle round Puppy, seated on his haunches, trembling with fear, tongue lolling and eyes wandering, for all the world as though they were holding a court-martial, or, at all events, a hazing-party. The offence evidently lay with that dandified new sweater. One and another of the dogs smelt at it, then tugged at it in evident disgust; and, as each time, Puppy made a move to get away, all girt him round with guttural thunder of disapproval, as much as to say: "Do you call that a thing for a manly dog to go around in? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you miserable dandy."

We couldn't help reflecting that it was all very well for those great comfortable long-haired dogs to talk, naturally protected as they were from the cold. Yet that evidently cut no figure with them, and they went on sniffing and tugging and growling, till we thought our poor Puppy's eyes and tongue would drop out with fear. Yet, all the time, they seemed to be enjoying his plight, seemed to be smiling grimly together, wicked old experienced brutes as they were.

Presently the idea of the thing seemed to occur to Puppy, or out of his extremity a new soul was born within him; for suddenly an infinite disgust of his new foppery seemed to take possession of him too, and, regaining his courage, he turned savagely upon it, ripping it this way and that, and struggling with might and main to rid himself of the accursed thing. Presently he stood free, and barks of approval at once went up from his judges. He had come through his ordeal, and was once more a dog among dogs. Great was the rejoicing among his friends, and the occasion having been duly celebrated by joint destruction and contumely of the offending garment, Teddy and he returned home, friends for life.

IT is to be feared that that friendship, deep and tender as it grew to be on both sides, perhaps particularly on Teddy's, was the indirect cause of Puppy's death. I have referred to Teddy's bark, and how he is not wont to waste it on trivial occasions, or without due thought. On the other hand, he is proud of it, and loves to practice it—just for its own sake, particularly on early mornings, when, however fine a bark it is, most of our neighbours would rather continue sleeping than wake up to listen to it. There is no doubt at all, for those who understand him, that it is a purely artistic bark. He means no harm to anyone by it. When the milkman, his private enemy, comes at seven, the bark is quite different. This barking of Teddy's seems to be literally at nothing. Around five o'clock



"After a long, wistful contemplation of them, he would turn away with a sort of half-frightened, puzzled bark"

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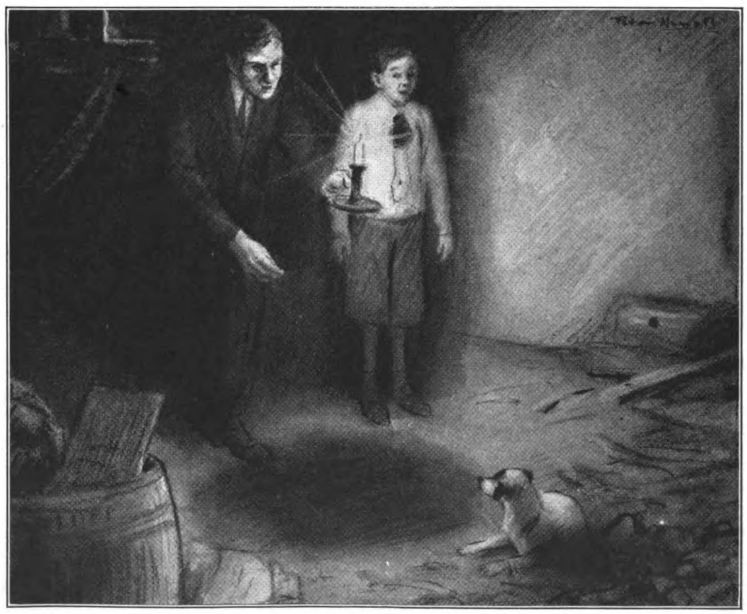
on summer mornings, he plants himself on a knob of rock overlooking the salt marsh and barks, possibly in honour of the rising sun, but with no other perceptible purpose. So have I heard men rise in the dawn to practice the cornet—but they were men, so they ran no risk of their lives. Teddy's practicing, however, has now been carried on for several years in the teeth of no little peril; and, had it not been for much human influence employed on his behalf, he would long since have antedated his little friend in Paradise. When that little friend, however, came to assist and emulate him in those morning recitals, adding to his bark an occasional,—I am convinced purely playful—bite, I am inclined to think that a sentiment grew in the neighbourhood that one dog at a time was enough. At all events, Teddy still barks at dawn as of old, but our little Puppy barks no more.

Before the final quietus came to him, there were several occasions on which the Black dog, called Death, had almost caught him in his jaws. One there was in especial. He had, I believe, no hatred for any living thing save Italian workmen and automobiles. I have seen an Italian workman throw his pick-axe at him and then take to his heels in grotesque flight. But the pick-axe missed him, as did many another clumsily hurled missile.

AN automobile, however, on one occasion, came nearer its mark. Like every other dog that ever barked, particularly terriers, Puppy delighted to harass the feet of fast trotting horses, mockingly running ahead of them, barking with affected savagery, and by a miracle evading their on-coming hoofs—which, to him, tiny thing as he was, must have seemed like trip-hammers pounding down from the sky. But horses understand such gaiety in terriers. They understand that it is only their foolish fun. Automobiles are different. They have no souls. They see nothing engaging in having their tires snapped at as they whirl swiftly by; and, one day, after Puppy had flung himself in a fine fury at the tires of one of these soulless things, he gave a sharp yelp—"not cowardly!"—and lay a moment on the roadside. But, only a moment; then he went limping off on his three sound legs, and hid himself away from all sympathy, in some unknown spot. It was in vain we called and sought him; and only after two days was he discovered, in the remotest corner of a great rocky cellar, determined apparently to die alone in an almost inaccessible privacy of wood and coal. Yet, when at last we persuaded him that life was still sweet and carried him upstairs into the great living-room, and the beautiful grandmother who knows the sorrows of animals almost as the old Roman seer knew the languages of beasts and birds, had taken him in charge and made a cosy nest of comforters for him by the fire, and tempted his languid appetite—to which the very thought of bones was, of course, an offense—with warm, savory-smelling soup; then, he who had certainly been no coward—for his thigh was a cruel lump of pain which no human being would have kept so patiently to himself—became suddenly, like many human invalids, a perfect glutton of self-pity; and when we smoothed and patted him and told him how sorry we were, it was laughable, and almost uncanny, how he suddenly set up a sort of moaning talk to us, as much as to say that he certainly had had a pretty bad time, was really something of a hero, and deserved all the sympathy we would give him. So far as one can be sure about anything so mysterious as animals, I am sure that from then on he luxuriated in his little hospital by the fireside, and played upon the feelings of his beautiful nurse, and of his various solicitous visitors, with all the histrionic skill of the spoiled and petted convalescent. Suddenly, however, one day, he forgot his part. He heard some inspiring barking going on nearby—and, in a flash, his comforters were thrust aside, and he was off and away to join the fun. Then, of course, we knew that he was well again; though he still went briskly about his various business on three legs for several days.

His manner was quite different, however, the afternoon he had so evidently come home to die. There was no pose about the little forlorn figure, which, after a mysterious absence of two days, suddenly appeared, as we were taking tea on the veranda, already the very ghost of himself. Wearily he sought the cave of the beautiful grandmother's skirts, where, whenever he had had a scolding, he was wont always to take refuge—barking, fiercely, as from an inaccessible fortress, at his enemies.

BUT, this afternoon, there was evidently no bark in him, poor little fellow; everything about him said that he had just managed to crawl home to die. His brisk white coat seemed dank with cold dews, and there was something shadowy about him and strangely quiet. His eyes, always so alert, were strangely heavy and indifferent, yet questioning and somehow accusing. He seemed to be asking us why a little dog should suffer so, and what was going to happen to him, and what did it all mean. Alas! We could not tell him; and none of us dare say to each other that our little comrade in the mystery of life was going to die. But a silence fell over us all, and the beautiful grandmother took him into her care, and so well did her great and wise heart nurse him through the night that next morning it almost seemed as though we had been wrong; for a flash of his old spirit was in him again, and, though his little legs shook under him, it was plain that he wanted to try and be up at his day's work on the veranda, warning off the passer-by, or in the garden carrying on his eternal investigations, or farther afield in the councils and expeditions of his fellows. So we let him have his way, and for awhile he seemed happier and stronger for the sunshine, and the old familiar scents and sounds. But the one little tired husky bark he gave at his old enemy, the Italian workman, passing by, would have broken your heart; and the effort he made with a bone, as he visited the well-remembered neighbourhood of the ice-box for the last time, was piteous beyond telling. Those sharp, strong teeth that once could bite and grind through anything could do nothing with it now. To lick it sadly with tired lips,



"After two days he was discovered in the remotest corner of a great rocky cellar"

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in a sort of hopeless way, was all that was left; and there was really a look in his face as though he accepted this mortal defeat, as he lay down, evidently exhausted with his exertions, on a bank nearby. But once more his spirit seemed to revive, and he scrambled to his legs again and wearily crawled to the back of the house where the beautiful grandmother loves to sit and look over the glittering salt-marsh in the summer afternoons.

OF course, he knew that she was there. She had been his best friend in this strange world. His last effort was naturally to be near her again. Almost he reached that kind cave of her skirts. Only another yard or two and he had been there. But the energy that had seemed irrepressible and everlasting had come to its end, and the little body had to give in at last, and lie down wearily once more, with no life left but the love in its fading eyes.

There are some, I suppose, who may wonder how one can write about the death of a mere dog like this; and cannot understand how the death of a little terrier can make the world seem a lonelier place. But there are others, I know, who will scarce need telling, men and women with little ghosts of their own haunting their moonlit gardens; strange, appealing, faithful companions, kind little friendly beings that journeyed with them awhile the pilgrimage of the soul.

I often wonder if Teddy misses his little busy playfellow and disciple as we do; if, perhaps, as he barks over the marsh of a morning, he is sending him a message. He goes about the place with nonchalant greatness as of old, and the Maltese cats still rub their sinuous smoke-grey bodies to and fro beneath his jaws at evening. There is no sign of sorrow upon him. But he is old and very wise, and keeps strange knowledge to himself. So, who can say?

Gleams

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

POETRY is for all, but all have not a place in poetry.

We have at last learned to realize that what makes a character worthy of poetical treatment is neither birth nor position, but certain inner discrepancies and struggles that may occur in any human being, however lowly his station.

The main product of culture is modesty based on a recognition of ignorance.

Do what you must, but do it decently and without getting drunk on the virtue of submitting to the inevitable.

Obviousness and obscurity are the Scylla and Charybdis not only of art but of all human expression.

Nothing is really worth while but the unattainable.

When a man despises reason, it is not likely that he has much of it.

So far man has tried to interpret life in the light of his own desires. As he grows wiser, he may try to interpret his desires in the light of life—and perhaps disappointment may then prove a less frequent visitor.

PRIMITIVE man cannot strive for a distant result unless he can give his effort the form of play. Civilized man has progressed from this point chiefly by means of his cleverness in inventing new games.



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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Protecting the Stockholder. Part I. Arousing Him

THIS is the first of a series of articles on the protection of investors. In the title mention is made of the stockholder and not the bondholder because if the former is safeguarded, the latter, in his more secure position, is certain to be. The article next week will discuss the rights and duties of stockholders, and follow up the somewhat general nature of this one with specific and practical suggestions; in other words, it will tell what the individual owner of securities needs to know to protect his position. Later articles will deal with protection from the outside instead of the inside, as it were, and show what governmental and other agencies can accomplish.

This department has only one purpose, to be of practical help to the investor. It does not concern itself with policies or theories, except as they directly affect the owner of securities, and it is the writer's belief that the less he takes sides, the more helpful will his articles prove.

IN view of this determination I will not undertake to decide for which of two possible reasons the investor stands in most need of protection. On the one hand, it is contended that business interests are being unjustly attacked by politicians, agitators and light-brained reformers. On the other hand, it is certain that large and small corporations alike have developed no little rottenness, and the investor needs protection from the officers and directors presumably chosen to represent him. Whether the attacks upon business of unprincipled and reckless demagogues or the unethical practices of corporation officers and directors are the worse I do not know. The average investor is in need of being shielded from both.

What Is at Stake?

PROFESSOR JOHN R. COMMONS in a recent book urges the abolition of the geographically representative form of government, and the adoption of a frankly admitted class system. In Denmark, Belgium and England the same reform is being urged, only there the proposal is spoken of as a "vocational" system. Professor Commons points out that the average legislator represents no class in the community well, being a compromise person who has offended no class seriously and is acceptable to the local political boss. Why, he asks, should not our legislatures be composed of men who really represent large or important bodies of citizens, such men as Morgan, Rockefeller and Carnegie on the one hand, and Mitchell, Gompers and possibly Heywood on the other.

Perhaps the many recent proposals to organize and unionize investors has unconsciously sprung from a similar tendency of thought. It may be objected that business interests have far too fully participated in government already, and that the late Republican overthrow reflected an awakened realization of that fact. But the trouble is that in too many instances the power of capital and corporations in public affairs has failed to fairly represent the many small owners of stocks and bonds or even has actually betrayed them.

A RECENT compilation showed that 265 large corporations have 1,025,376 stockholders. There are about 300,000 corporations in the country. Then, too, there are 35,000,000 owners of policies in legal reserve insurance companies and 10,000,000 in assessment companies and other orders. Insurance companies invest a large part of their resources in stocks and bonds. The same is true of the savings banks, which have eleven million depositors, and much the same is true of educational and charitable institutions and friendly and fraternal societies and fire insurance companies. Summarized it may be said that conditions affecting securities cut into the very bottom of society. Our present social system would fall apart if investment securities became worthless. Allowing for duplications there are probably as many investors, direct and indirect, as there are laboring men and women. An investors' union would represent as large an element as all the labor unions combined, although a large proportion of the members of one group would of necessity be members of the other.

Where the Investor Is to Blame

MOST investors, even those who directly own securities, are careless, indifferent, apathetic, indolent. To their supineness many of the evils of corporate mismanagement and unjust political attack are due. In the year 1911 only 41 policyholders out of a total of one million in the New York Life Insurance Company took the trouble to cast a vote at the annual meeting, although the policyholders in theory own the company. The writer admits to having been one of the careless million.

NOW it is obviously impossible for more than a minute fraction of a million policyholders or one hundred thousand stockholders, as in the case of the United States Steel Corporation, to attend an annual meeting. Moreover, to quote from Mr. Fairfax Harrison, the new president of the Southern Railway, the stockholder does not feel that the game is worth the candle, for he knows or believes there is a compact group of men who name the management and its policies.

Annual meetings have long been a farce. In 1911 and 1912 not a single shareholder except officers and directors attended the annual shareholders' meeting of the Rock Island Company although that company has $140,000,000 of stock. Usually only four or five go to the annual New York Central meeting. The annual meeting of the Southern Pacific Company, a monster being that dominates sovereign states and has 23,000 owners, takes place at the hamlet of Beechmont, Kentucky, and is attended by one assistant secretary with a dress suit case full of prearranged votes. Of course there is a majority of stock represented at all these meetings, but only by proxy, that is, by delegated, substituted authority.

The Awakening

BUT stockholders are waking up. At this year's annual meeting of the New Haven Railroad one hundred persons tried to crowd into a room designed for seventy-five, and a score more stood in the corridors. President Elliott promised that next year a larger room would be provided. Protesting stockholders were voted down as usual by the proxies of the management, but the protests had a powerful subsequent moral and legal influence upon the directors. The management of the American Locomotive Company voted down protests at a recent meeting of stockholders, but subsequently acted favorably upon them. It is amazing how much respect the management will have for a man with only five shares but who has the courage to speak out. The five share man who makes his "kick" and is then voted down by 1,287,563 shares of proxy stock to his five shares may feel humbled and cheap, but in these days of uneasy beds for directors his protests are usually effective.

IN England and Canada shareholders' meetings are almost social functions. In London there is a room with a 1500 seating capacity used for this purpose. The noble chairman reads an elaborate report, many questions are asked and politely answered, and the meetings almost always end with a better understanding all around. Distances are not as great in England, but geography is not the only reason for the Britisher's more active interest in his company. He has the feeling that he is a part of it, a sensation undeveloped here. Of late, American shareholders have taken an increased interest. Not only at the New Haven and American Locomotive meetings but at recent gatherings of such companies as the International Steam Pump, International Motors, Federal Mining & Smelting, American Cotton Oil and Brooklyn Union Gas, minority owners have made vigorous and effective demands.

THE feasible, constructive and desirable step for the small, individual stockholder to take is to combine with like persons in his own town or locality, and appoint a delegate to attend annual and special meetings. A committee of a dozen or score of shareholders, even when the total amount of stock represented is small, is pretty certain to have more effect upon the management than will any one stockholder. Managements somehow are always afraid of committees of shareholders. There is something threateningly suggestive of remedy at law about a committee, no matter how small its units or aggregate.

Mr. Herbert A. Scheftel, a New York broker, recently asked the Chamber of Commerce to appoint a committee of five to "consider the advisability of sending a letter to every corporation in the country in order to get an expression of opinion as to the feasibility of forming an organization of stockholders for the protection of the business interests of the country." Mr. Scheftel has been deluged with letters, both from individuals and companies

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commending his plan. But while the times are ripe for some such action, I do not believe this is the way to go about it. If the corporations are the ones to be consulted, the investor will be little better off than before. No one should understand this more fully than Mr. Scheftel, because it was due to the admirable energy of his firm that a great industrial combination, whose directors had long taken an old-fashioned, arbitrary stand toward minority, or "outside," stockholders, as well as an absurdly generous view of their own abilities as expressed in the salaries they paid themselves, were at last compelled to treat the common stockholders with a little of this same generosity.

IF a stockholders' union is formed and dominated by the great inside corporate, "Money Trust" interests, it might as well be left unformed. Probably such a body would be so unwieldy that a few Wall Street bankers would control it, and the small stockholder remain as submissive as ever. That the interest of the small stockholder and the great banker and corporate manager lie in the same direction is squarely challenged by many facts. Flooding Congressmen with telegrams from bank depositors and complaisant stockholders is not an unheard of device, or one unfamiliar to the Machiavellis of "High Finance." History may commend the work of Mark Hanna in organizing stockholders in the campaign of 1896, but the great financial leaders are not always to be trusted.

THE sensible way to get at the evils for which remedy is sought, is for local bodies of shareholders to get together. A nation wide union is perhaps pleasant to contemplate, but is too big and vague for the individual to take much part in, and is obviously open to abuse. What rights and duties appertain to even the small stockholder, and how he can by easy, local affiliation bring real influence to bear, will be the subject of the next article.

What They Think of Us

From the Commoner, Lincoln (Neb.)

Have you seen the new HARPER'S WEEKLY under Norman Hapgood's management? You should read it. It is an outspoken exponent of the people's side of public questions. The *Commoner* welcomes it into the political arena. It has a great field before it.

Detroit (Mich.) *News*

"The worst dream I ever had," styles R. E. G., "was the other night. I dreamed that HARPER'S was a daily."

Edward K. Graham, Acting President, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, (N. C.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY is the most stimulating of the many publications that come to my desk.

Schenectady (N. Y.) *Star*

The *Union-Star* prints today on this page an editorial from HARPER'S WEEKLY having to do with the looting of the 'Frisco railroad system and bearing,



The Magic Flight of Thought

AGES ago, Thor, the champion of the Scandinavian gods, invaded Jotunheim, the land of the giants, and was challenged to feats of skill by Loki, the king.

Thor matched Thialfi, the swiftest of mortals, against Hugi in a footrace. Thrice they swept over the course, but each time Thialfi was hopelesslv defeated by Loki's runner.

Loki confessed to Thor afterwards that he had deceived the god by enchantments, saying, "Hugi was my thought, and what speed can ever equal his?"

But the flight of thought is no longer a magic power of mythical beings, for the Bell Telephone has made it a common daily experience.

Over the telephone, the spoken thought is transmitted instantly, directly where we send it, outdistancing every other means for the carrying of messages.

In the Bell System, the telephone lines reach throughout the country, and the thoughts of the people are carried with lightning speed in all directions, one mile, a hundred, or two thousand miles away.

And because the Bell System so adequately serves the practical needs of the people, the magic of thought's swift flight occurs 25,000,000 times every twenty-four hours.

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It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than to speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood. Financial Editor, Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.

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What Is a Perfect Story?

Read

"As Natural as Day"

By Zona Gale

In the

MARCH LADIES' WORLD

Then write the editor what you think about it

Is It a Perfect Story?

Five dollars each will be paid for the five best answers to this question

Other Important Features

Prof. Lewis B. Allyn's First Talk to Ladies' World Readers

Born Again at Forty

Why I Make My Own Clothes

By Alice Joyce

Needledee and Needledum

A Funnigraph Record

By Peter Newell

All News Stands

THE LADIES' WORLD

Ten Cents a Copy—One Dollar a Year

by direct influence, upon the condition of affairs revealed to be existing in the New Haven system, which on Wednesday passed its quarterly dividend and kept more than $3,500,000 from the owners of the road's stock. The WEEKLY's editorial also has a direct bearing upon the news published yesterday to the effect that President Wilson's program of legislation to supplement existing anti-trust laws will provide for the application of the personal guilt principle to individual men in the directorates and among the officials of corporations, and will bear upon interlocking directorates, voting trusts, over-capitalization, etc.

Ryerson W. Jennings, Philadelphia

Better and better HARPER'S WEEKLY gets as it goes along in its new field of work. It is a forty-year-old friend and never more appreciated than at the present time.

Washington (D. C.) *Post*

HARPER'S WEEKLY says vaudeville circuits have let up on the feminist movement; if Norm Hapgood will only do likewise, it'll become unanimous.

Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*

HARPER'S WEEKLY's new style of art has even seduced James Montgomery Flagg.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Eagle*

Under George William Curtis, HARPER'S WEEKLY gained international fame fighting for civil service reform. "No man and no paper who fears to be in the minority has the power to create a majority," said Curtis. As Secretary of State under our first woman president, Norman Hapgood may use these famous words with great effect in his Chautauqua lecture.

W. D. Armstrong, Y. M. C. A., Alton (Ill.)

The HARPER'S WEEKLY is one of the best papers that is on our tables. Keep up the good work. The article on "The Christian Association" in the issue of the 15th is timely and in keeping with the spirit of the movement.

A. W. Cleerman, Cornell (Mich.)

You have made HARPER'S WEEKLY the best ever published.

Jas. H. Safford, Detroit (Mich.)

Have been a reader of the WEEKLY for fifteen years. The first Hapgood number almost took my breath away; it was as if some portly, highly respectable dame had suddenly blossomed in straight front, slit skirt, and all the trappings of giddy youth. Dad and I held quite a serious session whether he'd keep on taking, but with each succeeding number decided the old hadn't a thing on the new. All of which is doubtless of small import to the Company.

Albert H. Scherzer, President, The Scherzer Rolling Lift Bridge Co., Chicago (Ill.)

I have been very much interested, and appreciated the new and vigorous life exhibited by HARPER'S WEEKLY under your editorial management, and wish it every success in its mission of enlightenment as a "Journal of Civilization."

St. Louis (Mo.) *Globe-Democrat*

Norman Hapgood, that zealous advocate of the new freedom, morally speaking reproaches the hardness of Puritan standards as exemplified in Hawthorne's novel, "The Scarlet Letter." He favors the Greek conception of sin, "missing the mark." He argues that by regarding any transgression as a defective aim, the sinner might keep on striving and eventually hit the bull's-eye. But would this prevent moral sharpshooters demanding that amateurs establish a record before attempting to associate with them?

San Diego (Cal.) *Tribune*

A curious study in topographical and civic nomenclature as revealed on the railroad maps and in the postal guides of this country is contained in an article by Charles Edward Russell in HARPER'S WEEKLY. . . .

The charge brought against the un-Americanism of Americans cannot be urged to the shame of California, nor, it may be truthfully said, in derogation of the local pride that has named the towns, mountains, lakes and rivers of any of the Pacific states.

California has carried over scores of names from the Spanish and Mexican régime, many of them redolent of the early history of the state; along the Camino Real, the vowels of these Spanish names ring like bells in the Mission towers, and the consonants are musical in combination as the thrumming of guitars in the revelry of the fiesta or the merry whirl of the fandango.

The mass of California nomenclature is closely interwoven with our history and tradition, as our native architecture is so appropriately a part of our natural environment.

The Columbia (S. C.) *State*

Senator Tillman's speech against woman suffrage has aroused HARPER'S WEEKLY but, never mind, Norman, the South Carolina suffragette party will attend to him when she gets a chance.

Grand Rapids (Mich.) *Evening Press*

It is a far cry from Colonel Harvey's combination of stateliness and sprightliness to Norman Hapgood's brilliant earnestness and dashing modernity. The change, however, has been accomplished, and the WEEKLY, it must be confessed, already seems the better for it.

Douglas H. Smith, Everett, (Washington)

Such a weekly will pull the best out of our artists and writers. I have taken *Jugend* and other foreign periodicals for years to get this combination. Your WEEKLY comes to me in the tall timber like a feast in a famine.

Wilmington (N. C.) *Star*

Dr. Edward K. Graham, of the University of North Carolina, recently contributed to HARPER'S WEEKLY an interesting article on "Keeping Money at Home," and it was not so much a boost for the resources of North Carolina as it was designed to point out our failure to use them to the best advantage. Doubtless, it was the professor's purpose not to write about what North Carolina is doing but to mention some of the notable things that she is not doing to bring about the greater prosperity and ultimate independence of the State. In that respect a knock was a boost, for it makes known that the asset is here but that it is yet to be fully realized upon. It makes known the fact that opportunities are lying around loose to be seized by the newcomer.

The (New York) *Evening Mail*

Read HARPER'S WEEKLY, the greatest comic paper in America.

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FEB 13

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

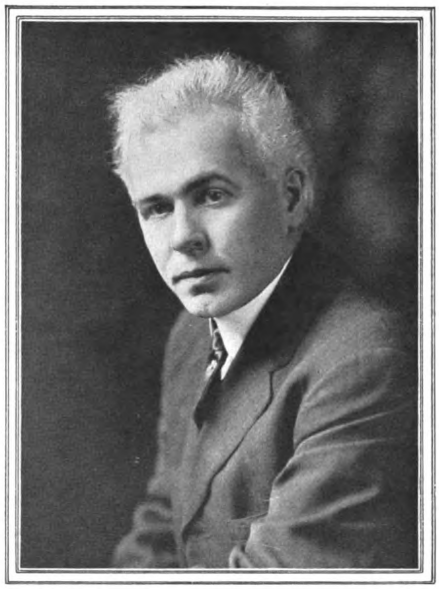
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"The Little Grey Man"



Pure Food!

THAT is the particular hobby of Professor Lewis B. Allyn, "the little grey man" of Westfield, Massachusetts. Unofficially, he has been carrying on, for several years, an unrelenting war against impurities in and misleading statements concerning foods and beverages. His work has become known in thousands of American homes—in these thousands of homes his word has become law. The health of the nation has been materially improved through his quiet efforts.

Henceforth Professor Allyn will be Food Editor of The Ladies' World. In every future issue of the magazine his work will appear, and his advice will be at the service of our readers.

Read the preliminary announcement of what he intends to do in The Ladies' World.

All Newsstands

THE LADIES' WORLD

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY 14, 1914

Cover Design ..... Mildred Tilton

Captains of Industry ..... James Montgomery Flagg 2
II. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle
Cartoon

Editorials 3

Mate-Love and Monogamy ..... Mary Austin 6
Some extracts from Mrs. Austin's book on the meaning of love
Illustrated by H. T. Dunn

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 9

Lincoln 10
A hitherto unpublished portrait

A New Lincoln Portrait Discovered ..... Professor E. S. Meany 11

Lincoln ..... Witter Bynner 11
Verse

Secretary Houston, Cotton and Corn ..... Honoré Willsie 12
Protecting the farmer against the buyer

The Music of Francis Grierson ..... Edwin Björkman 15
An artist by inspiration

Shop Window ..... Everett Shinn 16
Cartoon

The Senate of 1915 ..... McGregor 18
How it will be made up
Illustrated with photographs

Ready for the Cannery ..... Berton Braley 21
Verse

Shoula Rayfield ..... Edward Lucas White 22
Who married on six dollars a week
Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

Kolniyatsch ..... Max Beerbohm 26
A satire on the way the modern writer is advertised

Some Uncommonly Good Acting 27
With a photograph by Genthe of Dorothy Donnelly and Lou-Tellegen in "Maria Rosa"

"A Preface to Politics" ..... Floyd Dell 28
A penetrating book about conditions of today

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 29
Protecting the stockholder. Part II. His Duties

The Fifteen-Minute Newspaper ..... George F. Ingersoll 30

What They Think of Us 31

Gleams ..... Edwin Björkman 32

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Captains of Industry

By James Montgomery Flagg

II

MR. AND MRS. VERNON CASTLE

THEY GET $25 AN HOUR FOR TEACHING THE TANGO

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII] No. 2982 | *Week ending Saturday, February* 14, 1914 | [10 Cents a Copy $5.00 a year

Lincoln and the Boys of 1914

HAPPY America, who, in five short weeks between the 17th of January and the 22nd of February can celebrate the birth of Franklin, Lincoln, Washington. Of these, the greatest was Washington. In genius, in personal brilliancy, the first place would go to Franklin, whose name is linked with the lightning, whose writings are classics, whose diplomacy was the most brilliant we have had, and who bore such a part in statesmanship that his contemporaries put him in a class alone with Washington. In charm of personality, in strength and color of humanity, Lincoln has no rival. What puts Washington first, is the amount he did. His will, his wisdom and his example held the little colonies united and determined through the long struggle, and his calm, objective, many-sided judgment started the young nation safely. Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Monroe and Knox were his servants, because they recognized in him a mind and character which deserved their service. It was his worth, realized by the whole country, that made him the master, and enabled him to use these great men according to their talents. He was one of the few who always serve the truth. His was a mind that, never brilliant, was also never wrong. His will was never selfish, and in the public service he knew no such thing as faltering. Perhaps next week we shall say something more about this monument of mankind, but today it is Lincoln whom we are recalling, since it is his birthday that is just now upon us.

About him, any new thing has interest, and it is no small pleasure to publish a hitherto unknown portrait, with quality enough to deserve the words from Ida M. Tarbell which are printed under it. An American poet, Edwin Robinson, has written of Lincoln:

"Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold,
The face we see was never young,
Nor could it ever have been old.

"For he, to whom we have applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth:
The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic—and Olympian."

Bitter laughter and the mystery of grief; familiarity and lofty pride; courage and humility; a gaze far distant on eternal destiny, and yet the ever-helping hand. Why indeed should he not be loved?

When sometimes we say that opportunity now is lessened, what is it we have in mind? Perhaps it is harder now than fifty years ago to gather together more money than any man should have. How much of his dreams by day and night did Washington give to wealth? And in even Franklin's frugal mind, how many interests and ambitions lived together as he struggled up from extreme poverty! "Every school boy knows" how Lincoln in his law practice refused fees where he might win on technical grounds against his sense of right. These men dreamed not of fortunes. They wished money enough to give education, to give freedom, to give service. How much easier is it now than it was then to gain that much from life! How few boys are there among us who cannot get more than the one year of schooling that was all Lincoln had! How many thousands and thousands of boys and girls have at hand, in the public schools and libraries and museums, an education better than any of these three men could have obtained without determined struggle! Never in history was opportunity open to so many. Never was there a time when millions, by industry, frugality and will, could be so sure of food, warmth, education, —of all that is needed to bring out greatness, if greatness happens to be in us, or if we are not of that limited few, all that is needed to help us to make a heaven of the common lot.

Courage

BETTER the sorriest citizen thinking he can take hold of life, and that his faint spark of free-will can burn holes through the thicket, than a worldful of orderly persons of regular habit and contented mien. Rather wildness, than that men should find this a locked world, where all the returns are in.

Better absurd mites, strutting over large landscapes, than such a flatness of cheery slaves, taking orders from their betters. Better a petty race should strive vainly, than accept its own littleness. If it is doomed to futility, let it at least live as if all the roads to victory were open.

So when we face the push and thrust of life in each generation, let us be glad that youth is claiming its right to live. Let the young flourish and prosper. It is wiser to tear down the temples than to accept defeat. Effort is finer than resignation, and peril is safer than despair in routine. And by that high courage and fresh experiment, they defeat confusion and lift their heads above despond. So the world is full of homes. Obscure men deal manfully with their stint of work. Countless unknown women suffer and love. Order gains on chaos. A will is at work upon the welter.

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Wilson's Shorthand

THERE appeared in our issue of January 31 an article showing Woodrow Wilson as his own stenographer. Commenting on that article, one reader said: "The President not only writes shorthand, he thinks shorthand." He certainly does. He observed once to a friend that if anyone wished to flatter him, he could best do it by assuming that when he heard a thing once he could understand it. Nothing bores him quite so much as the needless expense of energy required to listen to a person who insists upon reiterating and emphasizing everything he says.

Pinchot for the Senate

THE Senate of the United States ought to be a place dominated by those who best combine distinction, ability and independence. Pennsylvania now has the opportunity of sending to the Senate a man who brilliantly combines these requirements. Gifford Pinchot put imagination and fervor into our conservation policy and inspired Theodore Roosevelt to put behind that movement his immense energy and determination. Since he ceased to be Chief Forester, because of the reactionary attitude of the Taft administration, he has been carrying on similar work, helping ahead not only everything connected with the preservation and development of our natural resources, but also other progressive causes. Pennsylvania has no citizen more distinguished. If she chooses him, she will honor herself, the Senate and the country.

French Lick to the Front

TOM TAGGART, like Roger Sullivan, thinks this is the yellow dog year and that with Republican and Progressive tickets in the field anybody can win a Democratic Senatorial toga. He is minded to try conclusions with Senator Shively for the Democratic nomination. But nomination is not election this year in either Indiana or Illinois. It might hardly be worth while for a Progressive Democrat, not to say a decent one, to vote for Sherman rather than Sullivan, or for Fairbanks as an alternative to Taggart. But here is where the National Progressives are likely to come into their own. Bosses are being sent to the rear these days, not promoted to the United States Senate, and with the reactionary vote divided between Sullivan and Sherman, for example, or between Taggart and Fairbanks, it will be an easy matter to unite the progressive vote of all three parties. It is the prospect of such a coalition that will probably make it unnecessary. No party cares to risk defeat when the right course means probable victory. And a Boss who is beaten for the Senate is a beaten Boss. If Sullivan and Taggart, why not Murphy, to make it unanimous?

Chivalry

THE best known organ of predatory wealth is the *New York Sun*. Once upon a time, the present editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY spoke at Albany in favor of direct primaries. Asked for an advance statement for the afternoon papers he gave one and repeated it at the hearing. It happened, however, that the Committee cross-examined him, which rather excited him, and led him to make much stronger statements about legislative corruption than those published in advance. The "news" account in the *Sun* said that he gave out a pugnacious statement ahead but became frightened at the hearing and was mild. It "colors" the news where it has a purpose to serve. An editorial a short time ago felt it necessary to quote the statement that the above-mentioned editor was neither "A knave nor a fool." The statement was made by the Reverend C. F. Aked, but the *Sun* thought it would be more effective to credit it to a Film Company and so did it. It happened that the opinion which the *Sun* was attacking was being supported by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain, but the *Sun*, fearing those names might have some following, referred to them contemptuously as "two women." The haughty sheet then spoke of "the virile or *quasi* virile element which prompts the ego to assert itself in masculine fashion, to participate in the affairs of men, to seem to do noble and manly things and to wear trousers." This is prettily complacent of the male editor, and the *Sun* goes on to connect with the feminine nature the element which "impels the unhappy person to lie about his neighbors, to resent benevolent wishes, to take pride in unmanliness, to revel in the filth of the borderlands of life, art and literature, and, if he happens to get control of a newspaper, to 'smut her up,' to use his own elegant phrase, as much in the fashion of Christabel Pankhurst as his involuntary respect for Anthony Comstock permits."

Most of the men who represent the basest aspects of our civilization praise themselves for being manly and are fond of selecting the noblest activities of progressive women and treating them as something far below their own lofty standards. Naturally this kind of evil complacency would show itself in the regular organ of illicit money and of Tammany Hall.

Uses of Adversity

FOR generations, Massachusetts was preeminently the teacher of Americans. Recent experience has made her again a learner, and she is quick to resume her old rôle. Witness the recent admonition of her Public Service Commission:

"The public will no longer tolerate the spectacle of directors of our railroads trading with themselves, whether the transaction involves banker's commissions for underwriting or marketing securities, or whether it involves a sale of railroads, trolleys, or hotels. Our railroads will neither have, nor be entitled to have public confidence until the directorates, without exception, recognize that it always takes two to make a bargain. Positions upon the directorates of our great railroad corporations must be regarded as positions of onerous responsibility. Men looking merely for places of easy honor and emolument or to cast votes for the benefit of express companies, car-building companies, or for the sake of granting special transportation

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privileges to some manufacturing interests, have no proper place on these directorates."

And the Commission said to the stockholders: "No regulating commission, however broad its powers, however able, fearless and diligent its members, can perform the functions of general manager and board of directors of a railroad system, or supply the incentive and the eagerness to please the public which results from the necessities of competition. Investors in the stock of our railroads will neither have, nor be entitled to have, safe and generous returns upon their investments, unless they so exercise their franchise as stockholders as to provide competent, efficient and progressive management."

The wrecking of the New Haven and of the Boston & Maine was a heavy tuition fee to pay, but if these lessons are learned, it was worth while.

An Evil Not "Necessary" at the Capital

THE passage of the Kenyon "Red Light Bill" through the House without a dissenting vote is an index of the new conscience. It follows the lines of the Iowa law, later adopted by eight other states, and reaches the pocket nerves of the owners of disorderly houses. When such a house is declared a nuisance, the furniture is confiscated and the house sealed for a year to any sort of occupation. The effective closing of the houses is a result that nobody cares to dispute, though the *Washington Post* (heaven rest its soul!) uttered a threnody on the amount of income lost in rent to the property owners.

The enactment of such a law by Congress would have been an impossibility ten years ago, not primarily because of the higher moral standards now prevailing, but because, through the alliance between big business and vice in our cities, and business and politics in the nation, men were sent to Congress who cared nothing for the suppression of vice, or were lazily content with the shelf-worn platitude that morality cannot be legislated into people. There was an echo of this view in the speech of Representative J. Hampton Moore of Pennsylvania: "This law will not be an effective law in the moral sense, because it proposes to suppress something which has existed since God made the light and will continue to the end of time." This harking back to destiny and the inevitable does not work as well as it did when Mark Hanna was at the height of his power. And the President's view about the need of furnishing employment for the unhappy women is also a reflection of the world's advancing thought. It runs every day less to punishment and more to solution.

Progress in Advertising

FOLLOWING an exposure of the quack doctors, the City Council of Chicago has passed an ordinance intended to prevent false and misleading advertising. It follows closely the Printer's Ink Bill, which, with some modifications, has been enacted into law in sixteen states. Chicago certainly puts it strongly, for it forbids the publication of "any advertising which contains assertions, representations, or statements which are untrue, deceptive or misleading."

What Did Barrie Mean?

TWO weeks ago, we printed our impressions of the "Legend of Leonora." Having seen the play again, we have now changed our opinion in a number of important respects. Such is criticism. The last act which, in the particular mood in which we happened first to see it, seemed perfunctory, now seems full of charm. The purpose of celebrating the old-fashioned woman, which on the first visit seemed clear, now looks doubtful. Mr. Barrie is subtle, more subtle than almost anybody. The picture of all the characters acting foolishly because of the attractions of an old-fashioned, appealing, unreasonable, instinctive woman might well be intended by Mr. Barrie as an exposure—gentle and sympathetic and artistic but still an exposure. Even the beautiful and eloquent tribute of the judge, at the end of the third act, to the kind of women our mothers used to be, is consistent with the intention of Mr. Barrie to depict a figure who, with all her fascination, ought to pass. Anyone who knows Barrie's work well, will not take the position that he means nothing when he treats such subjects. He nearly always has an intention in his plays, but very, very intricate under his seeming naïveté he often is. All criticism is a shifty business, influenced by passing elements, and the drama is the most difficult of the arts to criticise, as it is seen so rapidly, and as the personalities of the actors enter into the complicated equation. Among dramatists, it is doubtful if anyone now writing strikes one so differently on different days as Mr. Barrie does. Such an experience at least helps one a little way on the road to intellectual modesty.

Winter on Paper

WHAT is the best treatment of winter? Various Elizabethan lyrics give the cheery side of it. Well known is the beginning of Keats' "The Eve of St. Agnes." The cold half of "Sir Launfal" has some fine scenes. For a description of the old-fashioned New England winter Whittier's "Snow Bound" ranks high, with its picture of the joyous side of winter, and the calm pleasures of the family group. We confess to a weakness for Leigh Hunt's little-known description of a cold day. Vividly he takes you from sun-up to bed-time. Here is a bit of life outside:

> "Now riders look sharp, and horses seem brittle in the legs, and old gentlemen feel so; and coachmen, cabmen, and others stand swinging their arms across at their sides to warm themselves."

And here is an indoor picture:

> "Now play-goers get cold feet; and invalids stop up every crevice in their rooms, and make themselves worse; and the streets are comparatively silent; and the wind rises and falls in moanings; and the fire burns blue and crackles; and an easy-chair, with your feet by it on a stool, the lamp or candles a little behind you, and an interesting book just opened where you left off, is a bit of heaven upon earth."

All very obvious, you may say, and simple rather than brilliant. Yes, but only those who have not scorned the obvious have been able to write descriptions that live.

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"Valda is one of those women with an insatiable appetite for goodness and no very clear notion of what it consists in"

Mate-Love and Monogamy

By MARY AUSTIN

Illustrated by H. T. Dunn

1. The Meaning of Mate-Love

MRS. AUSTIN has written a series on the love between man and woman, which is one of the finest defences of monogamy ever written. Her knowledge of the psychology of women and of the many emotional phases of love is unsurpassed among writers on this subject. She advocates changes in moral customs in order that love may be more permanent. Her first article deals with the nature of mate-love, and how real love may be distinguished from its imitations

"IF somebody would only write a book about it!" said Valda McNath, "a believable book!"

We were sitting on the porch in front of Valda's bungalow in the clear obscure of twilight, watching the flat welter of the water far out on the Sound, and a blundering moth came and stirred the sweet white spikes of the phlox. Valda had been crying.

"The trouble with books about it," she said, "is that they are too scientific, or tales made out to fit a special case. It wants just a human book; true and human." Valda sighed. She hadn't found anything in the books to fit the special case she had made out of her life, and the chief reason why I happened to be sitting there at that moment was to see her through the most unbearable of its bitternesses.

Valda is one of those women with an insatiable sort of appetite for goodness and no very clear notion of what it consists in; few men understand what that hunger is in women . . . like the opium-eater's for his drug. In her youth she had accepted the criterion of her church and made her marriage on a basis of non-smoking, church-going habits as a surface index of godliness, with a young man who turned out to have fallen into these commendable behaviors chiefly for the want of spring and vitality to become anything else. After a dozen years or so Valda had left him somewhere at the back of beyond, simply because she couldn't stand him, and had come up to the city sick with the hunger for what still shaped to her mind as righteousness. And she was so right, too; so sincere in her effort to square her life with what might conceivably be the purpose of the Powers, that she couldn't just accept the leading of her appetites, but had to take her satisfactions cribbed and crammed into the frame of what for the time being bore the name of goodness on its face. She read the publications of the Fabian Society and fell in love with a Social Reactionist.

He was a man with a mission to encourage the higher civic obligations, and wholly without a sense of humor. He and Valda made between them a high ground which somehow carried them sheer over the heads of Valda's husband and some ties of the Reactionist's, on which they breathed for a time, at least Valda breathed, rarefied, heavenly airs. But she had no sooner established herself there with all her baggage of passions and affections, and poor Valda carried an excess of that kind of baggage, when the Reactionist discovered that he had made a mistake in the nature of his intention. What had begun as a self-justifying passion had died down to friendliness and of course a really profound respect. The Reactionist told me himself how profound it was. It appeared he would have done anything for Valda except refrain from telling her—a little the most dastardly admission a man can make to a woman—that he had pillaged her most sacred treasury in the interest of a cheap, transient indulgence. If he had involved Valda's capital of dollars to that extent, he wouldn't have thought of anything but holding on to the situation until she could have got out of it with credit; in the event of a total loss he would probably have made it up to her without saying anything. But it never occurred to him that the same obligation held him to an

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investment of passions and affections. He wasn't a bad man, he was just—mannish. What I suspected was that Valda's disposition to sink the personal issue in the interest of the passion that had sprung up between them, charged, electric, wonderful, had rather damped his male propensity for wanting to see himself always as the mover of the game.

He would have had their love spun out from his dextrous handling, a glimmering, gossamer entanglement; but it was a child to Valda that in the intervals when they were apart, nursed at her imagination, grew beyond recognition. The Reactionist had retired before it into a wobbly little pinnacle of a situation that since he no longer loved Valda, he couldn't do her the disrespect to pretend that he had any obligation to anything beyond his own susceptibilities; and I had plucked Valda away in time, I hoped, to keep her from seeing the pit of cold egotism into which he immediately toppled.

"If there could only be a true book about it!" Valda insisted. "Not one that would enable people to talk learnedly about love, but would help us not to make such a muddle of our loving. Women want such a book, and the men need it. I know," she added hastily, "we get into a way of thinking that because men have easier access to sex experience, they necessarily know more about it. But I tell you—when they come to the vital things about it . . . they just . . . grope."

The difficulty is that too many people have got into a way of thinking that to speak of sex experience is to mean something illicit. It is in fact the most precious part of our human equipment. It derives its importance in our lives from this quality of its preciousness and not from any effect of disturbing any other set of behaviors we may have agreed upon as moral.

It is not uncommon to find women, cutting themselves off from the highest manifestations of sex life by destroying its root in the interest of those same preferred aspects which are not recognized as sex at all.

It is important to remember in this connection that it isn't necessary, in order to be contributory, for a sex encounter to be dramatic. It is not so much its range as the content and continuity with other frames of behavior, that constitute its value. There is probably not much difference between the temperament of the courtesan and any woman of wide sympathies; it is largely a matter of taking one's sex contacts in incident or understanding; and it is often possible to make more of a small fixed income than an irregular large one. It is even equally a sex experience not to have had any.

WE have to begin, then, with love as a matter of fact and not altogether of opinion, as a force immensely and variously operative in the individual, but tracing a definite pattern on the field of human history. What love has been we can reasonably know; the guessing begins when we try to figure out where it means to land us. Where it hasn't is on the once-entertained proposition that love-life exists solely for and by its reproductive values. It is in fact a modern notion, as modern as Christianity, that sex is bailed out of the limbo of indecency by being computed in terms of children.

I know of no way to deal with mate-love except as a force by itself, which, perhaps, demands mind for its displaying ground; which seizes on mind as the electric fluid seizes on its machine. It produces in us such results as our mechanism admits of, and nature is served by them as much as by the nine months belated offspring. As such a force it may be studied, its directions noted, its reactions collated, its values measured. I doubt, indeed, if it be truth to say we love at all. Loving goes on in us.

Beyond this point, to the source and end of loving, the guessing begins. It is inextricably bound up with and affected by the procreant act. What nobody attempts to deny, however, is that the initial impulse was from the outside. Desire came upon the earth with its turning to the sun. An irreproachable materialistic definition of love is that it is the psychic accompaniment of an act, dictated by surcharged organs, whose rhythm is fixed by the alternation of season, occasioned by the revolution of planets about the sun which is itself determined by a movement toward the constellation Hercules. Such an explanation reminds one of the old story about the earth which rested on the back of a turtle which rested on a rock which was supported by another rock . . . rock all the way down. The most the materialist can do for you is to get you to the farthest fixed star, which is really much nearer than we are to the reason why we love. Perhaps the Force, on its way to what unknowable end, seizes merely on the mechanisms of sex, too, to turn them to its use. At any rate there is no set of organs in the human frame more susceptible to the influences of what we agree to call mind.

It needs be said, however, and emphasized, that the psychic reactions of mate-love are by no means substitutes for physical passion, but the very root and stock of it. There is a great deal passing about faith and chivalry and service as though they were a supernormal sort of wares and the poets had invented them. One needs only to have seen the wild stallion trumpet up his mares out of the wet gullies, or the she-wolf leave the prey, trotting nose to flank of her captious lord, to realize that they are exactly as supernormal as the branch is to the trunk.

THE effort of early Christianity to eradicate passion by denying its pertinence to life, has got us into much difficulty on this point. But not so much as comes of the disassociation of root and branch through the natural circumstance of the remoteness of the physical reaction in woman and its immediacy in man.

The tradition of love as a more spiritualized product of femininity, arises largely in the fact of woman's first becoming aware of it through the psychic reactions it sets up, unconnected with any physical intimation which she has been taught to recognize. I know of no misunderstanding so mischievous as this disassociation of source and reaction which induces women to deny the existence of passion when they have only deferred its crisis. It leads to the neglect of a most important element in the choosing of a mate, and an affected disinclination to the act by which the divine inundation may come.

But the loss is always to the woman. It is not uncommon to hear wives complain of a want of spiritual rapport with their husbands when all that is required is to have the machinery of sex set in order.

There is such a deal of thinking about love and deciding beforehand how it should conduct itself—milling it over with the help of current fiction and the preferred ethical convention. What is imperative is to find out what love really is. It probably isn't a mystery. The human animal is the only one who affects profoundly not to understand the female of his species. Having begun with the unargued assumption that she is an inferior being, he probably doesn't; but in fact the most of such mystification which is not produced for the trade, is generally due to a difference in the choice of fashions in which to be loved.

If you court me in the style of the stone age and I have a fancy for fourteenth-century Italian, we shall come to grief between us unless we can learn that all love manners are but preferred modes of expression for a reality. But, if you can accept as the distinguishing mark of right passion the disposition to achieve, we shall get on nicely even though I could wish to see you leading a forlorn hope against a bayonet-bristling hill, while the circumstances of your life prompt you to put up a little corner in the Street.

THIS demand on the part of the young for a highly dramatized love-making mode, is legitimate and should receive some attention. It raises the key of right passion which in turn has undoubtedly its effect on the vitality of the offspring. What the young undertake to bring to pass in their courtships is the deep-seated racial evidence of rightness. It is shaped to absurdity only by the unlovely processes of modern life. They come to the surface voluntarily, these age-long racial certainties when, in great crises, all our manners are stilled. The mistake we make is to impute them to our superior civilization. "Women and children first" is by no means the exquisite flower of modern chivalry but the working of that natural law by

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which the dog will not chase the vixen nor the wolf reprove his mate at certain seasons of the year. It proves in the tribes that observe it, not how far they have come along the highroad, but how freshly flows in them still the vital human sap. Nations in which, in the face of violent catastrophes, the males save themselves first, are the nations that drop behind in the scale of civilization.

The truth is that there is no more modern love than there is modern digestion. There are only modern disorders of it.

WE were sitting still; the sky was all the color of obsidian and the friendly dark stood off by the bayberry bushes waiting for the withdrawing of the lamp. A little wisp of warmth lost from the day came and snuggled down beside us; it had scents about it of the dusty country roadside.

"Love is not the same for men and women," insisted Valda. She was thinking of the Reactionist.

"It depends," said I, "on how far you have got with it. He had never caught up with you." I thought it kinder not to say that I thought he never would have been able to; he hadn't Valda's stride. Valda wanted to be loved by the Superman, and his style was early Victorian.

THE opening movement of love is a sense of extraordinary well-being. It is a matter, if you like, of secretions, of increased temperatures, of accelerated vibrations. Love is a quickening. It knows itself from other intoxications only by the conviction that its wellspring is the person of the Beloved.

Life marshaled by the humming blood falls into order and meaning. The whole personality sings to a higher key.

Twin flower of this same stalk is the attribution of every excellence to the Beloved; the illusion of the Best.

Life proceeds greatly by these values which we bestow on one another. "You can make anything you like of me," protests the lover to his lady; which is probably an exaggeration. This stage of passion is hypnoidal, amenable to suggestion in line with its characteristic tendency, which is toward the dramatization of the personality in terms of behavior.

It is by this capacity for releasing unsuspected forms of energy that passion justifies itself even though no children come of it. It is a natural automatic method of raising men to their highest plane of activity; and it is worthy of note that deliberate celibates have commonly to resort to deliberate means of prayer, asceticism, or artificially stimulated enthusiasms to keep themselves at the norm of human efficiency. For chief among the uses of passion is the raising of the percentage of values in those who entertain it.

We have a way of urging on people deprived of their lawful occasions, that they "make themselves happy"; that is to say, set up in themselves by taking pains, that sense of well-being, of accelerated energy which flows naturally and inevitably from a healthy, reciprocated human passion.

More important even in its effect on our mating custom, is the reaction of right mates voluntarily to withdraw from all other solicitous attention. This is a disposition so rooted in our love-life that not even the most sophisticated society succeeds in quite breaking it down. It is older than our life; more imperative.

Undoubtedly many of our reluctantly resigned marriage customs have arisen in the effort to externalize reactions of the mating period, felt to be so right as to merit permanence. It is not unlikely that the idea of property in women acquired a certain sanction from the subconscious perception of naturalness in the abnegation of all other male interests, a naturalness which has made it easy for society to fasten on women the artificial compulsions that attempt to recognize the rightness of seclusion by making it an institution. Women suffered it, sensing no tyranny in a restriction so agreeable to their natural instincts. But women have paid for it in the weakening of character by forcible restraint. Loyalty of the mate is a psychic reaction and in normal conditions is competent to maintain itself in the presence of great personal freedoms.

Here then is the spoor of right passion all across our history; but nature will have a surer mark. For mate-love is distinguishable from all the cross-bred, ring-streaked and striped hybrids got by Convention on Society, all the pale stalks come up in unsunned cellars of fortuitous celibacy, by three high signs. It manifests as a desire for permanent, public and exclusive relations.

I say *desire for*. I no more profess that mate-love fulfills itself in modern society than that the undeveloped, overfed, slack-shouldered, bow-legged bodies that go up and down our streets represent the physical fulfillment of men. Let us go slowly here and perhaps we shall go together.

You will hardly deny me the element of publicity. It is the unfailing characteristic. Right love rejoices not only in calling society to witness, but in inviting the attention of whatever gods may be.

For right love is its own justification; it breaks down the barriers of discretion; it demands publicity even at the price of scorn. And the faith on which it dares so much is faith in its own permanence.

It is the distinguishing mark of mate-love to deem itself undying. That it is not always so is beside the mark. Constancy in love is very much a matter of character in him who entertains it; good steel subject to the electric current remains a permanent magnet; soft iron returns to the condition of soft iron. We cannot require more of man or metal than that they witness to the true magnetic fluid. Mate-love is also liable to the disintegrating influence of all the other exigencies which we have tied up with it, though with no more generic claim than the can to the dog's tail. Passion engendered in an unstable temperament or in the soil of immaturity, subjected to our modern strain, may easily fail of the condition of permanence, but no laughter should attend upon its profession. It is the stroke which ushers marriage on the scene. Marriage means stable conditions, and that means the improvement of the race.

"It's true enough," Valda admitted, "but there are other things to be taken into consideration."

"What things?" I knew perfectly, but I wished Valda to state them for herself.

"Well—there's unloving——"

"I'm coming to that. And what others?"

"What they are always telling us, you know, that man is naturally and actually polygamous."

"Yes—if by naturally you mean that under certain conditions he takes to it as easily as, in the absence of proper flesh food, he takes to cannibalism,—but no, if you mean that promiscuity is to be taken as a species mark as you take the disposition to be combative and predatory. But in any case you wouldn't have us hark back to *those* naturalistic tendencies."

VALDA was shocked. As a rule there is nothing your avowed free-lover insists on so much as that all the passions of greed, ambition, love of power, mere unrestrained love of doing even, when it leads man to advance himself in the possession of goods, should be checked and bridled. But the argument that all men should be openly promiscuous because many of them are secretly so, is only valid when you go far enough to say that all men should rob because a few privately peculate, and freely kill because they freely hate. It is not the thing that man is found doing at any particular time that establishes the law, but his general direction. All that we turn back the pages of Life for, is to find out what Life is about. The point at which love begins concerns us only as a means of finding out where it is going.

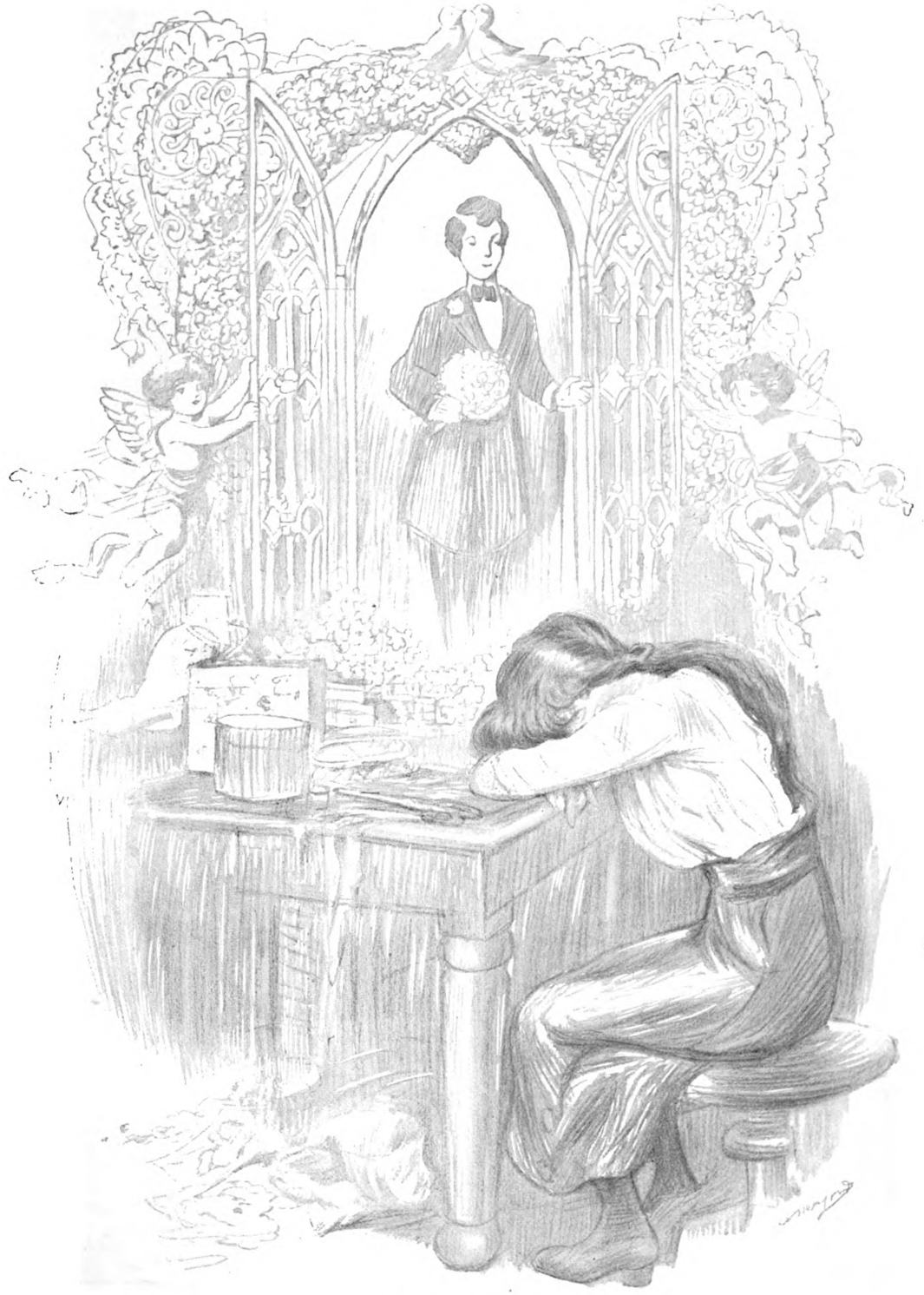
For love is by no means an end in itself; it must get forward, it travels toward a mark.

In the next issue Mrs. Austin will take up the ideal of monogamy, its physical and spiritual origin, its side products, including jealousy, and the deviations from it like polygamy and prostitution which have been tried out from time to time. She tells why this ideal is the only possible one for human life.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD



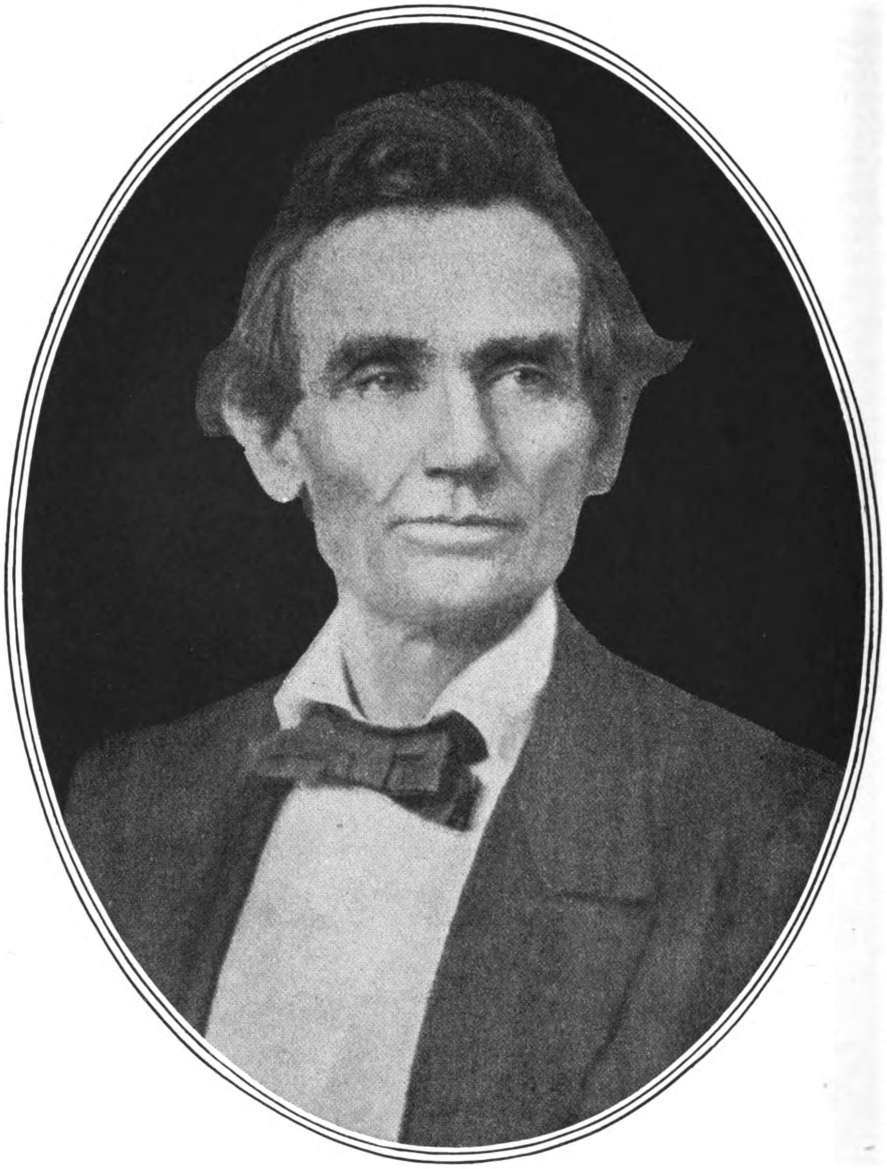
A Valentine

LITTLE girl I've watched your eyes
Droop and close like wings that tire,
And I read between your sighs
And I guessed your heart's desire.

WITH the magic of my brush
I have conjured you to sleep,
I can break the spell, but hush!
We the Fairy Law must keep.

AND the Fairy Law is this
That your Prince shall waken you—
See he comes! And, with his kiss,
You shall find your dream come true.

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I THINK it is a beautiful thing myself, quite a different look in the eye from what I remember in any Lincoln photograph. The gentleness of the mouth is marked, too. It is quite remarkable what a variety of expressions there are in the Lincoln photographs. I know of none with a gentler humor in eyes and mouth than this. I congratulate you on getting hold of it.

IDA TARBELL

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A New Lincoln Portrait Discovered

By E. S. MEANY

Professor of History in the State University of Washington

THE finding of a new and hitherto unpublished photograph of Abraham Lincoln in the relatively new city of North Yakima, State of Washington, will prove a surprise to the many collectors of Lincolniana and to countless others who read all they can find about that great American.

Joseph Hill celebrated his ninetieth birthday at his present home in that far western city on September 25, 1913. In his earlier manhood he was an unofficial member of the staff of Knox College, in Galesburg, Illinois. When prominent men lectured there, they were always invited to Mr. Hill's gallery to sit for a photograph. He has a clear memory of many of those men.

As soon as Lincoln was nominated for the presidency, Mr. Hill took his camera from Galesburg to Springfield and secured four negatives of the candidate. Some years afterward the photographer experienced a fire in which he lost his entire stock of negatives and nearly all of his prints as well. Fortunately some discarded prints stacked in the wood-shed escaped the fire. Among them was a print from one of the four Lincoln negatives. Mr. Hill cherished that old print, and now in his advanced old age he has caused the faded and discolored background to be blocked in, leaving every line and shadow of the original portrait untouched. The result is a splendid photograph, different from the Hesler, the Brady and the others taken in 1860; yet it is Lincoln through and through.

This achievement has brought two joys to the nonogenarian photographer. It has permitted him to add his own kind of a monument to the man whom he counts the greatest American; and he has also found that the sale of the photographs is to help him to support himself long after his work as an active photographer has ceased.

Mr. Hill tells the following interesting story of one of his Lincoln negatives:

"I wanted to get one picture of the entire figure, so I asked him to sit in a chair. I shall never forget how he looked. He had on white trousers, a sort of figured silk vest, and a long, black coat that hung down about the chair in irregular folds. He crossed his legs, and as I was adjusting the camera I could see the knee of the left leg projecting beyond that of the right leg crossed on top of it. That certainly showed me that he had long, lean legs. Some of his opponents had declared in derision that Lincoln wore eighteen-inch boots. His friends thought that big feet would not hurt him as a candidate, and I was delighted to see in my camera that his feet showed up large. The picture would be true to life for both sides in the campaign. I was evidently taking too much time in getting ready. Mr. Lincoln turned to see what was the matter. I asked him to hold that position just a moment—my picture was done.

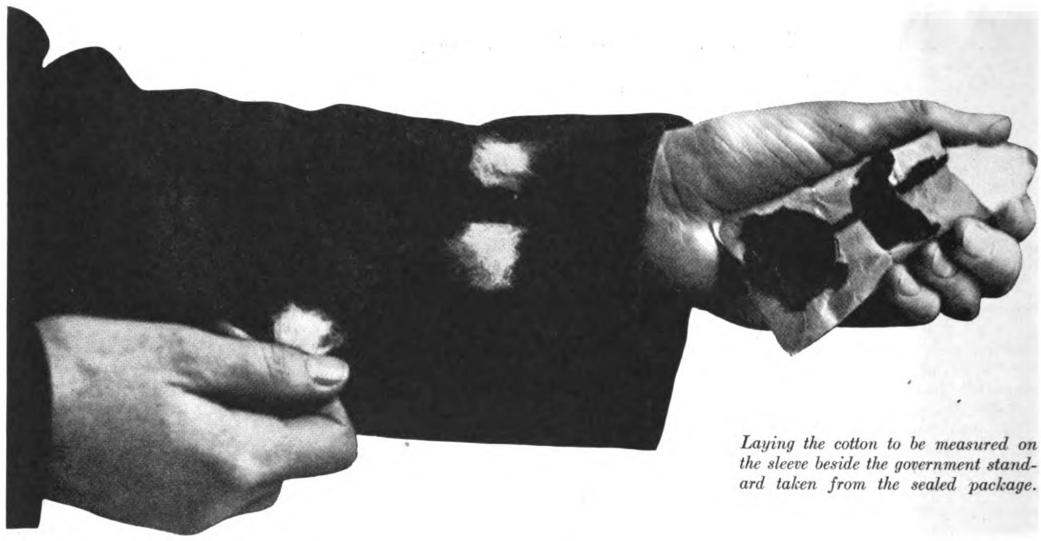
"That negative was used during the campaign in this way: I arranged it in a window so the sun's rays would throw the picture on a large cloth. Then a man with a brush painted in the lines. Appropriate lettering was put on the cloth and the finished article was hung in front of the meeting place as an illustrated poster. I helped to make such posters for several of the Lincoln meetings in 1860."

Lincoln

By WITTER BYNNER

LINCOLN?—
Well, I was in the old Second Maine,
The first regiment in Washington from the Pine Tree State.
Of course I didn't get the butt of the clip;
We was there for guardin' Washington,—
We was all green.
I ain't never ben to but one theater in my life,—
I didn't know how to behave;
I ain't never ben since.
I can see as plain as my hat the box where he sat in
When he was shot.
There was quite a panic
When we found our President was in the shape he was in;
Never saw a soldier in the world but what liked him.
Yes, sir. His looks was kind o' hard to forget.—
He was a spare man,
An old farmer.
Everything was all right, you know,
But he wan't a smooth-appearin' man at all,—
Not in no ways;
Thin-faced, long-necked,
And a swellin' kind of a thick lip like,—
A neighbourin' farmer.—
And he was a jolly old fellow,—always cheerful;
He wan't so high but the boys could talk to him their own ways.
While I was servin' at the Hospital
He'd come in and say, "You look nice in here,"—
Praise us up, you know.
And he'd bend over and talk to the boys—
And he'd talk so good to 'em—so close—
That's why I call him a farmer.
I don't mean that everything about him wan't all right, you understand,
It's jes'—well, I was a farmer—
And he was jes' everybody's neighbour.—
I guess even you young folks would 'a' liked him.

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Laying the cotton to be measured on the sleeve beside the government standard taken from the sealed package.

Secretary Houston, Cotton and Corn

How the Department of Agriculture Now Coöperates with the Farmer

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

"THERE are evidences," says Mr. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture, "that Providence is ceasing its protective supervision of fools and Americans. It has been assumed that we have had a natural monopoly in agriculture, that it would take care of itself; and for the most part we have cheerfully left it to do so.

"The story that comes from every section is practically the same. It is a story of increasing tenancy and absentee ownership; of soils depleted and exploited; of inadequate business methods; of chaotic marketing and distribution; of inferior roads; of lack of supervision of public health and sanitation; of isolated and ill-organized social activities and inferior intellectual provision in our rural communities."

Yet in spite of these remarks, the new Secretary of Agriculture is not a pessimist but an optimist of pronounced form. He merely believes that in order to hope to some purpose, we must know actual facts. And his Department is very busy gathering facts.

Given conditions in rural America such as he describes above, Mr. Houston's main problem is not one of politics nor of efficiency, though these are with him constantly. His big problem is to evolve a policy that shall coördinate the work of his Department with the broad economic needs of the nation. It is still essential for the Department to stick to facts, as it always has done. It must remain a gigantic group of laboratories that dig out facts about farming, for the farmer. But with the increase of rural discontent and of inadequate farming, this work of the Department is not enough.

TWO types of administrative work must be fully developed by the Department. First, there must be a broad economic interpretation made of the agricultural facts produced by the laboratories. Second, there must be evolved a highly efficient method by which these facts can be got to the farmer, made use of by him, and through him made to react on the nation as a fundamental contribution to its material and social welfare.

It is valuable when the Bureau of Plant Industry discovers the best way for cotton growers to produce the largest yield of long staple cotton per acre. But this is not enough. The cotton planters, even after the facts are sent them, do not improve the quality of cotton as they should. What is the reason for the planter's standing in his own light? This is the point where the economic conditions that surround the grower must be studied. And after they are interpreted, the important task of changing the economic conditions, or of adjusting the facts to them, must be undertaken.

It is valuable when the Department helps to organize corn clubs and helps children to raise better and more corn per acre than their fathers raise. But when inferior and badly cared-for corn continues to flood the market, something is wrong with the economic conditions that surround the farmer, or he would not insist on a bad product. What is to be done?



The cotton seed with the fiber pulled out like a butterfly.

Mr. Houston answers that, under existing conditions, farmers acting alone are helpless.

"Nothing less than concerted action will suffice," he says. "Coöperation is absolutely necessary. The same business sense and the same organizing genius which have placed this nation in the front ranks in industry must be invoked for agriculture. We need men fitted to interpret agricultural facts in terms of nation wide economy."

BUT such men are extremely difficult to find. There is a tremendous opening in this new field of rural economics for young men of vision, with the training that is given in our best agricultural schools. But the man with the vision in America takes to business and not to the study of economics. And after he has been in business for any length of time his vision usually becomes warped. Mr. Houston mourns this fact and spoke of it in connection with a visitor he had one morning who was a pleasant exception to the rule. This visitor had the view-point for which the Secretary is diligently searching among young agricultural students.

A small man, with an unimportant manner came into the office of the Secretary very quietly. The Secretary did not catch his name. The caller sat down in the chair facing Mr. Houston.

"I am a delegate from the Louisville Board of Trade to the Hearing tomorrow on the matter of Corn Grades, Mr. Secretary. It may not be proper under those circumstances for me to come to you. If so, I will withdraw."

"I should say that the propriety depended on your purpose in coming," replied the Secretary.

The unimportant man braced himself in his chair as if what he was about to say took some courage.

"Mr. Secretary," he said, very earnestly, indeed, "the government standardization of corn is economically right. It may cause some temporary and local disturbances, but it is fundamentally right. I hope that you will insist on its enforcement exactly as it stands. There will be

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a good many different kinds of protests. One of them will accuse the government of paternalism. Mr. Secretary, there can be no government correction without paternalism."

THE small man rose to go. The Secretary rose too and eyed the unimportant man intently. A Corn Exchange man eager for the economic welfare of the country is an interesting phenomenon.

"Isn't your name Brandeis?" asked the Secretary.

"Yes, Mr. Secretary," answered the visitor.

"Cousin of Mr. Louis Brandeis?" asked Mr. Houston.

"Yes, Mr. Secretary!"

Mr. Houston smiled and held out his hand. "I recognise a strong family earmark that is not altogether in personal appearance. I am very glad indeed that you called. Thank you, Mr. Brandeis."

The unimportant man departed and the Secretary said, "A remarkable family. He came in merely to tell me his opinion of the economic value of the corn standard! You see, the producer of any product is entitled to receive an exact price for the specific product which he offers and the consumer is entitled to receive just the commodity he thinks he is paying for. In farming, a failure in either direction involves clear injustice and greatly hampers production and crop improvement. The Department is fighting this battle in regard to two vitally important crops, cotton and corn.

"Several different standards of cotton classification are in use now. Liverpool has one set of grades, New York another. Atlanta has its own and so has Augusta. At the present time the same grade-name is applied to two qualities that differ in market value as much as $2.50 a bale. The local buyer knows the market cotton grades. The farmer does not. Often the buyer buys cotton at one flat grade rate, regrades it and sells it as high grade. If we had uniform standards throughout the cotton belt, which farmers and buyers alike understood, it would do away with many of the evils complained of by the producer and the consumer. Practically the same results would follow if the standard grades of corn were universally used.

"It is such grading of cotton and corn that the Department is formulating. Do you know anything about cotton?"

The layman confessed to abysmal ignorance. The Secretary looked out the window reminiscently. "I've plowed for cotton," he said, "and I've planted it and I've hoed it and I've picked it. I've sold it as a farmer and I've bought it as a merchant. I think I know cotton. The Department has a man who knows cotton. I think if you went over to see him you might learn something interesting."

THE man who knows cotton has his working quarters on the upper floor of a government building, but cotton greets one from great bales of it on the main floor, to fluffs of it in the elevator and lint of it like snow in the halls. In a long room, assistants pack samples of cotton in large flat boxes. The samples range from a speckled creamy cotton to a speckless fluff of purest white. These are the government's standard grades of cotton which are for sale at cost for the use of cotton exchanges or of whomsoever buys or sells cotton.

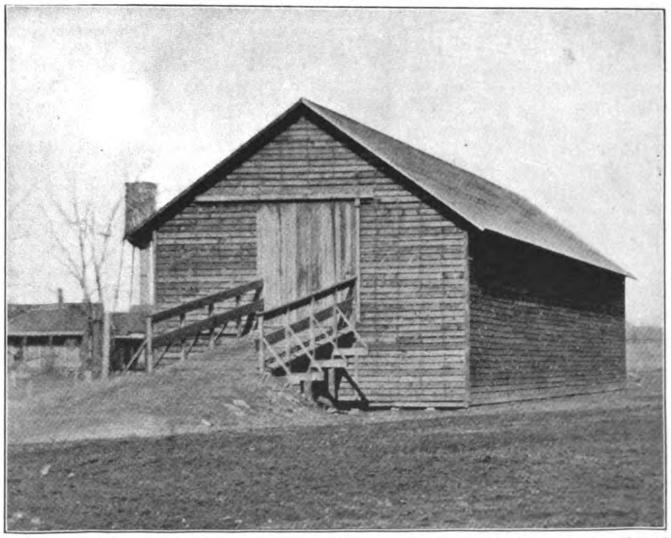
In the smaller room beyond the sample room is the man who knows cotton. It is difficult, besides being a bore, for the expert to explain his work to the uninitiated.



The old rail crib showing poorly husked corn exposed to rain and snow. Under ordinary weather conditions corn from a crib of this kind is usually not in very sound condition when marketed



Showing poorly husked corn piled on the ground and fully exposed to rain and snow. Corn handled in this way is scarcely ever entitled to a grade better than "sample grade" when it reaches the market



A very serviceable and inexpensive type of farm crib for corn having a good roof and well projecting eaves

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But after a while the cotton man got down to A B C facts.

"Suppose," he said, "that you are a farmer with some bales of cotton to sell. You drive with it into your market town. A buyer comes up, pulls a sample of cotton out of a bale, pulls it and pulls it till he considers that he has a sample of average length fiber. He lays this on the dark surface of his sleeve and estimates its length. On this estimate he bases his price to you.

"HE may estimate that yours is short staple. You believe it to be long staple. There is a great demand for long staple. It is used in the manufacture of hosiery and automobile tires and anywhere that great strength is needed. Now, a difference in a fraction of an inch in estimating the length of the fiber may make a good many dollars difference in the price of a bale. But you as a farmer are helpless. You must take the buyer's estimate or lose your chance to sell. He is so apt to grade your cotton low, that you have no incentive to place a good product on the market. No one but the middleman gains by this bad system of grading, not you, or the manufacturer or the consumer.

"Really, a farmer is penalized for growing long staple cotton. It grows less to the acre than short, and under the present system of buying he gets no money for it.

"Now, if the buyers and the farmers could be gotten to discriminate, it would raise the standard of cotton. The problem is, how to get an exact measure of cotton. Just suppose that for the price of two cents any farmer could buy this."

The cotton man picked up a small manilla envelope that was sealed with two great government seals. On the face was this legend:

"I hereby certify that the cotton as originally placed in this box represents the official grade of ONE INCH MIDDLING. (Signed) Secretary of Agriculture."

He broke the seal and took out a fluff of cotton that he pulled carefully with thumb and forefinger and laid a bit of fiber on the dark surface of his sleeve.

"Measure it," he said.

Sure enough, the fibers averaged an inch in length.

"Now," went on the cotton man, "if you as a farmer had a set of these envelopes and Mr. Buyer says you have seven-eighths cotton and you want to prove that it is one inch, you can lay your cotton beside the government measure. For we have actually measured the average fiber of the bale this cotton came from.

"The process of getting these little certified fluffs of cotton is a long one. We begin by getting a seed that is not mixed so that we shall not have different varieties in our product. Then we throw out the extremely good and the extremely bad. We use land that is uniform. We choose our bales for three lengths, seven-eighths, one inch and one and one-eighth inches. When the bale reaches here we sample it in numerous places, and this is what we do to the samples."

The cotton man led the way to a dark room where an assistant worked before a huge ground glass that reflected the only light in the room. On close inspection one could see a number of long hairs reflected on the glass. The assistant was measuring these hairs with a map measure that for accuracy had been set with jewel bearings. It would measure to the four-hundredth part of an inch.

"These hairs are cotton fibers, magnified," said the cotton man. "When all the fibers of a sample have been measured an adding machine sets down the result and we strike an average. We have then a really accurate measure of the average fibers in a bale. From this bale we make up our samples. If we have sufficient demand we can sell these for two cents. We think the farmers will use them. It will not be so easy with the buyer. They don't all mean to be dishonest. Some of them really believe their eyes will measure accurately to the smallest part of an inch. Some of them don't trust their eyes. I know buyers that wear checked suits. They measure the checks and that is a great help when it comes to laying the cotton on the sleeve."

THE cotton man picked up a hard, white oval and began to pull at it. "Here is a cotton seed. When a farmer judges a seed, he pulls out the fiber till it looks like a butterfly, so. Then he estimates the length of the fiber. We measure this with our new device and then we *know* what that seed can do. The device I've perfected can be used for measuring wool, too."

The cotton man with his extraordinary faculty for working with details and with his extraordinary patience with both cotton and laymen, paused.

"How will you get this to the farmer and the buyer?" asked the layman.

"Oh, they'll get it," answered the cotton man. "The main problem is to get the basic fact for them to work with."

Even to the lay mind it was plain that in the story of cotton was the object lesson the Secretary sought to teach regarding his problems of administration.

The cotton man's device for applying exact measurement to the fluff and down of cotton is a remarkable piece of work. It opens up a new world, a whole new field of possibilities both for the farmer and for the men who are to interpret this new kind of exactness. The idea of actual measurement of a product is fundamentally right. It gives an absolute base on which to place values. It will be hard on the middleman who fights its adoption. It will be good for the farmer and the ultimate consumer for it will be the immediate incentive for improvement of quality.

Nor is the method that the Department has evolved for testing corn any less valuable. And the corn man is as patient as the cotton man. He has given years of study to corn quality. He evolves broad truths from details too trivial for the ordinary mind to observe. A field of corn or a corn crib, speaks in large terms to him. A heap of corn in the rain or snow tells him not only of careless farming but of hopeless farming, the result of wrong marketing conditions. Poorly constructed corn cribs, badly managed grain elevators tell him not only of ignorance in the farmer and dishonesty in the grain dealer but that quality is not paid for in that neighborhood.

To meet these conditions, the corn man has devised a machine for measuring the moisture content of corn and a rapid method for testing the acidity of corn. The sweetness and keeping capacity of corn depends on the per cent. content of these two factors. These devices make possible an exact grading of corn for definite values. The government has perfected such a system of grades and it was regarding these grades that Mr. Brandeis had spoken to the Secretary.

Under a definite system of grading and the elimination of such general terms as "reasonably dry" and "reasonably clean," which heretofore have been used, the farmer as well as the grain dealer will be able to know and fully understand the requirements of the different grades. With a knowledge of exact grades and a method of testing his own corn for grades, the farmer who markets dry corn of good quality will be in a position to demand a premium for such corn. He will have some encouragement to exercise greater care in the harvesting, storing and marketing of his corn. He can ascertain the grade of his corn while it is in the crib and not market it until it is sufficiently dry to meet the requirements of a high grade. With an exact grading, uniformly maintained, the country dealer will be in a position to pay a premium for good corn, for he, in turn, will have the assurance of the same definite system of grading regardless of the market to which he ships.

The Department's handling of cotton and corn typifies the whole new tendency of the government toward coöperation as the clearing-house for its investigations. The coöperation will not be easy to get on all sides. The middleman has had a free hand too long to submit happily to government interference in his methods. The hearing to which Mr. Brandeis was a delegate showed this.

THE National Association of Corn Dealers wanted to protest on certain points in the government corn grading. In just this manner had the Cotton Exchanges protested against the grades of cotton. The delegates were polite but firm on several points. They did not want the enforcement of the grades put under the Pure Food Law, which fact must be interpreted as a compliment to the men who enforce that law. They did not approve of the government's giving numbers to all of the grades, doing away with some of the old nomenclature.

"Mr. Secretary," said a man from the Middle West, after the meeting had shown considerable heat on this point, "we don't like this using a number for the old word Standard. You will change the value of the corn if you do that."

An unimportant looking man on a front seat rose and shook his finger.

"Mr. Secretary," he said earnestly, "that's an economic falsehood. You can't really change a thing's value by changing its name. What will happen if you respond to this request will be that the farmer will sell his corn under the old name not realizing that its value has been lowered. I speak for every honest dealer in the country when I say, keep the grades as your experts have made them, and *enforce* their use!"

The Secretary said nothing nor did he commit himself at the Hearing. But early in January, the tentative corn grades of the Department were issued as the required standard for the country. This act completed the cycle. First, the hunt for facts, then the application of fact to the economic need, and finally the coöperation of the Department with the dealer and the farmer, whether they would or no, to give the farmer a square deal.

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The Music of Francis Grierson

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

MR. GRIERSON, who is now sixty-five, has never studied music in the ordinary sense. He has no piano in his home. He never practices. He plays only when he has listeners. All his playing is improvised. He has never put a note on ruled paper, either before or after a performance. He cannot repeat his own music. Once heard, it is lost and gone forever.

His hands are large and very long, with an enormous reach. In a measure they account for certain peculiarities of his playing, as they enable him to strike chords quite unattainable to other pianists.

WHAT I saw and heard and felt was at a recital in a private residence.

Although the audience had hushed in advance, I think it took most of those present several seconds to realize that the performance had begun. My own impression was one of intense surprise, as if the music had caught me unawares, issuing I knew not whence. It opened with a procession of chords—haunting, monotonous, primitive. It was as if the horns and drums of some African village had become civilized without losing their original weirdness—as if their uncouth noises had become miraculously transformed into genuine harmonies while still echoing the strife of primeval passions. Something more than sound issued from that piano: it was a mood "uncanny," yet pleasing, exalting, luring.

As the audience resumed its low murmuring once more, I remember wondering at the player's ability to sustain certain notes. He seemed to keep them suspended in the air for minutes. Now and then he would make a shining vessel out of such a chord, and then he would begin to drip little drops of melody into it, until the Grail seemed to rise before your vision, luminous with blood-red rubies. Other causes of marvel were the certainty of the man's touch, the rich quality of his notes, even when his playing was subdued and caressing, and, finally, the complete absence of threadbare spots like those found in the works of almost every composer, no matter how great his fame.

"This is an ancient Egyptian improvisation—" Apparently Mr. Grierson had spoken, and his words were passed around in whispers. Again a complete change of atmosphere followed. The form of the previous pieces had been comparatively vague; now the design of the composition was sharply outlined—and as it revealed itself, the perfection of that design became increasingly evident. The music was quaint, but not Oriental in any accepted sense. Its opening passages were characterized by harmonies that I can only describe as "brittle," and that suggested the violin rather than the piano. Then the music swelled and became strangely urgent—I felt there was an image that wanted to break through—a consciousness of some mighty presence—and all at once it was there: "The Nile!" And with it rose a memory—the memory of a passage in Mr. Grierson's "The Valley of Shadows," where he describes the Mississippi gliding by silently.

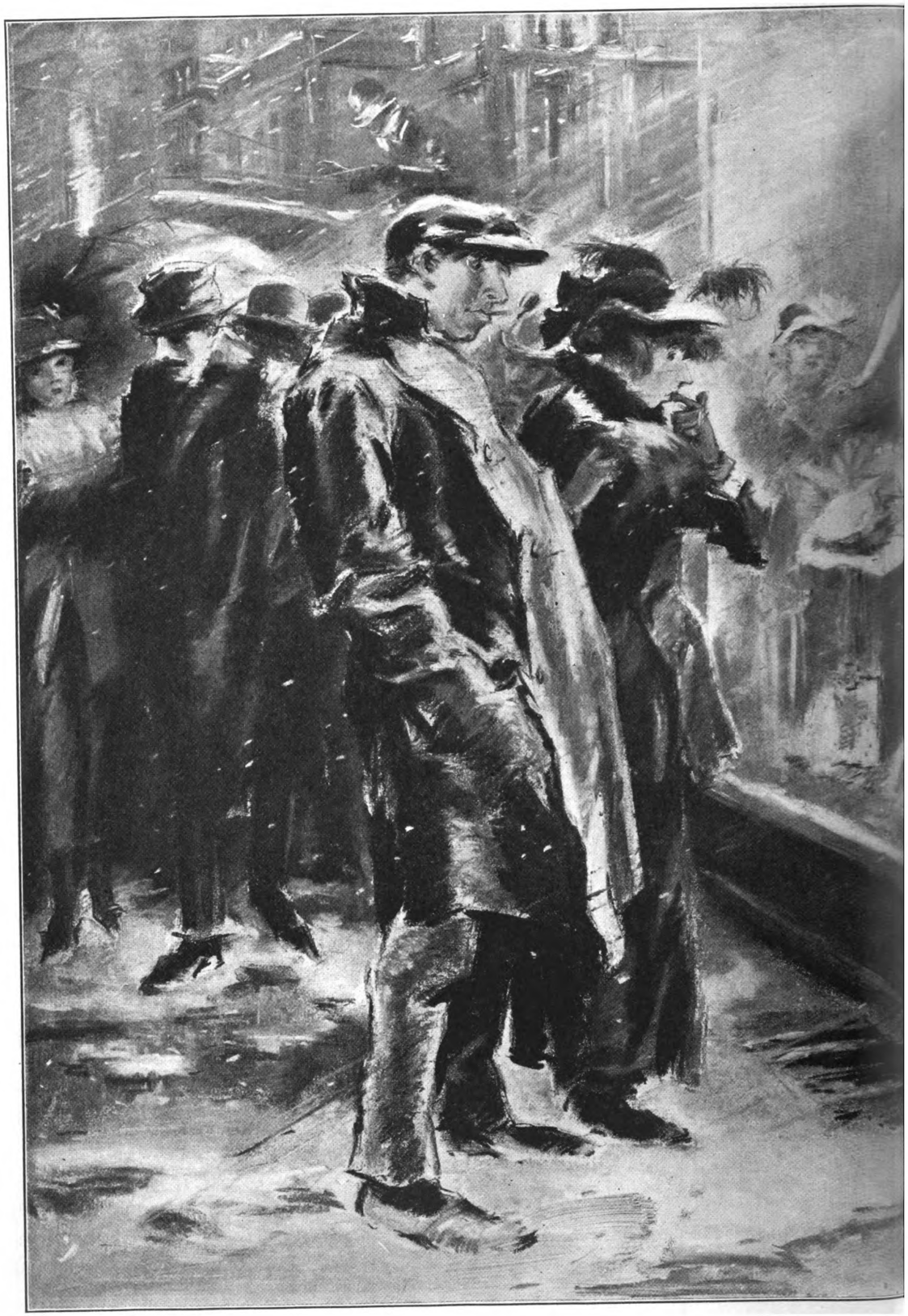
NO title announced the fourth improvisation. The first part of it brought the climax of the evening's performance. For a few moments the beauty of the music was so poignant that it touched on pain and became nearly unendurable. From those unearthly pinnacles it receded at last, but without falling. Then I became aware of the presence in the music of certain strange figures like nothing else I have ever heard. It was as if each tone had been followed by a flitting echo of itself. And I know enough about piano playing to realize what an unusual degree of muscular control must be needed for the production of such an effect.

AGAIN Mr. Grierson spoke: "A fantasy on the destruction of Pompeii." Immediately I was carried into the serene beauty of the southern night, with its sky of unfathomable blue and its burning stars. Then, without the least prep- tion, and yet with no sense of any break or leap, the massive, crystalline chords of the first movement changed into a dance measure of irresistible charm. The sudden transition was as daring as it was natural. The tripping rhythm that set my heart bounding with exhilaration, seemed the very embodiment of the revelry and thoughtless merriment of the doomed city. Gradually, however, it took on a note of anguish, which in its turn was lost in thunder and lightning. At last the piano roared with the power of a hundred bass drums, but in that storm of sounds that assailed my ears there was not one discordant note. It was the supreme rage of the elements rendered supremely beautiful.

Three qualities seem inseparable from Mr. Grierson's music: exquisite beauty, striking originality, and a spiritual fullness that induces emotions of distinctly religious character. His music lives. And with one exception, all the moods known to man find expression in it. From one human note it is consistently free—that of sensuality. Love is present, but it has become etherealized; of that morbid passion which feeds insatiably on itself not a trace is to be found.

The circumstances under which this music is produced should always remain a secondary consideration. And to talk of it as *mere* improvisation—that is, as a difficult but not quite respectable trick—shows a misconception of the creative processes underlying all artistic production. For, at bottom, all art is based on improvisation.

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"Gee, yer gittin' awf
always rubber in de wir

By I

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vagant, Maggie. Yuh
ere de swellest t'ings is"

SHINN

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Penrose
Pennsylvania



Newlands
Nevada



Thornton
Louisiana

The Senate of 1915

By McGREGOR

Its Political Complexion and Its Probable Personnel

THIRTY-TWO Senators must go out on March 4, 1915, or be re-elected on November 3, 1914. Three Senators of the class of 1915 are filling unexpired terms, Brady succeeding Heyburn, Glass appointed to succeed Johnston of Alabama, and Sherman succeeding Lorimer, expelled.



Cummins
Iowa

There are to be no more elections of Senators by State Legislatures, with the proverbial deadlocks and the scandals. Senatorial candidates must henceforth submit their claims to the whole body of voters, and most of the candidates must be nominated in their party primaries. These primaries begin in the spring and summer and end in the early fall of 1914, a sufficient time before the November elections. Incidentally, all the Representatives as well as one-third of the Senators are to be elected in the Congressional elections.



Shively
Indiana

The present Senate, with the vacancy from Alabama filled, consists of 52 Democrats, 43 Republicans, and one Progressive—Poindexter of Washington.

The Senators whose terms expire in 1915, with the States that are to elect their successors by popular vote, are shown in the accompanying table.

Bradley of Kentucky is a Republican, but Kentucky is now Democratic. If the Democrats carry the twelve Southern States first mentioned in this list, they will have a majority of two in the Senate, even though the Opposition carries the other twenty States. In these twelve, Wilson secured a majority over both Taft and Roosevelt, except in Maryland, where he failed to do so by only 68 votes, and in Missouri where he fell short 446 votes. The last four States in the Democratic column are now represented by two Democratic Senators, and were carried by Wilson by a plurality vote. In the Republican column, now represented by Republican Senators, Wilson carried all except Vermont and Utah, which went to Taft by a small plurality, and Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington and California, which Roosevelt carried by a plurality vote, dividing the electoral vote in California with Wilson, with a popular majority of only 165. Moreover, New Hampshire, New York, Ohio, Illinois, and Kansas, have recently elected Democratic Senators. It is readily seen, therefore, that if the three parties are to nominate candidates for the Senate in all these States, the Democrats have a fighting chance to elect in every one of them and are more than likely to increase their present majority in the Senate of 1915.

Democratic

Smith of Maryland
Overman of North Carolina
Smith of South Carolina
Smith of Georgia
Fletcher of Florida
Glass of Alabama
Thornton of Louisiana
Bradley of Kentucky
Clarke of Arkansas
Stone of Missouri
Gore of Oklahoma
Smith of Arizona
Shively of Indiana
Thomas of Colorado
Newlands of Nevada
Chamberlain of Oregon

Republican

Brandegee of Connecticut
Gallinger of New Hampshire
Dillingham of Vermont
Root of New York
Penrose of Pennsylvania
Burton of Ohio
Sherman of Illinois
Stephenson of Wisconsin
Gronna of North Dakota
Crawford of South Dakota
Bristow of Kansas
Cummins of Iowa
Smoot of Utah
Brady of Idaho
Perkins of California
Jones of Washington



Crawford
South Dakota

Nor is there aught here but coldest comfort for the Republicans. With the last election returns as a basis of calculation, they stand to lose fifteen of the seventeen Republican Senators of the class of 1915.



Root
New York

The Progressives are in much better fighting trim. It is true that in the four States that Roosevelt carried they must face the fact that Roosevelt won more votes for himself than can be won by any of his followers. But the Progressive Party has put itself; through its votes in Congress on the Tariff and the Currency, in the position of asking popular support for its candidates on the ground that they have stood by Wilson; and in



Clarke
Arkansas



Smith
Arizona



Bradley
Kentucky

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Stone
Missouri



Fletcher
Florida



Brandegee
Connecticut

opposition to an unworthy Democratic candidate, the appeal may be successful in other states than the four which Roosevelt carried.

Democratic insurgents can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The Senators know that their most effective plea for a re-nomination is the fact that they have stood by President Wilson. And the Democratic nominees will put the Opposition on the defensive from the start of the campaign because the Opposition was opposed to Wilson. Kent of California has a significant platform. He is for Wilson for President, for Heney (Progressive) for Senator, and for Kent for the House.



Smith
South Carolina

Taking up the twelve Southern States, considered surely Democratic, note first the situation in Maryland. Senator John Walter Smith is a fine example of the effect of the Wilson treatment upon a Democratic reactionary. Before taking, he voted for Lorimer and Lumber and was known as one of the Aldrich Democrats, convenient to have on hand when the vote was close; after taking, he has voted in the Senate, in committee and in caucus just as he has thought the President would like to have him vote. After election for a six years' term he may be less tractable. Oscar L. Straus, of Baltimore, former attorney-general of the State and sponsor for a good deal of progressive legislation, is a probable opponent for the nomination. The overwhelming victory of Blair Lee in primary and election indicates that another bona fide progressive should win the nomination over Smith.



Perkins
California

In North Carolina, Senator Lee Overman has succeeded in securing federal positions for two prospective rivals, E. J. Justice and ex-Governor R. B. Glenn; or, as they say in North Carolina, "has hit them in the belly with a pone of bread." The right candidate, who would take the right end of the railroad question recently become acute in North Carolina, could beat Overman yet for the nomination, which would be equivalent to election.

In South Carolina it is a toss-up between Senator Ellison D. Smith and Governor Cole Blease, of whom the less said the better. Every public mention of Blease, however unfavorable, is pointed to with pride by his adherents as indicating the wide notice he is attracting. It will be interesting, if Blease is elected, to see him take the oath of office to support the Constitution, when on other occasions he is wont to observe, "To hell with the Constitution."

In Georgia, Senator Hoke Smith will be re-nominated, and re-elected, probably without opposition.

In Alabama, Underwood has strengthened his lines against Hobson's organization, which was built up, however, against the candidacy of the late Senator Johnston. Hobson's main issue is that of National Prohibition, through an amendment to the Constitution, but thus far he has not caused a single hair of Underwood's head to lie out of its appointed place.

In Florida, Senator Fletcher with his votes for Lorimer and Lumber as well as his former connection with the East Coast Railway, as its lobbyist at Tallahassee, is opposed for re-nomination by Stockton, of Jacksonville. Stockton is known as the original and most persistent progressive in the Florida Democracy, and the prohibition issue ought to help him also. But he has had bad luck in submitting his claims for office to the electorate, Gilchrist having defeated him for Governor and Bryan for Senator. It looks like the return of Fletcher, who just now is as progressive as can be.

Louisiana has already elected, in the Legislature which met before the constitutional amendment for popular elections was passed, Representative Broussard, to succeed Senator Thornton.

In Kentucky, Bradley (Republican) will be succeeded by the Democratic nominee, who will be either Representative A. O. Stanley, or former Governor Beckham. Beckham lost the election in the Legislature to Bradley through the treachery of certain saloon Democratic Legislators, and there would be something of poetic justice in his election by the people.

In Arkansas, Senator James P. Clarke, now President pro tem. of the Senate, is contending in the primaries against Justice William F. Kirby, of the Supreme Court of that State. Clarke has been one of the genuine progressives of the Democratic side of the chamber, is recognized as one of the best lawyers of the Senate, was a fearless advocate of the Roosevelt policies, and did especially valiant service in advocating the passage of the amendment for the popular election of Senators, his independent course in that contest giving the only chance for the adoption of the amendment. He is a clear-headed thinker and a fine debater. His opponent does not come up to the usual ideas of a Supreme Court Justice. He went into office by aligning himself with the Jeff Davis following and is endeavoring to capitalize his devotion to his dead leader. His principal issue is that Clarke did not return to the Government a balance from the $125.00 allowed Senators for stationery, this being regarded as a senatorial perquisite, whether expended in full or not.



Gore
Oklahoma



Smith
Maryland

In Missouri, Senator Stone is up for re-election, with no visible opposition as yet in his own party. The nick-name,



Burton
Ohio



Overman
North Carolina



Smith
Georgia

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Chamberlain
Oregon



Jones
Washington



Thomas
Colorado

"Gumshoe Bill" has stuck to him. He was Governor of Missouri during its most corrupt period, preceding the revelations and prosecutions under Folk. His having acted as Attorney for the Baking Powder people was damaging to his reputation. It is only fair to say, however, that he earned the enmity of the Railroad Machine in Missouri by calling an extra session of the Legislature to repeal the fellow-servants' act, and the saying that has been often quoted ' "Stone sucked as many eggs as anybody but he hid the shells," was first uttered by a Railroad Lobbyist. Ex-Governor Hadley has been spoken of as the Republican candidate, but his recent employment by the Missouri Railroads to represent them before the Valuation Commission has probably taken him out of the race.



Stephenson
Wisconsin

Senator Gore of Oklahoma will probably be returned to the Senate. Two men are considering the chance of opposing him successfully, Chief Justice Samuel W. Hayes, somewhat famous for his anti-labor and pro-railroad decisions, and Governor Lee Cruce, also deemed a reactionary.



Bristow
Kansas

In Arizona, Senator Mark Smith has made a good record, and there is no announced opposition to his re-nomination.

Indiana has a Democratic Governor, and a solid Democratic delegation in the House. The vote for Roosevelt, moreover, was larger than the vote for Taft. It has been suggested that Ex-Senator Beveridge might lead the Progressive forces, and that his dear enemy, Ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, might be persuaded to lead the Republican forlorn hope. Senator Shively's record has been a good one, in both House and Senate.

Thomas of Colorado, all things considered, made the bravest fight of any Senator for genuine tariff revision in the Underwood-Simmons Bill. He is a progressive on many other lines, and has made a fine record considering the length of his service. He will be opposed for re-nomination and re-election by the powerful beet sugar and copper and coal mining interests of his State, which he has defied, but the prospects for his return to the Senate are excellent.

IN Nevada, there has been a long continued custom for the State to be represented by one Senator in each party. The brilliant young Senator, Key Pittman, broke up this custom in 1913, by having a Democratic Legislature to elect him in the Republican year. Senator Newlands comes up for re-election, and there is no opposition to him as yet in his own party. He has always been wobbly on the Tariff, but he finally voted for the bill, though Pittman made the leading fight for free wool in the Senate. Whether there will be the usual close race in Nevada this year depends upon the fight the Progressives will make. The Republican Party was third in the Presidential election.

Chamberlain of Oregon will be recalled as the man elected by a Republican Legislature because he had carried the popular primary election. He is universally beloved by the people of his State. Senator Bourne is spoken of as his opponent, but whether on the Republican ticket, which received 34,000 votes in 1912, or on the Progressive ticket, with 37,000 votes, has not yet been determined.

Let us turn to the sixteen States in which a Republican Senator comes up for re-election.

New Hampshire presents an interesting situation. It is believed now that Senator Gallinger will follow the example of Aldrich, Crane, and Hale, and hide himself. The Democratic candidate is Raymond B. Stevens, appointed to the Public Service Commission by Governor Bass, his appointment being rejected by the Railroad representatives in the Governor's Council. He has since been Counsel for the State before the Public Service Commission. He was elected to the State Senate by a combination of Democrats and Progressives.

Vermont will probably return Dillingham (Republican) an inoffensive Senator.

The election of a Democratic Senator from Connecticut has hitherto been impossible, because of the rotten borough system of electing a legislature. With the popular election of Senators, there is a good chance for a Democrat. Governor Baldwin is the proposed opponent of Senator Brandegee, and he received a plurality of 10,700 in the last election. To be a tariff reformer is to be progressive enough in Connecticut. Brandegee would be missed in the Senate for one thing, his ability to put a bill in proper shape by clarifying amendments just before its passage.



Gronna
North Dakota

New York has too recently recovered from a political campaign to be thinking much about the Senatorial contest next fall. Senator Root would be the Republican nominee before a convention and elected by a Republican legislature. In his recent reply to his critics in the Senate as to his Presidential ambition he said: "My political career and my public career are drawing to a close."



Gallinger
New Hampshire

In Pennsylvania, it will be Penrose on the Republican ticket, Pinchot on the Progressive, and a yet unknown candidate on the Democratic, with the chances favoring Pinchot.

In Ohio, the announced Democratic candidate is Timothy S. Hogan, who served as Attorney-General during Harmon's Administration. His friends in



Dillingham
Vermont



Sherman
Illinois



Brady
Idaho

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the State and nation hope that Mayor Newton Baker, of Cleveland, will enter the race. Senator Burton does not seem to have much chance. Arthur L. Garford has announced himself a candidate on the Progressive nomination.

In Illinois, Roger Sullivan hopes to have himself or a dummy nominated by the Democrats under a temporary aberration of mind. Carl Vrooman, of Bloomington, is the most promising Democrat. Sherman has been a disappointment, but will get the Regular Republican nomination. The Progressives have not yet chosen their course.

In Wisconsin, La Follette still holds the reins of power and his candidate, on the Progressive Republican ticket, which is also the Regular Republican ticket, is Thomas Morris, the Lieutenant-Governor, a member of the State Senate for eight years. Governor McGovern has announced his candidacy, and there will be no Progressive opposition to him. Poor, rich, old Senator Stevenson will not attempt to succeed himself. The Democratic candidate is not yet announced.

THE three parties were pretty evenly divided in the Presidential race in North Dakota, Wilson receiving 29,000 votes, Roosevelt, 25,000, Taft, 23,000. Senator Gronna is a Progressive Republican, but the least able of that group in the Senate. With a Progressive in the field it is anybody's fight.

South Dakota is one of the States Roosevelt carried. Crawford, Progressive Republican, is an able and honest man. Like Gronna and Cummins and Bristow he will have to say whether he is a Progressive Republican or a National Progressive, and in either event the contest between him and the Democratic nominee will be close.

IN Kansas, Bristow was at last elected to run as a Republican, and Victor Murdock is to be the Progressive nominee. Representative Neely is spoken of for the Democratic nomination. Wilson carried Kansas by a majority of two to one over Taft and by a majority of 23,000 over Roosevelt, but Murdock is personally very strong.

In Iowa there is sadness in the case of Senator Cummins. He supported Roosevelt for the Presidency on the ground that the Chicago Convention made a nomination that was tainted with fraud. At the same time, he has refused to become a member of the Progressive Party. He has lost any opportunity he ever had of



Smoot
Utah

securing Democratic support, because of his opposition to the Tariff and the Currency bills. He will not secure Progressive support, because his more recent course has alienated the members of that party. He must look to Republicans alone. But the Old Line Republicans regard Cummins as the one mainly responsible for the present plight of the Republican Party, with his Iowa Idea for the revision of the Tariff and his speeches and votes against the Payne-Aldrich bill. Republicans, of the Hepburn type, have their knives on the whetstones now, in preparation for Senator Cummins' campaign, and they are long knives. In Iowa, in 1912, Wilson received 185,000 votes; Roosevelt, 162,000; Taft, 119,000. Claude R. Porter is a probable Democratic candidate.

In Utah, with a Mormon Democrat, Judge William Henry King, running against Apostle Smoot, and the Progressive vote cutting any considerable figure, Smoot may be retired. Utah has a habit, also, of trying to stand in with the Administration, whether it be Republican or Democratic.

In Idaho, Senator Brady will have a hard fight for the nomination against Ex-Governor Gooding, with the chances that Congressman French may step in between and carry off the prize. Wilson's plurality in Idaho was only 1,100. Idaho will probably send a Republican to the Senate, unless a popular Progressive gets as large a vote as Roosevelt did in 1912, when a Democrat will win.

In California, the race will probably be between Francis J. Heney, Progressive, and ex-Mayor Phelan, Democrat, of San Francisco. Senator Perkins is not a candidate for re-election. Owing to the capture of the Republican organization by the Progressives, the Taft vote in California was negligible last year.

WASHINGTON is the one State with a National Progressive in the Senate. It went for Roosevelt by a large plurality. Senator Jones, who has the distinction of voting against Lorimer first and for him last, has been trying to pose as a Progressive Republican lately, and he even voted for the Currency Bill; but the Progressives expect to elect their candidate. The race lies between Representatives Bryan and Falconer, with the chances in favor of Falconer. On the Democratic side, Mayor Cotterill, of Seattle, is the leading candidate.

Keep your eye on these gentlemen. HARPER'S WEEKLY will have much to say of some of them before the elections.

Ready for the Cannery

By BERTON BRALEY

I'M weary of phrases chuck full of the praises
Of Broadway and Longacre Square,
I'm sick of the spenders who talk of the splendors
Of Lobster Place people and fare;
I wish they'd stop blattin' of "Dear Old Manhattan"
That sort of thing gives me a pain;
And so when I travel I lightly unravel
A song with this tender refrain:

ANY old town but New York,
Any old country or scene,
Brooklyn, the home of the stork,
Boston, the home of the bean;
Sing about Kalamazoo
Sing of Chicago—and pork,
Sing of Milwaukee—the home of the brew,
Oshkosh and Keokuk, Kokomo too,
Sing of whatever town's dearest to you,
Any old town but New York!

WARBLE of Phillie—of Seattle, hilly,
Schenectady, Utica, Rome;
Of swift towns or slow ones, but NOT of George Cohan's,
Of cities from Key West to Nome!
I'll hark while you "uttah" a lilt of Calcutta,
Of Shanghai, Pekin or Bombay,
And I've no abhorrence for Moskow or Florence
But loudly and firmly I say:

ANY old town but New York,
Carol as much as you will,
All of your ardor uncork,
Thrill me with many a thrill,
Get out your notes that are clear,
Dig up your old tuning fork,
Sing of St. Louis—I'm willing to hear,
Paris and London and cities more near,
Sing of the city you love and revere
Any old town but New York!

BANG the pianah for Nashville, Savannah,
Atlanta and Natchez as well,
Rave of your feeling for Charleston and Wheeling,
Sing of the way they excel;
Bellow in basso your love for El Paso,
For Hamburg or Stockholm or Cork;
But prithee take pity, and don't sing a ditty
Concerning the town of New York!

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Shoula Rayfield

By EDWARD LUCAS WHITE

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

I KNEW the Rayfields intimately, on a sort of first-cousin-by-courtesy footing, and I liked them all. They made no pretensions to social position or even to "being in society." In fact, they made no pretensions to anything, being temperamentally incapable of any pretensions of any kind whatever.

Daddy Rayfield's income more than sufficed for all their needs and wants, the more easily as their wants were entirely the reverse of self-conscious. All through their steadily increasing prosperity they had been learning to pay other people to do for them what they had formerly done for themselves. Yet a great deal which they might easily have had others do for them they continued to do for themselves partly from instinct, because they had never happened to think at all of that particular feature of their daily life, partly from a sort of inertia of energy, because they spontaneously did things for themselves, for their own satisfaction or for pastime. Caring nothing for and hardly knowing anything of conventional diversions, they found amusement in all sorts of household chores, as they called them. Daddy Rayfield had almost forgotten that he had ever, as a young householder, carried out of the house the ashes from the kitchen and furnace, so many years had elapsed since it became one of the duties of the man who swept the front pavement and back yard and attended to other such matters; but Daddy Rayfield still stoked his furnace, shook its grate, and threw on coal, except insofar as his older sons had one by one come to share that responsibility and privilege. They preferred it that way—not so much that it saved coal, though that was a consideration, too—but more that it insured the best possible results in all sorts of conditions, the nearest possible approach to perfection of comfort, no matter what the outdoor temperature. Similarly, though the family plumber and gasfitter were called in frequently and their bills paid without objection or afterthought, one or other of the Rayfield boys was apt to repack a squirting faucet, readjust an incandescent gas burner, or tighten a leaky robin, just because it came natural to set right immediately any household appliance that got out of order, and the act was done before there was time to think about it.

As with the sons, so with the daughters: they habitually washed and ironed for themselves their finer, more expensive and more fragile articles of wear. Not that laundry bills made any difference to them or to their parents; but partly because they felt better-dressed and knew that they looked better-adorned when their possessions were deftly and perfectly laundried, and partly because they enjoyed their own household skill.

Not one of the girls but was a competent housekeeper in all respects and knew how to do everything necessary to keep each part of a house comfortable and agreeable. They preferred to dust their own bedrooms, and each had her specialties in plain and fancy cooking.

BUT the Rayfields, if they worked, worked from choice and not from necessity. And if they were unostentatious and economical by nature, they lived in a roomy and comfortable house, they wore their choice of clothes in great variety, and they sat down to a table abundantly and even lavishly provided with nourishing and appetizing food. Not one of them had ever been worried or exhausted or hungry, not one of them had ever had to skimp on any of the comforts of life, still less on an actual necessity.

Shoula was the handsomest of the daughters, a tall, well-muscled, plump,



"There is only one thing to do and that's to get married at once"

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young woman, active and energetic, full of high spirits and gaiety, overflowing with life and vigor. She laughed a great deal, and while she did not laugh loudly or uproariously her laughter was healthfully hearty. She walked with a swing and put her whole heart into everything she did. Her hair was abundant, glossy and very black, her eyes dark brown, her red cheeks very brilliant when she was excited or interested. For her size, her feet and hands were small, but then she was a large girl. Body and mind, heart and soul, there was plenty of Shoula.

HER two elder sisters had married well. Prosperous as Daddy Rayfield was, his sons-in-law were decidedly better off. And his daughter-in-law was even affluent in her own right. Naturally, with three children flourishingly married, the family expected Shoula, whom they all regarded as a beauty, to feather her nest notably. So they were all disgusted when she announced her engagement to Guy Williams.

Guy was a reporter on the *Evening News* at a salary of six dollars a week.

Daddy Rayfield consented to the match. But then, neither he nor any other human being could rebuff or oppose Shoula when she set out to have her way. Shoula was a determined and a persuasive creature. Her Daddy in particular could not refuse her. He agreed that whenever Guy was earning a salary of twenty-three dollars a week Shoula should marry him. This was not much of a concession, for at that time no reporter in Baltimore earned more than twenty dollars a week and Guy had not the remotest chance of early promotion. He was a sort of hangcr-on at the *News* office. Also he had no qualities that were likely to make him successful at getting a job of any other kind.

But all the Rayfields liked Guy. They could not help it. He was a cheery being, an inch shorter than Shoula and twenty pounds lighter, with his merry gray eyes, close together and small, twinkling on either side of his parrot-beak nose. He dined at the Rayfields' every Sunday and spent nearly every evening there with Shoula, unless he took her to a theater or to some evening jollity. (Moving pictures had not been invented in those days.) He and Shoula were very happy and very hopeful. They talked of being married within three years and were perpetually planning ways and means on a basis of twenty-three dollars a week, for Daddy Rayfield had promised Shoula a comprehensive trousseau and an allowance of ten dollars a week.

Then came, all in three weeks, the meeting of Shoula's younger sister Afla with a particularly attractive and wealthy youth, their whirlwind courtship and their prompt marriage.

That event altered very much the outlook of the Rayfields.

Within six months from Afla's wedding I received a note from Shoula asking me to call. I went. She came straight to the point.

"Afla's good luck," she said, "has been bad luck for me. The whole family has turned completely round. They have broken their word and are now doing all they can to make me give up Guy. At first I thought that would make no difference, and that I could stick it out and wait as patiently as before, if not as comfortably. But I see I was mistaken. Their opposition is wearing me out. If things go on this way they'll separate us. There's only one thing to do and that's to get married at once."

"On six dollars a week?" I exclaimed.

Guy was not a cent better off than a year before.

"Yes, on six dollars a week," she replied, calmly. "You see, Will, it's this way. Most girls can fall in love and get over it. I'm the other kind. I never loved anybody but Guy and I never shall. If I lose Guy, my whole life will be spoiled. I've only one life. I might just as well kill myself trying to live on six dollars a week with Guy as die ten deaths trying to live without him. Anyhow, my mind is made up, and you know what that means. It means I'm going to do what I intend. I have told Guy so."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Just what you said, or implied," she answered. "He said we could not live on six dollars a week. I asked him did he mean to tell me that, if I was not afraid to marry him on that little, he was afraid to marry me on that much. He agreed to get married whenever I am ready."

"When will you be ready?" I asked.

"Tomorrow, if I can manage it." Shoula declared. "If not tomorrow, then the day after. Anyhow, the first minute after I am prepared."

"What do you need to do to be prepared?" I queried.

"Rent a house," she said, "furnish it, get a license, pack my things, and arrange for an expressman to call for them. That's all, I think."

SHE spoke as if she had unlimited cash with which to rent and furnish a house. I reflected that she might have some hundreds of dollars in a savings bank, so I ignored these points.

"Do you think you can get your things out of the house?" I asked.

"You bet I can. They all can talk and they all can be horrid, they can threaten, they can say they'll never speak to me again, they can vow that if I go out of the house I go forever, that I can never come back, that they'll cast me off, that I'll never get a cent of cash or a finger-lift of help from any of them, they can keep their word; but there is not one of them that can look me in the face and stop me from having my trunk and bundles carried out of the house; yes, and my bedroom furniture, too. Every ounce that is in my room is mine, all my own."

"Where do I come in?" I asked.

"Why, you see," she explained, "Guy is busy from early morning until the sporting and financial edition goes to press; that is often nearly five o'clock. Almost everything I have to do must be done in business hours. Guy can't attend to anything for me, and most of what I have to do will go better with a man to help. You are free as you please, and any time you choose. Get a power of attorney from Guy so you can rent the house for him in his name, and meet me as soon as you have got it."

When we met she said:

"The first thing is the house."

I am ashamed to put down the name of the two streets that cross where we got out of the trolley car. The neighborhood was and is perfectly respectable, but when I contemplated what would be thought by Daddy Rayfield, by Ma Rayfield, by Afla, by Afla's husband, I shuddered.

I shuddered incomparably more when she led me to the middle of one of the blocks and turned up the alley.

"Shoula!" I cried, "Niggers live in this alley."

"Well," she said, "I'd rather live next door to niggers with Guy, than in a palace without him. And I won't have to live next door to niggers, at least not yet, for the houses on either side of the one I'm going to take are occupied by white people, and pretty decent-looking white people, even if they are so poor that they have to live next door to niggers."

In fact I found that three of the houses near the middle of one row had been lately repaired and painted and that the middle one was vacant.

"How did you hit on this?" I asked.

"Saw it in the papers," Shoula explained. "Of course these houses were rented the instant they were done up and by better tenants than most of these alley cats. The folks in the house had some trouble with the police and were turned out. I paid Leslie Bentinck a month's rent in advance to hold the house for me. I said I knew some good tenants that wanted it."

"Leslie Bentinck!" I cried. The picture of Shoula and I renting for Guy and Shoula this alley house from that most polished of real estate men, most conventional of bachelors, most correct of club dandies, Leslie Bentinck, overwhelmed me.

"Yes, he's the agent," said Shoula.

THE house was red brick, with green shutters. The front steps were wood, painted white. The front door opened into a room about twelve feet square. It had one window next the front door. The wall-paper was new, bunches of carnations on a cream-colored ground. In the middle of the long wall the light from the window glittered on a circular tin cover closing a hole for a stovepipe. The floor was new.

The rear room was like the front room, except that the walls were kalsomined a glaring light blue. The floor was patched under the stovepipe-hole as far as the door in the corner, which led down into an earth-floored cellar lighted by two windows barely a foot high, level with the joists.

Between the front room and the kitchen was a boxed-in-stair, narrow and steep.

The second floor consisted of two white-washed rooms, each with two windows. The floors were old and grimed with the filth of years. Each room had a tiny closet filling the space over the passage between the front and back rooms downstairs. There was no way of heating the upper rooms. There was no plumbing whatever in the house, only a sort of stable-hydrant in the bricked back yard.

"And you mean to live here?" I exclaimed.

"I do. You can help if you choose; but you couldn't hinder me, however much you tried."

"I shan't try," I disclaimed, "I mean to help. I'd never have the sand for such a game, but it will be a sporty game to watch."

"I was banking on you," said Shoula.

When the year's lease was executed Shoula led me to various auction rooms and second-hand stores. She considered every article she needed in every place she could find. She chaffered, she beat down prices, she made every cent go as far as she could.

She bought a small cook-stove and a smaller kerosene cook-stove.

"I'll spend most of my time cooking and washing," said Shoula, "and I don't

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mean to fry in summer or freeze in winter. But no gasoline stoves for me."

She bought wash-tubs, a kitchen table, eight kitchen chairs; a long-legged, smelly food-safe, with perforated tin panels in its doors and sides; pails, pokers and shovels and three coal-hods, bedroom and table crockery, a pine bedstead, bureau and washstand and a walnut wardrobe; also a husk mattress.

These, when they reached the house, she had placed in the second-story back room.

"You're puzzled," she remarked to me. "Thank you so much for not asking questions. I'll enjoy explaining the whole scheme when we're settled."

She also bought a ton of pea coal and saw it put in the cellar. We had some fun and more bother timing ourselves so as to be at the house when her purchases were delivered; kitchen and table utensils she bought at five-and-ten-cent stores; also a great many small articles.

Her eight kitchen chairs cost twenty-five cents apiece, second-hand ("tenth-hand, I suspect," Shoula observed).

She bought a pair of blankets, and a pair of sheets and two pillow-cases.

"Awful extravagance, buying pillow-cases and sheets," she commented, "but I've no time now to buy unbleached sheeting and make sheets and pillow-cases. I'll do that before wash day comes 'round for these." She was choicy on pillows; "daren't economize on pillows," she explained. "Pillows are sleep, and sleep's life, when you work all the time you are awake."

She bought two cheap kerosene lamps, new, and carried them with her. When they were placed, one in the kitchen and one in the bedroom, she looked over her new possessions and announced that the next thing was the license.

"You don't mean," I cried, "that you are going to sleep in this house before it is scrubbed."

"You bet I'll sleep," she said. "But I'll be hard at work scrubbing a half-hour after sunrise, and when I get through there won't be a cleaner house in Maryland."

They were married by the minister of her church in the parlor of his parsonage.

"If you won't marry us," she had said to him, "I'll find some one else who will. You can tell that to the folks, and they'll know it's true. They can't blame you."

As they left the parsonage she said to me: "Much obliged, Billy. We don't need you any more. I don't want you in the row, if there is one, when I get my stuff from the house. I'll get it. We are going to Moorehead's now, and I'll make him drive round and wait with two wagons. I'll clean out my room in a jiffy. Everything is packed. Remember, you dine with us Sunday afternoon at six."

"At six!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, at six," Shoula repeated. "When I explain, you'll understand."

"God bless you, Billy," said Guy, "and be sure to come."

"I'll come," I said, "and God bless you both."

II

I FOUND in Shoula's front room the rug, table, sofa, armchair, and rocking-chair and two smaller chairs which had been part of the furniture of her big bedroom at her home. Five of her pictures hung on the walls. Her reading lamp stood on the table. The room looked cheerful. The weather did not call for a fire in the egg-stove, but that useful appointment was in place, on a square of sheet-tin, and the stove and its piping were as glossy black as polish and energy could make them.

Guy opened the door for me and accepted a cigarette. As we were lighting up Shoula came in from the kitchen, her sleeves rolled up and her dress hidden under a blue and white checked gingham apron. She looked as happy as possible.

"Kiss the bride," said she and gave me a hearty smack on the lips, the first and last time Shoula ever kissed me.

"Isn't she a wonder?" Guy exclaimed, admiringly.

"The next move," Shoula said, "is to present you to our boarders."

She climbed the stairs and returned with Dorsey Brown and his wife. Dorsey was the reporter who had got Guy his job with the *News*. He had been married about three months. His wife was one of those skinny, limp, little blondes, who are pretty enough when well, but who are almost always ailing. They had been living in one of the cheapest boarding houses in Baltimore and had been very uncomfortable and terribly pinched for cash. I realized the expediency of Shoula's arrangement and saw how much it benefited all four.

SHOULA showed me the upstairs rooms. Her mahogany bedstead, bureau, washstand and wardrobe almost filled the front room. A small rocking-chair and one of her twenty-five cent kitchen chairs completed its furniture. Five more of her pictures adorned the walls.

"I think Mamie isn't hopelessly uncomfortable here," she said.

The back room looked less bare since three of her smaller pictures had been hung up there. Nothing had been added since I had seen it before except two kitchen chairs.

"Trunks down cellar," said Shoula.

In the kitchen I found hanging Shoula's three favorite pictures.

"I shall be here most all of every day," she said, "and I might as well have something pleasant to look at."

We dined off the bare pine kitchen table. We had soup, the thick satisfying soup for which Shoula's mother was famous; boiled potatoes, creamed cabbage and Shoula's own special meat-cakes with tomato gravy; we finished off with an apple tapioca pudding and coffee. It was a good dinner, and a jolly dinner. I had brought a big bag of bananas and a big box of good confectionery. We all felt well-fed and contented.

"One dinner a week," said Shoula, "is going to be our rule. Our next dinner will come 'round next Sunday."

I dined there on not a few Sundays and was always edified at the cheapness, abundance and savor of Shoula's dinners. Gradually I learnt the details of her housekeeping.

The rent of the house was two dollars a week, the usual rent for such convenienceless alley houses. The Browns paid eight dollars a week for their room, food and washing and for Shoula's care of Mamie, who was ill more than half the time. Shoula did all the marketing, cooking and washing for the four of them. Also, she scrubbed the front steps, swept the pavement and kept the house and back yard clean; and she kept them clean.

On Sundays the four slept late and had an abundant breakfast and their weekly banquet at six o'clock. On week days Shoula and Mamie had a good late breakfast and a sustaining afternoon dinner. Shoula said she never ate between meals; if Mamie felt weak she gave her a cup of scalding tea and a sandwich, or a biscuit or slice of bread. The two men never had a meal in the house except on Sundays. On week day mornings Shoula waked Guy at the last moment and he and Dorsey each had a big cup of Rio coffee and a roll, and went about their business. It was in the good old days of unlimited hot free lunch at saloons. Dorsey and Guy knew all the saloons in Baltimore, being reporters. They knew which made only a show of setting out free lunch, and which were lavish; they knew just where the free lunch was unappetizing, just where it was filling, satisfying and digestible. They arranged so that they never ate at the same saloon oftener than once in two weeks. In this way they provided themselves with two hearty, satisfying, nourishing meals each day at a daily expense of precisely ten cents each for two glasses of beer apiece.

This left Dorsey and Mamie six dollars and forty cents a week for all their other expenses, and Guy and Shoula three dollars and forty cents.

"Sometimes," Guy confessed, "I save a nickel by gobbling a free lunch without buying a beer; but that is not good business unless somebody treats me to a stein. I might lose out a good place from my lunch route."

Shoula likewise confided to me that she saved something each week out of the Browns' board.

"I can keep the house going on just about a dollar a day," she said.

Considering coal, kerosene and coffee, I could not see how she did it; but she said what worried her was the cost of soap.

"I use such a lot of soap," she mourned.

EVERY moment of daylight left free from heavier housework, she put on mending or sewing. She descanted on her theories of needlework.

"Mending first, to the last patch and the last darn," she said, "then plain sewing. I can make Guy a shirt for half what he can buy one, even at a department store marked down sale. Then, all the time left, on embroidery. Embroidery pays, but it does not pay to put embroidering ahead of keeping up with the real needs of one's clothes."

Dorsey's wife sewed listlessly, but with an attempt at diligence, whenever she was well enough, and managed to do all her own darning and mending and some embroidery.

Shoula confided to me that between them, they took in more than two dollars a week, clear, for their embroidery.

"And every cent counts," she said, "and needs to be counted."

At least three evenings a week they went to the theater. In those days newspaper offices always had more free tickets to theaters than they knew what to do with. If by any chance neither Guy nor Dorsey could get four dead-head tickets, the two women would use the tickets and their husbands would walk in unchallenged as well-known reporters.

In the summer they often went down the bay on an excursion steamer. Free tickets for excursions were almost as easy for reporters to get in those days as were theater tickets.

Shoula was always well and never seemed weary, but I could see, after a time, that Guy was increasingly anxious. I puzzled a good bit, myself, as to what she meant to do and how she kept so sanguine.

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"Her daddy in particular could not refuse her"

One Tuesday morning I found in my mail a letter from one of Shoula's girl friends. She had married a San Francisco man. She said she hated to trouble me, but as she did not know Shoula's address, the only way she could think of to get a letter to her was to enclose it to me; would I please deliver it as quickly as possible. I had nothing of importance to do, so I caught the next car for Shoula's part of town. She opened her door for me; she had her hat on.

"Glad to see you," she said, ignoring the letter. "You always come in the nick of time. A minute later I'd have been gone. I finished my washing early yesterday and some of my ironing. I have just ironed the last piece. I meant to go to the Maternity Hospital this evening, but I think it would be imprudent for me to wait for Guy to come home. I'm going now. Will you walk round with me?"

"Walk!" I cried. "I'll get you a hansom."

"I'll bet you won't!" she snapped. "But I thank you for the offer. I can walk and walking will do me good. I can take my time. Will you go with me?"

THE situation was, to me, very startling and totally unforeseen. But there was no resisting Shoula's unembarrassed candor.

I went.

Shoula was wearing a gray cloth dress and strode along springily, head in air, as buoyant as possible.

"I'll be in the hospital," she said serenely, "next Sunday and Sunday week. I'll be home tomorrow two weeks. You come to dinner Sunday two weeks."

She shook hands at the entrance of the hospital, smiling and gay, no hint of a flush or blush about her, but with a fine, healthy color in her cheeks.

I went to dinner as bidden. Her baby was as fat as a chestnut worm and pink as a pink-carnation. Shoula seemed strong and vigorous; she walked, moved and stood as if she had reserve energy in plenty.

AFTER that their life went on as before. Shoula maintained that, although she gave her baby all the attention he needed, she seemed to have just as much time for housework as formerly.

"Every mother thinks her baby the greatest thing that ever happened, of course, but I've got more reason to say so than most." She gloried, "Just think, that kid hasn't shown a symptom of colic yet, and he's past the colicky age, already. And he hasn't waked us at night yet, not once. I have to wake him to feed him. He's greedy as a pig, but he never seems hungry between meals. The matter with him is that he's as healthy as his mother."

Shoula's second baby was three months old before Guy got his first raise in salary, and that was only to thirteen dollars a week.

"But it makes all the difference in the world," Shoula declared. "I feel safe now, and I've been more scared than the English language can express. What saved us was the free theaters and free excursions on the water. An all-day excursion, for nothing, is just salvation for a young city baby in summer. Reporting is a badly-paid profession, but it has its compensations."

She mailed her mother a picture of herself with her two children. This time Ma Rayfield gave in. There was a general family reconciliation. Shoula declined, however, to accept a cent of help. She had already moved into a three-dollar-a-week house, in a street instead of an alley and in a square inhabited by white people only. To that home she clung, as well as to Dorsey and Mamie. She said they had stuck by her and she wasn't going back on them. But family harmony made her days incomparably happier and easier.

AFTER that there was nothing remarkable about her life. The last time I saw them they were living in a flat somewhere in Harlem and enjoying New York completely. Guy was advance agent for a popular comedian at a salary of fourteen hundred a year. He was fat and complacent. Their three children were as healthy as possible.

"But I shouldn't advise any other woman to try it," Shoula summed up, after many reminiscences. "I won out on free theater tickets and free water excursions and on my temperament. Few other women have such a temperament."

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Kolniyatsch

By MAX BEERBOHM

BOTH with pencil and pen, Max Beerbohm is gifted in delicate and happy satire. In this sketch, he amuses himself with some of the absurdities of literary exploitation as it exists today. The quality of satire is to be as much like the fact as possible and just enough different to be funny

NONE of us who keep an eye on the heavens of European literature can forget the thrill that shook us when, but a few years since, the red star of Kolniyatsch swam into our ken. As nobody can prove that I wasn't, I claim now that I *was* the first to gauge the magnitude of this star and to predict the ascendant course which it has in fact triumphantly taken. That was in the days when Kolniyatsch was still alive. His recent death gives the cue for the boom. Out of that boom I, for one, will not be left. I rush to scrawl my name, large, on the tombstone of Kolniyatsch.

These foreign fellows always are especially to be commended. By the mere mention of their names you evoke in reader or hearer a vague sense of your superiority and his. Thank Heaven, we are no longer insular. I don't say we have no native talent. We have heaps of it, pyramids of it, all around (see publishers' advertisements). But where, for the genuine thrill, would England be but for her good fortune in being able to draw on a seemingly inexhaustible supply of anguished souls from the Continent—infantile, wide-eyed Slavs, Titan Teutons, greatly blighted Scandinavians, all of them different, but all of them raving in one common darkness and with one common gesture plucking out their vitals for exportation? There is no doubt that our continuous receipt of this commodity has had a bracing effect on our national character. We used to be rather phlegmatic, used we not? But nowadays it cannot appear that one of our lady-novelists in Early-Victorian days wrote to her old schoolmaster, asking him to write to her, without the whole of Fleet Street rising as one man to admit that she has ennobled her sex, purified our public life, and made wider for all time the scope of human emotion.

OF Kolniyatsch, as of all authentic master-spirits in literature, it is true that he must be judged rather by what he wrote than by what he was. But the quality of his genius, albeit nothing if not national and also universal, is at the same time so deeply personal that we cannot afford to close our eyes on his life—a life happily not void of those sensational details which are what we all really care about. "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." Kolniyatsch was born, last of a long line of rag-pickers, in 1886. At the age of nine he had already acquired that passionate alcoholism which was to have so great an influence in the moulding of his character and on the trend of his thought. Otherwise he does not seem to have shown in childhood any exceptional promise. It was not before his eighteenth birthday that he murdered his grandmother and was sent to that asylum in which he wrote the poems and plays belonging to what we now call his earlier manner. In 1907 he escaped from his sanctum, or chuzketc (cell), as he sardonically called it, and, having acquired some money by an act of violence, gave, by sailing for America, early proof that his genius was of the kind that crosses frontiers and seas. Unfortunately it was not of the kind that passes Ellis Island. America, to her lasting shame, turned him back. Early in 1908 we find him once more in his old quarters, working at those novels and confessions on which, in the opinion of some, his fame will ultimately rest. Alas, we don't find him there now. It will be a fortnight ago tomorrow that Luntic Kolniyatsch passed peacefully away, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. He would have been the last to wish us to indulge in sickly sentimentality. "Nothing is here for tears, nothing but well and fair, and what may quiet us in a death so noble."

WAS Kolniyatsch mad? It depends on what we mean by that word. If we mean, as the bureaucrats of Ellis Island and, to their lasting shame, his friends and relations presumably meant, that he did not share our own smug and timid philosophy of life, then indeed was Kolniyatsch not sane. Granting for sake of argument that he was mad in a wider sense than that, we do but oppose an insuperable stumbling-block to the Eugenists. Imagine what Europe would be today, had Kolniyatsch not been! As Mr. W. L. Courtney says, "It is hardly too much to say that a time may be not far distant, and may indeed be nearer than many of us suppose, when Luntic Kolniyatsch will, rightly or wrongly, be reckoned by some of us as not the least of those writers who are especially symptomatic of the early twentieth century and are possibly 'for all time' or for a more or less certainly not inconsiderable period of time." That is finely said. But I myself go somewhat further. I say that Kolniyatsch's message has drowned all previous messages and will drown any that may be uttered in the remotest future. You ask me what, precisely, that message was? Well, it is too elemental, too near to the very heart of naked Nature, for exact definition. Can you describe the message of an angry python more satisfactorily than as *S-s-s-s?* Or that of an infuriated bull better than as *Moo?* That of Kolniyatsch lies somewhere between these two. Indeed, at whatever point we take him, we find him hard to fit into any single category. Was he a realist or a romantic? He was neither, and he was both. By more than one critic he has been called a pessimist, and it is true that a part of his achievement may be gauged by the lengths to which he carried pessimism—railing and raging, not, in the manner of his tame forerunners, merely at things in general, or at women, or at himself, but lavishing an equally fierce scorn and hatred on children, on trees and flowers and the moon, and indeed on everything that the sentimentalists have endeavored to force into favor. On the other hand, his burning faith in a personal devil, his frank delight in earthquakes and pestilences, and his belief that every one but himself will be brought back to life in time to be frozen to death in the next glacial epoch, seem rather to stamp him as an optimist. By birth and training a man of the people, he was yet an aristocrat to the finger-tips, and Byron would have called him brother, though one trembles to think what he would have called Byron. First and last, he was an artist, and it is by reason of his technical mastery that he most of all outstands. Whether in prose or verse, he compasses a broken rhythm that is as the very rhythm of life itself, and a cadence that catches you by the throat, as a terrier catches a rat, and wrings from you the last drop of pity and awe. His skill in avoiding "the inevitable word" is simply miraculous. He is the despair of the translator. Far be it from me to belittle the devoted labors of Mr. and Mrs. Pegaway, whose monumental translation of the master's complete works is now drawing to its splendid close. Their promised biography of the murdered grandmother is awaited eagerly by all who take—and which of us does *not* take?—a breathless interest in Kolniyatschiana. But Mr. and Mrs. Pegaway would be the first to admit that their renderings of the prose and verse they love so well are a wretched substitute for the real thing. I wanted to get the job myself, but they nipped in and got it before me. Thank heaven, they cannot deprive me of the power to read Kolniyatsch in the original Gibrisch and to crow over you who can't.

OF the man himself—for on several occasions I had the privilege and the permit to visit him—I have the pleasantest, most sacred memories. His was a wonderfully vivid and intense personality. The head was magnificent, perfectly conic in form. The eyes were like two revolving lamps, set very close together. The smile was haunting. There was a touch of old-fashioned courtesy in the repression of the evident impulse to spring at one's throat. The voice had notes that recalled M. Mounet-Sully's in the later and more important passages of "Oedipe Roi." I remember that he always spoke with the greatest contempt of Mr. and Mrs. Pegaway's translations. He likened them to—but enough! His boom is not yet at the full. A few weeks hence I shall be able to command an even higher price than I can now for my "Talks with Kolniyatsch."

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Photograph by Genthe

Dorothy Donnelly and Lou-Tellegen in "Maria Rosa"

Some Uncommonly Good Acting

IT is the commonplace of complaint directed against our American theatrical criticism, both the *viva voce* and the newspaper kind, that it seems almost wholly concerned with the really somewhat rudimentary question of whether it has seen "a good show," as the phrase is, or not. In New York, especially in print, it interests itself passionately in prophesying the probable length of a "show's" stay in the metropolis; the main object of writing about the stage apparently being to avoid "getting in wrong"—to employ the vernacular, in this matter of "hits" and "runs."

NOW it is probably as well that the great public, which is hoped to be simple and good-hearted and is known to be rich, should take its theaters naturally and not too critically. But there is undoubtedly an increasing number of playgoers who honestly want to learn something more about the great institution which the stage is, people who would like to see the wheels go round, and to learn to distinguish in a more sophisticated fashion the contributions which play-writing, play-acting, production and personality make to a "good show." Anything, therefore, which definitely focusses public attention upon any of these points is especially welcome. And "Maria Rosa," in which Miss Dorothy Donnelly is supported by Mr. Lou-Tellegen, puts what one might call the sheer art of acting more brilliantly into the limelight than any other event of the present theatrical season here.

It is not that Angel Guimera's play of Catalonian peasant life will not pass, nor that the production is not good. It just happens, however, that all the circumstances combine to make the acting the thing. Serious students of the theater are recommended, for example, to consider from a scientific and purely technical point of view the star's entrance in Act I and her first scene. There is really no scene to act, only a considerable stretch of narrative with almost no situation behind it, the kind of thing usually intolerably dull. But Miss Donnelly, bringing at once to it that mysterious "technique," which the public has heard of so often and so vaguely but can now plainly recognize, makes the scene seem a scene, almost surcharged with interest, passion and the sense of beauty. Later there are scenes which are really scenes, and they get played; but as exhibitions of pure virtuosity they cannot eclipse this first, though of course they stir the audience more.

IF Miss Donnelly were not an indigenous product, we should undoubtedly fuss more about the quality of her art;—try pronouncing her name in the Italian fashion and you will at once feel that Donelli is abler to challenge comparison with the emotional transatlantic actresses who have at various times trod the boards in Manhattan.

Mr. Lou-Tellegen, who has been seen here before with Madame Bernhardt, also keeps the limelight upon the acting, and he in addition might give to our supposed serious students of the drama in the stalls an excellent opportunity of considering the different styles of acting which may exist. He is very definitely, to put it in the concisest and easiest way for the American playgoer, of the Bernhardt as opposed to the Duse school. He is fairly obvious and he is by intention, theatrical; that is, most profoundly and most cunningly of the theater. But the result is pyrotechnically brilliant; nothing so good of its kind has come to us for a long time. Mr. Tellegen's acting—to become technical again—would probably not convince you that a falsely written scene was real, but it might quite conceivably make you not care which it was, so delighted would you be with his rendering of it. He adds to such gifts, in Spanish costume at least, very authentic beauty.

Lovers of acting, to put it briefly, cannot afford to miss "Maria Rosa." It is what musicians would call a *brevura* passage in the winter theatrical season.

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"A Preface to Politics"

By FLOYD DELL

WE Americans are accustomed to take politics for granted, and only think about the details and incidents of it. We are likely to resent being asked to think about Politics itself: what it is and why it is, and if it is really any use!

Yet some thousands of Americans have at critical times considered seriously, even desperately, the question upon which Mr. Lippmann in this book* seeks to throw the light of twentieth century thought.

In Chicago, for instance, in the early '80's, a workingmen's party which had started out with a living faith in politics, electing representatives to the city council and the state legislature, and believing fully in the power of the ballot to achieve their ends—this party, disillusioned by the flagrant theft of a few elections, and discouraged by the mordant cynicism of John Most, ceased to believe in politics, and for two years talked Dynamite.

Of that lack of faith the Haymarket bomb was one of the results. It signified that there were questions concerning the validity of politics which needed to be cleared up.

The need still exists, as may be seen from the case of the Socialists today. Belief in politics is one of their three cardinal principles. In order to join the Socialist party one has to affirm solemnly one's belief in the method of politics. And yet, only a few months ago, after long debates in every "local" in the country, one of the chief figures in the party was expelled from membership for his notorious and contagious disbelief in the ballot. At the very height of Socialist success in elections, the Syndicalist cynicism in regard to politics had so far undermined the Socialist principle as to cause actual fear of a split in the party. Disbelief in politics is one of the tendencies of the time.

ALL this, to be sure, has occurred within small idealistic groups. But it is not confined to these groups. Radical parties are a kind of seismograph. If you would know what obscure tremors agitate the great middle class, it is well to look at such radical groups. Their violent actions and reactions are a portent of what is happening or about to happen in the larger world.

"The most incisive comment on politics today," writes Mr. Lippmann—and he means in this large world—"is indifference." Where the disillusioned workingman turns to sabotage, the disillusioned business man may simply stay away from the polls on election day. But his action is significant.

It is a peculiar situation, into which Mr. Lippmann's book comes as the first serious attempt at explanation. On the one hand there is a constant extension of reform activities, based on a belief in the effectiveness of political method. The organization of the Progressive party was a striking act of faith—of faith in politics. The anti-political philosophy of *laissez-faire* has broken down, and experiments in municipal ownership and government control are confidently proceeding. There is an increasing number of laws assuming a direction of the activities and even the morality of the individual. The sphere of politics seems never to have been so large as it is today.

ON the other hand, there is, in the industrial world, Syndicalism, with its program of "direct action" and its utter contempt for politics. The sentiment of "anti-parliamentarism" is growing all over the world. In England recently, Hilaire Belloc resigned from parliament to write a book attacking "The Party System." And he and Cecil Chesterton, successive editors of the *New Witness*, have by means of sensational exposures almost brought about the downfall of a ministry which more than any other in English history has extended the activities of government and enlarged the domain of politics.

This latest phase of radicalism is likely to seem to us bewildering and topsy-turvy. Indeed, there is a sense in which radicals have turned upon themselves. After advocating measures like workingmen's insurance for a generation, they are attacking the one just put in force as an arrangement made for the benefit of the employers and tending to break down the labor unions. In this country, the Socialists at the present time do not know whether they believe in government ownership or not. Charles Edward Russell, who wrote a book a few years ago praising in the highest terms such experiments in New Zealand and Australia, now denounces them as "reactionary!"

The change from the theoretical to the practical field is one which especially arouses a doubt of the validity of politics. The Socialists, after working hard to secure the election of officials in various towns, have often been compelled to go to work and throw 'em out again. So well known is this difficulty that it is a rule for the man who accepts a nomination from this party to hand in to the "central committee" a signed, undated resignation!

THESE are a few of the difficulties which politics now present—an indication of the muddlement in which the most confident of us are likely to feel ourselves implicated. More striking, perhaps, is the protest raised everywhere against the increasing control by the government of the individual. The bureaucratic tyrannies of the post-offices, the laws against "indecent" literature, stringent divorce legislation, and the drastic provisions of the "Mann Act," according to which a man who indulges in a "Hindle Wakes" escapade may be sentenced to a term of years in prison as a "white slaver"—in resentment of these cruel absurdities, the radicals are aligning themselves under the ci-devant banner of Individualism. It is, indeed, a pretty muddle!

Into this situation comes Mr. Lippmann with the suggestion that we consider politics anew. "Perhaps," he says pointedly, "uncriticised assumptions have been made about the real uses of politics." Such assumptions he proceeds to criticise at length in the course of his comprehensive and incisive book.

"There are, I believe," says Mr. Lippmann, "blunders in our political thinking which confuse political activity with genuine achievement."

One of the blunders which he points out—and the one which is perhaps the source of most of the doubt that has arisen as to the validity of politics—is that conception of statecraft which seeks to provide "a mechanically constructed contrivance within which the nation's life is contained and compelled to approximate some abstract idea of justice or liberty."

He sets down at the outset as a limitation of politics the impossibility of securing perfection by perfect laws. Politics, in his view, is simply an opportunity to give the momentum of popular approval to forces and personalities which the people trust.

HE would have us understand what politics can and can not effectively be. It can be the means of "the invention of new political forms, the prevision of social wants, and the preparation for new economic growths." It can not be a medium for the expression of moral enthusiasm or moral indignation. It can not continue to use "The method of the taboo"—that device which our legislators have been so prone to employ.

Confronted with an evil, they did not try to see how it might be obviated or turned into good by the creation of new social forces. No—"they forbade the existence of evil by law. They made it anathema. They pronounced it damnable. They threatened to club it. They issued a legislative curse, and called on the district attorney to do the rest." And of course the evil went on as before, and in the hopeless conflict more and more people became sick of politics.

The field of political action is thus apparently restricted—but only to be magnificently enlarged in his further discussion. For politics, as he indicates, has its twofold aspect. Voting and making laws are not the beginning and the end of politics. Just as the assassination of a ruler is a political act, so is the effective promulgation of ideas. In a sense, the conversion of HARPER'S WEEKLY to the Feminist cause is as truly a political act as the gaining of the ballot by the women of Illinois. All those acts which give force and direction to existing tendencies are part of the greater politics. And on this matter Mr. Lippmann has much that is valuable to say to us.

Adopting from H. G. Wells the term "mental hinterland," he makes plain to us the importance of all that preliminary thought which precedes and gives significance to legislative action. It does no good to capture a man's vote in behalf of a new program, if his mind is full of antiquated notions which contradict and nullify that program.

You must capture his mind, too. You must fill his mental hinterland with new conceptions. You must create new minds before you can have a new world. And this, in the view of Mr. Lippmann, is the great task of the real politics of the future.

* "A Preface to Politics," by WALTER LIPPMANN. Mitchell Kennerly. $1.50 net.

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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Protecting the Stockholder—His Duties

BEFORE going into any detail as to how the investor, and more especially the stockholder, may secure protection through his own efforts, and those of others, it may be well to point out his duties and obligations, moral as well as legal. This is neither a theoretical nor a Quixotic subject. It is one dictated by ordinary caution. For who can tell when an aroused public conscience will make the ethics of today the laws of tomorrow?

Rights and privileges usually carry with them duties and obligations. Those of a legal nature which appertain to stocks are fairly well known and require only a brief summary. Purchasers of stocks are liable to creditors of the company for unpaid instalments on shares which were only part paid to begin with. They also are liable to the creditors for dividends paid out of capital rather than out of earnings. If a corporation fails and its creditors can prove that stock was issued for property or services at excessive or fictitious values, they can sometimes hold the stockholders, provided the latter were the original subscribers to the stock.

In New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Tennessee and North and South Dakota employés of a company can in many cases hold stockholders directly for their wages if the company refuses to pay. Stockholders in national banks and in nearly all state banks are liable to creditors for double the amount of the face value of their stock, and in two states, California and Minnesota, this same rule applies to certain other classes of corporations.

Are There Moral Responsibilities?

THESE are the only important liabilities, or accountableness, of a legal nature, which accrue to stock ownership. Now how about the moral, or shall we say the social, liability? Are they as fully understood?

It is a well-known fact that a new code of business ethics is in the making. One only has to follow the many dissolutions of trusts, Supreme Court decisions on monopoly matters and debates in Congress to realize this fact. But as stated by Mr. Arthur B. Kuhn in his admirable comparative study of the law of corporations with particular reference to the protection of creditors and stockholders, the so-called "anti-trust" problem has absorbed the attention of statesmen and publicists, and I might add, that of business men, to the neglect of the organic functioning of the corporation itself.

Professor John W. Burgess has pointed out that if the internal affairs of corporations are not properly attended to, "the few may despoil the many, and thus weaken the basis of popular government, if not of all forms of government."

This is a strong statement, but it goes to the very foundations of our present-day troubles. The moral, or social, obligations of the individual employer are already admitted. If a clothing manufacturer does not maintain sanitary conditions for his laborers or does not provide enough fire exits, he is fined. His case is plain. The application of similar principles to the stockholder in a large company, that is, to the more complicated forms of property, seems only a matter of time. It is in accordance with the country's growing regard for human welfare. In the abstract the school-teacher in Vermont who owns ten shares of United States Steel preferred is just as responsible for the injury to an immigrant workman in the Homestead mills as were the two sweatshop proprietors whose girl employés were killed in the Triangle fire.

The relation between the Vermont school-teacher and the Slavish workman may possibly be considered the loosest of conceivable relations. Stocks and bonds are an intangible form of property. Relatively they were the invention only of yesterday. Old obligations long associated with more primitive forms of property have not yet adhered to these disguised instruments. The owner of a dog that bites pedestrians is held liable directly enough. But how about the petty investor whose mammoth machines have crippled a workman? There is no real difference in kind. It is only one of degree.

But What Can I Do?

THE desire for profits is being tempered by vague uneasiness and compunctions as to the social conditions underlying these profits. People are actually writing to such magazines as the *Survey* to discover if there is a "white list" of stocks, to find out which are the least unfair corporations. People are asking if stocks which pay good dividends represent enterprise, and superior patents and processes, or a minimum of these assets and a maximum of child labor law evasion, killing speed, underpay, and lack of accident protection. No investment banker's prospectus enlightens one with respect to these subjects. Only when corporate greed becomes a public scandal does Wall Street awake to the fact, and rarely even then.

Of course state labor boards investigate these conditions, but that is not the point. An enlightened social conscience demands that the owners themselves look after them. At first sight the difficulties seem insurmountable. They seem so great that the stockholder is baffled by their mere contemplation. There may be scores of thousands of other shareholders, a scattered, heterogeneous body. The managers are regarded as unapproachable, and scornful of the small owner. As a rule the small stockholder has neither time nor ability to study these questions. He feels that the business will go on whether he remains a stockholder or not, and the easiest way, if he does not like the business, is to sell out. Probably he does so, and takes up some other worthy cause, such as distant missions, for which he is not anything like as responsible.

What Can Be Done

THE difficulties are not as great as they seem. The most soulless corporations are really made up of men. If a stockholder places facts clearly before the management with a certain insistence and persistence, he will get results. At

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first he will be told to sell his stock if he does not like conditions. But if he refuses to sell and shows that he means business, he will generally get results.

Charles M. Cabot, of Boston, a relatively small stockholder in the United States Steel Corporation, by persistence and resort to publicity, single-handed induced that greatest of all corporate monstrosities to make radical alterations in its treatment of labor. Indeed Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the company, met Mr. Cabot more than half way.

But the most striking example of what one stockholder can do is afforded by the accomplishment of Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, of Chicago. A state investigation had disclosed the existence of much needless disease from dust and fumes among the workers in the Pullman Company shops. Goodness knows, this company had no excuse for not caring for its workers in the most scientific and humane way. Since 1875 the company has paid an annual dividend of less than 8 per cent. only once, and that was following a year in which an extra cash dividend of 20 per cent. was distributed. Since 1898 the company has paid stock dividends of 106 per cent. A man who owned 100 shares of this stock in 1898 and received $800 a year dividends would now be the owner of 240 shares, and would be getting $1920 a year in dividends without having invested a single additional penny.

More than one-half of the company's $120,000,000 of stock, upon all of which 8 per cent. is paid, is a dividend itself. In other words this company is exactly like the express companies in that its huge capital stock as well as its huge dividends largely represents not invested funds but profits. Moreover this concern nobly underpaid its porters for years, expecting the travelling public to make up the pay of these hard-working men in tips, and hoggishly charged as much for uncomfortable upper as for desired lower berths, until the efforts of Congressman Jim Manahan, whom so many of his smug fellow citizens in Minneapolis regard as an anarchist, put a stop to these practices.

Perhaps Mrs. Bowen felt the same way about it. At least she sent a personal investigator to the Pullman works, who reported, according to the *Survey*, that there were 200 accidents a month, that the company employed only one surgeon for part of his time, without a nurse or assistant and without the use of a company hospital. Moreover there was constant poisoning in the paint shops. Mrs. Bowen had a rather large block of stock but even at that the officers were at first rather skeptical. But when she firmly presented the facts the management showed a hearty willingness to improve conditions, and its chemist recommended a different form of lead paint which is much less injurious. Indeed the management began to show a great solicitude for its men, and their working conditions have grown steadily better.

POSSIBLY few investors have the time to take up such subjects, and few possess Mrs. Bowen's interest in charitable work. But there are none that cannot at least protest to the management if conditions warrant, or that cannot write to newspapers and magazines. Indeed there are few who cannot take the trouble to form local committees, demand information, and send a representative to annual meetings. One thing is sure, the handwriting is on the wall that society is sure in time to put a stop to careless absentee landlordism in corporate ownership. Investors will do well to forestall a demand from society that they assume responsibility for their property. Such a demand may come suddenly and violently, and a peaceful adjustment to changing conditions would be wiser.

The next two articles will deal with the different methods of securing to the stockholder his rights and privileges.

The Fifteen-Minute Newspaper

By GEORGE F. INGERSOLL

A PRINCETON graduate, now studying at Harvard, accused me of reading the newspapers too much. He says that professors at both universities have advised him to give no more than fifteen minutes each day to any newspaper. He does not read the Sunday editions now because he found that they took too much of his time.

"How much time do you spend reading newspapers?" he asked when he came out to visit my farm.

"Not less than an hour," I said. He held up his hands in horror, imitating, no doubt, the mannerisms of his favorite professor.

"Why not?" said I. "Remember, I am a farmer. The least of newspapers is to me a neighborly gossip bringing fresh tidings. A good newspaper is a genial companion, with an amazing fund of information, ill digested, perhaps, but available, and with a sense of humor not offensively broad. The better newspapers are friends one is glad to have in the house. They inform and stimulate; is it not so?"

"Yes, I suppose so," agreed the post-graduate student, hesitantly.

"Suppose! You know very well that you would not dismiss some newspapers in fifteen minutes. Frequently you can not do justice to one of them in less than an hour. To throw it aside in fifteen minutes would be to lock the front door in the face of a friend who was ringing the bell."

"That is what I used to think," said he.

"Used to think! Are you not aware," said I severely, "that Emerson described the *London Times* as a living index of the colossal British power? He discerned that 'no power in England is more felt, more feared, or more obeyed.' Isn't that sufficient indication of what a newspaper may be?"

"*May be*, yes; but such arrogance as the *London Times* assumed as the representative of the governing classes, would not be tolerated in this country."

"Then answer this question; it is a little subtle, but I expect you to see the point: Would you say that no one should spend more than fifteen minutes in a school or in a church?"

"Why, no! hardly!"

"Well, then, consider what Wordwsorth said to Emerson: 'In America I wish to know not how many churches or schools, but what newspapers.'"

THE post-graduate student's eyes brightened. "That is very, very interesting!" he said; "but I don't regard that as the final word on the subject. What newspapers! might be an expression of contempt. At best it indicates the potential power of American newspapers and not their actual achievement. As Dooley said, 'it is a question whether gunpowder or th' printin'-press has done more to ilivate th' human race.'"

"That was a joke," I protested.

"So be it. Take this in your pipe and smoke it: Tolstoi never read newspapers, and considered them useless, and when they contain false news, even harmful. His attitude toward journalists was rather scornful, and he was indignant when any one classed them even with third-rate authors. He considered that it is a misuse of the printing press to publish so much that is unnecessary, uninteresting, and worst of all inartistic."

I SCRATCHED my head. This was a tremendous indictment of newspapers and of me as a newspaper-reader. "Of course," said I, parrying, "I don't know much about Russian newspapers. But I do know that Tolstoi found fault with everything in the course of a long life. He was as ready to hang himself as he was to hang a journalist. And I think it safe to say that this country would 'Go hang,' if it were not for the newspapers; just as it may go hang because of them."

"You are playing with words," cried the post-graduate student in philology.

"I am not! I want you to understand that you know nothing whatever about newspapers." I was getting angry. "You are prejudiced because you think newspapers are destroying the purity of English speech. Reporters, you say, misuse every other word in the dictionary. That may be true, it is true. But that is only a passing phase; the newspapers will find a remedy for their slovenly use of English. The big question is: Does the newspaper give expression to the best traits of its community? And I say that here and there it does."

"Here and there," agreed the post-graduate.

"More than that! The best newspaper in a community aims to represent and to serve that community."

"In so far as is compatible with the maximum amount of advertising?"

"In the advertising you will find the same honorable standards that you find in the news columns. People are coming to see that the newspaper selling adulterated editorial opinions will sell them adulterated merchandise. The label that brands the newspaper, brands its advertisements."

"Then it is a policy of enlightened selfishness that is changing the fifteen-minute newspaper into something better?"

"It is more than that, I believe, as you will see if you recall President Wilson's appeal to the newspapers of the country. Their response shows that they recognize their responsibilities, and responsibility sobers man and his institution."

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What They Think of Us

Houston (Texas) *Chronicle*

All those who have been clamoring for war with Mexico, and have been indulging in severe criticism of the President of the United States because he has not sent the army into Mexico, ought to examine and ponder over a cartoon which can be found in a recent issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The word "cartoon" does not very happily convey the idea sought to be expressed, because it usually suggests the idea of fun and humor, while in the picture suggested there is no suggestion of either.

On the contrary, it is profoundly solemn and impressive, and makes, in a most effective and expressive way, a forecast of what would have been, had the President yielded to the pressure of the interests and intervened in Mexico with the American army, and what will be if intervention ever comes about.

Savannah (Ga.) *Press*

HARPER'S WEEKLY is not content to let the back-biting and carping which goes on among those who accept Mr. Henry Lane Wilson's Mexican policy—instead of President Wilson's—go without a sharp rebuke now and again.

HARPER'S concludes that Major Gillette's and Mr. Henry Lane Wilson's lectures are doing much to increase the number who believe that President Wilson's refusal to acknowledge Huerta's title was a wise decision. This is so, we are convinced and we are doubly thankful for this reason that HARPER'S should see fit to advertise these two lectures by noticing their silly talk.

St. Paul (Minn.) *Dispatch*

Joe Cannon is ill and under the care of a trained nurse. The relapse is doubtless due to some unkind thing Norman Hapgood said about him in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The *Chicago Tribune*

Within the cloistered precincts of HARPER'S WEEKLY, Mr. Norman Hapgood, resting the frontate shell of a many-cragged and cold-swept intellect upon an embattled desk, gently slept and was at peace. Error crouched in a corner and licked its wounds, whipped for the day and thankful for the armistice granted while intellect dozed.

At such a moment the devout members of the staff saw and grasped an opportunity for the performance of a sacred duty. While Mr. Hapgood dozed they went respectfully but stealthily, like the Pirates of Penzance, with catlike tread into the composing-room, and with much whispered urgence, to make speed silently, had set and placed in the forms of the WEEKLY an article entitled "New Wine in Old Bottles"—an interview with "an elderly countrywoman living in the South," written by Corra Harris.

When Mr. Hapgood awoke he first scowled at Error, as is his habit, and Error whined and licked its wounds, fearing others. . . .

When the devout members of the staff returned from tea they found the editor lambasting Error with the barrel stave of eternal truth, and the howls of the wretched creature were as music to their ears.



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make an irresistible appeal to the palate. These bewitching dessert confections are made for the joyful occasion, the social gathering, the feast.

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on the news-stands, February 25th

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Better still, let us present you with two copies, for the privilege of becoming acquainted. Send the attached coupon to-day with a dollar bill, at our risk, for six splendid issues of SMART STYLES — each one timely, seasonable, helpful, and a revelation to women who care for dress-distinction.

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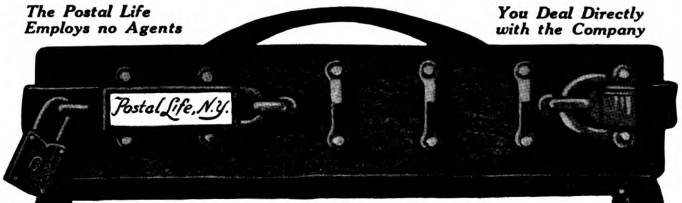
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The Postal Life Employs no Agents

You Deal Directly with the Company



Publicity

WE write the word large because we realize the good that publicity can do in truthfully presenting the advantages and benefits of the great institution of life insurance.

Most life-companies however, instead of dealing direct—by publicity, prefer to sit back and send out agents to represent them.

Some of these agents misrepresent; they do almost anything to get business; yet their companies, while accepting the business, disclaim responsibility for what such agents say.

The policyholder, therefore, gets the worst of it and pays the agent besides, which could not happen if the companies would eliminate the agent and reach the public through advertising.

The ***one*** American company that does acquire new policyholders wholly through publicity and that gives them the benefit of the agents' commission is the

Postal Life Insurance Company

THE **first year** policyholders receive a **guaranteed commission-dividend** corresponding to what other companies pay their agents, less a moderate advertising charge.

This dividend ranges up to

40%

of the premium on whole-life policies

In **subsequent years** policyholders can deduct the **entire agent's renewal commission of 7½% and an office expense saving of 2%**, making up the

Annual Dividend of

9½%

Guaranteed in the Policy

And in addition, the Postal pays, every year after the first, **contingent dividends** that are earned by the Policy.

FURTHERMORE the Postal Life offers other substantial benefits that other companies *do* not, or *can* not give.

Among these are the right to deposit premiums monthly and the privilege of one free medical examination each year, if desired, to check incipient disease.

The Company's Health Bureau also distributes (by mail) periodical bulletins containing timely information on health conservation.

This publicity (by circularizing) is in addition to the Company's advertising in the leading magazines, some of which have been employed more or less constantly for the past eight years. During this period it has been demonstrated that securing business by publicity instead of by agents results in decisive savings for policyholders.

Postal Life announcements go wherever the mails go, thus enabling residents of every State to secure

Sound Protection at Low Net Cost



POSTAL LIFE BUILDING
35 Nassau St., New York

Write and find out the exact sum the Company will save you on any standard form of contract—Whole Life, Limited-Payment Life, Endowment, Joint-Life or on a Monthly-Income Policy.

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1. **Your full name.**
2. **Your occupation.**
3. **The exact date of your birth.**

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Second: *Old-line legal reserve insurance*—not fraternal or assessment.

Third: *Standard policy provisions*, approved by the State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under *strict State requirements* and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Fifth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

Sixth: *Policyholders' Health Bureau* provides one free medical examination each year, if desired.

No agent will be sent to visit you; The Postal Life does not employ them; by dealing **direct, you** get the benefit of the agent's commission.

Postal Life Insurance Company

WM. R. MALONE, President

35 NASSAU STREET NEW YORK

Gleams

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

WHETHER it will or no, the present is fated to act as an intermediary between the past and the future—which means that the future can not be wholly unlike the past.

The art of the moment grows commonly out of a more distant past by reaction against the past lying just behind.

We know by sad experience that the novel with a purpose is an abomination mostly, and as often a failure. We have learned, too, that the novel without a purpose is rarely worth the second reading which is supposed to constitute the test of good literature. It is now up to us to bring these seemingly incompatible facts into some sort of harmony.

To be at its best, poetry should imitate life's refusal to explain itself.

The poet of the future will have to win his laurels by bringing out the symbolic significance of common words.

Over the main entrance of the Royal Theater at Copenhagen these words are graven: "Not for amusement only." It means that poetry, to earn its title, must give something above and beyond the thoughtless pleasure of the passing moment. But this something is not instruction in the narrower sense, as has so often been mistakenly asserted. No, it is something still higher and richer and more far-reaching—something that we can only designate as *inspiration*.

The poet often becomes a prophet because his fancy dares to proclaim as true what the thinker must regard as merely possible.

The "morality" of an artist's work depends largely on his recognition of it as his individual contribution to the sum of mankind's common store of culture—a contribution which the race exacts from all its members, high or humble, in one form or another, at the penalty of extinction and oblivion.

AMONG many things that condition the greatness of an artist, two seem fundamental: first, that his art be a true expression of his own spiritual experience; and secondly, that his experience be typical of what has befallen, or may befall, some vast human group. If the former condition be not fulfilled, an artist's work is likely to be lacking in validity; in the absence of the second condition, its validity, though unquestioned, will be of no special importance.

In our efforts to decide whether the appeal of poets and artists and thinkers should be to the many or to the few, we should remember that the greatest man will always be he who makes the highest possible truth clear to the greatest possible number.

If you are looking for a safe investment, turn not to things, but to life itself: to the very act of living. Things will perish, but experience will not. You own nothing but what has actually become a part of yourself. Not even time itself has any power over it as long as YOU remain YOURSELF.

From the lips of life this lesson is heard in never-ceasing iteration: "Mind the next step!" Its corollary is that plans are not made, but grow.

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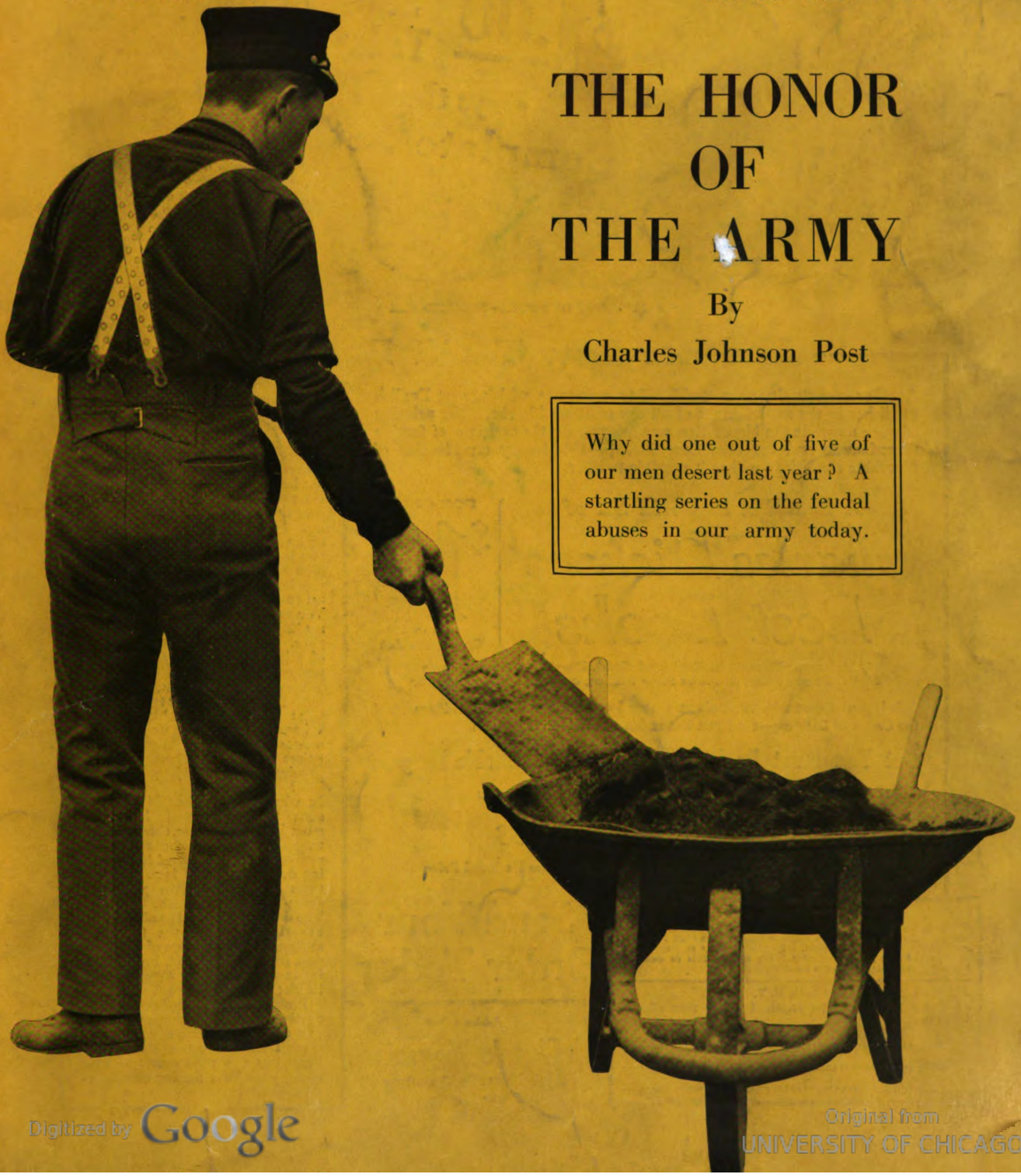
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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

FEBRUARY 21, 1914

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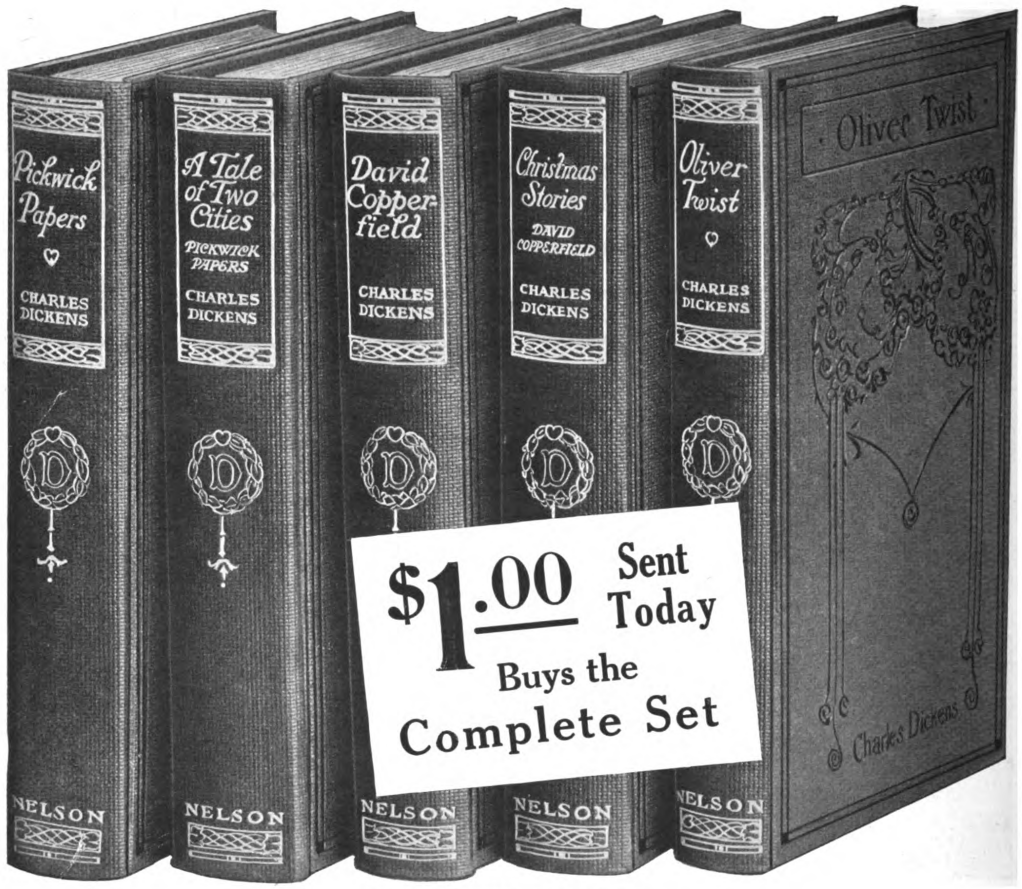
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In what other books will you find such vivid contrasts? Here the most joyous of humor, there sombre tragedy. Then passages of infinite tenderness, followed by scorching denunciations of laws and customs that oppress the poor, the down-trodden, the weak.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY 21, 1914

Willie Gee ..... Robert Henri 2
From the painting

Editorials 3

Police! Police! ..... Lincoln Steffens 6
Wit and wisdom about city government
Illustrated by Herb Roth

One Love ..... Mary Austin 9
The ideal
Illustrated by H. T. Dunn

A Land of Promise 12
Alaska and the bill now before Congress
Illustrations from photographs

The Honor of the Army ..... William Johnson Post 14
Ruthless exposure of a feudal system
Illustrations from photographs

The Attitude of the Officer ..... James Montgomery Flagg 16
Cartoon

Musical Comedy of Today ..... Ann Swinburne 20
Opinions of a musical comedy star
Illustrated from photographs

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 22

Marianne the Superannuated ..... Edith Orr 23
A story
Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

The Woman Who Pays the Highest Price .... Lillian Bennett-Thompson 27
How to buy expensive gowns
Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 29

What They Think of Us 31

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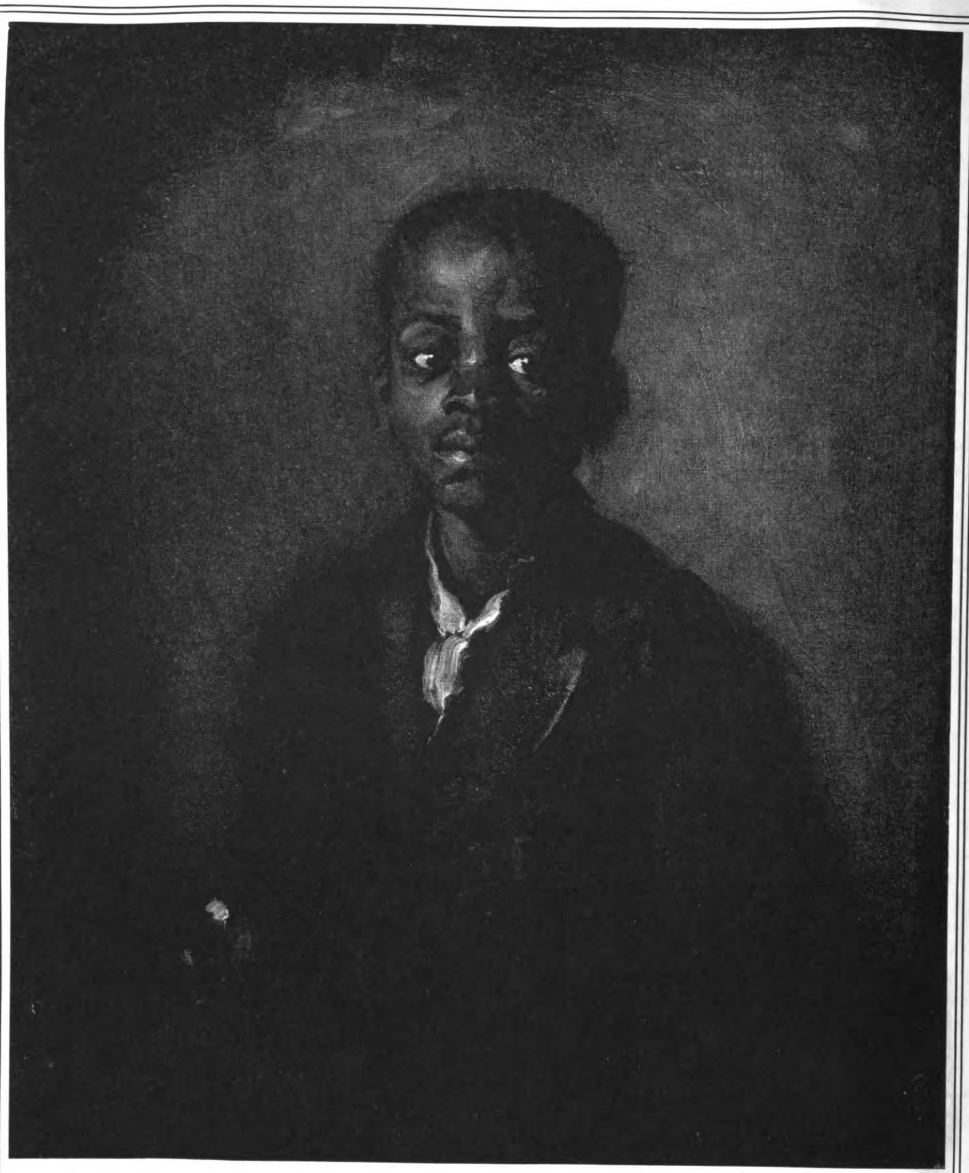
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WILLIE GEE

By Robert Henri

THE NEGRO has scarcely been touched as a subject for art, hardly ever with truth as we see him; but in this little New York newsboy, a full-blooded black, son of a Virginia slave woman, Mr. Henri found the type that reflects our problem. Mr. Henri's portraits are well known, of remarkable range and invigorating individualism. He has long been classed a leader in the group of our American "moderns." Next week we will publish one of his Irish studies.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII No. 2983 | Week ending Saturday, February 21, 1914 | 10 Cents a Copy $5.00 a year

George Washington

CELEBRATING the heroic cheers and strengthens. The man who, in the last ocean tragedy, took off his life belt, gave it to a woman, and cheerfully sank with the ship, has done more for mankind than almost any thousand men will do alive.

All over the United States we are about to recall a man whose memory inspires the boys and girls of his country, and the men and women also. Did Byron exaggerate when he put Washington first among the great? Did Thackeray exaggerate when he spoke of the resignation of Washington as the most splendid spectacle ever witnessed? —the resignation of "yonder hero who sheathes his sword after a life of spotless honor, a purity unreproached, a courage indomitable, and a consummate victory." Thackeray was a satirist sometimes, and sometimes a sentimentalist, but when he described the life and character of Washington, he was neither:—"to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow citizens, and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy; and through evil and good to maintain truth always."

Washington is not loved as Lincoln is loved. He was impersonal and aloof; he had no humor and little imagination. To love him deeply, we must rise above the standards of ordinary fellowship. We must be capable of loving moral magnificence. Of course the warrior is attractive; the youth of twenty-one, going on diplomatic mission to the Indians through the trackless wilderness; the young fighter at Braddock's defeat with two horses shot under him and four bullets through his coat; the indignant leader swearing at the Battle of Monmouth and riding out alone toward the enemy's lines. All that is drama, but to show such courage fortunately there are many. Washington, of whom there is but one, is the man whose integrity was on so high a plane that thirteen jealous little nations trusted him; reconciled their differences around him; cheered their hearts in dark days with him; followed him to victory against the power of a nation whose drum beat was heard around the world; were enabled by him, when conflicting doctrines were being fought out, to reach an understanding and to found a government; followed him through eight years of creative, initial politics; looked to him for counsel after his retirement; and, grown into one big nation, have ever since drawn guidance and encouragement from his example. He was not a brilliant general or a brilliant statesman. He is the most magnificent character to which, in the long list of statesmen, the pride of any country can point. And happily he is ours. The traditional Washington has nothing of the soil about him, but, as Woodrow Wilson has put it, "the real Washington was as thoroughly an American as Jackson or Lincoln."

War and Freedom

HIS intense admiration of Washington was a natural part of Byron's nature, which understood liberty and revered it everywhere, whether ancient or modern:

> "Leonidas and Washington
> Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
> Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone."

Byron hated the mere conqueror. He hated the habit the human race has of paying homage to mere bloodshed. Another of our Americans drew from him admiration second only to that he bestowed upon Washington:

> "While Franklin's quiet memory climbs to heaven,
> Calming the lightning which he thence hath riven,
> Or drawing from the no less kindled earth
> Freedom and peace to that which boasts his birth."

Byron fought for liberty himself, and he never admired strength which was not combined with honesty and humanity. To warriors of the type of William the Conqueror, Leonidas and Washington he paid tribute, as to other good men, and had he lived in Lincoln's day, he would have put him among the few; but the usual aggressive type of conqueror cast no glamour on a mind that thought brilliantly and without reference to the superstitions of the community.

Needless Alarm

MANY critics are troubled by the trust bills now before Congress on the ground that if you define what is illegal you raise the assumption that acts not so forbidden are permissible. This is surely looking for trouble where none need exist. The common law deals with negligence. If a statute in a particular state says that it is the duty of every person crossing a railroad track at certain points to "Stop, Look and Listen," he is still liable for negligence if, for example, he drives a horse on the wrong side of the road.

A Practical Remark

A CERTAIN American, after laying down general psychological principles, said: "But all that is philosophy and has no practical use except to a very practical mind." Does that sound too subtle to be of much use? Well, it was said by an extremely successful business man whose originality has been a part of his success.

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Torreon

THIS Mexican city will probably become famous as the most notable battle-ground of the Mexican Revolution. It was held by a Federal garrison until Villa stormed and captured it, thus cutting off Chihuahua City from its communication with Mexico City and the Federal government. Villa made a feint against Chihuahua and then marched suddenly northward and captured Juarez. Before he could march again to Chihuahua City the Federal army hiked across the desert, northeast to Ojinaga, most of it escaping across the border. With Villa occupied with Ojinaga, Torreon was recaptured by the Federals, and all the reinforcements Huerta could spare have been sent thither. The third capture of Torreon will mark the beginning of the end of the Huerta régime. The defeat of the defending army will strip the capital city of its defences. The lifting of the embargo on arms, so that the revolutionists can get possession of the cannon and machine guns already purchased and stored on the American side, will hasten the collapse of the Huerta government. Mexico is a big country and military operations are slowly conducted, but it was less than a year ago that Madero was deposed and murdered and the third phase of the Revolution under Carranza began. Carranza himself has finished establishing the civil government in the state of Sinaloa and will make Chihuahua his capital, while Villa pushes southward, toward Mexico City. There seems to be no truth in the surmise that Villa is disloyal to Carranza or that he has ambitions for the presidency. His invariable habit of victory has given a terror to his name that can only be compared with the psychological effect that the name of Stonewall Jackson produced in our Civil War. It ought not to be long after the anniversary of Madero's death that the tyranny of Huerta will have crumbled.

Please Take it Easy

IN good-humored sorrow, the Chicago *Evening Post* cries out against our statement that Omar was not a drunkard. Proclaiming its interest in temperance, it protests, nevertheless, that reform can be carried too far back. It narrates our explanation that oriental imagery is misleading to the Western mind and adds:

"We must save some illusions. Banish the Omar of the wine-cup and what assurance have we that your reforming instinct will be satisfied?"

It regrets the insatiate zeal that would rob its fond memories of rollicking old worthies consuming endless brews in convivial competition; it defies the scholars we cited, and calls them busybodies. Our sympathy for the *Post* in its sadness is sincere, but we have a simpler remedy. If it will read what FitzGerald himself wrote about the meaning of the poem, it may be slightly cheered. There are three views of Omar. One, that wine in his vocabulary represented morality, or as the critics of this school are bold enough to put it, wine stood for God, much as the Song of Solomon is interpreted. With this view FitzGerald makes short work. We are left then with two other views, neither of which is prohibition. One is that Omar was an absolute drunkard, as indicated to some literal Western minds by some of his metaphors, and as expressed in "Omar the Tentmaker;" and the other, that he liked gayety and the present world, and took wine as he did other pleasures, although taking them in such measure as enabled him to shine in science and philosophy. Could not the *Post* remain cheerful with gayety and only moderate drinking? Its words seem to indicate that a great man must get under the table in order to satisfy that genial newspaper's notions of relaxation. But times change and also legend exaggerates. If Omar had been a real drunkard, he would scarcely have associated, as he does in the most famous of FitzGerald's stanzas, the jug of wine with simple food and love expressed in song.

One View of Wealth

OUR readers may recall that our old friend Seneca (Roman philosopher, not the Iroquois chief) was somewhat criticized in his time for being rich. In Book VII of his minor essays occurs a letter to Gallio in answer to these criticisms. "No matter how much wealth one may have," he argues, "it will still be an honorable possession on certain conditions. He will have something to boast of if he throws his house open, lets all his countrymen come among his property and says: 'If anyone recognizes here anything belonging to him, let him take it.' What a great man, how excellently rich he will be if after this speech he possesses as much as he had before." This test made by a Roman who was a contemporary of Christ is susceptible of application today.

Who Is the Modern Hero?

OUR age is hungry for heroes. For a couple of decades we have had the financial magnate, the captain of industry, the directive brain who works combinations. Any other sort of person was always measured by him. He could buy up most of them and put them to work on a salary. If they write good prose, he bids them in and sets them to building advertisements. If they have a knack with the rhymes, he tethers them and then turns them loose with Sunny Jim, Phoebe Snow, and Spotless Town. If they have unction, and that ruddy gift known as good-fellowship, and a friendly feeling for all the neighbors, which once made a man a successful evangelist, or congressman, they are now sent out into all the world to sell goods or to obtain advertising space for magazines.

Our preachers are still sincere and hard-working and in individual service are ministering comfort and benefit to their communities. But they haven't the tone of authority. They do not seem to come any longer with something so excellent that it charms indifferent men, and something so passionate, out of an encompassing presence, that it breaks down guilt. Their conviction is still with them, but it is given to a world that is more or less indifferent. The same conviction cannot be maintained indefinitely under an effect that is diminishing.

Those big merchants themselves who hire almost all the rest of us, are realizing that

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heretofore they have not safeguarded the life and happiness of their clerks quite well enough; that they have littered the community with invalids from their shops and mills; that their product has not always been good enough to warrant trust; that their trains have collided too often. Even Mr. Ryan praises Woodrow Wilson. The people will follow the men who know where they are going; whether they be men of science, clergymen, business men or politicians.

On Reading Dostoieffsky

HE is not the voice of the all-of-life. There are sun-warmed stretches which he has never seen. There is a quiet comfort of the middle class, a sober decent endurance of the not-too-poor. Already, many live in comfort. And the sorry ones live in less discomfort than in former times. Slowly, very slowly, the blight of misery is lifting.

But he recalls us to certain aspects of life which we like to evade. He is a voice, perhaps the greatest voice in recent literature, of the tortured. His world is horrid, but it is the world of many wretched thousands in every great community. To that tune their life must go. Trapped by their own weakness, they can find no way out till they die.

With all our long coming, this is as far as we have come—that we have left very many behind. We can become complacent about our progress only by shutting out from our sight the kitchen drudge and the crippled janitor, and the girl-child who walks our streets by night. It is possible to escape Dostoieffsky by saying life isn't all like that. But to those submerged it is like that.

City Boys

FOR adults, the city is likely to be a development. It stimulates and feeds the mind, it brings out our possibilities. For the young, it probably is nearly always a disadvantage. The young need to be thrown on their own resources; to get into their own natures; to work out the problems of life from within. In the city, children are fed on sights and sounds all the time. Nobody is strong who depends on externals. There is a general idea, although we know no statistics, that usually great men are born in the country and developed in the city.

Rhode Island Grammar

A PERSON named Young, running a department in the *Journal* of Providence, R. I., attacks an editorial in HARPER'S WEEKLY, and most solemnly alleges that there is no grammatical resemblance whatever between the construction "You are a man who do" used by us, and the construction "You are the sybil who do" used by Macaulay, and other constructions like that of Macaulay used by Carlyle and Longfellow. Would the proprietor of the Providence *Journal* be willing to reveal the name of the grammar which he keeps in the office for the guidance of his literary critics? Would he even go further and reveal the places in which he discovers his critics, and the qualifications he demands of them?

The Law's Delay

HAMLET, who put the law's delay among the worst evils he could think of in human life, can scarcely have had experience comparable in actual time elapsed to what we see now every day, although it must be admitted that in his time in Denmark or in Shakespeare's time in England, the result did not as often end in justice. Some people think that Wilbur Wright was worried into his final sickness by the endless chain of litigation. Orville Wright has just had his patent claims finally vindicated after being fought all the way up to the Circuit Court of Appeals. It is hard enough that anybody should have his life interfered with by a needlessly obstructive legal procedure, but when that happens to one of the truly great men of the time it becomes all the clearer that the whole machinery of law needs reform.

An Address to Mabel

LET us talk the matter over, Miss Taliaferro. You are an extremely attractive young woman, and in this country and in England attractive young women are so much in demand for the stage that they are rapidly turned into stars. Your young sister Edith is also lovely to look upon. Probably your fame helped her to become a star sooner than she could have done otherwise, even with her beauty. She of course knows little about the difficult art of expression. After starring separately, you two girls have been fortunate enough to obtain a comedy in which there are two excellent parts and a popular and sympathetic theme. It seems, therefore, an appropriate moment to lecture you, since it will make little if any difference in your success.

The first principle of acting is that whatever art you use you conceal. Use all the artifice required to make your effect, but *seem* natural. You remember, of course, that scene in "Tom Jones," in which Partridge thinks poorly of David Garrick in Hamlet because he acted as anyone would act who had seen a ghost. There are many Partridges, but lasting fame is not to be gained from them. There are two schools of acting, and repute may be acquired in either. The one of which Eleanora Duse is the most distinguished member may be called the Drab School. The one in which Sarah Bernhardt and Salvini are at the top is the Flamboyant. But in whichever school she plays, the great actress must be capable of speaking with ease, of seeming to drop a word in a low tone and yet have it reach the topmost gallery. You and your sister, keenly as we feel your charm, conduct yourselves as if it were a difficult thing to speak words upon the stage, and had to be done as a horse gathers himself to get over a high fence. There is in your company a man named Richard Sterling who speaks with ease and naturalness; he makes his words pleasant things to listen to, but he projects them clearly to the back of the house. Now your training is not your fault. Proper training is difficult to acquire in this country. Nevertheless that training you ought to acquire by any possible means while you are still young. Read over again the advice of Hamlet to the players, and see how much of his advice you are carrying out.

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"At any rate, it is wrong to put up to the cop and his club, questions we won't or can't answer ourselves"

Police! Police!

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

Illustrated by Herb Roth

WHILE the brand-new Mayor of old New York was looking around for a police commissioner, I amused myself asking everybody I met a couple of foolish questions about it.

"Why doesn't anybody want that job?"

This I asked at a moment when it was reported that Mayor Mitchel couldn't get anybody to take it, and the amazing, encouraging answer was:

"Oh, it's an impossible job."

And then, again, when we all heard that there was a raft of candidates, some of them good strong men, I asked:

"Why does everybody want that job?"

And the answer good strong men made was, as before:

"Because it's an impossible job."

THE police job is indeed impossible, and one of the most hopeful signs visible in New York of progress in public intelligence is the recognition of that solid rock fact. It's a step toward making the job possible. For it's a step toward reform from the outside. And that's where police reform must begin: in public opinion; in the citizen; in us. We—you and I, have to rid ourselves of the silly superstition that there is some form of organization or some one good, strong man that will give us an honest, efficient police department. We shall never have that until our requirements of the police are made possible. They are not possible now.

"Come on up to City Hall and hear me commit perjury," said a cynical man who was about to be sworn in as chief of police. And when I laughed, he explained, very soberly:

"That's right," he said. "I'm a competent man. I know the business. So I know when I take a solemn oath to enforce the laws and ordinances,—I know that I can't do it. The laws I'm bound to enforce are not enforcible."

He was not a New Yorker, but I am not writing of New York alone. I learned the police business in New York, so I know it is true there. I assisted in the exposures which brought on the Lexow investigation; I was at police headquarters all through the convulsions of that mountain; and I watched from that vantage-point the Roosevelt Board's honest, able effort to enforce the law, saw it anger public opinion, defeat the whole reform administration of Mayor Strong and enable the reëlection of Tammany Hall. But since then I have studied seventeen cities. And standing upon the firm foundation of this experience I make this firm assertion: All police departments, like all cities, are essentially alike. Perjury is required in them all and not only from the chief, but from every member of every uniformed force. Honesty is difficult, dangerous, unprofitable and almost impossible. And the fault lies in public opinion. We require evil-doing.

Public morals demand police immorality.

The prerequisite for an honest, efficient police department, therefore, is that "honest, intelligent people" shall become honest and intelligent.

THIS may sound hopeless, but it is not. What the men in the street said about the impossibility of the job shows that it is not; it shows it both ways. It shows that we are facing the truth—we, the people; and it shows that the truth draws courage. Petty souls are all wrong about the truth. They call it "pessimism"; "destructive criticism"; "discouraging." Pessimism may discourage the weak; yes, but it challenges, it attracts the strong. I believe that a complete, detailed description of the dangers and difficulties of the police function would bring to Mr. Mitchel or any other earnest

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mayor half-a-dozen of the ablest men in this country. Big men aren't looking for easy jobs; they are out for hard jobs. There's a divinity in them which seeks miracles to perform.

But miracles don't happen. And Mr. Mitchel's strong men would have to go at the police job from the outside in some such rational, roundabout way, as I am going to indicate. If they should tackle it from the inside, relying upon their own main strength and courage, they couldn't manage it. They would, by their very integrity and nerve, injure themselves and defeat the Mayor at the polls. Hypocrisy and educated ignorance won't stand for an honest, efficient police force. That has been proven many, many times in many, many cities. Hence I say:

The police problem is the problem of hypocrisy and cultivated ignorance.

"THERE ought to be a law against that!" Ever hear anybody say that? Ever say it yourself? It's the beginning of the trouble. I heard a man say it in a Western town a year or so ago. He had just been stabbed with a hat-pin—accidentally, of course—and the lady (so to speak) apologized. But he was no lady's man; he was a power in the land of his fathers, and he "had a law passed" against the ladies' hat-pins. He couldn't deal with it; his sex couldn't, and he knew no way to get women to deal with it; so he and his menkind put up to the police the problem involved in the fine point of this passing fashion!

It's too much faith in the law that brings the law into contempt.

There is too much faith in force. You see that in Labor. The good citizen is horrified during strikes at the scenes he sees of flying brickbats, beating up of scabs and violence in general. He doesn't stop to think that a police force is force, and that when he calls in the police to arrest the growth of strikes or hat-pins, he is acting upon the very same impulse that prompts strikers to throw bricks, plant a stick of dynamite or picket an unfair mill. Labor has no police force at its beck and call, and capital has. That's all that makes the difference there. Everybody believes in force, and the police force is merely the nicest, cleanest force to use. So the cleanest, nicest people use the police whenever they feel like clubbing somebody or something, like the lady and the hat-pin or the striker and his strike.

The police couldn't enforce the ordinance against the hat-pins — except while public opinion was sharp on that point; and it's bad police work to club strikers until public opinion has been got back of the club. And that's my point.

There's another, better force at hand than the police force: the power of public opinion.

The police are asked to do a thousand things which could be better done by the newspapers, by the pulpits, by ourselves, by right thinking and talking, by custom. When Theodore Roosevelt set out honestly to "enforce the laws because they were the laws," his critics threw up to him every day laws and ordinances as absurd as the hat-pin ordinance. "Enforce those," they said, and they made that policy ridiculous. Also, however, they made "the law" ridiculous, by showing how that sacred institution has an attic stuffed full of old, forgotten, idiotic relics of man's faith in the force of law. For the kind of laws I refer to now are, like the ordinance against hat-pins, legislation which was alive at a moment in the past when they expressed a public opinion the police could have enforced, because public opinion backed them. But having served their time, these laws are not repealed. They remain on the books, and from chief of police to patrolman, every member of the department is solemnly sworn to enforce them today. No wonder the police come to have a contempt for laws and—for an oath. And they have.

A policeman is believable, except when under oath.

I wish the courts knew that as well as we police reporters know it, but I'd rather have the public know it—and deal with the causes. And one of the causes of police perjury, corruption and general inefficiency is the existence of dead and impossible laws. There ought to be "a law passed" to repeal such laws, to fight the enactment of more of them, and more generally to resist and turn backward the strange but human tendency to legislate, legislate, legislate. Which is what I'd have the new police commissioner of New York do.

A Reform Chief of Police should become a lobbyist.

FIRST, of course, he should organize his department, and he should do it so completely that he can leave it. While he is doing this, he should talk. That's against the rules, I know. It is regarded as political suicide to take the public into your confidence and tell the truth about police matters. But that's a rule of the old, corrupt and (consequent) reform days. It wouldn't have been wise of Big Chief Devery to tell the people what he was doing. Nor was it good politics for Roosevelt to be so honest as he was when he openly and volubly enforced the liquor laws. Mayor Gaynor was a wise man, and he may have been wise when he decided not to tell us that his Police Commissioner was ordered not to attempt to enforce certain laws. But now—now that the public is beginning to say that the police job is impossible,—it may be wise now to meet this honest public opinion half-way; accept it, trust it and cultivate it. It may not, of course. I'm really thinking more of the public than I am of the new police chief. That goes on forever, and the new chief of police is only one man. What's one in 90,000,000? His political death would be only a small, temporary loss. At any rate I would bravely suggest to him the interesting experiment of telling the people the truth.

Let him say right out plain that his job is impossible, that the books are all cluttered up with unenforceable laws. Show it in detail, and list those laws. Then, when he thinks the public see it so, go to Albany and, in the lobby there, with this ripe and ready public opinion behind him, let him labor diligently (though honestly) to repeal, repeal, repeal. It would be tremendously interesting to the rest of us to see how honest we, the public, are. And maybe it would work.

Maybe honesty is the best police policy.

But I'd go further. I mean I'd have some other man go further. If this policy of repealing dead and petty laws got any moral response, the police hero should take up the more salient, positively immoral laws that express our morality. Take, as an example, the most difficult of all to deal with: the law (or laws) against prostitution.

Prostitution is absolutely forbidden in all American cities.

THINK of it! Why not forbid tuberculosis? They're both diseases; and except in individual cases taken early and treated with light and fresh air, both are incurable. But both are preventable. They are social diseases, traceable to economic and social conditions for which society is responsible. And by society I mean you and me. Why not treat the conditions which produce the evil of prostitution? Well, I know why. We don't know how. By "we" I mean, this time, you and the other fellow. I think I know how to prevent both tuberculosis and prostitution, but I'll not tell, because that is constructive criticism—and it is the custom of the race to kill or ridicule or ignore constructive critics. But it would be interesting to have Mayor Mitchel's police commissioner try it. The public might kill him, but only politically—and that is the natural end for a police commissioner. So I would suggest that this (or some other) brave, able and honest chief of police tell the people that the laws against prostitution are unenforceable; that they, the people, must first abolish poverty and easy money; but that meanwhile they should change the laws upon the subject so as to save him and his force from perjury, remove the irresistible temptation to be dishonest—and make the laws enforceable. I don't say this would work, but it would be an education for the educated and a moral bath for the moral; and—and it would prepare the way for constructive criticism.

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It would compel the public mind to look at the facts and consider what it really wishes its police to do.

BUT let's take an easier reform: the liquor business. The Raines law stands on the New York Law Books now, a monument to hypocrisy and educated ignorance. There's a piece of legislation which was one of the mice born out of the convulsions of the Lexow mountain. It charges a high fee for a license, and so tempts or compels liquor dealers to offer cheap, bad stuff to drink. And it requires, in return for certain profitable privileges, that saloons shall run as adjuncts "hotels" with at least ten rooms. So most of our saloons have hotel rooms on the side, which they are sorely tempted to let out for purposes of prostitution; and, despite their well-known virtue, some saloon-keepers yield to the temptation.

Why do we make vice pay so well, and virtue so unprofitable?

I think it's because we all believe, like the McNamaras, in dynamite, in force—in the police force. It's because, like the I. W. W.'s, we are all for "direct action." The proper way to deal with the liquor problem is to look around us scientifically and see who drink too much and who don't. It might appear then that the excessively rich and the excessively poor and the excessively bored drink too much, and that well-to-do people who are busily interested in their day's work don't. That might suggest to a very superficial mind that the cure for the drink evil is, like the diseases of prostitution and tuberculosis, in some sense economic. But I'll not go down that path. The truth might appear at the end of it—and the truth puts a reporter in a hole. I'll do what the dear public does. I'll go at it by direct action—logically, with common sense. It's an evil, isn't it? No doubt of that. What is the thing to do to an evil? Hit it on the head or get the police to. I'll put the liquor problem up to the police.

Let the new police chief of New York go to Albany with a club and get that Raines law repealed, demanding instead a law that can be enforced without enforcing prostitution, bribery and political action by the liquor interest.

This isn't easy; no, but I didn't say it was. I said it was impossible—this, and the rest. But I am pleading, not for "morality," but for morality; not for law and order, but for public education, especially of the "educated"; and not by me, but by a brave and able and honest chief of police. Taking his life in my hands, I urge him to tell the public, already prepared for it, the truth about police corruption.

The police everywhere are corrupted by the privilege they enjoy of selling the privilege to break the law.

AND they have to let some laws be broken because some laws can't be enforced anyhow. All laws are unenforceable which express, not the settled, general, living will of the people, but only the good impulse of the few "better people." The people's representatives are afraid not to pass such laws, and the people don't know or mind; they think they are good, too. But when those laws are enforced, the people won't stand it. Even the better people are disgusted. So some bad people—some liquor dealers, some gamblers, some prostitutes—are to be exempt from the enforcement of the law. Which ones? The police have to decide. They have to discriminate. On what basis will they discriminate? The money basis, of course. And I say "of course," because I know that human nature can't resist for long the amount of money the masters and mistresses of vice offer in cash for the privilege of breaking the law.

The police power of discrimination in the reasonable enforcement of unnatural, immoral laws in New York City, is worth more than five millions of dollars a year.

The "impossibility" of the police problem lies in that sentence, and so the possibility of it is in this one:

The people, not the police—public opinion, not force—must decide what to do about our social evils.

At any rate, it is wrong to put up to the cop and his club questions we won't or can't answer ourselves.



"There ought to be a law against that"

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One Love

By MARY AUSTIN

Second in the Series on Mate-Love and Monogamy

Illustrated by H. T. Dunn

IN the previous article, Mrs. Austin treated the subject of mate-love, distinguishing real love from false by the desire on the part of the lover for permanence, publicity and exclusiveness. In this article she deals with monogamy as the natural expression of love

THE first inducement to the monogamous mating habit is the persistent struggle of nature to maintain the balance of population. For every man a woman. So that for the patriarch to have segregated two or more wives, implies in the long run an artificial decimation of males by war or the accidents of the chase. Nature, when she makes a species, fixes its mating habit; it comes ready made with the species mark and the range of variation within the species is not wide enough to enable man, by artificial restraints, very greatly to override it. Breeders, in all the centuries, have not been able to mate doves except in pairs, and elephants resist the effort to force their inclination with what, among humans, amounts to heroism. One anticipates that the mating habit of man, augmented by imagination and the aesthetic consciousness, will show a greater range of adaptation; but if, as the balance of sexes seems to indicate, the original impulse is by pairs, there must easily be a point beyond which the variation can not be pushed without proving hurtful to the species. It is not a question whether some form of promiscuity may not be present in society as persistently as the trace of iron in spring water; the real test is, when some form of it is entertained in a determining degree, what does it do to the host? Fortunately the facts by which such damage may be demonstrated lie too close to the surface to make it necessary to recount them.

What polygamy, which all nations seem to have picked up in the course of their wars, does to the nations that have not yet discarded it, may be learned at the high school. What the polygamous habit, persisting long after the theory of it is discredited by society, has to do with existing evils, has yet to be discussed. I but pause here to turn back its earliest pages to protest against the efforts to stifle the secret word love whispers to the soul, by deductions from the mating habits of far called tribes, torn shreds of nations, feeble and few, degenerate or arrested in development by the very habits adduced.

AS well undertake to prescribe the training of the healthy human child by the behavior of the forty year old idiot.

More striking and dramatic even than the evidences of struggle toward its ultimate mark, are the public and immediate reactions which mate-love sets up *against* any infringement of its inviolateness. I refer to sex jealousy and that movement which drives apart the participators in a relation which has no sanction other than mere bodily appetite; the impulse which turns a man's hand upon the poor puppet of his desires, that makes, long before Church and State were there to take a hand in it, an avoidance and a derision of the prostitute.

Jealousy is the psychic reaction by which the naturalness of the exclusive relation makes itself evident in any breach. It is the subconscious conviction of the extra-participation of both members of a pair in the union which the mating act implies; the unpremeditated, unexperienced, immediate witness to the bond which by that act comes into being. It is as imperative as the impulse of the man attacked to strike back, and probably as self-protective. It arises naturally, without any consideration of the ultimate gain in our Brother the Beast. Mixed with the grief of loss and the bitterness of betrayal, it becomes the most rending of our human tragedies, and informs even the behavior of those who seek to deny it by substituting withdrawal for the ancient, instinctive movement of reprisal.

Under all our social reprobation it is still a great motive force shaping our marriage institutions.

A growing modern dislike for the forms under which jealousy has expressed itself, is partly responsible for our neglect of it as a true symptom of mate-love. We shrink from the torment of this most instinctive of natural protests. Few dare trust themselves to the rack of such a reality to learn, as through its revelations one must, love's final word.

It is probable that much of the present-day complaisance over violations of marital obligations, arises out of the realization that infidelity is so frequently not infidelity to a true marriage bond, but to an arrangement in which the item of "support" has shifted the ground from passion to property.

NOT to have experienced jealousy is not necessarily to have risen superior to it. It is sometimes due to never having truly mated.

Of that other internal test of the right relation, I mean the reaction of disgust, of cruelty even, no proper study can be made from the outside as I must make it. Traces of the disposition of man to hold cheap the woman who has met him outside the tribal ban, lie deep in all our literature; it is testified to by many who have no notion what it proves of them. It is the root of much of the ignominy heaped against the prostitute, against whom, even among tribes that show definite symptoms of degeneracy, it is possible still to find the ribald jest and the deriding finger. One needs only to read the confessions of men great enough to confess freely, to know that there are relations going on among us, of which the immediate reaction is revolt. What we have here is probably the advice of Life subconsciously aware of what is not good for it, such a health preserving movement as leads to the rejection of food with which eye and intelligence find no fault. The pity of it is that the point should be so persistently missed, that the social mark should be set not so much against the act as against the victim of it.

It has been pointed out that the habit of remaining together had made its appearance among the mating pairs some time before the reproductive sequence had established itself as a part of common knowledge. But even in the face of that certainty, there arose very early the need of justifying human passion superiorly to itself. It can be found among peoples where you can not find to lay with it a scrap of metal or a potsherd; everywhere—Greek, Bantu, Bushman—they turn to religion for the sanction of their love, for the occasion and extenuation of their excesses, drawing a veil of mystic rites over their unspeakable performances. And everywhere across the tribes sounds the high note of deliberate continence in the interests of spiritual achievement; the effort to attain the super-union by denying the act which is its overt sign.

Before men fully clothed themselves they had arrived at the use of abstinence as a means of raising the plane of personal power.

"But in spite of it all," Valda insisted, "all the evidence which Nature seems to produce in favor of guaranteed relations as the best means of accomplishing her purpose, there are still—other things."

"Polygamy and the social evil," I conceded.

"All kinds of irregular relations; there must be reasons for them, too."

"Perfectly sound ones; most of them deriving from the unavoidable tendency of social ventures not in harmony with the original intention to turn out to the lowering of the social plane. You can fool God some of the time, but not for everlasting. The chief reason why polygamy has been dropped by the dominant races, is that it does not 'work.'"

From the point in which it becomes fixed in the national consciousness, that nation goes forward lamely, like a man with one side paralyzed. For polygamy is not the least vicious of the daughters of the dragon's teeth. It followed naturally on the decimations of war, and had the original sanction of necessity. It was bolstered by the primitive obligation of women to bear and rear and to keep on bearing though they died of it. Nature, who never meant that the mother-instrument should go dishonored, so arranged the rhythm of the mating impulse that the function rose to the demand upon it; for Nature is both exigent and expedient. It served its term, but even now, as the last word on polygamy as an institution is being said by the dominant races to the sons of the harem, the polygamous habit, relegated to a not too obtrusive privacy, still lumbers our sexual evolution.

Valda caught at that,—If we admitted that it was still going on, though aside and in corners, wouldn't it be on the whole more honest to bring it out into the light and live with it openly? To which I might have replied that it was

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merely our careless human habit, first to banish the incumbering propensity below stairs, and then to the back door of the social establishment where it lingered too long, no doubt, breeding pestilence, before it was finally dumped with the waste of civilization. That I didn't so figure our public disapprobation was due to the pains I was at to define for her the difference between irregularities which are the reflexes of incompetent methods of mating, and those which are reduced, under pressure, to an exchange of commodities. I meant completely to show her where she stood, free from any stone-throwing of mine, as one to whom mate-love had happened outside the legal bond, as it so pitifully can happen among our well-meant misadjustments.

JUST as the nations have dropped off polygamy, so they are in the process of eliminating prostitution, not because it interferes with any religious or traditional taboo, but on the plain ground that it is hurtful to our social health. The trouble with all vice investigations is that we are a Business People. The selling point is for most of us the point of moral departure. We feel that we have measured the enormity of the situation when we know how many dollars are turned over in the trade in a particular precinct.

But the truth is that almost anybody will sell if the pinch be hard enough and the price at hand. And always there is somebody in the condition of having to sell whether or no.

It is the buyers who proceed solely from their own initiative.

What then, over and above the momentary gratification, do they buy? What is the consideration which leads them, when the number of willing and necessitous sellers fails, to seduce and drug and abduct in order that there may be more of such forced sales on the market? Undoubtedly the great number of women who go down into the Pit find their occasion in poverty, in definite relievable needs of knowledge and comfort and entertainment; but the fact that violence must be resorted to in order to keep up the supply even in cities, where the pinch of poverty is most severe, puts economic pressure out of the question as the primary cause of prostitution. It is a major factor merely in determining which women shall be prostitutes: the lonely, the overworked, the starved of beauty and affection, the ignorant and the too tenderly trusting, they fall or are dragged into the trap of the ever-gaping demand. And this demand is very simple, I think, the demand for sex relations unaccompanied by moral responsibility.

"But love," Valda insisted in the shibboleths of the Reactionist, "should be free."

If it is Nature didn't make it so. Automatically the act of loving ties up with it those who love and the unborn.

No sooner do we begin upon it than we enter upon certainties of affecting the happiness of the one who loves with us and the potential third. It is so little free that we can neither go out of it nor into it on the mere invitation, nor abate, by saying so, one of the widening circles of its disaster. Whether for better or worse, love is irrevocably tied to its consequences.

The proof of this universal conscious binding up of moral responsibility with an act, is to be found in the universal practice of paying something to get rid of it. The price of love that is sold is a money indemnity for the loyalty, tenderness and care which by that payment are acknowledged to belong naturally with loving.

But in spite of all that men can do about it, the money paid does not pay; it merely scatters and shifts the accounting.

Two classes chiefly resort to the streets where love is sold: the young and unmated, and those in whom marriage has failed to satisfy a demand felt to be rational. There are also some preternaturally vicious who shall be left where they belong, with the pathologist.

The difficulty of the young is an honest one, arising as it does in the circumstance that the mating propensity develops some years in advance of the time when it is thought wise or desirable to assume the complex responsibilities of marriage.

It is an ancient problem this, appearing as a matter of tribal consideration as early as the period of chipped flint. But for its persistence we have largely to thank the extraordinary lumpiness and inchoateness of modern education.

With the best intention in the world, we have no better plan than for youth to take all its book-learning in a lump, and then marriage and the rearing of a family lumped by itself, and, particularly in the case of women, fenced off from all other forms of experience.

Finally, only in middle life do the original pair, more or less warped and subdued by their long dislocation in the interest of special functions, become proper members of society. Thus the normal use of marriage is overbalanced by its being made to assume the aspect of a state, an occasion. Any readjustment which would make life and education of one continuous warp and woof, would greatly lessen the strain at this point. It is not marriage alone, but all the primary human processes, which suffer from our ranking of Trade and School and Empire as enterprises to live for rather than to live by.

THE remedy is one that society must move determinedly to seek not only in educative processes, but in readjustments of the industrial system.

"Yes?" said Valda McNath.

I recognized the rising inflection as one that marked her as a member of that group called, and perhaps calling themselves, "The Intellectuals," who out of sessions of vast, inchoate talk, draw somehow the assurance that *anything* said of the industrial system is said on their side. It is an inflection with nuances such as greet the introduction into the conversation of a choice scandal, though I don't know for what reason except that the present industrial situation is, in view of our moral pretensions, highly scandalous. My business, however, is with the personal conduct of male and female. I can tell where the economic pressure impinges on the private relation, at what point the struggle for existence disturbs the balance of sex, and how the intention of the Soul Maker is thwarted by stony accretions of industrial injustice. In so far as the demand for cheap, temporary substitutes for marriage is the result of industrial insufficiency, it is only to be cured by the resolution of the whole social disorder. But it is not necessary here to determine anything of the method by which industrial reorganization is to be effected, except that it is a mistake to tie up marriage with it.

The right to mate is a primary human right. It encloses in its contingent possibilities, not only the seed of the race but the spark of Divinity, beauty, art, altruism, the knowledge of the fatherliness of God and the immanence of Power. The family is a more vital human arrangement than the factory. The industrial system, under whatever name, must reshape itself plastically about the right to love and to multiply.

The immediate predicament of society is that it is unable to provide opportunity for right marriage to vast hordes of men in standing armies. The adventurous trades, mining, bridging, building, are roaring full of the Free Companies of Industry, homeless, tieless. All the ways of work are clogged with shoals of mateless women. All the prows of progress are manned by fine souls too bent upon errands of the gods to stay for the wearing complications of the usual. Marriage, attempting to stretch itself from point to point of this disorder, parts upon occasions which begin to show too soon the edges of decay. Many of the phases of the Social Evil are but so many witnesses to inefficient industrial organization, and are due to disappear in a more intelligent readjustment.

BUT when all is said and done for those who buy light love because society takes no pains to afford them the one better thing, we have still to deal with those who demand from love the things it was never meant love should be called upon to pay.

Chief among its inducements is the opportunity the street provides for aptitudes held over from the time when combat was the major process of living: male vanity, suborned to the industrial routine; the dominant attitude, the spirit of the chase.

Over in the red light district man is the Hunter, the Mover of the Game. There he reënters the hereditary tract, releases his cramped and unexcised barbarisms, re-lives his little day. And for a long time he has fondly believed that the price he pays guarantees that nothing shall come out of it to trouble his soberer occupations. Nothing so disconcerts him as the light of modern research thrown on the things that, in spite of him, do come out of it and spread foul traces round his home.

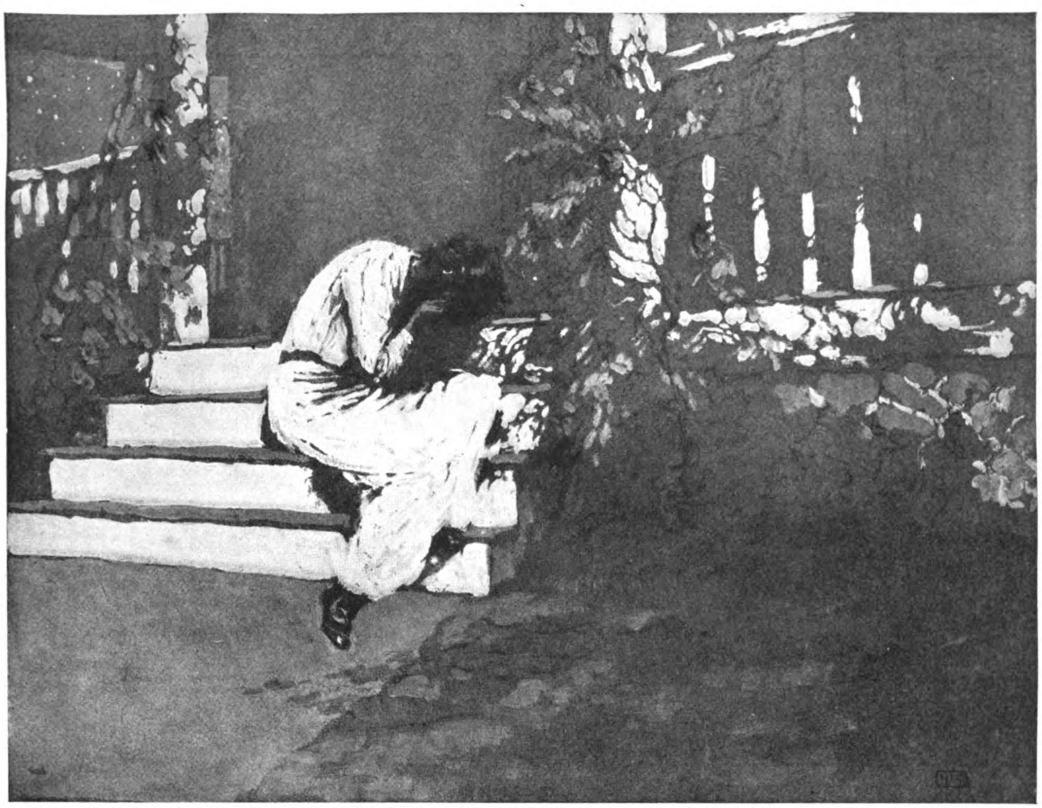
It is not what society is going to find out about his favorite pastime that renders publicity objectionable, but what he isn't going to be able to avoid finding out about it himself. It is for us all to face, and force into the social consciousness, the recognition of the Spirit of the Chase as a prime factor in much that menaces the love-life of the community.

The element of contest, in modern mating, is a concession to the idea of struggle which became so early fixed in the man mind by the clash of the dominant males. In the hairy period of his evolution, winning a bride "off the old man" must have been the great adventure. Man continuing to demand the strategic encounter, the sweat of combat, the swelling of victory, demands them of woman in default of male relatives who would rather she'd marry than not.

In those dark ages of womanhood, women in order to win a little of their proper inheritance of security and care, defeminized themselves, made in the modern, and so opprobrious, term "men of themselves"—hunters and gamesters.

The red light district, is the last stand of the hunted woman. Here they supply on such compulsions as the industrial stupidity of the period metes out to them, the unsatisfying satisfaction of an

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"She had found, I knew, the answer to all her questionings, the secret woe of all abandoned women"

atavistic appetite. And this is what youth looks on in the process that is euphemistically referred to as "seeing life," bright with the dolphin colors of decay. For the business of women is not conquest nor pursuit, but reproduction and conservation.

PROBABLY the number of those who buy love because they can imagine nothing better for themselves is not so great as the number of those who could get nothing better in any case. What gives us the right to interfere is the final outcome to society.

It is against these two classes,—those who for social or industrial reasons are unable to mate properly and those who, mated or not, must still indulge a vestigal propensity,—that any proposition for the cure of the social evil must be directed. It will be a great gain to know that no woman must sell for bare sustenance, but it is important to remember that so long as the demand exists there will be some kind of a price found at which somebody will surrender. That society will, in time, dispose of the buying and selling of love just as it has rid itself of chattel slavery, I see no reason to doubt. It will have the more leisure then to deal with a growing class who take love without paying anything.

Within the last quarter-century we have come clearly to recognize and define a type of industrial parasite who taps the veins of profit without accounting or return, as the Money Grafter. More vicious and insidious even is the as yet untabulated love-pirate, the grafter in the precious stuff of personality. There is a tendency always in the more sophisticated states to make of the finer phases of human intercourse an achievement and an end, and this is the beginning of desuetude.

But when we go further and make of love a mere enhancement of the passing time, there ensues a condition compared to which the paid traffic of the street is an obvious and remediable evil. For this sort of love goes masquerading in the most endearing of the lighter phases, the chiffons, one might say, of grand passion. It assumes the bearing of a superior freedom. Its technique is admirable. And it does not pay anything.

TO the Love Grafters, money is as offensive a price as children or loyalty or long-suffering. Love—what is called love—for them exists at its perfectness only when most detached from all possible occasions for affecting anything; the more sterile the more desirable. Love for love's sake is the euphemism by which they blunt the unassailable fact that love was not invented for love's sake but for Life's. They—one must continue with the inclusive pronoun because pirating of this sort is as likely to be an offense of one sex as the other—count that venture most successful which achieves the most complete inutility. This, by the very nature of love, being a doubtful performance, the love-pirate preys usually on the wives of his neighbors or upon the young, on anybody not in a position to enforce against him the compulsion of self-abnegation. So doing, he arrives at the effect of there being no consequences by ignoring them.

THIS kind of grafting is beyond the jurisdiction of the police, but it marks the quality of the practitioner as descriptively as a rating in Bradstreet's. For when not actually the evidence of arrested development, this refined sort of promiscuity is the result of poverty of the imagination and spiritual indolence. Such as these love Love so long as it is easy; in short, they are of the stripe of the lovers of "easy money." Their mating is after the manner of those savages who can count to five, but for a larger number can only count to five again on the other set of fingers.

Having counted the opening moves of invitation, the chase and surrender, they begin again with a new set of pawns the same infantile progressions, never aware that the real value of mate-love, the determining experience, lies just beyond the point of arrested development. For the best love is not given away; it is the purchase of self-abnegation.

THE moon was going down behind the pines, cold and jewel-bright. In the deep shadow of the hill by which the house was engulfed I could hear Valda crying. She had found, I knew, the answer to all her questionings, the secret woe of all abandoned women, an answer so world-old that if men had but stopped to hear it . . . but that sort of men never stop, they find grief of such proportions indelicate.

"He never paid!" she said; the knowledge welled up in her rendingly . . . he had never paid to her sincerity the tribute of loyalty or understanding. She had clung to him at first striving to draw him back for the one self-forgetting act which would have marked his knowledge of her love as a thing higher than his pleasure. And he had not come back.

She was torn now by realizing that light love is light because it has no such knowledge. For Valda is a good woman, and under whatever social misadventure, good women are distinguishable from bad by just this faculty for knowing that the proper end of loving is not personal but racial; it is the Soul-Maker's most precious commodity. What she cried for there in the summer dark was not the loss of her lover, but of that oblation which should be paid to Love as on an altar.

The next article deals with marriage as a means towards attaining true monogamy. Mrs. Austin explains where our present mating customs make for true love and where they impair its course. She criticises our present marriage while defending a true permanent mating.

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Primitive transportation. Alaskan prospector and pack dogs on the Valdez-Fairbanks wagon road

A Land of Promise

What the Passing of the Alaska Bill Would Mean to Business

IT was predicted that the vote on the construction and operation of railroads in Alaska by the government would be a test of Democratic progressiveness, though the fact that this was an Administration measure partly accounted for the majority in the Senate of 46 to 16 in its favor, not counting the pairs. It was to have been expected that Bradley, Brandegee, Burton, Clark of Wyoming, Dillingham, du Pont, Gallinger, Lodge, McCumber, Nelson, Root, Smith of Michigan, Stephenson, Sutherland and Weeks, of the standpat group, would be against the measure, while it was equally certain that such Democratic reactionaries as Bacon, Bankhead and Thornton would oppose it. But it was a surprise to note Hoke Smith, Shields and John Sharp Williams lining up with this group. Hoke Smith offered to vote for an appropriation of $15,000,000 instead of the $40,000,000 the bill carries, with the idea of building one road as an experiment, with later appropriations if the resulting development justified the initial expenditure. Shields came to the Senate from the Supreme Court of Tennessee and doubtless had constitutional misgivings. John Sharp Williams was frankly and fervently against this excursion into "State Socialism." The Progressive Republicans all voted for the measure.

ALASKA is vastly rich. First it was fisheries, then gold; then copper began to promise even more than gold; and finally the value of the coal fields was recognized. Other wealth may be discovered at any time, for the possibilities are far vaster than thus far known. Only an infinitesimal part of the whole territory has been surveyed, and of the surveyed land, excepting for but a very small part, we have only superficial knowledge.

THE wealth of Alaska, with but slight exceptions, remains the property of the people of the United States, thanks in part to the foresight of Roosevelt and Garfield and Pinchot, and the vigilance and persistence of Glavis, but mainly on account of its inaccessibility and the difficulties and the cost of necessary development. The wealth is so great and the temptation so great to secure it, that it is found impossible to protect it from depredations. It seems as fatal in its allurements as the Rajah Diamond. The last years have been filled with the tales of violence and corruption which have attended the efforts of the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate to secure for themselves the huge wealth of the territory.

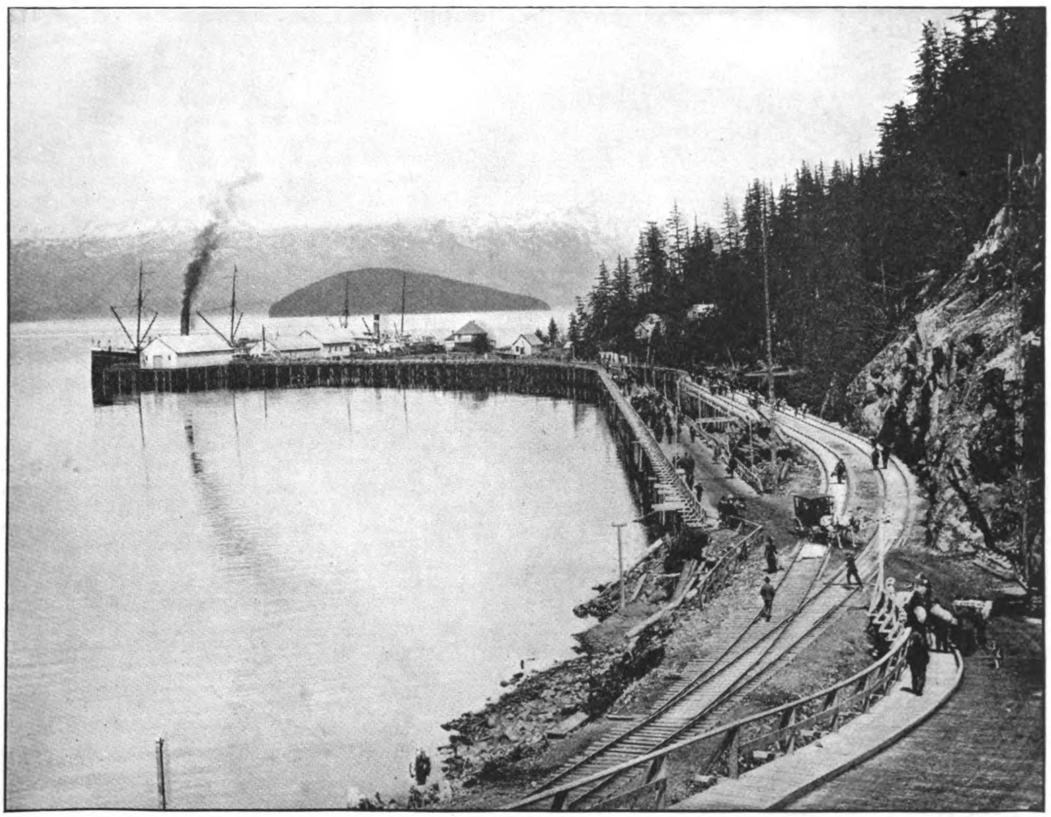
Up to this time no way to protect any part of it has been found, except by withdrawing it from use. The people clamor for the use and for the development which is essential to its use. The people of the United States are entitled to begin to get the benefit of a reduction in the cost of living which will come from the utilization of Alaska's treasures; and the few people who have gone to Alaska are entitled to exercise to the full the opportunities which their own courage and self-sacrifice ought to open to them. All the wealth of Alaska is of no use without development, and the first step in the development is an adequate system of transportation. They need railroads; and they will need much else in the way of public utilities. The demand is so great for these facilities, and so well founded, that the people are willing to pay for them, even the heavy price which will attend the furnishing of such facilities by the capitalists, because those, like the Morgan-Guggenheims, who put their money into Alaska are not strictly making investments, but are engaging in speculation. If investment, it is the investment of the pawnbroker, demanding, because of the risk and because of the necessities of the borrower, a return of one hundred per cent. or more.

DEVELOPMENT of transportation and other facilities by the capitalists would, in a way, seriously impair development; because to give them a return which would seem to them adequate would mean rates which would be oppressive to the people of Alaska, and would, in themselves, tend to retard development and the opening up of opportunities to the sturdy, courageous men who are willing to take up their residence in the territory. To preserve the territory it is essential that the capital required to furnish the facilities for development—that is, capital to supply the public utilities—should be furnished by the people of the United States, whose property the territory is, and in whose interests its resources should be primarily conserved.

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Grain field at the Agricultural Experiment Station at Fairbanks, Alaska
"Only an infinitesimal part of the whole territory has been surveyed, and of the surveyed land, excepting but for a very small part, we have only superficial knowledge"



Railway and wharf at Cordova, Alaska
"All the wealth of Alaska is of no use without development, and the first step in the development is an adequate system of transportation. They need railroads, and they will need much more in the way of public utilities"

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The Honor of the Army

By CHARLES JOHNSON POST

This is not a sentimental story. It is a plain, unvarnished report

IN those British days when men were drawn and quartered, burnt alive, or hanged from gibbets along the public highways for the most trivial offenses the laws for the government of the army were evolved. They were evolved to meet the necessities of war, and have been cherished as the administrative standards in times of peace. The dead hands of four hundred years ago have hallowed abuses that are nothing but memories in other fields of human thought.

Then the gentleman and officer was as far removed from the common soldier as the human from the animal. From those days there has come down to the Army of today neither arms, standards of equipment, tactics, nor men of like condition; the only things that have been preserved are the customs and abuses as archaic as the feeble black powder and the stone cannon ball. Under these formulas that are cherished by the Army of today, men, young men, are tossed into prison degradation—not for crimes, but for infractions of rules and discipline determined by a brutal age when the common soldiers of the Army were recruited riffraff and the products of the press-gang.

CONTRAST the American soldier of today with then, or even with the German or Russian conscript. Our Army Regulations prohibit the enlistment of a recruit unless he can read and write. In 1912, for example, by means of seductive literature and idyllic lithographs, nearly one hundred and fifty thousand young Americans applied for enlistment—and but twenty-six thousand were accepted. They were picked men.

Those picked recruits knew only of the blithesome lithographs of the recruiting service: but they did not know when they had taken the oath to "bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America and to serve them honestly and faithfully" that they had stepped through a doorway into the past. Not a man knew that he had become the subject of a system that measures out one justice for him and another for the officer; an archaic system under which favoritism and stupidity and viciousness and a fair intent all shuffle along in an indistinguishable mass protected by an ancient routine.

Offenses may be important or trivial at the unchecked whim of an officer; adolescent ignorance may persecute ability, unrestrained and unpunished; a single act may be—and is—split into its component parts and each part become a separately punishable offense; and soldiers can be—and are—convicted of synonyms and punished with prison sentences therefor.

THE discipline of our Army—and the very life of an army is its discipline—is operated under a rambling, shambling collection of laws and regulations that defy coherent analysis or logical operation, but which shield incompetence and abuse.

Minor infractions are dragged out into pompous proceedings; the high-priced time of officers is devoted to the solemn weighing of the niceties of the dancing class; persecution is protected and the victim punished; even to escape from the medical malpractice of an army surgeon is punished; while in the cases of desertion—a peculiar and interesting class in itself—the ordinary decencies of common sense and of humanity are continually outraged.

The general court-martial, which is the military machinery for the administration of Army law and its judicial processes, is a travesty on civilized justice which shelters favoritism and oppression. We will take up the instances shortly, and they can speak for themselves.

But first, for a moment, let us look at a few Army facts in their broadest aspects.

Alluring recruiting advertising gives, with apparent frankness, facts and figures that appeal to any working man. And no man attempts to escape from pleasant surroundings where fair dealing and justice prevail; never, at least, when such an escape renders him liable to imprisonment as a felon. Before we are through we may be able to show why sane men take this risk in order to escape from further service in the Army.

In the year 1911 the proportion of men who deserted compared to the number of men enlisted was seven per cent.

For the year of 1912 it was nine per cent.

And for the year 1913 it was over seventeen per cent.

In the four years from 1908, up to and including 1912, more than four thousand five hundred soldiers were recaptured and convicted as felons. They were dishonorably discharged, their American citizenship forfeited, prohibited thereby from ever holding a government office, condemned until the expiration of their term to shuffle round with a cropped head and prison clothes, and then, with their life ahead of them—for they are young men—to face or to live down the reputation of a convict.

In the five years ending with 1913, seventeen thousand men have taken the chance of capture and two years in a felon's cell, rather than serve longer in the United States Army.

The discipline of the Army is maintained by means of the court-martial. For minor infractions there is a summary court of one officer, or a garrison or regimental court-martial of three officers. They try trivial matters and are very limited in their function. But the general court-martial is the serious court. It is a court of original and final jurisdiction. No case can come to it as an appeal, nor can any of its decisions or sentences be appealed to a higher court. It is absolute, supreme and final.

IT can try any offense from a dirty rifle to murder. It is responsible to no one for its acts. The only relief from any verdict or any sentence is by an appeal to mercy. Whatever flagrant wrong may have been committed, it is an uncertain charity alone, not justice—which can reach it. A court-martial can, and does, condone crimes and outrages in officers that saves them from justice; it can, and does, heap oppressions and even illegal sentences upon the enlisted men from which only the accidents of charity or mercy can save him.

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This general court-martial consists of any number of officers from five to thirteen. They are judge and jury; a bare majority determines their verdict, and their sentence and their vote is pledged to perpetual secrecy. To inflict the death penalty, only a two-thirds majority is necessary.

IN addition to this court there is an officer, the judge-advocate, whose duty it is to direct the prosecution. And at the same time, this officer, under the Army system, is charged with the duty of guarding the rights of the prisoner—for the "accused is not of right entitled to counsel."

At a court-martial last September at Fort Porter, New York, a soldier was being tried for wasting ammunition on a skirmish run at target practice. He was liable to imprisonment as a felon; it is a serious offense. The soldier was explaining on the stand that so many orders were shouted at him that he became confused as to the firing orders and fumbled the cartridges in loading. "I got it all out of my head then," he explained.

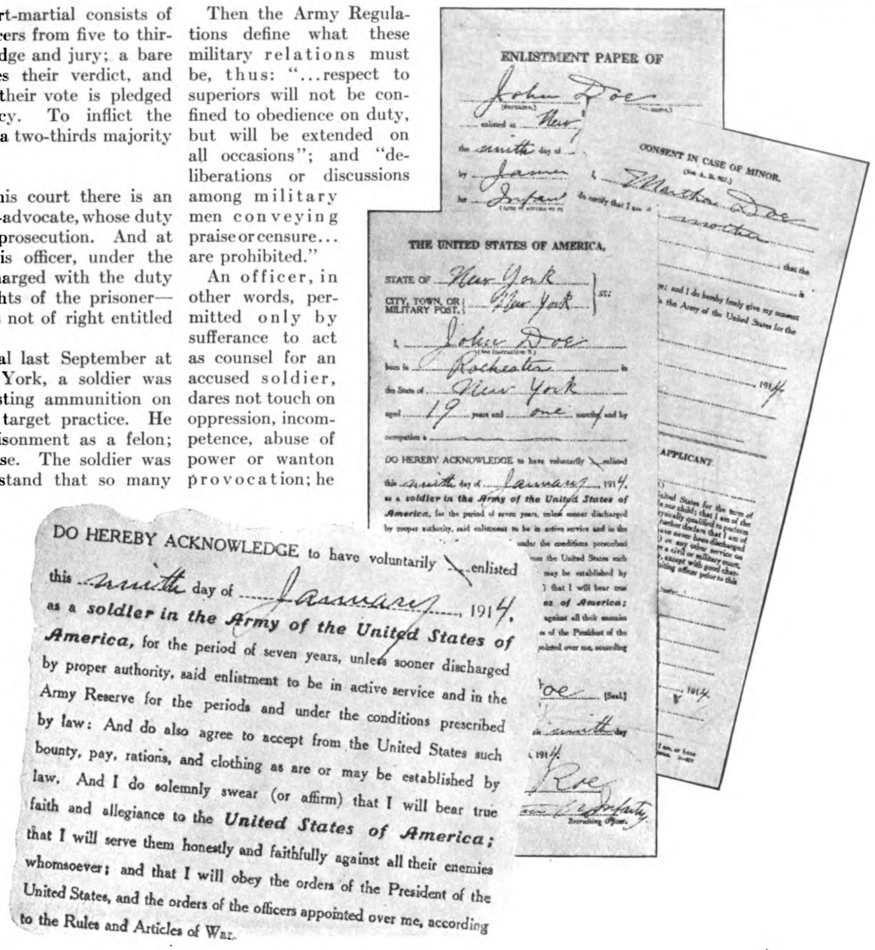
"Got what out of your head, the cartridges?" retorted the officer who was acting as judge-advocate.

Of course standards of humor vary.

A soldier on trial before a court-martial has no right to counsel. Purely as a matter of courtesy and special privilege he is permitted to a free choice, nominally at least, of an officer to "defend" him. But the defending officer is carefully restricted. He is, according to the Army Regulations—and they have all the force of law—to "guard the interests of the prisoner by all honorable and legitimate means known to the law, *so far as they are not inconsistent with military relations*." The italics are mine.

Then the Army Regulations define what these military relations must be, thus: "...respect to superiors will not be confined to obedience on duty, but will be extended on all occasions"; and "deliberations or discussions among military men conveying praise or censure... are prohibited."

An officer, in other words, permitted only by sufferance to act as counsel for an accused soldier, dares not touch on oppression, incompetence, abuse of power or wanton provocation; he dares not make a rational defense if it sullies, however justly, the holy Brahmin caste. Bear in mind that I am not speaking of merely minor breaches of Army rules, but of serious offenses for which a court-martial may, by a bare majority, send a man to a convict's cell in a federal prison for a term of years.



ENLISTMENT PAPER OF

John Doe

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

STATE OF New York

CITY, TOWN, OR MILITARY POST. New York

I, John Doe

born in Rochester in the State of New York

aged 19 years and one month, and by occupation a

DO HEREBY ACKNOWLEDGE to have voluntarily enlisted this ninth day of January 1914, as a soldier in the Army of the United States of America, for the period of seven years, unless sooner discharged by proper authority, said enlistment to be in active service and in the Army Reserve for the periods and under the conditions prescribed by law: And do also agree to accept from the United States such bounty, pay, rations, and clothing as are or may be established by law. And I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America; that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever; and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the Rules and Articles of War.

CONSENT IN CASE OF MINOR.

I, Martha Doe

APPLICANT

This is the Enlistment Contract of the Army

Nowhere does it indicate any special inducement or right to a man with a trade. All recruits enlist alike and sign this contract. No enlisted soldier with a trade is guarded in any "special inducement" set forth so alluringly in the Army handbill reproduced below

This may account for the many cases of even less than perfunctory defense, and the many in which there is not a whisper raised for the prisoner.

THIS is the court-martial, the instrument for administering justice in the Army. Yet it goes beyond mere justice and claims for itself even higher standards of conduct. This is what a brigadier-general, an authority in such Army matters, has to say of it:

". . . it should also be borne in mind that they (courts-martial) are in a special sense courts of honor, whose object is the maintenance of a high standard of discipline in the Army;" and "only courts composed of military officers can have that knowledge of the standard of discipline and honor in the Army which would enable them to weigh correctly acts impairing it, and courts-martial, in maintaining this standard, may properly be said to be courts of honor."

Now let us see it in the light of a few of its operations.

A private soldier "did wilfully appropriate and apply to his own use" the sum of $27 Philippine currency—somewhere around $14 of our money. The court-martial found him guilty, gave him a dishonorable discharge, forfeiting all pay and allowances due him, and ordered him to be confined in prison at hard labor



MEN WANTED

Between 18 and 35 years of age

FOR THE

UNITED STATES ARMY

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS offered to Pharmacists, Musicians, Bandsmen, Electricians, Clerks, Bakers, Cooks, Barbers, Teamsters, Carpenters, Blacksmiths, Horseshoers, and other Mechanics.

An Army Handbill

This is an absolute and deliberate misrepresentation. No "special inducements" are given to men with a trade. They sign exactly the same army enlistment contract as men without trades and have no additional rights by virtue of their trade. The Post-Office would issue a fraud order against any private corporation that lured employees under such false statements

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JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

In Our Army

". . . it is a conservative estimate that we pay per effective rifleman between two and five times as much as any first-class power on the continent of Europe."

HENRY L. STIMSON—From the report of the Secretary of War, 1911.

THE ATTITU

By JAMES

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'HE OFFICER

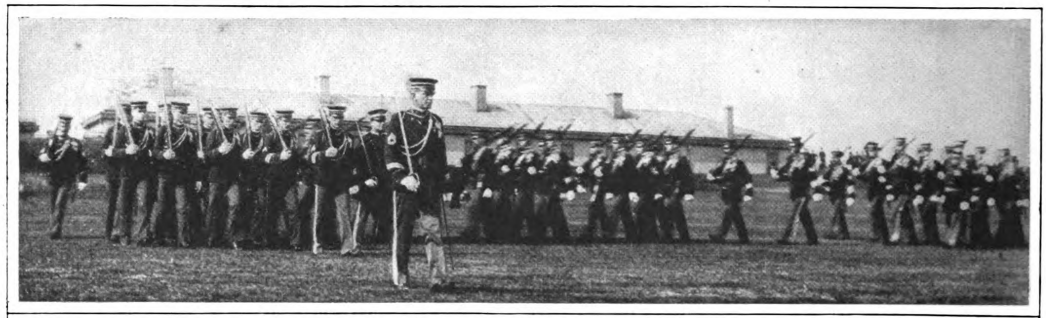
ERY FLAGG

In the French Army

"*. . . in no other country where conscription is the basis of service can there be found the same degree of camaraderie as in this immense body of Republican soldiers. No army of France ever equaled in preparation, readiness and efficiency that of today.*"

GENERAL EDWARD F. WINSLOW.

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Twelfth Infantry, United States Army
Out of a strength of 824 soldiers in this regiment during the past year 67 men deserted—about 1 man in every 12

for one year. Then another soldier who had already served two enlistments with a rating of "Excellent"—and those who are familiar with the Army know what a high record of service that means—was tempted and fell. He took $160 in various amounts while stationed at Bedloe's Island, New York Bay. The court-martial found him guilty, forfeited his pay and allowances then due, dishonorably discharged him and ordered him to be confined in prison at hard labor for three years.

THESE were enlisted men. Now comes an officer.

Captain Augustus H. Bishop, First Infantry, was convicted by a court-martial of officers of embezzling and appropriating to his own use $135.14. This was the "company fund," a trust fund of which he was the custodian for the benefit of the soldiers in his company.

And for this embezzlement and criminal breach of trust he was merely dismissed from the Army, by the brother officers of the court-martial. For the common soldier, prison; for the officer who robbed the humble trust fund of his own soldiers, the loss of his job!

Sometimes a court-martial is even ignorant of its own rules. One prominent rule is that a military convict who is tried and convicted again of some offense or breach of prison discipline can only be imprisoned for an additional sentence. He cannot be sentenced to solitary confinement or bread-and-water.

Adolph Durbek was a deserter from the Coast Artillery who had surrendered himself to the Army authorities and received dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of pay and allowances due him, and one year in prison at hard labor. One year in prison was regarded as a lenient sentence; yet while in prison Durbek refused to do his work—just plain prison insubordination. He was haled before a court-martial and charged with "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." There is a fine irony in the fact that a soldier is tried by the same charges as a convict.

At any rate he was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for one year more, "the first seven days of each month to be in solitary confinement and on bread-and-water diet." This is a direct violation of the military laws.

A Lieutenant in the Coast Artillery became very drunk in a public hotel and while in uniform. To this he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to be reprimanded. He was charged furthermore with "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" in that while so drunk he had entered a private automobile and did fail to leave it when requested, thereby necessitating his forcible removal therefrom. To this he pleaded "Guilty."

And the court-martial found him "not guilty."

Therefore this court-martial—a "court of honor"—has solemnly declared that for an officer to be drunk in uniform in a public place, together with such a scandalous invasion of private rights, is *not* conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

It would be interesting to know how far an officer and a gentleman may go when drunk—or sober, for that matter—before the Army would cease to regard him as a gentleman.

Lest it be thought that this is mere "muckraking," and that out of ignorance I am charging windmills, let us see what some others, officers in the Army, have to say about these courts-martial.

Captain Samuel W. Widdifield, 10th Infantry, was charged with conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline in that he retained $30, the wages of a private soldier, for a long time, about ten months, without turning it in to the government—the man having been absent without leave, or deserted. This officer also was charged with having given a duplicate set of pay vouchers for his own pay to two different persons. The court-martial acquitted him.

And this is what the military reviewing authorities said of this court:

"In the foregoing case of Captain Samuel W. Widdifield, 10th Infantry, a careful study of the record fails to disclose the process of reasoning by which the court arrived at its verdict." The evidence is scathingly analyzed, and then comes this: "On the record as it stands the reviewing authority must express his emphatic disapproval of the apparent view of the court that the giving of a duplicate set of pay vouchers is not a violation of the 62nd Article of War." That is the Article which has to do with "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline."

Private John Doe, a soldier in the —th Cavalry, was accused of writing this queer, incoherent letter to his mother, in which he threatened his troop commander:

Some Desertions In the Army of the United States During the Past Year

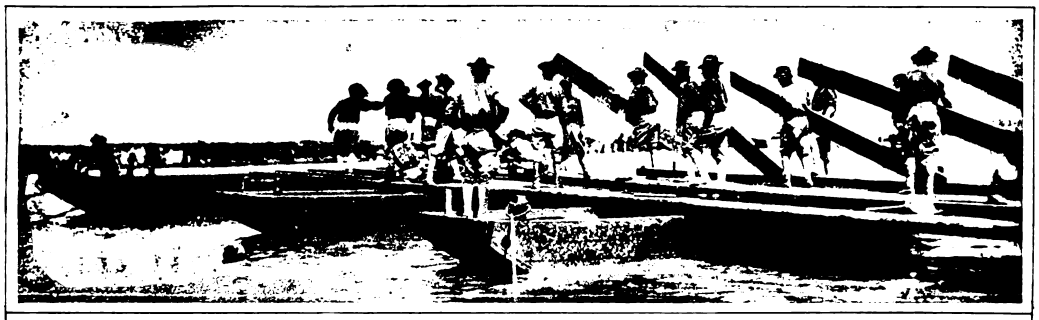
From the:

3rd Infantry	8.16%
6th Infantry	9.09%
9th Infantry	10. %
4th Field Artillery	15.50%
21st Infantry	16.87%



Fifth United States Cavalry
This regiment had a roster of 774 enlisted men last year. Fifty-three of them deserted—about 1 in every 14

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The Corps of Engineers, United States Army
During the past year 108 men deserted from this organization out of its strength of 1649 men

". . . you been tell me all these months mother to poison them all and kill them and the way, I will do it too. I am going to ask the troop commander who is a ——— and I could kill him and you know mother that is what you told me to do for him. I got the poison stuff you sent to do it hid all right. Mother dont you squeal to no body about the poison, burn this letter."

HE was tried not only for writing this trash but for then denying that he wrote it—two separate offenses. Ordinarily in civil life a man would be examined by an insanity expert if he had written such a document. He had counsel, nominal counsel, anyway; and he pleaded guilty. Thereupon he was sentenced by the court to be dishonorably discharged, forfeiting all pay and allowances due, and to be imprisoned at hard labor for two years.

And this court was reviewed in the following language:

"In the foregoing case, it is apparent from an examination of the letter in question that the threatening words alleged to have been written by the accused were written in a different ink, at a different time and by a different hand from those of the balance of the letter, and nearly all of the forged words were added to the bottom and top and back of the pages written by the accused. Leaving out the lines forming the base of the charges the letter is complete in itself, without one item upon which a finding of guilt could be warranted."

And then read over again that delightful phrase that "Only courts composed of military officers can have that knowledge of the standard of discipline and honor in the Army which would enable them to weigh correctly acts impairing it."

In sixty thousand post-offices Tom and Dick and Harry and Bill are looking at the pleasant scenes in the recruiting lithographs. Each year in over one hundred thousand homes there is an American family debating whether Tommy or Dicky or Billy shall put on the uniform of Uncle Sam. So it is, at the very least, interesting to know what this "discipline" is to which he has volunteered. For once in, he cannot escape except at the risk of a felon's degradation.

The ordinary mind can conceive of no more serious military offense, or one fraught with greater consequences, than that of a sentinel being asleep on post, drunk when on guard, or quitting his post without being properly relieved. The fate of nations may hang on the vigilance of a sentinel. The Articles of War so recognize sleeping on sentry, and it may be punished with death. Drunkenness on guard or quitting it are regarded more leniently, for some strange reason. For such the military law has limited the punishment to a maximum of six months at hard labor as a garrison prisoner and in addition a fine of $60. This, then, is the very maximum of punishment for the most serious breach of military efficiency and discipline.

(Continued)

From the:

12th Cavalry	10. %
28th Infantry	10. %
5th Field Artillery	11.33%
2nd Cavalry	16.25%
20th Infantry	18.72%

Of these the 12th Cavalry and the 28th Infantry appeared conspicuously in 1912 as furnishing two troops and two companies, respectively, that had among the highest percentage of desertions in all the Army.

Case after case has come before courts-martial of sleeping sentinels and the punishment comes with unvarying regularity: Six months' hard labor and sixty dollars fine. It is a proper severity—there can be, in the nature of the offense, no possible reason for the modification of the sentence, that is if you believe in fines. It is only by some interesting comparisons that this sentence becomes illuminating as to Army discipline.

And that same military law prescribes that behaving himself with disrespect to his commanding officer—at any time and under any circumstances, be either or both of them drunk or sober—is also punishable with six months' hard labor and a $60 fine. To be snippy to an officer is quite as heinous as sleeping on post or deserting one's guard.

Private James H —— of Battery E, 6th Field Artillery, was convicted by a court-martial of having been absent one evening from the 11 o'clock inspection in barracks. Also, eighteen months before, in order that he could enlist without having his parents' consent, he had stated that he was over 21 years of age. For these two acts he was dishonorably discharged (by that act his American citizenship was forfeited) all pay and allowances due him were forfeited, and he was imprisoned for six months at hard labor.

FOR these acts, trivial in themselves, he was punished with greater severity than if he had been drunk as a sentry with a garrison under his care.

Our Army is continually demanding of the people of the United States more money and more men. In the next instalment Mr. Post continues in this analysis of an undemocratic attitude that is still cherished from the feudal days of baron and serf. He presents illustrations drawn from official Army records of abuse of power and injustice to enlisted soldiers from which there is no appeal.



Thirteenth United States Cavalry
Out of 865 of the 13th Cavalry last year 54 of them deserted. The year before Troop F of this organization had one of the highest records for desertion in the Army. 10.81%; and in troop E 9.82% men deserted

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Musical Comedy Today



Ann Swinburne

THE literary output of prima donnas has of late become so prolific that one hesitates to add anything to it. Romantic love and personal beauty, suffrage and socialism, philosophy, art, and literature have all been so thoroughly covered by the stars of the American stage that it seems presumption on my part to attempt to add anything to this delightful literature. My only excuse for breaking into print at the present time is to call attention to the legitimacy of an art that has, perhaps not unjustly, been neglected and scorned for a long time by the intelligent American theater-goer.

I mean the art of musical comedy —call it operetta, comic opera, light opera or whatever you choose. In the American theater it has degenerated into the "musical show." For one, I am firmly convinced that the renaissance of musical comedy is at hand. The Comic Spirit to which George Meredith paid so glowing a tribute expresses itself in music quite as brilliantly as in the other arts. This is a truth that is but little recognized. It has become the general belief that popular or light music must mean bad music. Yet one may point out innumerable and spontaneous expressions of the Comic Spirit in music, many of which are to be found in the field of light opera.



Fred Stone

THE satire in the recent compositions of Erik Satie have directed attention to what has perhaps fallaciously been called the "newer decadence" in music. These musical jokes have also recalled to some of the more discerning critics the ironic and witty piano compositions created more than half a century ago by Rossini. In his "Album pour les enfants adolescents," Rossini was wittiest from the musical point of view. He also composed another album for "shrewd children" which was filled with delightful fun and sardonic humor. One of the waltzes even bore the title "Castor Oil."

BUT one need not go back even to Rossini to find glorious expressions of the Comic Spirit in terms of music. One thinks almost immediately of Liza Lehmann's "Nonsense Songs from 'Alice in Wonderland'" and her delightful "Precautionary Tales for Children," in which we find expressed in a subtle manner the bizarre humor of Hilaire Belloc's verse. "The Vicar of Wakefield," her attempt into the field of popular musical comedy, was not preëminently successful, but it was a step in the right direction. In the same field we should place some of the brilliant achievements of our American composer, John Carpenter, whose "Improving Songs for Anxious Children" are the embodiment not only of a whimsical humor but of a subtle understanding of child psychology as well.

To find the beginning of what I may call legitimate musical comedy, one should go back to the days of Molière. In its construction and appeal, surely "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" can be compared only to the modern musical comedy. The music for it, consisting for the most part of dances, was composed by Lulli, perhaps the most distinguished composer of the Louis XIV period. Other early examples of musical comedy have come down to us as nothing less than classics, notably

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By

Ann

Swinburne



Christie Macdonald

of course the imperishable "Barber of Seville."

AS for the expression of the Comic Spirit in the purest sense in the musical comedy of our own day, it is not necessary to hark back even to the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan to find a justification of this genre. Even if only as a sort of *jeu d'esprit*, the great composers of nearly every country have tried the composition of what we ought to call, to be logical and consistent, musical comedy. Even Puccini's "La Bohème" is in a certain sense musical comedy. Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose," "Il Segreto di Susanna," and "L'Amore Medico" are frankly so. Surely in the large sense, we must consider Strauss' "Rosencavalier" as musical comedy. Even so gloomy and revolutionary a figure in music as the Russian composer Moussorgsky displayed a wonderful sense of humor in his unfinished musical comedy "Le Mariage," which was inspired by and based on one of Gogol's comedies. Among the French works which are in reality legitimate musical comedies is "Il etait une bergere" by Marcel Lattès composed to the libretto of André Rivoire.

BUT to come closer to the facts—to consider the truly popular musical comedy. Is it absolutely hopeless? Can we unhesitatingly indict it as without artistic possibilities for composer, producer, librettist, or singer? Perhaps I am a most prejudiced observer, but it seems to me that legitimate musical comedy is one of the most fruitful fields today for each of these specialists. W. S. Gilbert suggested the possibilities of the light opera for the social satirist. Men like Arthur Wimperis, and others of the London Gaiety group, have lately been doing very creditable work along the same line. In the slightly known musical comedy, "Our Little Cinderella," there is a good deal of delightful satire on the British aristocracy, both in the book and in the music.

In America some comic operas and musical comedies have been produced that we ought in no way to be ashamed of. Both musically and lyrically we need not be ashamed of many of Victor Herbert's works, particularly musical comedies like "Babes in Toyland" and "Mlle. Modiste." Personally I believe that "The Madcap Duchess" marks a turning point toward a new art of musical comedy. The success of such a fantasy with music as "Prunella," the reaction from the blatantly realistic in every form of theatrical art, seem to indicate such a renaissance.

LET me add a word concerning the possibilities in musical comedy for the producer of the Reinhardt or Craig type. Musical comedy today is surely based on color and movement as well as upon music and comedy. Is there any other type of theatrical production that is so rich in possibilities for the judicious and artistic selection of colors, for the creation of amazing color schemes and costumes, or for the arrangement of beautiful and expressive movement? Surely the marvelous effect of the Russian ballet is based upon some such art as this. In our popular musical comedies such an art would become closer home, it would be less feverishly exotic, though no less alive or less lacking in variety.



Hazel Dawn

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST



XXXIII

I draw Charles Scribner, not because
I seek for popular applause;
But that I may the giftie gie him
To see himself as authors see him.



XXXIV

AND now comes Dr. Eliot stating
That Hell won't bear investigating.
It looks like Charlie's out to bust
The Great Hell-Fire Insurance Trust.



TRAFFIC IN SOULS

Terbulossolife!!

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Marianne the Superannuated

By EDITH ORR

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

ON a crisp morning in November, that time of year when the life of the theater is strong, vigorous and full of confidence, Mr. Warner came into the box-office of one of his New York theaters to have a word or two with the ticket man. Warner himself was strong, vigorous and full of confidence, for things were going his way; he wore his high hat a bit to one side on his close-cropped gray hair; and he thoughtfully blew the smoke from an excellent cigar. A crease in his smooth brow betrayed some trifling dissatisfaction floating on the surface of a broad and general content.

The ticket man was distracted a moment from conference with his chief by a fragment of the importunate world outside.

"Will you be kind enough to give me the present address of Marianne Fortescue?" asked a timid voice.

"Not playing here," returned the ticket man shortly.

"She's a famous actress," continued the voice.

"Never heard of her," snapped the ticket man.

"Mr. Warner used to be her manager," persisted the voice.

"What's that?" asked Warner of the ticket man.

"Country guy wants the address of a lady named Marianne Fortescue," translated the ticket man contemptuously out of the corner of his mouth.

"Madison Avenue," said Warner unexpectedly; and scribbled an address on one of his own cards. "Here, give him that."

The card passed from the hand of Warner to the hand of the ticket man and thence to a hand outside of the window. The voice muttered "Thank you," and another voice wanted two aisle seats in row E for Monday evening.

Warner tipped his hat a little further back, remembered that he had forgotten what he came in for, rubbed his brow, walked out of the box-office and took the lift for his own sanctum.

"Marianne Fortescue!" he kept repeating to himself.

There was a sorcery in that name. It carried Warner back to the days when his own hair was long, raven-black and stringy instead of close-cropped and gray, when the world stopped above Fourteenth Street, and the theaters on Broadway could be counted on one hand and part of the other; when there were Histrionic Luminaries and Queens of the Stage; when Marianne Fortescue, young, blithe and beautiful, had been serenaded outside the Palmer House in Chicago and had her carriage drawn home by gallant young bloods in Cincinnati—that was after a performance of "Meg Merrilies," when that bright and beautiful young creature had made herself into an ugly old witch to harrow the hearts of her adorers.

"Hm!" said Warner. "Hm!"

HE did not say to himself that it was a strange world, but he felt that it was. Here was Marianne Fortescue, forgotten, living over on Madison Avenue, and here was he, in his prime, prosperous,—at the very height of his power.

Warner's revery sat very oddly upon him; and in his office he was obliged to throw it off altogether; for one of his most recent stars was there in waiting to interrupt him, a young lady of scant twenty-five, blonde, blooming and full of a grievance.

Miss Gordon pouted and frowned as she returned Warner's good morning. Her grievance was a certain Mrs. Barnes, who, as the star's younger sister in Warner's latest production, had been indiscreet enough to look younger and prettier than Miss Gordon herself. She had been reproved by being promoted to the rôle of the star's grandmother.

"How was Barnes last night?" asked Warner, divining the grievance.

Miss Gordon was not of the generation of Marianne Fortescue. Her answer was: "Rotten." She deposed further that Mrs. Barnes was no more like an old woman than she, Miss Gordon, herself was, that Mrs. Barnes remembered to limp for about one minute in each act, and that if Warner couldn't find some one who could really put it over, *she* was done.

"Hm!" said Warner thoughtfully, "Hm!" and absent-mindedly reached for the receiver, the sign to those that knew him that decision was already made and some change impending. He took the receiver from its hook, conveyed it half-way to his ear, then paused and put it back.

Warner, who had by no means taken to retrospection and self-analysis as he grew modern with the age, could not for his life have told why it was impossible for him to address Marianne Fortescue over the telephone. He never *had* been in the way of telephoning to Marianne; special messengers were the thing in her day. Perhaps he had a nervous fear of hearing her voice; perhaps he dreaded what she might say to him. Perhaps he felt a little shame that he had not laid eyes on her for so many years; perhaps he was subtle enough to feel a little shame for the perversities of circumstance. . . .

At any rate, he rang for his stenographer and dictated a plain, old-fashioned letter.

MARIANNE FORTESCUE in the flesh was sitting in her little drawing-room over near Madison Square. It seemed to her that she had been sitting there for two or three lifetimes.

It was a square, flat sort of inclosure, Marianne's drawing-room, and very crowded. Tables, glasses, desks and walnut chiffoniers splashed like waves against the unresisting walls and broke higher up into a fine spray of little mirrors, prints and photographs. Everywhere there were photographs. You never saw quite so many photographs in so small a space. They were all of celebrities, stage-people in chignons and hoop-skirts, in flowing beards and peg-top trousers, a bit dim of eye since paper will fade, but still erect and proud of bearing. The gentlemen stood with their left hands on backs of chairs, the ladies leaned with folded arms on vine-covered props, or trusted their opulent persons to the support of frail parasols. There were Romeos, Ophelias, Rosalinds, Lady Teazles, Eccleses, Panglosses, Dundrearys, Ravenswoods, Topsies and Pearls of Savoy, Hazel Kirkes, Kit Carsons, Melnottes, and Richelieus. Across their waists and knees, or above their heads, ran inscriptions to the effect that they were gifts to their "dear pupil" or "dear friend" or dear something or other, Marianne Fortescue.

Marianne sat near one of the flat and unimaginative windows, just where she could get an uninterrupted view of the series of little backyards belonging to houses fronting on the next street. It was getting on toward four of an autumn afternoon, and the mass of houses without assisted in throwing a shadow on Miss Fortescue's face; but even under that kindly shade she looked rather more than middle-aged. Her hair was partly gray, and partly not, and somehow suggested either a former natural auburn or a dalliance with henna. She was dressed in black; not the black that the season dictated, but a characterless, nondescript black, that is black merely because it lacks the courage to be anything else. Her face, beautiful when the world knew it, was now a dull, unattractive waste, marked by a pair of startlingly heavy eyebrows and a look of petulance and settled discontent.

Marianne Fortescue, the ex-Queen of the American Stage, was engaged in darning her own stockings.

SHE did not have to darn her own stockings. The shrivelled little woman who sat on the other side of the mahogany table reminded Miss Fortescue that she did not. She said in a plaintive voice that "what was she there *for* but to darn stockings?" From the tone of her voice you would have imagined that the bread and butter was being taken out of her mouth by Miss Fortescue's obstinate attention to her own wardrobe; which was wholly misleading, for Miss Fortescue provided her cousin and companion with at least as much bread and butter as she enjoyed herself, regardless of stockings.

In answer Miss Fortescue replied shortly that she enjoyed doing it. There was little enough to kill time with, Heaven knew.

The shrivelled little woman, whose name was Mrs. Green, retreated rebuffed. She looked slyly at her companion, wrinkling her forehead and blinking her eyes as if to get courage to attack a new line of thought.

She began again. "Annie," said she, "do you remember what day this is?"

Annie didn't remember, nor care to remember.

"It was just thirty years ago today that you made your début on Broadway in "Broken Hearts."

"Did I?" Miss Fortescue viciously cut off an end of darning cotton.

"And just twelve years ago—it always seemed so strange to me, their happening the same day of the same month—Murray died."

The portrait of the man of genius who had "made" Miss Fortescue hung just above the level of Mrs. Green's sharp little eyes. It had been painted in the seventies, just after they were married, and, unlike the photographs, stared out into the room, still brilliant and commanding. Mrs. Green glanced up at it with a mixture of reverence and fascinated curiosity, and was impressively silent, thus giving Miss Fortescue time to go over in her discontented and turbu-

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lent mind, with appropriate bitterness, all that had come and gone since that portrait was painted. Mrs. Green was very clever at this sort of thing.

"Hadn't you even thought of it, Marianne?" Mrs. Green's plaintive tone accused poor Marianne of an incredible lack of sensibility.

Miss Fortescue staunchly refused to let her emotions be worked on. "No, I hadn't, and what's more I don't intend to begin. What good would it do an old woman like me to sit here moaning and sighing about the days when every one was crazy over her? Those things are all dead and gone, and so far as the world goes *I'm* dead and gone—and I'm going to stay dead and gone."

AS an argument against wasting time in vain repining it was incontrovertible. But, like many other sensible and courageous sentiments flung out as a challenge to the world, there was behind it the weakness of a pitiful insincerity. As a matter of fact Miss Fortescue did spend many wretched hours in the futile occupation of rehearsing her former triumphs, and in grieving that they were no more. As she declared, it did her no good—but then she did not know how else to employ her time. Mrs. Green, though barred from confidence in these inner thoughts, knew very well when thoughts were going on.

"I'm dead and gone, and I mean to stay so," repeated Miss Fortescue with dull impressiveness. She brought it out as if it were a virtuous resolution that reflected great credit upon her.

Now Miss Fortescue and Mrs. Green were not assaulting each other with allusions and professions of faith apropos of life in general. That is not the feminine idea. Mrs. Green was groping along a dim passage that led into a plain discussion of a plain matter, and Marianne was blocking the way. Warner's letter had arrived by the noon mail. When Miss Fortescue spoke of being dead and gone, she was coincidently exhibiting virtuous indignation. She had been asked by Warner to support a young woman star, whom she thought of in the language of the stage literature of her own day as a "chit."

Mrs. Green knew all about Warner's letter. Marianne earlier in the day had scornfully given it to her to read. So when Mrs. Green spoke of "it" Marianne knew without further definition what she meant.

"Have you answered it yet?" faltered Mrs. Green.

"No!" The reply was very, very short.

"Don't you mean to answer it?"

"You needn't worry!"

Miss Fortescue's tone made it so evident what kind of answer Warner would receive, that Mrs. Green quite lost her head and plunged into a feeble argument having to do with incomes, investments, so much a year and the awful price of apartments and things this winter.

MISS FORTESCUE grimly rolled up five pairs of stockings, and silently refused to meet Mrs. Green on her own ground.



"And if Warner couldn't find someone who could really put it over—she was done"

"Annie—Annie—I think you might accept!"

"I might. But I won't."

"Why not? Why not, Annie?"

"*Because I won't play old women!*" Again Miss Fortescue's voice was heavy with virtue. "I am one, but I'll never act one. I know where it leads. My name and my independence are something to me. And oblige me by never speaking another word in my presence in regard to this infamous proposition!"

SO Mrs. Green could only respond feebly that she thought it was time for tea.

"Ring for it then, and for goodness' sake turn on the lights!"

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Mrs. Green pressed the two essential buttons. Miss Fortescue, arising to put away her stockings and venturing into the sphere of light, revealed large and melancholy eyes, deeply-shadowed, a down-drooping mouth, the heavy lines and wrinkles that come of one haunting mood. She was beyond a doubt the woman whose occupation is gone, whose light has flickered out, surrounded and absorbed by hateful littleness.

There was a knock at the door, and Miss Fortescue uttered "Come in!" in a deep and vibrant contralto, accompanied by a grandiose toss of the head that had once been much admired in her performance of Lady Macbeth.

The colored bell-boy who was destined to receive the order for tea, appeared on the threshold thrusting before him a tarnished silver tray. Upon it there was a card.

Miss Fortescue removed the bit of pasteboard with the air of one examining a curiosity. Time was, she reflected, when cards had to pass through a series of sentinels, with a good chance of finishing in the waste basket. But now—before she looked at the name she knew that this card would be honored.

It bore the unknown and undistinguished inscription: "Mr. Herbert S. Jackson."

"Tell the gentleman he may come up, Reginald," she said, "and we'll have a tea-tray with three cups."

Mr. Jackson was the country guy who had called that morning at Mr. Warner's theater. He had lunched in the meantime to fortify himself for the interview.

ALL unconscious of the train he had thus laid, and of the weighty decisions he had thrust upon Miss Fortescue, Mr. Jackson came into the room, pressing his hat in great embarrassment against his chest. He was a tall, bony youth, with a fair, pink skin, pulled-molasses-candy-hair, innocent blue eyes and a good many superfluous hands and feet. He stumbled over a rug on his way into the room, and seemed to have difficulty in raising his eyes to a human level, and in getting his voice to function.

"You are Marianne Fortescue?" he stammered out, picking out the right lady.

Miss Fortescue admitted it.

"You are Marianne Fortescue," he repeated, a very obvious note of awe coming into his voice. "I hope you'll forgive me!"

"What for?" asked Miss Fortescue bluntly, her features relaxing in an unaccustomed smile.

"For this intrusion. For daring to force my way into your presence without an introduction. I know it's an outrage, but I had to do it. I had to."

Mrs. Green's face wrinkled in impish amusement. Miss Fortescue repeated: "What for?"

"Why—to see you!"

"To see me?"



"Mr. Jackson came into the room pressing his hat in great embarrassment against his chest"

"Yes, to see you. To say I had seen you. To feel I had seen you. To remember I had heard you speak. Believe me, this will be a precious memory my whole life long."

His manner was reverential and profoundly serious. He raised his eyes and was hit in the face by a photograph of the great Murray playing croquet in an hour of ease; withdrawing his eyes, as from something too intimate and sacred, he was struck down from another direction by Edwin Booth as Hamlet and Miss Fortescue in ruffles and ringlets as herself.

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Miss Fortescue by now had placed the young man. He was neither mad nor trying to make game of her. He simply believed that she was still a Queen. Marianne poured Mr. Jackson's tea, with an aloof and royal gesture and almost thought herself restored.

OVER his teacup, which he held with a trembling hand, Mr. Jackson explained himself further. He came from a little town in Iowa, and his visit to the city, his first, had been assured by two years of labor on the local newspaper. His whole life had been colored by a dream. He had been taken by his father to the Grand Opera House of a neighboring town at the age of ten to see Miss Fortescue in "The Lady of Lyons"—his first experience of the theater. Pauline had fluttered his youthful heart and fired his imagination, which had gone roving ever since, but never away from its first ideal. The image of Miss Fortescue had been intimately bound up in his projected pilgrimage to New York. He seemed to have thought of her as a national institution, and to have expected to find her, like Trinity Church and Brooklyn Bridge, still going on.

"It was a terrible disappointment to me to find you weren't acting, this season."

"No, I—I haven't acted for some years."

"It must be a grief to you—this degradation of the modern stage, this worship of the trivial, this exploitation of the morbid." Mr. Jackson felt a sense of elation as he brought out just like ordinary conversation phrases hitherto familiar to him only in print.

Miss Fortescue would have liked being very haughty about the modern stage; but in spite of the necessary vanities of her profession she was at heart an honest woman. Sometimes she even doubted whether the theater had deteriorated since her palmy days. The one thing she was sure of was that it no longer had a place for her—and that she did resent. She sighed.

"You are too fine for the theater of today! Perhaps it's better you should be forever enshrined in the hearts of your admirers than exhibit to the public an art it is no longer worthy to see! . . . But *I'm* sorry. . . . I'd hoped all my life to see you as Juliet. The critics all say it was your most wonderful rôle. I've a photograph—I have it here—of you in the balcony scene."

Juliet! Miss Fortescue took the faded photograph from his trembling hand, hers trembling a little too.

Then she laughed—the kind of laugh the stage directions call for as "bitter."

"And you really want to see me—*me*—as Juliet?"

The young man looked at her, as she had expected, as she had invited him to do, looked full in her lined and wrinkled face, and then his eyes sought hers, bright and worshiping, without a shadow of disillusion.

"Yes," he said innocently. "*That has been one of the dreams of my life!*"

Miss Fortescue knew only too well what she really looked like. The emotion of the moment, the pleasure of adulation, a fortunate relation to the lights, might perhaps have brought some simulation of youthful bloom to her cheek; but if she really was enskyed and sainted she knew it to be because she was in the presence of an incorrigible idealist, of one whose dream is so potent that he refuses to be awakened by the flitting image of mere flesh and blood.

Miss Fortescue expanded. She was adored. She was set for the moment beyond the accidents of time and change. She could not be absurd; and everything she did must be right, because *she* did it. She showed the young man pictures of herself at all stages of development, from six months on; in all of her favorite rôles, in all of her favorite poses. She explained the photographs and characters of her colleagues and contemporaries. She ran riot in egotism and self-appreciation, while the young man listened, his eyes blazing, his mouth wide open, confident that if he was not actually present at the making of history, he was the chosen vessel in which it was to be handed down to future ages.

It would be hard to tell which of the two had revelled deepest. The young man, still feverish with excitement, full of memories that were to glorify many an hour of revery, and anecdotes that would spice many a conversation with the untraveled of Iowa, was suffered to depart. He bore with him a photograph of Miss Fortescue taken on the hither edge of her decline, inscribed in the lady's own sprawling hand: "To Mr. Jackson, with the best wishes of Marianne Fortescue," and a bit of the lace once worn by her in the first act of "Camille."

"Heaven forgive me!" thought Miss Fortescue, thinking chiefly of that lace, "what an old humbug I am!"

Mr. Jackson was moved almost to tears as he put the lace and the photograph into his left waistcoat pocket. A convulsive and trembling movement went through him as he took Miss Fortescue's hand in final adieu, and if that hand had not responded in an honest and cordial shake, it is probable that it would have been kissed.

Miss Fortescue swept in to dinner that night with the queenly bearing for which she had once been famous. She ate her roast beef in an uplifted mood, and resisted an urgent invitation to play bridge, for the pleasure of dreaming away the evening in her own little drawing-room.

Mrs. Green felt obliged to comment on Marianne's indifference to social gayety. "I don't know how to take you, Annie," she said. "Last night there was no living with you because we *couldn't* scare up anybody to play bridge!"

One of the fruits of Miss Fortescue's pleasant dreams was a mild and gentle manner toward the world without.

"I always *was* like that, dear," she returned. "Nobody ever knew how to take me. I never knew how to take myself. It's the artistic temperament. I never knew when I went to bed what I'd wake up the next morning."

"You don't now!" snapped Mrs. Green, with acid suggestiveness.

But Miss Fortescue was too taken up with the delightful potentialities of her own stormy nature to notice the fling. She had got on the trail of a thought that she liked and she meant to pursue it to its lair.

She had said she would never play old women. It had sounded rather fine, too; she had admired herself for saying it, for refusing, since she could not have the best, to put up with second-bests. But she *had* been putting up with second-bests, with third-bests, with fourth-bests, with a stupid, whining existence, full of idleness, boredom, quarreling, vain regrets and ill-nature. That was what refusing second-bests had brought her to.

There you were!—Which was of more importance—Marianne Fortescue as she had been, or herself as she was? Why should she, a woman still in the prime of life, sacrifice herself hourly and daily to her own glorious past? For after all, pride apart, it would be incomparably more interesting to act an old woman than really *be* one. Acting anything, if you came to that, was more interesting than being it. Because if you *were* it—why, you just were, and it was usually something very dull.

Supposing that she should yield to her temperament and change her mind? Suppose she should tread the boards boldly and frankly as an old woman, and suppose the public did sigh and shake its head at the contrast between what had been and what was! Could Marianne Fortescue, the Queen of the American Stage, be any deader than she was? The past was dead, everything was dead, the old public was dead. There was a new public to be pleased and won. And she—her real self,—wasn't dead. They couldn't kill her. She felt it in the nervous strength that began to course through her as she thought. She wanted action, she must have action, she would have action. She *would* do something! Well, then, there was only one thing she could do—the thing that a few hours before she had thought of as more horrible than death, as a gulf into which she could not plunge.

As an intellectual effort Miss Fortescue's little argument with herself was nothing to brag of. Emotionally considered, it was exhausting even for a lady with a temperament.

She pounced out of her revery upon Mrs. Green. "Where's that letter of Warner's?"

Mrs. Green had vainly imagined herself to be closely following her companion's mental processes, and quite jumped to find herself a thousand miles or so out of the way.

"Now, Annie!" she remonstrated, "don't go to answering letters tonight!"

MARIANNE leaped to her feet, and looked herself for the letter. She bore with patience an allusion to her being unduly excited by her conversation with young Jackson, and a prediction that at *her time of life* she was sure to pay for it with a headache in the morning.

"Sleep on it!" suggested Mrs. Green. "You know what your temperament is. You might do worse than accept Warner's offer."

"Might do worse!" cried Marianne. "I've decided I couldn't do better!"

As Mrs. Green had been about to propound an argument of her own in favor of so much a year and money laid by, and as her perverse nature now bade her formulate an argument *against* money laid by and so much a year, she was for the moment rather bowled over.

"You're going to play an old woman!"

Miss Fortescue nodded with decision above the scratching of her pen.

"Are you sure you're not crazy?"

"No!"

"You may be sorry——"

"I am sorry. I may be anything. What I won't be is—nothing!"

"I believe," ventured Mrs. Green, "that young fool this afternoon turned your head!"

Marianne signed her name in an illegible scrawl, and smiled serenely up at Murray's portrait.

"I believe he did," she agreed. "Bless his silly heart!"

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The Woman Who Pays the Highest Price

By LILLIAN BENNETT-THOMPSON

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

"AH, but ziz hat is different, Madame! It is ze newest zing from Paris. I hev only it unpacked zeez morning. Zere ees not another like it in ze whole of ze city."

"I don't know that it is really becoming," says Mrs. Loftington, languidly surveying herself in the long pier glass. This royal purple make me look positively green."

"Oh, Madame, say not so!" Marie herself is attending to the wants of this important customer. "You are regal—divine! I know of no one who wear zis wonderful color more perfect than you—not even Mrs. Van Astor. It is, you know" (with a very impressive air) "ze color of ze season. Every one in Paris ees crazy about it."

"There, there, that will do!" interrupts the customer. "I will take the hat. Send it up to my apartment. I suppose I must have at least one purple hat." Not a word has been said about the price.

WITH that unfailing instinct, which, if not innate, is quickly acquired by these shrewd factors in the world of barter, Marie is figuring in her nimble brain just what sum she may venture to charge to the account of Mrs. Loftington. She holds the door open invitingly,

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but the customer stops and inquires languidly:

"By the way, Marie, what is the price of that hat?"

"Oh, it eez ver-ry reasonable, Madame. I have forgotten ze exact price, but it is not more than $150. Madame knows zat ees very cheap."

"Very well. Send it up. I shan't take it unless it is there by seven o'clock."

"Oui, Madame, it shall be there before ze stroke of ze hour."

AND so the customer pays $150 for a hat not worth a quarter of that sum. An exceptional case? Not at all. There are hundreds, thousands of apartment houses and hotels in the big cities, especially in New York, and thousands of women live in them. There is practically no housework—they are living in just this way to avoid it. If there are any children, they have been sent to boarding-schools. There may be bridge, the theater or other forms of entertainment to take up a portion of the time; and for these functions clothes are necessary. Clothes! To have smarter and newer costumes than their friends is the aim and end of the majority of these women. The means of procuring them is secondary; to have them is the essential thing. It matters not if extortionate prices are demanded.

It is not by any means always the women who have been accustomed to the use of money from birth who spend it so freely and carelessly. Some of the most extravagant have worked for the hundred cents that make the dollar, and yet, so curiously is human nature constituted, that they can spend many times the amount they could earn working eight hours a day for a week on a hat they do not require and probably will only wear two or three times. Others are mere butterflies in life, whose creed is "today we live; tomorrow we die. On with the dance." They know the bills will be paid in the end, so why not enjoy life while the sun is brightly shining? The sums charged up will, undoubtedly, call forth interviews during which many harsh truths will be dealt out by the husband, but the knowledge that this event is sure to come has no deterring effect on the shopper. She had probably learned the art of closing her ears during such distressing scenes, and accepting them as unpleasant, but necessary, adjuncts of married life.

ANOTHER woman who pays the highest price is the one who has sold herself for the privilege of being able to do it. She may have contracted marriage in order to procure for herself extravagant hats and gowns; she may have accepted the relationships without sanction of Church or State; but in either case the object was a man to pay the bills, and having secured one, she means to enjoy the perquisites. All her previous life she has been compelled to pass by the alluring hat or gown, the price of which ran far above the modest sum she could afford. She has had to bargain, to hector over prices, to stop and calculate. Does she continue to do this? No, she intends to enjoy to the utmost the satisfaction of sweeping into the prettily decorated pink and gilt salon, before whose windows she had formerly stood and gazed longingly, and ordering the saleswoman to show her the newest and smartest imported gowns. She is very much impressed with her own grandeur; she believes it necessary to convey the same impression to the saleswoman. She had always dreamed of the day when she would be able, like the princess in the fairy tale, to go into a shop and say, "I will take this hat, and that one too," with a haughty disregard of the cost.

Perhaps the saleswoman, clever reader of human nature, may suggest that the gown would be smarter with a touch of fur. "Ermine, you know," she will explain confidentially, "is very smart. It gives chic to the frock at once." Ermine is one of the most expensive furs, but the customer will not deign to inquire the price. If her former training does assert itself, a few well chosen words from the saleswoman will reduce her at once to submission.

The wise man with a wife of this type permits her to contract no bills and gives her the allowance she may spend; but there are hosts of other men who believe that they can regulate their wives' expenditure better by the charge system. There are hundreds of women in New York City who have to beg for car-fare, who ride in taxis because they can charge the fare, so opposed are their husbands to giving them money. These are the women who resort to numerous schemes and tricks whereby they can procure a little ready money.

"I will take this coat and pay you $500 for it, if there is a rebate for me," is not a strange statement for proprietors of certain well-known shops to hear. The price on the tag may be $250; but nobody will be the wiser if the bill carries a charge of $500 on it. "It will be paid," the shopman is told, "and then you can give me $200. I shall only ask for $200 so you will make $50 by the transaction and I shall come again."

THE woman who is willing to pay for the privilege of being in society is another member of the high-price coterie. Her rivals are the women of wealth in society, and she aims in every way to emulate them. She has, perhaps, observed Mrs. Van Blank buy a hat, a gown, without asking the price and has immediately been impressed with the idea that this is the way to shop if one would be identified with the exclusive social sets. She does not stop to realize that Mrs. Van Blank is an old customer who, as the clerk knows, has a very keen understanding of the value of hat or gown and who, if an exorbitant price be charged, will immediately return the article with a request for credit, or a threat to take her account elsewhere.

At one of the exclusive shops, where perfumes and other luxurious accessories are sold, the owner actually makes a reduction in the regulation price to certain women who are powerful in the social world and who are likewise proud of their shrewd knowledge of values. Any loss is quickly made up on the purchases made by women who buy these perfumes because Mrs. Ontop uses them.

There are certain other women who sometimes unconsciously pay the highest price, and it is only just that they should. These women go to the country or to Europe and leave unpaid a bill which has been owing for six months, a year, two years or even five. If they are given credit again at this shop—and invariably they are, because the owner finds it pays to mention casually that Mrs. So-and-So had just ordered a gown like the model ("she has bought her gowns here for years, you know")—the price demanded is large enough to cover the interest on the money tied up during the interval that the bill remains unsettled, and, possibly, the lawyer's charges in addition.

But there are some sensible women who realize that the shopkeeper must have ready money to carry on his business, that he can get credit for his materials from the wholesalers for a certain length of time only, and that there are discounts of which he desires to take advantage. As a rule these women pay cash for their purchases, and receive, therefore, a still lower price. Again they will select several hats or gowns at the same time, blandly asking the proprietor what discount he will make if they take all of them. There is an art in buying well, and its fundamentals, at least, have been mastered by these women. Although they may possess large incomes, their expenses are likewise heavy, and they can not throw away their money needlessly.

The spirit of barter which American women have acquired from shopping in foreign countries is responsible for some high prices. The American woman who has not traveled always expects to pay the price on the tag, or, if the price is not stated, the amount the clerk glibly announces. She does not know that across the seas there is always an asking price and a taking price. In the large shops in this country, the price is calculated to a nicety and the tag price is the taking price; but in many of the smaller shops the tag price is variable. The proprietors of these shops deal primarily with women who have acquired, consciously or unconsciously, this love of the so-called bargain. It is not unusual to hear "Don't you think Monsieur will sell this hat cheaper?" Or the saleswoman may suggest, "I think I could get this hat for you a little cheaper." Invariably she will disappear, bearing the hat proudly aloft, to return in a few minutes with the confidential information "as a great favor, because Madame is such a good customer, Monsieur will make the hat $95 instead of $100." The persistent customer will push the bargain still further. She will try on the hat again, inspect it from every angle, pinch it and pull it, and finally, with a beaming smile, announces that she will take it if Monsieur will let her have it for $92.59. After much more discussion she will leave the shop, pluming herself that she acquired the hat at *her* price. Behind her Monsieur rubs his hands with an equal amount of glee. He could have sold the hat for $50 and still have made a good profit. This customer may not have paid the highest price but she certainly did not get the lowest one.

THERE are, of course, hosts of women in all classes of life who will always pay the highest price, whether they are buying a piece of corned beef out of a salary of eight dollars a week, or purchasing a sable coat from an income of many thousands. It requires brains to understand values, and where brains are lacking or are an almost negligible quantity, it becomes a delightfully easy matter to buy any old thing at any old price. The path of least resistance is the one invariably trodden by the multitude.

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A little cream and some Grape-Nuts in the spoon, both at once. Then one gets the delicious, nut-like flavour of the cereal, combined with the most digestible of all fats—cream.

The golden-brown granules are tender and crisp; and invite thorough chewing. That's one reason why

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Chewing brings down the saliva which is necessary to "taste," and also—more important—to begin digestion.

This act of chewing also causes, by a natural reflex action, the flow of digestive juices in the stomach, so that by the time the food reaches that organ, it is ready for further digestion.

In making Grape-Nuts whole wheat and malted barley are ground into flour, and the "vital" salts (phosphate of potash, etc.) are retained. These "cell-salts" are highly necessary to the daily repair of the tissue cells of body, brain and nerves.

Try a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream regularly for awhile, and notice the mental "glow" and physical "go"—how much better everything seems.

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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Protecting the Stockholder. Part III. His Rights and Recourses

"Great as have been the abuses practiced upon the public by the manipulation of securities through the medium of the stock exchange, they do not in our judgment compare with the frauds that are practiced upon minority stockholders by the manipulation of properties by the holders of bare majorities through holding companies and in many other ways in which minorities may be oppressed under the system of excluding them from all representation." Page 143, report of Pujo Committee to investigate the "Money Trust."

"Is not the house in which over three-fourths of our industry is carried on infested with disease? In a democratic country hundreds of thousands of citizens in their democratic relations are living in an oligarchy. Corporations, for the most part, have ceased to be 'little republics,' in which the shareholder citizens govern through democratically elected representatives, and too often these shareholders are mere ignorant pawns in the game of high finance,—their shares the chips of a gigantic poker game." Page 355, Business Organization and Combination, Lewis H. Haney, Professor of Economics, University of Texas.

"The status of an administrator of group property is the most dangerous to society of any known to the law. Immediate contact with the property of others gives him both the desire and the opportunity of appropriating it to his own use. No thief can steal so easily as an administrator; nor can any swindler so readily arrange and accomplish a fraud." Adapted by Dr. Arthur K. Kuhn, page 133 of "A Comparative Study of the Law of Corporations with Particular Reference to the Protection of Creditors and Stockholders," from Vol. I, page 226, Der Zwecht im Recht, by R. von Ihering, Leipsic, 1877–1883.

THE first quotation with which this article opens may prove unacceptable to many business men, not because of the facts as stated, but owing to the hostile attitude of the business world toward the manner of the Pujo investigation. But the remaining quotations, one from a German scholar writing nearly thirty years ago, and the other from an American economist writing today, represent only too fairly the feeling of the majority of intelligent persons toward the exploitation of investors. Last week I emphasized the moral obligations which are coming to rest more and more heavily upon stockholders. It is only proper in return to inquire what rights the stockholder possesses and what redresses are his.

What the Law Provides

THE law books will tell you that stockholders as a body usually have these rights in the United States: (1) to amend the certificate of incorporation and the by-laws, (2) to elect directors, (3) to pass upon the mortgaging or sale of permanent assets, (4) to dissolve the corporation. In practice stockholders in large corporations have as little to do with these matters as they have with the orbit of the earth. The law books also will tell you that the individual stockholder has three important rights: (1) the right to vote at meetings, which means he must receive notices of meetings and has the right to attend and participate in them, (2) the right to inspect the corporate books, (3) and the right to dividends, additional stock issues and a share in the assets in case of dissolution.

Stockholders are never denied their right to vote at meetings, but the slight extent of its practical value was shown in the first article in this series. The prac-



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Standard Oil Securities and Safety

Example Number One

Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky

A Marketing company operating in INDIANA and ILLINOIS and South of the Ohio River and East of the Mississippi River.

Capitalization

$3,000,000.00

Earnings

1st Six Months of 1913

$514,313.73

This indicates an earning capacity of 35% on the total capitalization and justifies a continuance of a 5% quarterly rate on the capital stock.

We recommend this stock as a Conservative Investment on its Earning Capacity, Low Capitalization, and Possibilities of Increased Earnings and larger distributions.

J. Hathaway Pope & Co.

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Telephone 6985 Broad

tical thing to remember, however, is that the proxy is never irrevocable, no matter what it may state. In fact and in law a stockholder may revoke at will, countless times, the power of attorney, or delegated right to vote, which we call a proxy, and the surrender of which to the management enables a few men to dominate great corporations. In the fight for control of the Illinois Central Railroad between E. H. Harriman and Stuyvesant Fish stockholders switched over time and again from one party to the other. Complaisant and careless shareholders give their proxies too freely to the management in most large corporations, and the proxies usually run for too long a period, and for too general and unrestricted purposes. Shareholders should read these slips of paper and join with a few others to protest against their sweeping character.

WHEN it comes to the right to inspect the corporate books we enter upon a difficult subject. Originally this was an important right, but the courts soon began to restrict it. Indeed this original right at common law has been almost nullified by statute and court decision. In many jurisdictions a stockholder cannot see any books except those which pertain solely to a corporation, that is, the list of stockholders. This means that stockholders cannot get at a list of customers, contracts, and parties from whom supplies are purchased.

Even with respect to the stock list, legislation and decisions vary so that an owner must usually engage a lawyer to puzzle it out for him. While this right is much hedged about, usually by resort to law a stockholder can get a list of other owners, if he desires it for proper purposes.

It has been commonly held in this country that to give free access to the stock list books to owners of stock would stimulate "strike" suits, and give information to competitors who might buy one share of stock for that purpose. Of course there have been a few rare instances of needless obstructive tactics, and attempted extortion on the part of small stockholders.

Troubles of the Minority

BUT while small and professionally litigious stockholders may in some instances be animated by improper motives there is no necessity of recounting in detail the far greater number of cases where innocent investors have suffered because the "insiders," or the management, or a concentrated body of stock (all of these usually being one and the same) have carried things with a high hand. Corporations are governed by the majority in theory. In practice large corporations are governed commonly by the management, backed by the directors who sometimes own a small but concentrated body of stock and sometimes practically none at all but control a large body of stock through proxies. Cases of a large corporation being controlled by an insignificant minority of stock are frequent. For years the United States Express Company was controlled by the Platt family which owned only a few hundred shares.

When the acts of a management are questioned, haste is always made to acquire enough proxies to vote a bare majority (51 per cent.) of the stock. Then the minority, and this is the practical bearing of these remarks, has only the following recourse: the acts of the majority, and those of the directors, cannot be interfered with by the minority except in the case of unauthorized, fraudulent or illegal acts.

Put in another way the minority can prevent by law in this country actual or threatened abuse of power by directors, and fraudulent transactions to secure an unfair advantage to directors or other stockholders. Put in still another way minority stockholders may secure redress from a breach of trust on the part of directors, and it may be added that courts have decided over and over again that directors are trustees for the interests of the stockholders. To be a trustee is a grave responsibility, and business custom has long maintained the sacredness of trusteeship.

Thus it is clear that minority stockholders have recourse to justice under the American law, but there is a vagueness and indirectness about all this in striking contrast with the direct liability which the laws of Continental Europe create in behalf of an injured creditor or owner against an officer or director. In England and America the liability of a director is primarily to the corporation, and the theory is that action must be brought against directors in the name of the corporation. This means in practice that stockholders can usually bring actions only after demand has been made upon the board of directors to act, and after the courts have decided that the majority of the board of directors have improperly refused or neglected to sue. This general statement may be subject to modification in certain States, but in general it is safe to say that the trust relation between director and stockholder in this country is far too indirect to be effective.

BUT even so the trouble often is not so much with the inadequacy of the law as with the investor's ignorance of it. Often the injured party does not know his own rights. Stockholders should never hesitate to address the board of directors, or the management, for then when litigation arises the fact that they have gone on record is frequently of great avail. There are far too many instances of large railroads "freezing out" minority owners of smaller lines, in which an interest has been purchased. Usually a persistent appeal to the courts will bring relief.

The cumulative method of voting is perhaps the most important protection which minority shareholders have in this country. Originally the corporate practice was to give each share of stock one vote. Of course a minority could never get any representation on the board of directors in this way because the majority votes elected all the directors. Under the cumulative voting system each share of stock has as many votes as there are directors to be elected, and the owner can concentrate all his votes on one nominee. Thus a moderate sized minority can always be sure of electing one director at least. Dissatisfied stockholders should always cumulate their votes if the State laws admit of it.

There is a vast amount of utter rubbish emitted by corporation managers and investment bankers on the danger of government regulation, inquisitorial power of government commissions and the publicity to follow. In Germany the internal affairs of corporations have been regulated to an extent not even suggested as yet by the most radical members of our own Congress, and yet German industry has no rival. The next and last article of this series will show wherein the investor's position may be bettered by a closer governmental regulation of the internal affairs of corporations.

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What They Think of Us

Oakland (Cal.) *Enquirer*

You see quoted, every now and then, the assertion, made by the late J. P. Morgan, to the Pujo Committee, when it was investigating the Money Trust, that "practically all the railroad and industrial development of the country has taken place initially through the medium of the great banking houses." But, as Mr. Brandeis has been saying and showing in HARPER'S WEEKLY, "that statement is entirely unfounded in fact." As a matter of fact, practically all the big enterprises of the country were "initiated" without the aid of the bankers, who grabbed them and "re-organizing" them, filled them chock-a-block full of water long after they were "initiated" and their success proven by others than the bankers.

The Globe (N. Y. City)

Nearly 800 of the leading street-railway men on the continent heard Guy E. Tripp, chairman of the board of directors of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, attack Louis D. Brandeis for statements the Boston lawyer had made in regard to his company and the General Electric Company.

The occasion was the banquet and mid-year meeting of the American Electric Railway Association and the American Electric Railway Manufacturers' Association. . . . .

Mr. Tripp declared for a platform of principles to be enunciated by the electric railway industry, and warned his hearers that the people were a court of last resort with whom they must in the end rest their case.

"Public-service corporations now understand that regulation or coöperation are the only alternatives lying between unrestrained operation for private profit and governmental ownership," he said.

"By coöperation with the people I would not have you understand that I mean coöperation with those self-appointed advisers of the people who will fill our magazines with misstatements of facts and upon such premises build their attractive and popular arguments. For an example, the misstatement of Mr. Brandeis in HARPER'S WEEKLY that the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and the General Electric Company are only alleged competitors. If all his facts are as false as that one, and I know that one to be false, his conclusions are worthless."

W. G. Peckham, St. Cloud (Florida)

Brandeis is nearly perfect. Tell him that he has forgotten this, however. In our railroad and bank stocks we suffer from the evils of primogeniture. Hereditary presidents are ruinous to stockholders. Witness the bank stocks that in the last ten years have fallen, say one hundred points, or just as much as the dividends.

Hamilton Craig, Coronation (Alberta, Canada)

Mr. Louis D. Brandeis' tirade against the Inefficiency of the Oligarchs suggests the following queries:

1. Was timidity of public opinion responsible for the wreck of the New Haven road?



The First Taste

There is coming a time—if it hasn't come—when the folks at your table get their first taste of Puffed Grains.

Watch them. Note the wonder the delight with which they greet these foods.

They will see whole grains puffed by steam explosion to eight times normal size. They will find them crisp yet fragile, bubble-like and thin. And they'll taste like toasted nuts.

Note the surprise. Nobody has ever seen or tasted other cereal foods like these.

Let Them Do This

You will serve them first with cream and sugar. But let your people then enjoy them in other delightful ways.

Try mixing Puffed Grains with fruit. The nut-like taste gives a very inviting blend.

Try serving in bowls of milk. The grains will float. They are crisper than crackers and four times as porous as bread.

Then use like nut meats in frosting cake or as garnish to ice cream. Let the girls use the grains in candy. Let the boys eat Puffed Grains dry, like peanuts, when at play.

Use both as foods and confections.

Puffed Wheat-10¢
Puffed Rice-15¢

Except in Extreme West

Then remember this: Inside of each grain there occur in the making a hundred million steam explosions. So every food granule is blasted to pieces. Digestion can instantly act.

In no other way has this result ever been accomplished. Cooking and toasting break up part of the granules. But millions remain unbroken.

Prof. A. P. Anderson, by this steam explosion, has made whole grains wholly digestible.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

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The Perfect Costume

Do you want this Spring's costume to be the most attractive, stylish and becoming you have ever worn? Do you want it to follow fashion with a taste and discretion that will express your own personality exactly?

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THE MAGAZINE OF INDIVIDUALITY

offers you a unique service of advance style presentation that is authoritative, and style adaptation that will exactly meet your personal requirements.

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March—The Spring Fashions
The lure of Spring openings in Paris and New York. The first authentic and complete portrayal of Spring styles.

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For the June Bride—her gown, her gifts, her traveling equipment, her trousseau. Luxuries and necessities for the toilet table.

June—Summer Fashions and Traveling
The Summer's styles complete, for form and comfort both. Vacation hints, where and how to go, travel clothes and luggage.

July—Life in the Open
Sports and sporting garb. How to be correct and at ease for tennis, swimming, motoring, riding, golf and all outdoors.

August—The Younger Generation
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Send the coupon today with a dollar bill, at our risk, for six splendid issues of Smart Styles, every one a revelation to women who care for dress distinction, every one a help to you in choosing "the perfect costume."

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2. Was C. S. Mellen hired to squeeze the New Haven and the associate companies, and, if so, did he earn his salary?

3. Is one right to infer from Mr. Brandeis' remarks that men may be secured who will work gratis for coöperative associations?

4. May one also infer that the principle of credit-unionism ensures the absence of losses in loaning? If so, why?

5. In large affairs, which are more valuable officials: those who direct policies in a large way, or those who have the time and inclination to devote all their energy to detail work?

6. Why is it suggested, indirectly, that bankers, and more especially investment bankers, are men who lack a sense of moral responsibility, while the apologists of coöperation are unusually well endowed with unselfishness and public spirit?

Mr. Brandeis would confer a favor on the reading public by a frank reply.

Minneapolis (Minn.) *Bellman*

While it is manifestly unfair to call HARPER'S WEEKLY in its new disguise even remotely representative of American thought, the publication is sufficiently conspicuous to make its faults a matter for regret as well as condemnation.

Pontiac (Mich.) *Press*

And you are still old enough to remember when HARPER'S WEEKLY was a really great publication.

Milwaukee (Wis.) *Press*

Senator Miles Poindexter writes entertainingly in HARPER'S WEEKLY on "My Conscience and My Vote," the vote referred to being the vote of a Congressman in Congress. . . .

Senator Poindexter, be it remembered, is one of the champion nepotists in public life; the political almoner, as it were, of the Poindexter tribe, East and West.

Brothers William and Fielding hold fat federal jobs through their distinguished relative's influence, and our last advices were to the effect that brother Ernest was having wires successfully pulled in his behalf. Son Gale has been neatly landed in West Point, Cousin Sam Graham owes his job in the Department of Justice to the Senator. More than that, the Virginia Poindexters—Jefferson, Eugene, Robert, Major and Anne, the wife of a second cousin, have all been helped to government snaps by their faithful relative.

We suggest to Editor Hapgood that an article on "My Conscience and My Family Job Fest" would make a splendid "following story" from the pen of Senator Poindexter.

Los Angeles (Cal.) *Express*

That HARPER'S WEEKLY should have joined in the crusade to belittle Bryan through caricature is as surprising as it is regrettable.

Havana (Neb.) *Bee*

The *New York Sun*, in walloping its friend, Norman Hapgood, for lambasting Anthony Comstock, reminds Norm that Mr. Comstock has given forty years to his work and become "one of the greatest forces in the world for cleanliness." Pooh! What is forty years by Anthony Comstock as compared with, say, forty days of effort by the man with a monopoly on wisdom and a corner on virtue?

Brooklyn (N. Y.) *E le*

The Progressive party leaders are complaining that too many men with crude ideas are flocking to its standard. Editors Bryan, Barnes, Roosevelt, Hapgood are in charge of all our parties, and from any two points of this triangle the other point looks like a waste basket.

Shreveport (La.) *Times*

Albert W. Atwood, financial editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, gives an opinion on the soundness of the Louisiana bonds, an opinion which coincides with the views of financiers generally. . . .

Why should Louisiana 4½ per cent. bonds amounting to only $11,000,000, which represent the total indebtedness of the state, sell at a loss in December, while New York 4½ per cent. bonds amounting to $51,000,000 and representing a part of that state's $200,000,000 debt, sell at a handsome profit exactly thirty days thereafter?

The people of Louisiana who have this debt to pay and this loss to pay should insist on an answer to this question.

New York World

My ideal of a government is a strong government with a strong man to administer it, and a strong people to make the strong man go as they wish him to go.—From the Colonel's speech at Buenos Aires as reported in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

For example, a government by Theodore Roosevelt over a nation composed of "the great Morgan interests that have been so friendly to us."

Editor HARPER'S WEEKLY:

I do not think your parallel in your editorial of January 10 between a supposed Washington situation and the Mexican situation when Madero was killed is accurate.

You assume that General Huerta is a traitor; will you debate that with me in public before an audience of your own choosing? A church or Y. M. C. A. congregation would not be unfavorable to your side.

General Huerta did not decline to use his own artillery against Diaz. I have counted dozens of cannon-shot scars still remaining in the vicinity of the citadel months after the battle. The upper story of the Y. M. C. A. building, where Diaz had his machine guns, was wrecked by Huerta's cannon. The citadel is a low building surrounded by higher structures and hence hard to hit. The loyal Madero soldiers sent by Huerta against Diaz were not massacred; they tunneled through heavy-walled buildings to get at the enemy and comparatively few of them were killed. All uneducated soldiers fire high. I occupied a third-floor room this fall through the walls of which were nine bullet holes fired by General Angeles, whose loyalty to Madero no one has ever doubted.

Madero was arrested by Huerta only after the Madero Secretary of State and about forty Madero Senators, all that could be gotten together, had demanded he do so. Congress, after the battle, had no difficulty in assembling in full. They had all been elected with Madero; they were not surrounded by bayonets when they accepted Madero's resignation; they had lost faith in Madero who, beyond reasonable doubt, was mentally unbalanced. Huerta had absolutely nothing to do with the assassination of Madero.

Very truly yours,
[Signed] CASSIUS E. GILLETTE.

Omaha (Neb.) *Bee*

"Feminism and the Facts" is the caption of an editorial in the *New York Times*. Thank you, if we want facts on feminism we will go to Mr. Hapgood for them.

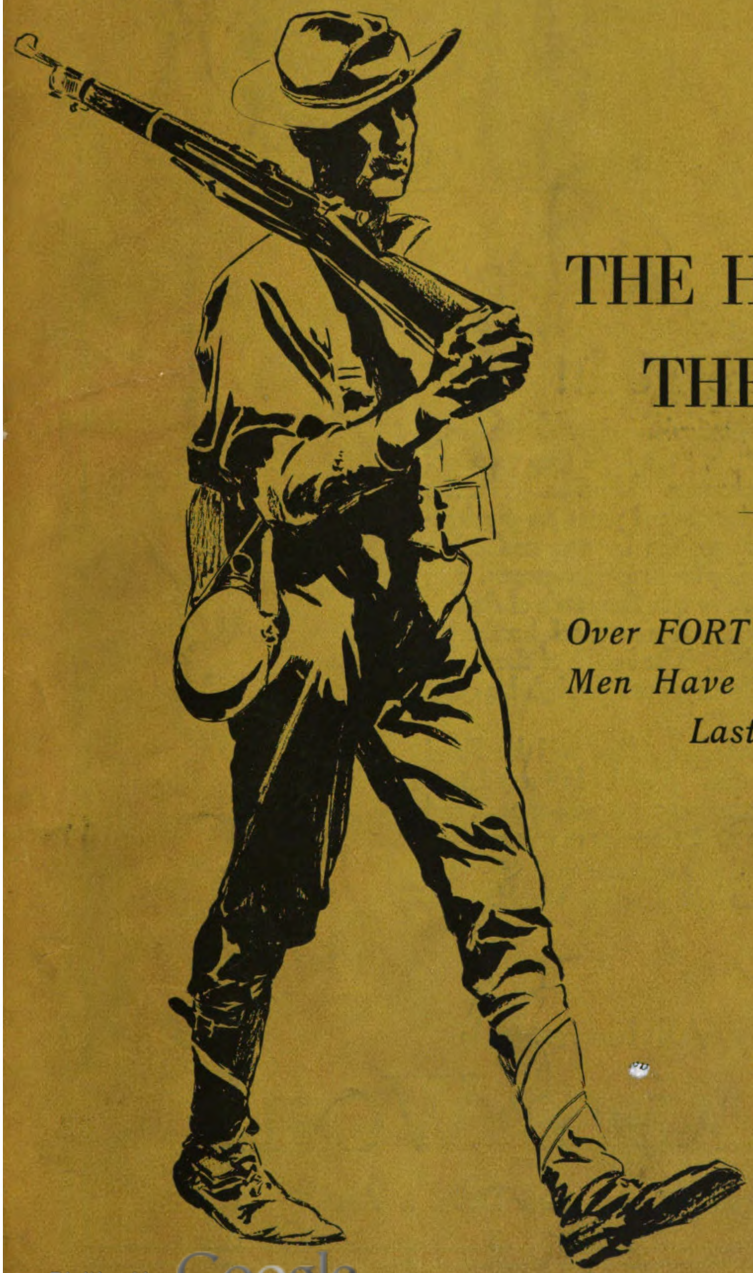
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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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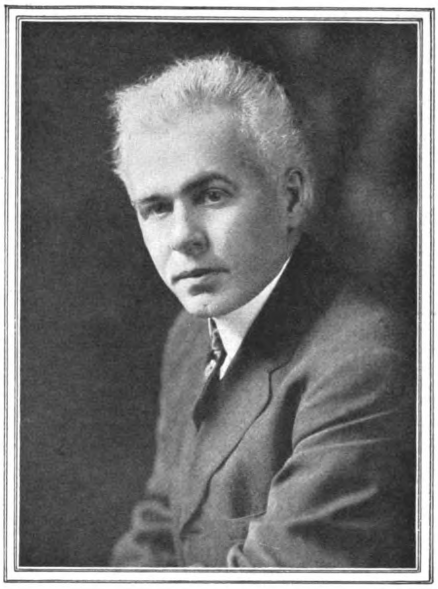
THE HONOR OF THE ARMY

Over FORTY-SIX THOUSAND Men Have DESERTED in the Last Ten Years

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS

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"The Little Grey Man"



Pure Food!

THAT is the particular hobby of Professor Lewis B. Allyn, "the little grey man" of Westfield, Massachusetts. Unofficially, he has been carrying on, for several years, an unrelenting war against impurities in and misleading statements concerning foods and beverages. His work has become known in thousands of American homes—in these thousands of homes his word has become law. The health of the nation has been materially improved through his quiet efforts.

Henceforth Professor Allyn will be Food Editor of The Ladies' World. In every future issue of the magazine his work will appear, and his advice will be at the service of our readers.

Read the preliminary announcement of what he intends to do in The Ladies' World.

All Newsstands

THE LADIES' WORLD

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY 28, 1914

"Herself" ..... Robert Henri 2
From the prize-winning painting

Editorials 3

I Cure a Headache ..... Henry Wallace Phillips 6
Terrible experiences with a habit-forming drug
Illustrated by Herb Roth

The Honor of the Army ..... Charles Johnson Post 10
The brutal injustice of the court-martial system
Illustrated from photographs

Gaiety ..... John Hunter Sedgwick 14
When the gentleman from Pittsburg saw it face to face
Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

The New Baby ..... Everett Shinn 16
Cartoon

Two Million Miles of Road ..... Honoré Willsie 18
The farmer's wagon and the government
Illustrated from photographs

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 21

How I Found My Iago ..... William Faversham 22
A villain as an actor sees him
Illustrated from a photograph

Wiser Marriages ..... Mary Austin 23
The old form and the new
Illustrated by H. T. Dunn

The Russian Cathedral Choir ..... Isabel Hapgood 26
The finest church music in America
Illustrated from a photograph

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 28
Protecting the stockholder: By Law

Medical Women's Handicap ..... Kristine Mann, M. D. 32
Why shut women doctors out of the hospitals?

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"HERSELF"

By Robert Henri

THIS is another of Mr. Henri's characteristic portraits. His studies of the County Mayo people are among his best work. "Herself" was awarded the "Carol H. Beck" gold medal at the exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy on February 9

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Is Our Army System Sound?

IT was not without hesitation that we began Mr. Post's series exposing the fact that the United States Army system is not fit for a democracy, but rather an antique and feudal survival. The Army in our democracy cannot be what it ought to be until it is properly related to civil life. The number of desertions shows that it is not fitted to civil life. The series now running explains why men desert. Let us hope that before many years the Army will be a place so valuable to the enlisted man that he will seek service and not need to be dragooned into it; will not run away the first year; will come out a more efficient citizen than he enters. Here are some definitions of a certain species of man:

"Gentleman: a well-bred and honorable man; a man of education, high principle, courtesy and kindness: a man of honor." *Standard Dictionary.*

"Gentleman: a man of good breeding, courtesy and kindness; hence a man distinguished for a fine sense of honor, a strict regard for his obligations, and consideration for the rights and feelings of others." *Century Dictionary.*

There is but one trade in the United States where a man is a gentleman by act of Congress. Apparently Congress, in a brave moment, attempted to do by statute what Providence and the Almighty had failed to accomplish indiscriminately. This trade is the trade of arms—that is to say, strictly and only the upper crust in the trade of arms. An officer is not merely an officer, he is also a technical gentleman and can prove it any hour of the day or night with a law of Congress. But the importance of bottles lies not in their labels but in their contents. When Adam named the animals he performed a prodigious amount of useless labor; for we should have named the animals any way in the course of time, and each according to its kind. And no one cares today or even knows what Adam named them, and the animals have never been able to boast professionally of their appellations as given by him and claim a superior gentlemanliness thereby. But when Congress labels a man as a professional gentleman we have a natural curiosity to know what is inside. Major-General Wood, Chief of Staff, and the highest officer in the Army, has recently made public some recommendations for army officers that are interesting in the vivid suggestions they raise in the domain of that which they are intended to cure:

"It is believed," he states in his official admonition to the Army, "that much of the discontent in the service today is incident to the method of dealing with enlisted men. Many young officers intrusted with the command of men have not been sufficiently imbued with the tremendous importance of the portion of their duties which concerns their relations with enlisted men.

"They often seem to feel it necessary to adopt a tone of voice or a manner in dealing with them which is quite different from that which they usually employ; and only too frequently they seek to accomplish through public rebuke what could be more efficiently accomplished through a private talk with the subordinate himself."

Yet any one familiar with army conditions knows the underlying causes back of Major-General Wood's urgings. They know that last year there were over seventeen per cent. of desertions compared to the number of men enlisted. They know that any department or any business where many men can only be held to their jobs by fear of punishment is inefficient and that remedies are needed, not reproofs.

If the publication of the facts set forth in Mr. Post's series, painful as they are, leads the citizens of this country really to grapple with and settle the question of what kind of army life, army discipline, army training is needed in our modern democracy, we shall be more than repaid for the altogether unwelcome task of offering a fundamental disapproval of one of our national institutions.

Unions and Prisons

LABOR UNIONS have done much for civilization. They have enabled the workingmen to deal intelligently and effectively with their employers; they have educated the men themselves; they have forced many righteous measures out of legislatures; but, like the capitalists, and like all other classes, including even journalists, they make their errors. The three heaviest charges against them are that they limit output, that they do not try to obtain the best work, and that they are instrumental in keeping alive one of the worst products of our civilization—the present prison system. What more stupid idea of harmful competition could there be than the one upheld by the unions, that many thousands of able-bodied men ought to be supported in prison in idleness, instead of laboring to increase the number of commodities furnished to the community? The prison system would have been improved long ago if it had not been for the political influence of the unions. HARPER'S WEEKLY is not too favorable to concentrated capital, as has been proved by our contribution to the dissolving of the Money Trust; but on the other hand, labor should be treated just as frankly and just as fearlessly as capital, and public opinion should insist on the largest possible product and on the best workmanship.

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Representation

PROFIT SHARING will never alone solve the question of the relation of labor and capital. It will have to be supplemented by joint responsibility and joint control. Charles Sumner Bird, Progressive candidate for Governor of Massachusetts last autumn, in a speech during the campaign said that strikes of general public importance rarely occurred in any individually owned and managed plant. They occur where the stockholders do not come into contact with the workers, take no part in the settlement of wages and the regulation of hours, and are unfamiliar with the conditions of labor. The stockholders are represented by a general manager who is expected to make profits. This is a typical case of absentee ownership and the basis of the most serious labor difficulties. If the stockholders in the big corporations understood conditions, they would devise remedies. Even the directors are usually ignorant of factory conditions and rarely get the workers' point of view:

"I would suggest that every Board of Directors should include some representatives of the workmen with authority to serve as fellow-directors. Such a representation would keep the Board informed as to prevailing conditions as to wages and hours of labor and thus the directors and stockholders would understand the perplexities and problems of the workmen, which, under present conditions, is impossible."

Most students of labor conditions are agreed on the truth of that statement about having workingmen for directors, radical as it sounds. It gains its importance from the fact that Mr. Bird has employed so many men himself, has made money, and has remained on excellent terms with his employees.

A Stirring Candidate

KANSAS, which is usually wide awake, will be further energized during the next few months by the candidacy of Mrs. Eva Morley Murphy of Goodland, who is running for Congress on the Progressive Party ticket, subject to the action of the state primaries. She does not avoid issues. She says:

"I have chosen for my party the only one that has in its platform pledged itself to the task of making this country a true democracy by securing equal suffrage to men and women alike."

She speaks up for a national constitutional prohibition of the liquor traffic, a declaration which will have at least the effect of intensifying both her friendships and her enmities. She has lived in her district for twenty-six years, and is very enthusiastic, without letting that enthusiasm run into sentimentality, about the cheerful, industrious and progressive people who have turned it from a barren plain into a well-ordered country of homes. She firmly, although modestly, thinks she knows their needs,—irrigation, cheaper transportation, better school privileges. The last paragraph of her announcement will appeal to many women whose work at home is done:

"I sincerely believe the fact that I am a woman, wife and mother will aid me, and not hinder, in truly representing all the people of the Sixth District and helping to secure more equitable laws for all the people of our great country. Therefore, since my children are grown and my husband is willing that I shall give myself largely to this wider field of service to which many are calling me I have decided to enter the political fight for the ascendancy of the best party in the race."

As far as we can judge from Mrs. Murphy's announcement, and from what our friends in Kansas tell of her standing there, it would be hard to find anybody, man or woman, even in that state of evenly distributed wealth, general education and progressive feeling, who would have equipment superior to hers.



Gifford Pinchot

Gifford Pinchot

AMONG the candidates who are now being considered for the United States Senate, we know none with better equipment in character, experience and intelligence than Gifford Pinchot. He has been an actor in some of the most important events of recent years. He has thought on most of the principal subjects of the day. He is absolutely independent and his whole life is guided by the desire to be of use to the community.

Perhaps you wonder how we happen to be able to illustrate these opinions with a little sketch by

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Mr. Flagg. Facility and certainty of execution are among the best gifts that the gods have for artists. Mr. Pinchot sat at the editor's desk the other day for about five minutes discussing conservation, progressiveness, and a few other topics, and immediately after his departure the editor found the above sketch on his desk as a remembrance from Mr. Flagg. We don't yet know what Mr. Pinchot thinks of it, but to our mind it indicates in caricature not only his type of head, but his sunny smile and genial spirit.

Is It Risky?

ONE of the many charges against newspapers is that they suppress the names of stores and of store-owners whenever the news is unfavorable, as, for instance, when an elevator falls in a dry-goods store, or when the question is agitated of seats for the shop-girls. One of the hoariest and most inane newspaper traditions is that one publication will carefully refrain from advertising another. It was refreshing, therefore, to read the following:

> Names should be used in all stories where their use adds to the news value. This applies to individuals, firms and corporations (including newspapers). There should be no discrimination against any one because he happens to be an advertiser, a possible advertiser or one who refuses to advertise in this paper. This order is to take effect at once.
>
> OGDEN M. REID, Editor.

The *Tribune* under Mr. Reid has been actively showing signs of new life, and this particular move is one which most fully deserves success, for it is a move toward common sense and toward common truthfulness.

Wake Up, Virginia!

THERE is a bill now pending before the Virginia legislature founded on the notion that it is time for the State University to become democratic and to take part in the every-day life of the average man and woman. The movement to have a coördinate college for women at the University of Virginia has the support of President Alderman and of leading educators everywhere, and of the more progressive democratic elements in the state, and is opposed by standpatters of every species.

One of the favorite ways of delaying action in the legislature is to investigate when there is nothing to investigate. Opponents of the college are concentrating on the effort to appoint a legislative committee to study the question and to report two years later. It happens that such an investigation has already been made and the results are available. The faculty of the University of Virginia favor the bill by a vote of 42 to 5.

Apart from general Bourbonism, two special obstacles confront the movement. One is that considerable effort is being made to change one of the State Normal Schools into a weak college for women, and thus follow a line of development condemned in the Seventh Annual Report of the President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. The other is that the local press has practically excluded even from the local news columns any mention of the progress the movement for the coördinate college is making, to such an extent that a committee of prominent men organized to protest against this newspaper suppression. Richmond has two morning daily papers, one of which is controlled by certain alumni of the University of Virginia, who are personally opposed to the coördinate college, and the other is controlled by a man who is prominent as a state-wide prohibitionist and who, as a Methodist leader, is much interested in the Methodist college for women at Lynchburg, Va. Against these several specific obstacles and against standpatism in general, those who favor the college have nothing to rely upon except the general intelligence of the community.

Vaudeville and Art

ETHEL BARRYMORE is going back to vaudeville in Barrie's play, "The Twelve Pound Look," and Blanche Bates is already playing the same author's "Half an Hour." Being rather crowded with office business just now, we are not able to look over the vaudeville field to see how many features there are equal to these —two of the best plays of recent years. Art in vaudeville is especially important, for it reaches the class that most fully represents the nation.

Faversham's Iago

ONE of the qualities of Shakespeare's most famous characters is that they can be played in so many different ways without any of the ways being wrong. In that respect they are like real life, where any one of us is seen differently by our different friends and enemies, not because the facts are misstated, but because the emphasis is different. Edwin Booth's Iago is most vividly stamped upon the minds of Americans old enough to remember it. He played the part with that high imagination which was always his. Iago, in his hands, was a malign but superior spirit of evil, like the Satan of Milton. This interpretation enabled Booth to give with the beauty of organ music those outbreaks of eloquent thought to which Iago is so much addicted. The latest actor to play this part is William Faversham, who, although he made his reputation in popular romance, has so much worthy ambition that he has been producing "Herod," "Julius Caesar," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Othello," as well as the class of comedies represented by "Every Man and His Wife" and "The Faun." His Iago emphasizes the bluff and spirited side of the character, the side that made him popular with the young blades of the time and gave the impression to Othello and others that he was primarily straightforward and blunt. Starting from this point of view, Mr. Faversham presents the part decidedly well. Possibly as he lives in it longer, he will, while keeping the emphasis on the strong spirits, yet bring out more the fact that Iago belongs to the race of great intellectual devils, not among the ordinarily commonplace evil doers. The production of the play with such good taste in its scenic effects and such an excellent company is one more triumph in the record of an actor-manager whose work in the last few years has brought him rapidly forward among the few who put into the American stage elements that can interest human beings of full adult mental stature.

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I Cure a Headache

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

Illustrated by Herb Roth



"I finally reached my maximum—a moderate little pound bottle per diem"

THERE are two reasons why a man should write of himself: One, when he has accomplished or found something so novel and of such benefit to humanity that the knowledge of the character behind the achievement is as important as the event itself. The other, when he has done something so bad, and also novel, that a plain, straight, personal story may divert, in time, some other body from doing the same thing.

The word "bad" in this sense has an unfortunate importance. Really bad things are fool things. A virile crime is but a misdirected artistry. That is why we hear so little of the really bad.

I was raised in a country where the man who didn't stop from any business to kill a rattlesnake or to do his best to put out a prairie-fire was regarded, not as negligent, but as an active public enemy. So, while it is an unpleasant thing for a vain man tc do, like Bottom, of old, I shall write me down an ass.

Good. Write me down an ass. The ass is a beast of burden, and I carried my pack.

Some things I shall extenuate and set down a few oughts in malice.

To me, cause and effect are these: I took Bromo-Seltzer for a headache. It cured the headache, as advertised. It cured many a headache, but at the end I did one year in a sanitarium and three and one-half years in a lunatic asylum.

I would not detract an atom from the value of this remedy. It absolutely cured sick headache—migraine, that most miserable of maladies. Most men who earn their bread and extras by the labor of, if not the sweat of, their brows, know this damnable affliction: to wake up in the morning poisoned, dizzy with nausea and pain, useless and utterly wretched; to have from one to three days of it, actively, and from one to three days passively, convalescing; and always, with fixed depravity, choosing those times when circumstances demand a man should be at his best.

Right living will not prevent migraine. What it is, no one knows. From Osler down it is a matter of conjecture in treatises on the practice of medicine. Some incline to the belief that it is a sort of epilepsy, some to the notion that it is psychic in origin. None who have tried, however, are in the least doubt as to the results. Its etiology may be vague, but its presence is valid in the extreme.

What sweeter thing does life hold than the easement of extreme pain? The old darkey had a strong logic when he bumped his head against the post, because it felt so good when it stopped.

Bromo-Seltzer was the thing to slip under the armor of my conceit: to me, as to many, many others now, the lack of opprobrium and of immediate ridiculous or disgraceful performance in the use of this fizzy and absurd man-wrecker, robbed me of my judgment. I knew a great deal better than to use any drug. A chemist by profession, and fairly widely read in medicine, I knew that no man, however strong, could use any stimulant or analgetic indefinitely without footing a bill.

THAT was my judgment. Where is the man whose judgment is better than his conceit? Not here, at any rate. I was a strong man, physically, for weight and inches, few stronger; I prided myself on my will, and with facts to back it. I had maintained myself in the West under circumstances not unattended by danger and the necessity for decision and the domination of other men. I had made a living at three different professions which I had taught myself; and it requires will for a lazy man to learn the technique of a trade well enough to earn a living at it. I was no bally amateur at anything. I fancied myself exceedingly and am obliged to state, more in sorrow than in anger, perhaps do so still. After all, it is our conceit that whistles us along.

However, mine got a rude bump. As nearly as I can remember, my introduction to this gay deceiver, Bromo-Seltzer (What an asinine title for the thing a man has to acknowledge as his bane!) took place in this fashion. We met by chance—the usual way.

I had to be in New York City on a certain chilly, rainy day, and I was sick to the soul with migraine. I wandered from one office to another, listening dully to the useless things that phantom people told me. That dirty pain banged and walloped at the back of my eyes and qualm after qualm of nausea sprung my knees from under me. And I was cold and clammy with a cold that reached my spinal column.

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I got done with the business and faced going home. I lived in Staten Island, and had one elevated train, one ferry, one railroad, and a mile walk before me. It looked like too damned much, plus.

I never felt like suicide, but I should have enjoyed shoving that pain out of existence. Well, I toddled along, until a man hailed me. "You look sick," said he; "what's the matter?" I told him.

"I get 'em, too," said he. "Ever try,"—etc., etc., etc. You have doubtless been through it.

I had tried them all.

He pointed to a nearby saloon. "Come in and have a drink, anyhow," he said. "It will brace you up to get home."

I told him I had tried drinks to get home on before, and would not again if I never got home. A little alcohol to pump things up made my headaches something to wonder at.

"Well, come in and sit a minute, anyhow," said he. "You look all in."

Anything was better than trying to think, so in I went.

He had a whisky and we sat at the table. The barkeeper asked me if I was not feeling well.

"No," answered my friend. "Headache—don't you know something good for a headache?"

"I sure do," replied the bartender, with the kindly smile of the Samaritan. "Something that knocks 'em every time. I've stood behind this bar passing out drinks when I couldn't 'a' told you what my name was, my nut ached so. But this gets 'em!" And, from the shelf he reached down a blue bottle—the twenty-five cent variety.

Skilfully he mixed it in a tall thin glass, and offered me the creaming, hissing Respite and Nepenthe.

I made a strong effort—my stomach was not receiving that afternoon—and gulped it. From the first it tasted good.

"There!" said the kind bartender. "That'll help what ails you! You'll feel like a fighting cock in an hour's time—or if you don't, one more swig 'll fetch it, sure!"

Yes, I swallowed it—my first mileage ticket to Ward's Island-beside-itself-and-the-Sea!

Yet, O Bromo-Seltzer! You granulated betrayer! You effervescent destroyer of homes! You made good on that occasion—and on many another.

Soon the pain began to withdraw, like a cowardly tiger. I couldn't believe it, at first. My idea, from experience, was that remedies did undesirable things to you. They either promptly returned the way they came, or added a new ache of their own.

But the blissful drowsiness that came upon me was genuine. A sense of victory helped along. The one thing I had never been able to master was migraine.

I had typhoid fever all by my lone in the Black Hills, and pulled through on a diet of baking powder biscuit and salt horse. This form of nutriment is highly temporary with typhoid convalescents.

TO return to our scapegoat, for lack of mutton. The pain receded, slowly and sullenly, still making occasional alarums and excursions, but whipped.

Lord! How my spirits rose! I felt almost hysterically happy. I could have written a resounding hymn to Analgesia.

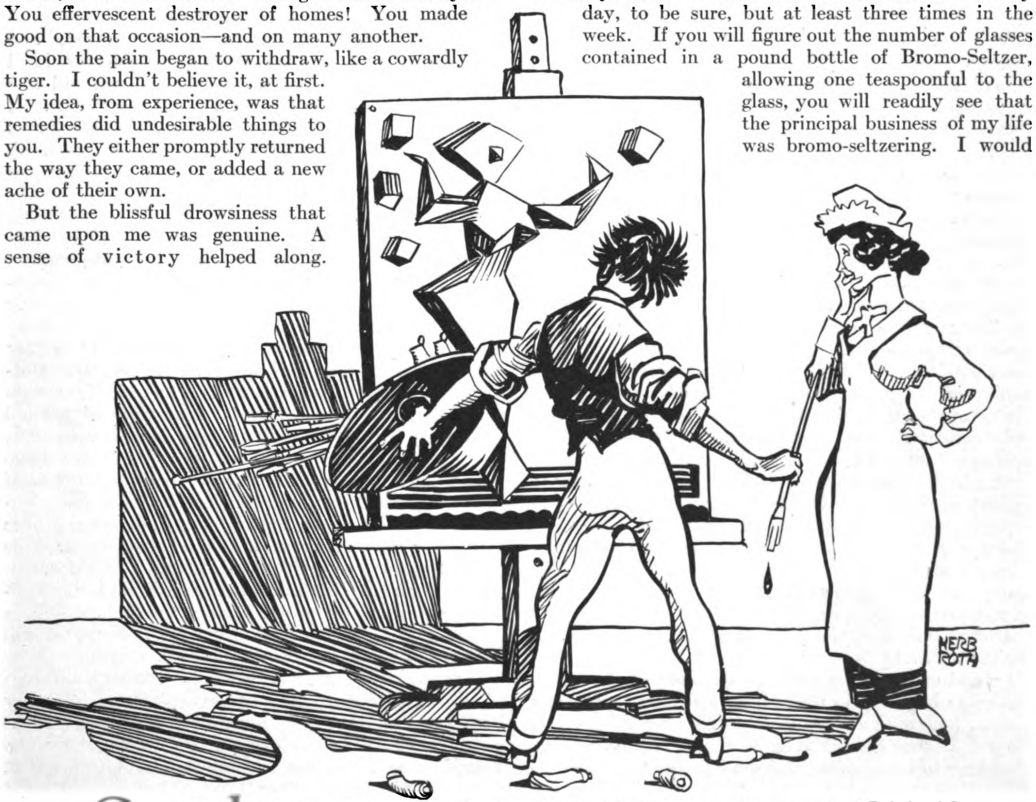
From this time on I had a confidence which did much to prevent attacks of headache. If the matter could have rested here, the benefit derived from the use of Bromo-Seltzer would have been real and lasting.

But one must always reckon with the psychic effects of using any drug. It stands to reason you cannot alter any bodily condition without affecting the brain and nervous system. The most active ingredient of Bromo-Seltzer is Acetanilid. The whole matter of the action of this drug, like most drugs, is not understood, but it certainly has a large influence on the nervous system; possibly as a vaso-constrictor. Now this would influence the blood supply to the brain, and, therefore, it would also seem reasonable to suppose it would influence what a man thinks.

This I know. I at once became possessed of the idea that if Bromo-Seltzer would cure a headache by an occasional dose, a constant diet would be steadily beneficial. I admit this might be the natural foolery of the man and not the effect of the drug.

I tried it. I took a teaspoonful three times a day. For some time I felt a great stimulation. The truth probably is that, as with alcohol, Acetanilid stimulates by inhibiting certain processes or trains of thought. As time wore on the dosage was increased until I finally reached my maximum—a moderate little pound bottle per diem.

This last statement has been disputed. I have been told by physicians that I could not take a pound a day. The only answer I can submit is that I did. Not every day, to be sure, but at least three times in the week. If you will figure out the number of glasses contained in a pound bottle of Bromo-Seltzer, allowing one teaspoonful to the glass, you will readily see that the principal business of my life was bromo-seltzering. I would



"With the help of a kind and very able nurse, I started the art class on Ward's Island"

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get up at least a half dozen times in the night "to hit up" my special beverage.

There was not much outside sign of deterioration. As I said before, I was an uncommonly strong man, and the early open-air life on the prairies stood me in good stead. Even the blue lips, by which you may easily recognize most Acetanilid drunkards, were absent. My family and friends, who became alarmed, induced me to consult a physician. I laughed at the idea, but consented. The physician could find nothing wrong with the heart action, except, strange to say, that it was a little rapid. Somewhere I had a dim feeling that things were not right, but this was not sufficiently near the surface to make me break off. I wish to state that, unlike morphine, the bromo-seltzerite does not usually attempt to conceal his vice. The particular psychical effect of this drug (in most cases) is to breed an arrogant and defiant attitude. I speak from the knowledge of many cases brought to my attention since it became known that I had cured myself of the habit. Until you fall a victim you have no idea how prevalent this form of intoxication is.

To get at once to the smash-up, I will drop a history of the intermediate decadence. Family troubles and financial troubles multiplied. In the worry and strain incident upon this, my drug began to lose its potency. I suddenly found myself in a most hideous state of nervous wreck with no "Balm in Gilead." At this point I made up my mind to quit. As I remember it, the conviction came to me in a flash, without previous reasoning.

ONE afternoon in the early winter I threw what was left of my stock of Bromo-Seltzer in the garbage pail and prepared to go through the ordeal I knew awaited me: To sit in a chair with my heart beating with such violence that the chair rocked to the pulsations; to have sudden shocks from the dilation of the arteries, when it seemed that the blood must burst from my body; to be done with sleep entirely and to have a misty following of enemies who sneaked behind the head of my bed and whispered, so I just could hear them, "Now we've got him!—Come on! You go to that side, and I will knife him," etc. This band of Thuggees were not rough rascals at all. They were a well-dressed, well-groomed crowd, although I seldom got a good look at them. They always hid behind the corners of my eyes. I also knew they were phantoms, and that if I came to believe in them I was a "gone gosling." Yet, they were so real, and the imaging of them so artistic and complete, it was difficult not to believe in their reality. I knew better than to cast anxious glances behind me when out for a walk, but at times the temptation to look just once at the man who was about to stab me, was almost irresistible. I suffered various physical sensations, annoying, uncomfortable, or ghastly—such sensations as feeling oneself covered with molasses, and adhering to the bedclothes or to one's underclothes. To feel like a human pincushion, with thousands of pins trying to press their way from within, out through the skin. To feel your head vanish entirely, and amble along the city streets, wondering why people did not notice the loss. These physical sensations could be multiplied by the hundred. I only give examples. Two that annoyed me the most were, first the sensation of turning inside out, which I cannot, in the least, make clear to anybody, not even to myself now; and second, the sensation of having the abdomen filled with broken pieces of glass. These pieces of glass seemed to be triangular in shape. The pain from their presence was not extreme, but the annoyance was almost unbearable.

During this time, it is hardly necessary to say that I desired a glass of Bromo-Seltzer. If I passed by a drugstore and saw any one getting a glass of soda, the association of ideas would make the water stream from my mouth, and my stomach seem to throw a handspring. To hear anyone stirring something in a glass, brought on the pangs of abstinence. Really, the craving was something abominable. I had lost all interest in food, and what little I ate distressed me severely. Tobacco was a hollow mockery; I refused to take whiskey or any other stimulant, and I slept possibly three or four hours a week. It was a gay life. However, I managed to keep on working. I still keep the record—an illegible scrawl—that I made of the sale of a story three days before I went to the sanitarium.

ONE day I blew up altogether. I neither did, nor attempted any violence to anyone, but just what happened I don't know. My lawyer rushed down to see me, and I at once agreed to go to a sanitarium. You must understand that there was a something or a somebody, which remained normal through all this performance. I think one of the most maddening features of the whole business was the calm attitude of this curious ego within me, who took note, apparently without the slightest interest or sympathy.

Above are mentioned only a few of the many symptoms of a violent nervous attack. Anyone who is interested in learning the bizarre horrors of extreme neurasthenia can look the matter up in a book on nervous diseases.

Here I wish to insert a few remarks concerning the difference between neurasthenia and insanity.

All these sensations that I felt were *real* sensations. Many a time I have taken off my shoe, because I felt that a number of little straws had gotten into the bottom, and pricked me when I walked. The taking off of the shoe revealed there was nothing there; but, you see, it makes no difference to the nerve whether some outside body makes it feel, or whether it feels "on its own hook." If the nerves wish to feel that some one is boring a corkscrew into your head, that is exactly the sensation you will get. The sane man, if afflicted with these troubles, recognizes them as delusions, and although he can't help being annoyed, or may even go to the length that I did to satisfy his mind that nothing exists, explains it to himself and endures; whereas the insane man is the dupe of his delusions. Most of the doctors on Ward's Island to whom I spoke about the matter, agreed that this is right: When a lunatic complains that someone is driving nails into his head, his disordered nerves give him exactly that sensation. The error he makes is to attribute it to outside influence, and not to a disorder of his own nervous system. While this explanation may strike you as very commonplace and obvious, yet the mistakes made on this very head are innumerable. If a neurasthenic says "I feel like the devil," he means that he is not enjoying life. If the lunatic says, "I feel like the devil," he means that he has become identified with his Satanic Majesty. A matter of so simple a phrase as this might get you into a mix-up in an insane asylum.

TO come back to the personal history: I landed in a sanitarium in Connecticut. In this place I remained a year. Here I first encountered the new school of medicine, that made light of the fact that I had taken one pound of Bromo-Seltzer per day, and attributed all my ills to certain wrong processes of thinking. Here they strongly advised plenty of exercise, fresh air, etc. Notwithstanding the bad shape I was in, physically, weighing at the time about 110 lbs., I took their advice and walked from fifteen to twenty miles a day, played tennis, etc. The result was that I used up what little reserve force I had. The culmination of this was an attack of insomnia that lasted from July fourth to September eighteenth. The racket of the fourth of July seemed to be the factor that ended sleep for me for that period. This time of nearly two and one-half months without sleep, and with all the distressing physical and mental conditions, still seems to me to be about the limit of human endurance. I do not care to enlarge upon it. I will only say that I did not have a headache.

It took first a change in doctors, and then large doses of hypnotics to start me sleeping again. I was on my back seven months on a milk diet. Under this "rest cure," which, I believe, was first formulated by Dr. Weir Mitchell, the first favorable symptom appeared. I gained in weight. When I reached about 140 lbs. I began to sleep naturally.

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The awakening from the first sleeping is horrible. All the symptoms seem to recur with doubled violence. At the end of the year I went to Ward's Island as an alleged insane person.

The diagnosis in the psychopathic ward in Bellevue was dementia praecox, an incurable disease. On arrival at Ward's Island this diagnosis was changed to psychasthenia. These are two out of six diagnoses with which I can enrich the family history. Shortly after reaching Ward's Island I was able to walk around, but for two and one-half years there was nothing approaching the normal in my condition. When I spoke, it seemed as if my real ego was situated at least twenty feet behind me, and while I could hear myself discoursing rationally enough, the actual person who carried on the conversation seemed to have no connection with me whatsoever.

I was also greatly troubled with my eyes. The whole arterial system was "on the Fritz." As a consequence, the lenses of the eyes were distorted, and I had a number of indistinct images on the retina; besides, the eyes refused to coördinate. It was during this period and under these disadvantages that, with the help of a kind and very able nurse, I started the Art Class on Ward's Island.

BUT as these conceptions would be a little vague to my fellow patients, I stuck strictly to what I had known of art, before the advent of psychasthenia.

Finally this nightmare in hell began to abate. Things would straighten up, at first, but for a minute at a time, and then for longer terms. Then mine enemy would descend upon me apparently stronger than ever. This is the common history of nervous diseases.

I DID considerable work while in the hospital in the way of painting and drawing, but not a great deal of writing. Until the last, the only thing I did of any length in the way of literary composition was to write an account of the history and workings of the Art Class for the hospital report.

Finally I made up my mind to try for outdoors. I came to New York City and started to write. I have made a living. I am not well yet and don't know that I ever shall be, but what I am most thankful for, is to be as well as I am.

As for Bromo-Seltzer I wish to add that I have found in every walk of life victims of this drug. People take it as the most commonplace thing in the world. Those who would shudder at a dose of morphine, help themselves to three or four glasses a day.

While dictating this, my stenographer interrupted me. "Do you really think this is such a dangerous medicine, Mr. Phillips?" she asked. On inquiring why she asked, she said, "My brother has violent headaches and Bromo-Seltzer cures them for him at once. He likes to take it, because he says it makes him feel so good."

The only thing I have to say to her or to anybody else is, that probably it will not make you feel so good once you have established the habit.



"They were a well-dressed, well-groomed crowd"

Ministers, lawyers, department store employees, drug clerks, women stenographers, policemen, bartenders, in fact, the whole United States apparently is absorbing Bromo-Seltzer. To my mind, darkened by a personal experience, it appears that they are on the fuzzy and effervescent road to ruin, but that may be merely prejudice. I should be very glad, if some one who takes the stuff, on reading this much abbreviated history of nearly five years of extreme misery, would do what I absolutely refused to do in time—Take heed; and if he must use a drug, substitute morphine, cocaine, or something comparatively innocuous.

While I was at the sanitarium, one man came back three times for treatment for the morphine habit. That is to say, he had been "off the stuff" twice in a year, while I was merely starting on the road to recovery from Bromo-Seltzer, for sale at all Drug Stores, 10c.-25c.-50c. to $1.00 per bottle. But for me, while I do not wish to discredit or detract from a highly efficacious remedy, when I now have a headache, I do not take Bromo-Seltzer. Try it at your own risk.

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A Troop of the Fourth Cavalry
Six hundred and fifteen men have deserted from this cavalry regiment in the past ten years—about one-half its average strength

The Honor of the Army

By CHARLES JOHNSON POST

IN the previous instalment Mr. Post described the court-martial system. In this article he tells of the way in which justice is meted out to enlisted men for drunkenness and other crimes

IN the Post Exchange down in Panama —the Post Exchange is the soldiers' club where they relax and are off duty, and where they have the library, the checkers and recreation rooms—a couple of soldiers were playing bottle-pool quietly. A corporal had attempted to join the game. He told one soldier to be careful or he, the soldier, might knock the leather pool-bottle over.

"There is no butting in this game by men outside the game," returned the soldier spoken to.

"Then," continued the corporal, testifying before the court-martial, "then he said, 'I don't allow no recruit corporal to interfere with any game I am in.' I said, 'Look out, Anderson, I may put you under arrest.' He said, 'I am taking no orders from a recruit corporal.' I said, 'You are under arrest now, report to the first sergeant!'"

Here it was in the soldiers' club, the Post Exchange, off duty and two soldiers playing a quiet game, until interrupted.

"Why," the corporal went on, in his testimony before the court-martial, "it looks like it would be the duty of my rank to 'get' men who would talk back to a non-commissioned officer of the company!"

The game was broken up, the soldier arrested. Later the soldier attempted to strike the corporal when he came into the squad-room.

An officer drew up charges and his ignorance both of common English and legal terms found expression in the charge that the soldier "did *feloniously* assault and *strike with his fist*." It is impossible in the present state of the language and the law to "feloniously" assault a person without a weapon.

AND the soldier who had been playing bottle-pool, off duty, and in the enlisted men's club, was sentenced by the court-martial to six months' hard labor and a fine of $60.

So that talking back to a hysterical corporal in a club room is fully as serious an offense as being drunk as a sentry or sleeping on post.

Last summer a private soldier, William F. O——, 26th Company, Coast Artillery Corps, was ordered by a lieutenant to "go out and cut grass." He refused. Thereupon he was tried by a court-martial.

He was sentenced to be dishonorably discharged, forfeiting all pay and allowances due him, and *to be imprisoned at hard labor for two years!*

After he had refused "to go out and cut grass"—cutting grass is, probably, in some occult way a splendid and effective military drill, and perceptible only to those having this superlative court-martial-sense-of-honor—it was discovered that when he had enlisted less than a year previous, he had a wife and infant child living. This he had not told the military authorities.

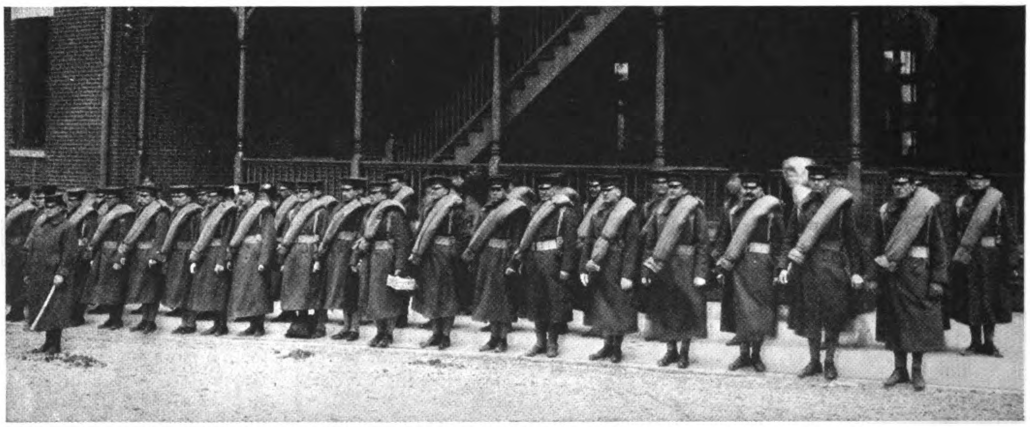
Thereupon he was again tried by the same court-martial charged with "fraudulent enlistment," and sentenced to *six more months in prison at hard labor* on that account.

The official record of that soldier's court-martial shows that he had an officer as counsel. Yet there was not a word spoken in his defense, neither question, statement nor plea—nothing but the plea of "Guilty."

A YOUNG American, Edward W. C——, enlisted in the Army. Nine months later, as a member of Troop D, Second Cavalry, he was out in the Philippines in the Island of Jolo. He was charged before a general court-martial with wasting twenty rounds of .45 calibre ammunition that had been issued to him.

He pleaded "guilty" formally, told the court that he did not desire counsel and that he would like to make a statement.

"Pistol ammunition was issued to me," he said briefly, "in the field about two or three days before we came in from the field. We came in at night and I took



Fourth Infantry at Fort Thomas, Kentucky
In the past ten years 444 men have deserted from this regiment. The strength has been generally around 900 men. In these ten years, it has turned out about fifty per cent of its employees who preferred to be fugitive criminals rather than remain in the service.

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off my roll and put the pistol ammunition in my saddle bags. The next morning we turned in our pistol ammunition and I went to look for mine and I didn't have it. It was gone."

He was sentenced by the court-martial to be dishonorably discharged, forfeiting all pay and allowances due him and to be imprisoned at hard labor for one year.

Now listen to what the Major-General in command of the Philippines has to comment:

"In the foregoing case of Private Edward W. C——, Troop D, Second Cavalry, the accused, who was without counsel, after pleading guilty made a statement which, while vague, was at the same time *so much at variance with his plea that the court should have directed the entering of a plea of not guilty* and then have proceeded to hear evidence showing the circumstances under which the ammunition disappeared. While the foregoing is not necessarily sufficient to cause disapproval of the sentence, it is thought that there may not have been such full hearing in this case as the circumstances demanded. *In order that this offender may not altogether escape punishment for the offense of which he has pleaded guilty, the sentence is approved,* but mitigated to confinement at hard labor for six months and forfeiture for ten dollars per month for the same period."

The italics are mine.

AND this review itself is a curious document. The plea of the soldier was at variance with his statement; the court should have ordered a plea of not guilty and probed the simple facts; in other words he was not guilty as charged or as he had pleaded. And then, in the next breath, "*in order that this offender may not altogether escape punishment for the offense* of which he has pleaded guilty"—the very offense in which it had been just pointed out that it was more than doubtful if he was guilty!

A court-martial that met on Corregidor Island last summer seems to have combined in full measure both viciousness and ignorance of its own rules and regulations. A soldier in the Third Battalion of Engineers got tired of putting cinders on the picket line out in the rain. He refused to go on and was held, and properly, for punishment. Perhaps the cinders could have been put on the picket line the day before, or the day after, or when it was clear—it makes no difference; the order itself may have been stupid—there is no determining that. He would not go on shovelling cinders then.

The court-martial sentenced him to dishonorable discharge—losing him his American citizenship—forfeiture of all pay and allowances due him, *and to imprisonment as a felon at hard labor for two years.*

Another soldier from this same Battalion of Engineers was tried by this same court-martial. For the offenses named there is a maximum punishment prescribed by law—a law that was on the table at the elbow of every officer—and to exceed those limits is expressly prohibited. This soldier was absent at reveille: *maximum punishment, forfeiture of $1.* He was absent from retreat: *maximum punishment, forfeiture of $1.* Breach of arrest: *maximum punishment, one month's confinement at hard labor and forfeiture of $10.* He had represented himself as a corporal outside the post; the penalty for boasting and bragging is unknown, you can adjust it to suit yourself, apparently.

This soldier could have, at the utmost, been punished with $12, in forfeited pay, and *one month's* confinement. *That court-martial, however, sentenced him to dishonorable discharge, forfeiting all pay and allowances due him and to be imprisoned at hard labor for two years!*

Private William H. B—— of the Coast Artillery was in the "third conduct grade." He was called into the captain's office and a collection of rules was, more or less, read to him; also he received what is commonly known as a "talking to"—a bit of a "wigging," in fact. Later Private William H. B—— decided he wanted to leave the post for a very short time, and after figuring up he decided that he would take the punishment for absence without leave—which it would necessarily be. This penalty runs from a fine of $2 to $10 and ten days in the guard house, depending on the length of the aforesaid "absence without leave." So he went. He had served one previous enlistment with a character and record of "Very Good."

On the court-martial that tried him sat an officer who was present at the "wigging." He was, in fact, functioning as a witness, a judge and a juryman. As the case proceeded it became a matter of veracity between the soldier and the captain, not as to facts but as to the soldier's understanding of the purport, intent and meaning of what had been said and read to him.

Again was the soldier indicted, charged with perjury.

The highest authority on military law—the military standard, in fact—lays down this rule, a common-sense rule, that "if a man swears to what he believes or remembers, he is not in general guilty of perjury"; and the crux of this case was purely the understanding and memory of a private soldier as to the legal or serious purport of certain statements. That the soldier, in good faith, had understood as he testified was sworn to by two witnesses to whom he had repeated his understanding of the "wigging." It focused on the statements of an officer as to a soldier's understanding, and the word of a soldier as to his own understanding plus the witnesses to whom he had repeated it.

The court-martial sentenced him to be dishonorably discharged, forfeiting all pay and allowances due him, *and to be imprisoned at hard labor for three years.*

Sergeant William P. L—— of the Field Artillery was serving his fifth enlistment. He held four full and honorable discharges from the United States Army. In the first two his rating was "Good" and in the last the highest that can be given, "Excellent"—over twelve years of faithful service. He was married.

The wife of the wagon-master at the post and his wife had a quarrel, the wagon-master being an employee of the Quartermaster's Department.

In a foolish moment the sergeant allowed himself to be badgered into becoming a partisan; his wife escorted him to



Major-General Leonard A. Wood. The highest officer of the United States Army and Chief of Staff

Major-General Wood received his commission on August 8, 1903—about ten years ago. It is interesting, with this as a basis of comparison, to compute some phases of the Army efficiency during that period. In that time 46,689 men have deserted—they would rather face the life of a convict than continue through the term of their enlistment in the Army. Forty-six thousand young men living as Army-made criminals! And Major-General Wood is a strong upholder of a larger, more expensive and a more efficient Army.

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the rear of the officers' row, where the other lady happened to be, downstairs, and they proceeded to slang her in free, flexible and flowing English, suitable to that grade of quarrel, and generally used freely by both parties thereto.

A major of the Second Cavalry came out and ordered him to go away. The sergeant went, and as he went the wagonmaster rose up beside the path, both wild with rage. Some blows were passed and then, suddenly, the sergeant came to himself. He started to run, to get away. His fifth enlistment, his sergeant's chevrons, his family, everything flashed through his mind. The Major started after him, calling upon him to halt. The Major puffed valiantly after him, turned loose more soldiers, and in a tumult the sergeant was brought back. Then came a court-martial.

At the court-martial the wagonmaster swore to his own lamblike sweetness of disposition.

He charged the sergeant with threatening him with a loaded revolver—and the witness who picked up this gun testified *that it was wrapped up in a newspaper with a string around it!*

Anyway, this sergeant—twelve years' service for Uncle Sam and with high rating, married, too—was found guilty of everything they could think of to charge him, and sentenced to dishonorable discharge (with its loss of American citizenship), forfeiting all pay and allowances due him, and *to be imprisoned at hard labor for three years.*

While the soldier who had testified to finding the revolver wrapped up in newspaper and string—and who admittedly was the first to find it and lay hands on it—was promptly charged with "false swearing" in an effort to send him, too, to prison for two years. A different court-martial tried him and his testimony was upheld; he was acquitted.

THE court-martial can—and does—punish with a merciless severity; at times even beyond its own prescribed, military law limit. The order of President Taft limiting punishments specifically and stating:

> This order prescribes the *maximum* limit of punishments for the offenses named, and this limit is intended for those cases in which the severest punishment should be awarded. In other cases the punishment should be graded down according to the extenuating circumstances—

is violated by the awarding of maximum sentences in an all but steady succession.

The articles still, in a democratic country under republican institutions, prattles officially of "an officer and a gentleman" and purrs over the characterization of a "court of honor" as of a superior flavor. Every court of justice is a court of honor, not as a matter of brag and boast but as a matter of course.

I HAVE shown some of the power of a court-martial to punish the ordinary soldier. I will show more of that power, fantastically used and abused, against the soldier, and same—and greater—offenses in officers gently silvered o'er.

During the past ten years 14,637 men have deserted from the Coast Artillery and Field Artillery of the United States



Coast Artillery at Drill with a 12-inch Gun
In the past six years 5,582 men have deserted from the Coast Artillery



Field Battery at Drill
In the past six years 2,121 men have deserted from the Field Artillery

The folly—or the iniquity, as you choose—of drunkenness needs no argument. Drunkenness is no longer the healthy, normal gentlemanly pastime that it was, nor even a mild personal idiosyncrasy. That is, for men who have responsibilities and work before them. The amply bullioned gentleman of independent leisure with no tastes or ambitions beyond the calibre of a plump lapdog may gratify his personal pleasure as much as he chooses, for he is a thing apart.

But the men who have their place in the world of today, who are busy in any of the myriad niches of the day's work, have little to choose between drugs or drink; either one is fatal. In the business world even the occasional drunkard is crowded to the wall; he cannot climb the ladder, and is lucky if he can keep from starving. The thick, drink-clogged brain is a potential menace; we do not wait for its sluggish reflexes, we dare not.

Therefore it is not surprising to find that in the Articles of War—the Articles of War being laws enacted by Congress—the law that "any officer who is found drunk on his guard, party *or other duty*, shall be dismissed from the service. [The italics are mine.] Any soldier who so offends shall suffer such punishment as a court-martial may direct." By the order of the Presidents, each for his term, the punishment for drunkenness in soldiers' grades down from the maximum of drunkenness on sentry duty, punished by six months at hard labor at the post and a fine of $60, to "drunkenness at post or in quarters," punished by a fine of $3. This is the military law and those punishments may not be exceeded, each in its class, by a special prohibition.

And the court-martial regards drunkenness in soldiers as a very serious matter. Rarely are they charged with merely drunkenness. The changes are rung on the component acts, each specified, and then the sentence given is in excess of the prescribed maximum. So that drunkenness—in a soldier—is not likely to escape easily.

Private Charles F. McC——, Company A, Fourth Infantry, was drunk while on guard over a prisoner. It was a properly serious offense.

He was charged with (1) being drunk while on post guard; (2) being drunk while on guard over a prisoner. This at Fort Crook, Nebraska.

IN passing it may be noted that both of these specifications were one and the same act—they were inseparable. Not that Private McC—— is entitled to sympathy, but that—was it not Emerson who said something to the effect that we dare not ignore the trampled rights of even the wrongdoer lest, presently, the innocent shall be violated? The maximum, legal punishment for this offense was not over six months' confinement at hard labor on the post and a fine of $60.

The court-martial sentenced him to the six months at hard labor and to *a forfeiture of all pay and allowances due him and to be dishonorably discharged*, thereby forfeiting his American citizenship.

Another private, this time from the Sixth Infantry, was found drunk on guard. He

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was charged with being drunk on guard in violation of the 38th Article of War and then "sleeping on post" in violation of the 39th Article of War. Both occurring at the same time and place—both being, in fact, the same act. He was convicted of both and sentenced to pay a $12 fine for one, and six months at hard labor and a $60 fine for the other.

Private Frank Szymko, of Battery D, Fourth Field Artillery, became drunk and violent while on duty at the battery stables; it turned out that he was a cocaine user as well. He was tried for drunkenness on duty, drunkenness in quarters, various minor acts and with abusive language to a sergeant, all while drunk. Later, as a prisoner, he tried to get cocaine, this being another charge, also occurring while he was drunk.

The court-martial sentenced him to be dishonorably discharged, forfeiting all pay and allowances due him, and to be imprisoned at hard labor for one year and a half.

PRIVATE ADAM BEY, of the Eighth Infantry, was charged with various forms of disrespect toward his commanding officer; also, having been told to remove his hat, he failed to do so, and after a second command from the first sergeant to take off his hat he did so only after deliberation and in a "sullen, surly manner."

At the court-martial the first sergeant testified to the fact that the soldier was too drunk to be fit for guard duty. The man was just drunk, in other words, when the above offenses occurred. The court-martial sentenced him to six months' garrison confinement at hard labor and to a fine of $60.

Private William J——, of the Hospital Corps, was charged with drunkenness and various neglects arising from it on that occasion. Also there was in addition a queer hodge-podge of specifications of threatening language and disobedience of orders—given while he was drunk—and the suggestion that he had attempted to blackmail a sergeant while in that condition. *That* part, however, turned out to be a mare's nest.

He was sentenced to be dishonorably discharged, forfeiting all pay and allowances due him, and to be imprisoned at hard labor for six months.

This was a soldier who had served nine years in the Army and who had two full term enlistments to his credit, each with a rating of "Very Good." By a little judicious manipulation, or provocation, a witless, drunken soldier could pile up years of felonies—felonies from a military standpoint solely—and with never a limit. Drunkenness is a sufficient military crime in itself—it can be no worse with the hat of the soldier on or off or by his drunkenly babbling curses at a sergeant. Therefore it is interesting to quote the only rational statement from an officer acting as prisoner's counsel and made in this case:

"It is a question whether or not a man should be given an order or given a duty to perform when he is under the influence of liquor or otherwise incapacitated, which appears to be the case. A man in that case might not only disobey the order, because he would not realize in the first place that it was an order, but he might be defiant."

It is noteworthy to record this common sense, rational view as expressed by Captain Gwyn R. Hancock of the Coast Artillery Corps. The soldier had been found guilty of every component act of the drunkenness.

These are not picked cases; they are samples from many records.

Cavalry

8,492 soldiers deserted from this branch of the Army during the past ten years



Instructing a Section of New Recruits

These young men are of good character and temperate; out of every



five who applied last year but one was selected. And from such recruits in the past two years one out of every two desertions has come.

So it is obvious that the officers of the Army, who, from time to time, are detailed to serve on these courts-martial, fully realize the responsibilities of the military service on the part of the soldiers and promptly punish offenders with sentences of fine and imprisonment. These are only the enlisted men; if a non-commissioned officer, a corporal or a sergeant is found guilty of drunkenness he is reduced to the ranks in addition to the fine and confinement at hard labor.

THERE can be no fault found with these sentences. A drunken soldier is a useless menace in time of peace and in a campaign the possibilities of evil are infinite. It should be stamped out. The fine of $60 imposed is, it would be fair to say, about the equivalent of three months' pay. A fine of three months' salary is not a light fine. And these punishments are for the enlisted men, the common soldiers in the ranks, who have none but responsibility for themselves, or, at the most, subordinate responsibilities as non-commissioned officers. It is their duty to give unquestioning, implicit obedience to the commissioned officers or to suffer the penalties of a felony, viz., imprisonment as a convict at hard labor for two years. The commissioned officers are those in authority, and, having at their command the most powerful pressure that may be brought to bear on those under them.

Therefore let us look once more at the 38th Article of War—a law of Congress, Section 1342 of the Revised Statutes—that states:

"Any officer who is found drunk on his guard, party, *or other duty*, shall be dismissed from the service."

Some light, perhaps, as to when an officer is on duty may be found in Paragraph 1 of the Army Regulations which states that "All persons in the military service are required to obey strictly and to execute promptly the lawful orders of their superiors." Therefore, apparently, there is *no time*—unless an officer be asleep, under medical care, or dead—that he does not possess the full duty and authority of his rank, and where the penalties for disobedience or defiance in an inferior would not apply. He is never without responsibility and authority.

WE have just seen how savagely the court-martial punishes drunkenness among the enlisted men, now let us look at its views on drunkenness as applied to officers.

In the next instalment Mr. Post will give examples of the justice administered to officers for offenses like those described above.

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Gaiety

By JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

GEORGE A. PUSENDORFER was reckoned a serious man in Pittsburgh. At a quarter to eight every week day he ate a serious and heavy breakfast and on Sundays he took the same sort of meal at nine o'clock. Soon after breakfast, which was shared by Mrs. Pusendorfer, it was his custom to give that excellent and accomplished woman several pudgy kisses and then to take the electric car for his office. Here he worked at his profession of attorney, drawing leases, wills, deeds of trust and all those delightful instruments that go so far to cheer our existence. At one o'clock he used to repair to the Turradoga Boot and Shoe Club where he ate a hearty but serious luncheon with other serious men. They indulged in grave pleasantries, but everything was responsible. All spoke gravely of the Constitution, of Democracy, of Woman's Sphere in the Home, of Progress. They were serious, dynamic men that might overeat occasionally and did run to double chin, but they treated the Decalogue like a hot plate. They might be merciless but they were not light-minded.

George A. Pusendorfer suffered unconsciously from what may be termed "suppressed leg," and used to read the more daring jests of the "Flutterings" column in his favorite paper, which was written by a caustic young *boulevardier* from Logansport, Indiana. From this column he derived an amusement that he did not always communicate to Mrs. Pusendorfer. You cannot be surprised, then, that when the Pittsburgh Salt and Smoked Provision Dealers' Association of which Pusendorfer in his capacity of serious man was a member, made preparation to take a European trip, George decided to leave Mrs. Pusendorfer for a few weeks.

On the run from Calais to Paris they abated somewhat of their seriousness and Pusendorfer was even heard to say that "they set an elegant table on these French dining-cars." And Paris welcomed them, or said that it did, which is much the same thing.

JUST how George became separated from his companions will always remain a mystery, but he did and found himself alone on the boulevard about ten o'clock. Being a serious man and convinced of his own worth, he strolled along and watched the crowd: the *cuirassier* in his burnished helmet, the law student with his spade beard, Cloacette de Jalmy as she was whirled by to sing a song at a *revue*, the green lights, the red lights, the pink lights, the steady lights and the lights that revolve like an alimentary canal overtaking itself. All these things George Pusendorfer saw, and many more. He meditated upon the superiority of democratic ideals in the land of great achievements, and also noted that light-topped boots looked well on some feet. A light rain began to fall, a very little but enough to encourage the copious liquid mud of the Paris streets. The November air was sharp and the *camelots* walked briskly as they cried the names of the newspapers. Pusendorfer sought shelter in a café and just as he had chosen a table a voice in good English but with a marked French accent said,

"How do you do tonight?"

Startled, Pusendorfer turned and saw a very good-looking woman smiling genially at him.

"Will you pay for a drink, little one? My shoulder blades are chattering," and she motioned him to the chair beside her. It is a terrible thing for a serious, constructive man to be called a little one and it is still more terrible for him to find himself obeying the user of the term. In Pittsburgh nobody would have called George a little one. Men would have called him a forceful, dynamic, progressive man, but never "little one." It is extremely painful to be denied a dignity one does not deserve, but Pusendorfer said,

"Pleased to meet you," and he sat down.

"Order something," said George's new acquaintance as a waiter came to them and inclined his ear in bitter patience. "Refreshments, not *causeries*. Remember my shoulder blades. Later you may talk brilliantly, friend of my youth."

"*Deux cognacs, avec 'n peu de sucre*," said she, "Now then, M'seu, to your good health and many thanks," and she pledged him. Dumbly, as in a dream, did the constructive, dynamic Pusendorfer do the same, inwardly raging thus to be directed.

"Tell me, what is your little name?"

With helpless indignation Pusendorfer told her.

"George? *Mon Dieu, quel nom!* And Puisendorfaire? Droll of a man, tonight you are Raoul. Tell me, Raoul, have you a wife?" and the woman leaned forward and brushed a crumb of sugar from the massive arm of Pusendorfer.

"Paris seems to be a very gay place," said George subtly.

"My faith, yes," said George's friend, laughing. "You like gaiety, Raoul. You have that appearance. Yes, Paris is an extremely gay place—you see how pleasant the weather is. Your wife is in Paris with you, Raoul?"

BUT George was not to be shaken from his purpose of dynamically changing the subject of conversation far away from the absent Mrs. Pusendorfer. "Yes," he said critically, "Paris is a very gay place and the cost of all these electric



Her fingers are saying, "Deux cognacs, avec 'n peu de sucre"

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lights must be tremendous. Do you have the Edison system? We have it at Pitts—" he pulled himself up and looked carelessly into the street at a man picking up a cigarette butt.

"I am not electrician," said the woman. "Are you of that trade? And what is Pitts?"

George A. Pusendorfer resented even this innocent and unintentional neglect of a beautiful city.

"Perhaps you didn't hear me. I refer to Pittsburgh, the leader in the steel industry and a good many other lines," said George firmly and in that patriotic tone that so much enhances any conversation.

"Ah, yes," said she. "And he is no doubt a friend of yours. But is he an old man?"

With an angry look in his small eyes, George said, "It's not a man."

"*Mais parfaitement.* A lady, then, and beyond doubt very rich," and the woman smiled indulgently. "Raoul, why do you wear such strange boots? But first, order me another cognac."

SHOCKED beyond description that his boots should be thus criticized, George A. Pusendorfer determined to show the heathen their blindness. "That," said he manfully, "that is the orthopaedic last. It gives the foot a chance to grow naturally, like the statues." To his surprise, the woman seemed very much pleased with the idea.

"Raoul," asked she, "are you the Winged Victory or just Apollo? It is a gratification to talk to you. And your feet still grow, *hein?* What is the hour, little one? Time flies when we converse about the feet of Pitts and the electricity. But you did not answer my question, Raoul, and that is not polite. Are you electrician? You make lights?"

"Oh, no," said George A. Pusendorfer gravely. "I am a member of the bar."

"Ah, *du barreau—très chic,*" she added after a moment's thought.

"Wee," said Pusendorfer neatly.

"Why did you pretend that you could not talk French, you sly little man?" asked George's friend.

All dynamic men like to be accused of slyness; it is a compliment to their dynamicness.

"Oh, well," said Pusendorfer with a blush, "I've picked up a few words here and there. You talk fine English, Mademoiselle."

"Yes," said the woman, looking some distance beyond her companion, "I learned. Would you tell me the time?"

With some alarm Pusendorfer discovered that it was past one o'clock, and noticed that the sidewalk stream had thinned.

"Only one o'clock? We must have something to eat. Yes? Pay for our drinks, and then we can go to a restaurant."

She superintended the payment and firmly prevented the waiter from abstracting more than his constitutional ten per cent. and then said, "The restaurant is not two hundred metres away. Give me your arm, talk vivaciously and we will march together, little one, to a place that gives me food such as the good Pitts never dreamed of."

SO arm-in-arm they marched, she remarking on the brumosity of the weather, he wondering what his serious clients would think. The restaurant was all that she had said of it; there were plenty of people and plenty of lights; no music and a cookery that was at once bland and moderate.

"Brrrr-h," said the woman. "Don't you hate to be cold and hungry? Don't you, Raoul?"

"But you ain't," said Pusendorfer unsensitively. She turned in her chair and gazed at him until he thought that her eyes were two points of green fire floating in a pool of white. She looked at him and her hard mockery, her dreadful cheerfulness went away. The livery of the life that is death was absent for a moment; she had plainly never smiled, and there was nothing but the pitiable mutely asking, against pride and hope, for 'pity. If Pusendorfer could see it, it must have been there. She shook her head as she pulled down the finger of a rather worn glove and laughed a little, not ill-naturedly, but as a patient elder sister would laugh.

"Ah, well, perhaps not quite so cold, but still hungry, you know. Now let us order some supper," and she proceeded to do so. When she ordered some coffee, he said,

"Isn't it late for coffee?"

"Little one, little one, we are going to sit here as the sun comes up and as it goes down, and on and on for days."

"What!" exclaimed the replete but startled Pusendorfer.

"But certainly, Raoul. Have you any cigarettes? No? Then get me some, please."

IN Pusendorferian circles Woman is permitted dyspepsia, gossip, idleness, chewing-gum, extravagance, crass ignorance and a pretentious self-consciousness, but cigarettes she must not touch. So, when the imperious demand was made upon Raoul A. Pusendorfer, his feelings were such as only a dynamic man can harbor in his constructive bosom. He determined to strike a blow for what he thought were his altar and his fire, and with a faltering majesty of port and a double chin that deflated itself like the pouch of a bashful pelican, he said,

"That's the limit. Smoking is not womanly—I won't stand for it," and he looked about to see whether any were offending in this respect. It has never been made plain whether the woman understood the first part of the newborn Raoul's remarks. She was not versed in American dialects and might easily have failed to understand, but the last words were plain enough. She stared at Pusendorfer and, fascinated, he stared back. As he stared, the figures and the tables and the walls receded into a whiteness. Presently the fleecy whiteness rippled slightly and out of it there poured upon that dynamic head a laughter that drenched him in ridicule and that he felt must even now be filling the streets of Pittsburgh. It poured upon him and rippled up to his double chin.

"I told you to get me some cigarettes," said the woman, "But you seemed to meditate for a moment. Now please get them."

"Raoul," said she, as she struck a match, "Raoul, you are not without interest—yes, you are extremely funny, but not, my little one, of intention. Tell me—do you know anything?"

"Whadjer mean?" asked the surprised Pusendorfer. "I haven't been to college," he added, more resentful than became a dynamic man.

"No, not that," said she. "Everybody goes to school, but do you know anything? Say No and save trouble. Well, I will tell you something that will begin your store of knowledge. Disturb yourself no more about the womanliness of woman. Study electricity, study Pitts, study cooking and the feet of statues, but relieve your mind from anxiety about the behavior of woman. Have you ever been unhappy? Have you ever been scorned? Do you know what it is that comes to one and says 'Now there is no place for *you.* Go away'—and there is no place to go? And my child is—"

"Have you a child?" asked Pusendorfer.

"Why not? Yes, a daughter. Have you?"

"We had," said Pusendorfer.

She glanced for a moment at him, as she said,

"Mine is less fortunate. She lives in Rouen with her aunt, a very worthy woman who has taken her in. I send her what money I can and I hear that the child is happy. It is good to be happy, is it not, M'sieu?"

"Why, yes," said Pusendorfer brightening. "It's a first rate thing to be happy. What does your daughter look like?"

"She resembles me—blue eyes and black hair and is good-natured. Poor little monkey, she thinks that I am working in a milliner's shop—making fifteen franc hats for American ladies to buy for two hundred. And yours, Raoul?"

Pusendorfer had a little hoarseness in his throat as he said eagerly,

"She had blue eyes too, and dark hair. We named her Helen, after her—"

"Her mother, *n'est ce pas?* Helène is a very pretty name and happens to be mine, as well. Helène and Paris, you know," said she, with a little laugh that was confidential and not unkind. Pusendorfer laughed, too. He did not quite understand the allusion but he comprehended the laugh.

"How old was she, Raoul?" asked the woman.

"Six—" said Pusendorfer.

"And six happy years, Raoul!" said she and, turning about, patted him on the knee.

"Yes, very!" said he earnestly. "Thank you," he added.

SHE looked at him with much amusement.

"Ah, ça," she said. "It appears not to be far from the *boulevards* to the *crêche,* and the little promenade has not been bad." As she said this, the woman rose from her chair and began to put on her gloves.

"Are you going?" asked Pusendorfer.

"*Ciel,* Raoul, it's nearly four o'clock, and time for us to be going our several ways. Many thanks for the supper—I *was* hungry. I am not the Crédit Lyonnais and there is my rent tomorrow. Give me a hundred francs and put me into a taxi."

Pusendorfer with good grace pushed some notes into her hand and called a passing taxi. As he put her into it, she said,

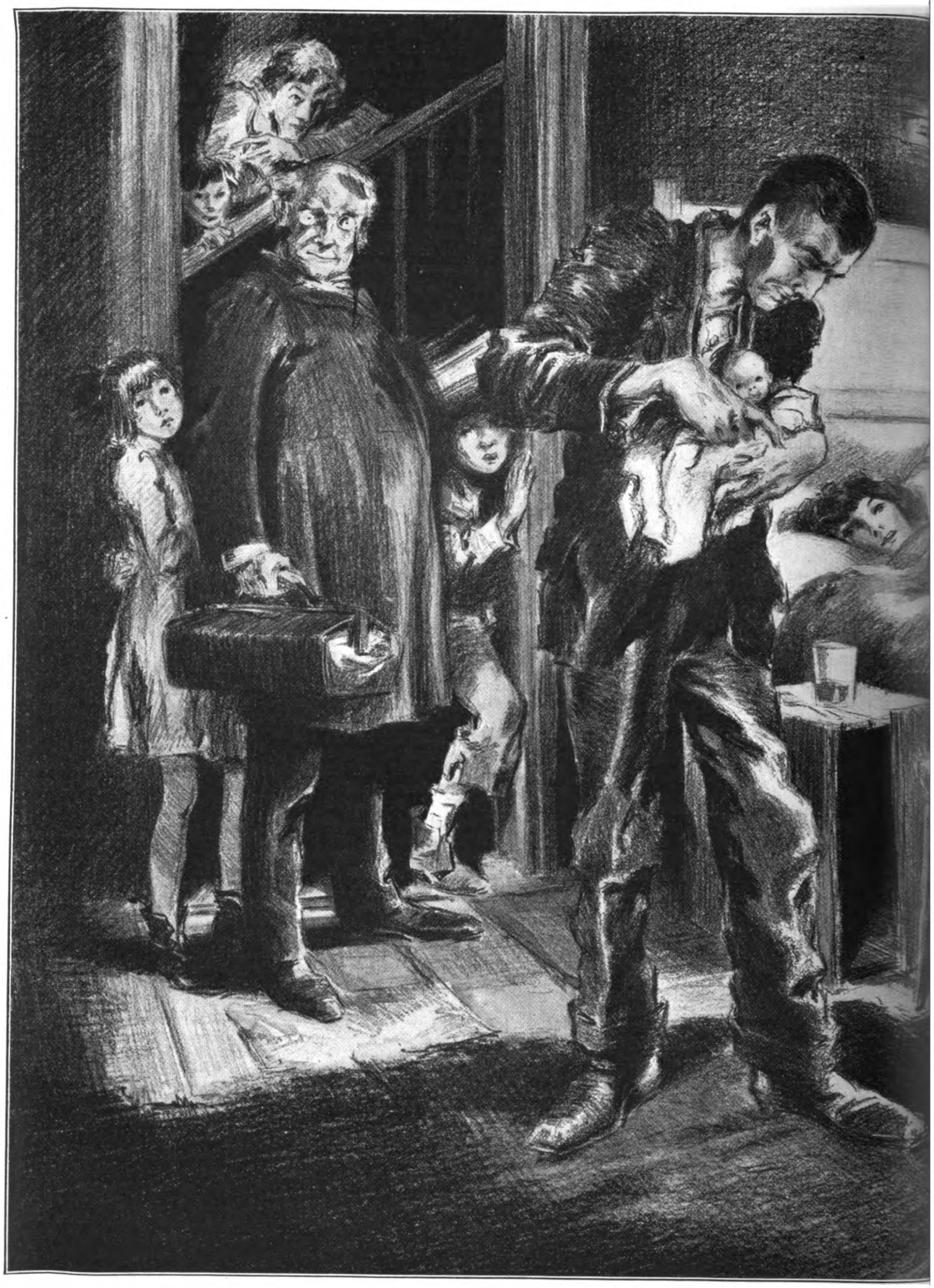
"*Au 'voir.* My love to Pitts."

"Good-bye," said Pusendorfer.

It puzzled him somewhat that he should have had such a conversation with such a companion, and he resented the thought that he had been treated as a parent and not as a constructive and dynamic man. Yet, as he walked to his hotel and the feverish November dawn began to cast a little light on the upper stories of the houses, he could not but admit that there seemed to be no strict monopoly of what he had been accustomed to call "the home ties."

He did not go to bed; instead, he packed his bags and as soon as he could, sent a cable to Pittsburgh. Pusendorfer had had enough gaiety.

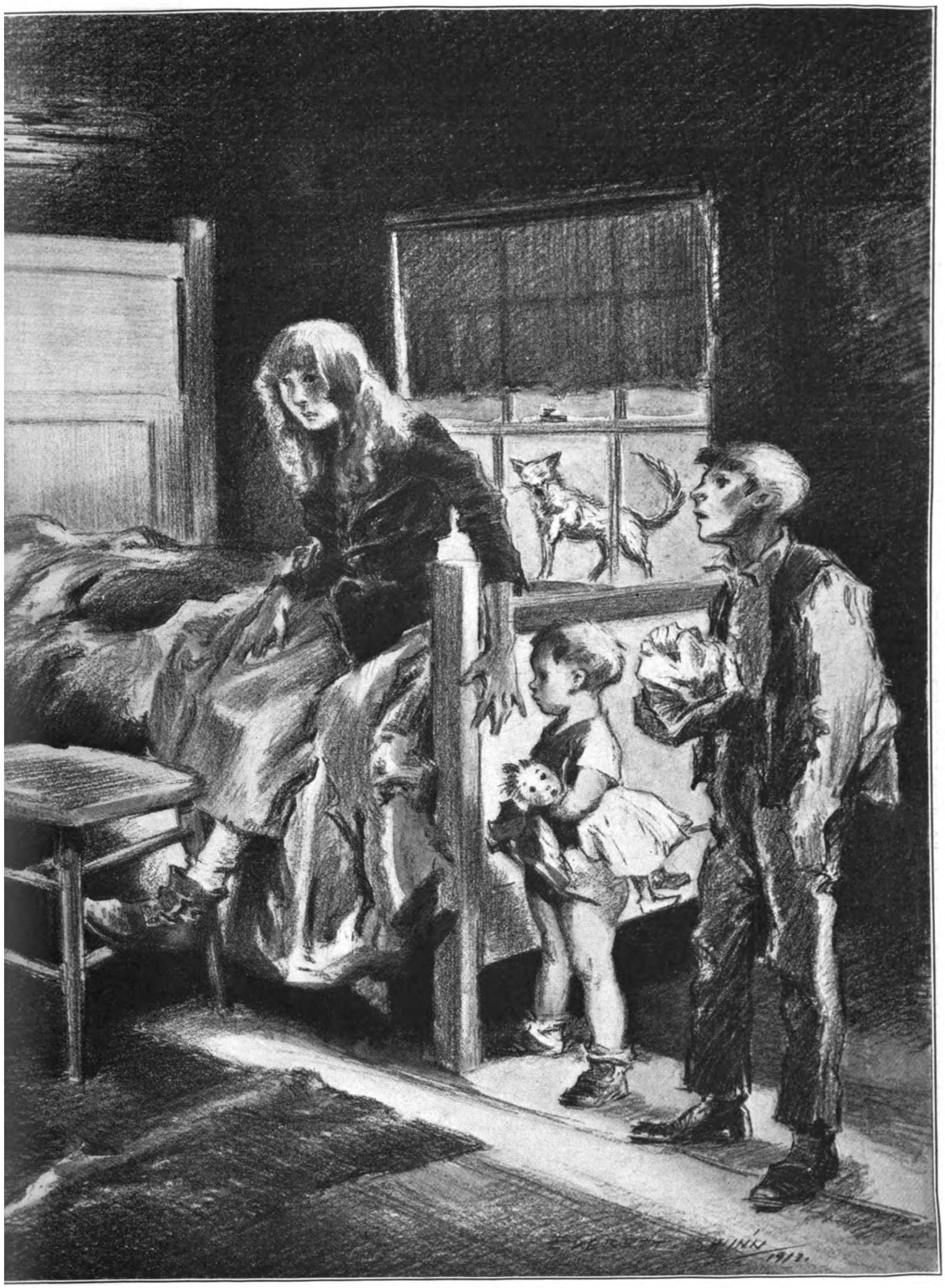
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THE

By E

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ABY

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Two Million Miles of Road

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

How the Department of Agriculture Will Develop These for the Farmer

ALTHOUGH the average expenditure in the United States on the improvement of roads exceeds a million dollars a day, a large part of the money is wasted.

There are several causes for this. There is dishonest local use of funds. There is failure to build a good road or a road of the right type for local requirements. There is failure to provide for the continued maintenance of the improvements.

Scientific maintenance will be one of the chief works of the Office of Public Roads in the Department of Agriculture during the present year. This work of the Department is important, yet it is only a small part of the problem that confronts it in regard to public roads. There are about two and a quarter million miles of publicly owned roads in the nation. Half of these are used for post roads. Less than ten per cent. of the total can be said to be improved.

To the town or city dweller the matter of rural roads seems an unimportant detail until he owns an automobile. Then good roads become a necessary adjunct to his pleasure-seeking. But the Department is discovering that to the city dweller as well as to the farmer the matter of rural roads is important in its direct relation to the cost of living. It has done some interesting investigating along this line.

In Missouri, for example, two farmers living in separate counties but at an equal distance from the cotton market learned by telephone that cotton had gone up in price a dollar a bale. One farmer lived on a very bad road. He could haul just one bale of cotton. The other farmer, living on an improved road, hauled four bales. The rise in price gained the first farmer one dollar, and the second farmer four dollars.

A farmer in Sullivan county, Tenn., a few miles from Bristol, had one hundred bushels of potatoes which he intended to market during the winter. But the roads were so bad that he was unable to do any hauling whatever and the potatoes rotted in his cellar. In the meantime the price of potatoes in Bristol went up to $1.40 a bushel. During the winter ten carloads of farm produce, including wheat and potatoes, were shipped into Bristol daily to feed not only it but the surrounding territory. In this case not only the farmer but the town dweller as well was interested in rural roads.

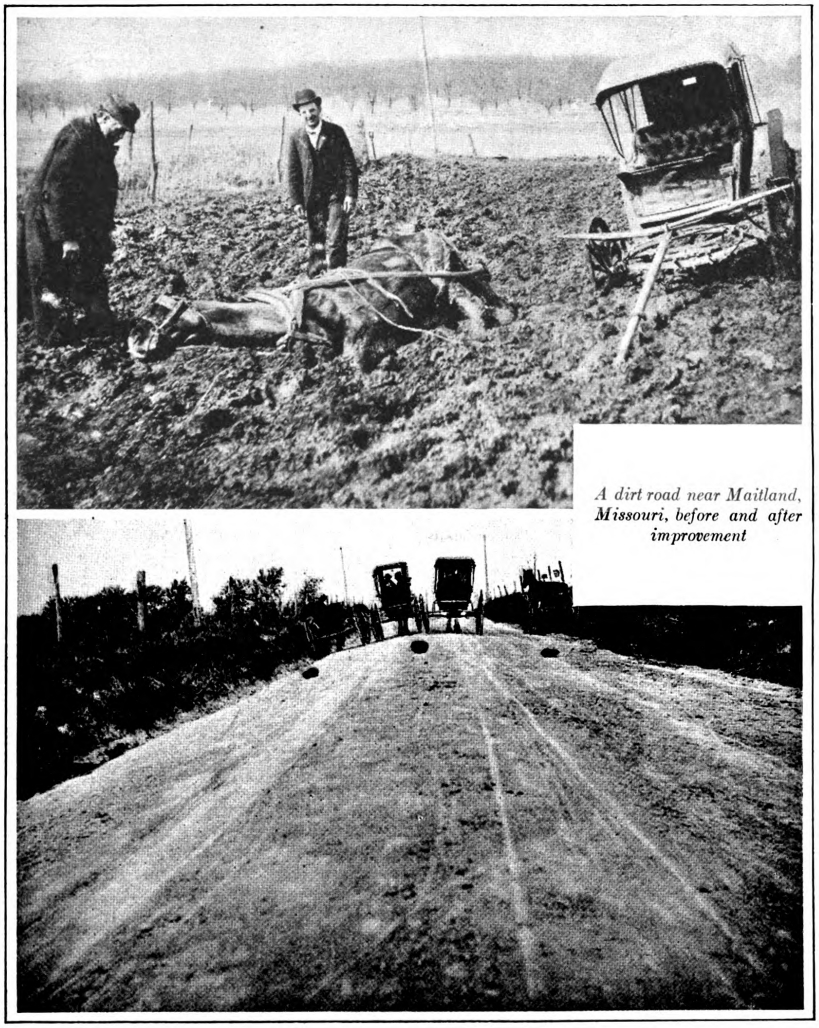
There are counties all over the union, rich in soil and producing possibilities, so handicapped by bad roads that the annual income shipments of food and farm stuff exceed the outgoing shipments, four to one. These counties should be, not only self-supporting, but should be shipping produce to the great markets.

Not only does production and shipping increase, but land values themselves go up with road improvement, usually to such an extent that the increase equals the cost of improvement.

In Lee county, Virginia, a farmer owned one hundred acres between Ben Hur and Jonesville which he offered to sell for $1800. In 1908 the road past his farm was improved and the farmer fought the improvement. Yet he has since refused $3000 for his farm! In Jackson county, Alabama, the people voted a bond issue of $250,000 for road improvement and improved twenty-four per cent. of the roads. Within ten years the census shows that land in Jackson county had doubled in value.

As the roads in no way affect the quality of the farm, these advances in value must be due directly to the increase in ease in hauling produce to the market or shipping-point. The Department is struggling to teach the farmer to look on his farm as a business plant. Any reduction in farm profits through unnecessarily heavy costs for hauling on bad roads must be considered as reducing their capitalization values. With reduced costs for hauling, profits are increased, with the result that the farm plant shows satisfactory earning on a higher capital value.

FACTS such as these the Department is earnestly endeavoring to impress on the minds of the public. Yet only ten per cent. of the roads of the country are improved! And the Department's campaign for the public education does not stop with the matter of increase of farm values. It is attacking the educational side from every angle. It is now making a great effort to teach that the expenditure of large sums of money on the wrong type of road is almost total waste. A road of materials that would be ideal in one place may be useless in another. The Office of Public Roads will test road materials for any community, and report on



A dirt road near Maitland, Missouri, before and after improvement

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their usefulness according to the type of traffic that will pass over the proposed road. Millions of dollars have been wasted in the past because of the lack of the scientific knowledge that is being obtained now. There is no longer any excuse for any community building a bad type of road.

The Department's assistance is not all made from Washington. If any locality wants the service of the Office of Public Roads, on application expert engineers will go to the place, make surveys, estimates and specifications for the proposed road and supervise its construction. The locality must pay for machinery, materials and labor.

All over the United States, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, the Department is building object-lesson roads; showing the community how to build a scientifically correct road from the local materials. These roads are of every type: brick, concrete, macadam, asphalt, slag, oil, coraline, gravel, clay, or earth. Near Monroe, N. C., is a half-mile object-lesson road of macadam. At Jonesboro, Arkansas, is two-thirds of a mile of gravel road. Near Columbus, Miss., a brick cinder road and, in Brooksville, Fla., a sand-clay road, each half a mile long. Pearsall, Tex., has about a mile of sand-clay road built this year by the Department experts. Columbus, Neb., has a sand-gumbo road, and near Madison, S. D., is a government-built dirt road over a mile long.

These Department experts are proving to the various states, when the states call on them for assistance, that road-building is an art, based on a science, and that trained and experienced men are essential for securing the best results. Yet if it is difficult for the Department to educate the communities who ask for help, it has has been almost impossible to teach any lessons on road-building to the vast number of farming districts where not the slightest interest in good roads is shown.

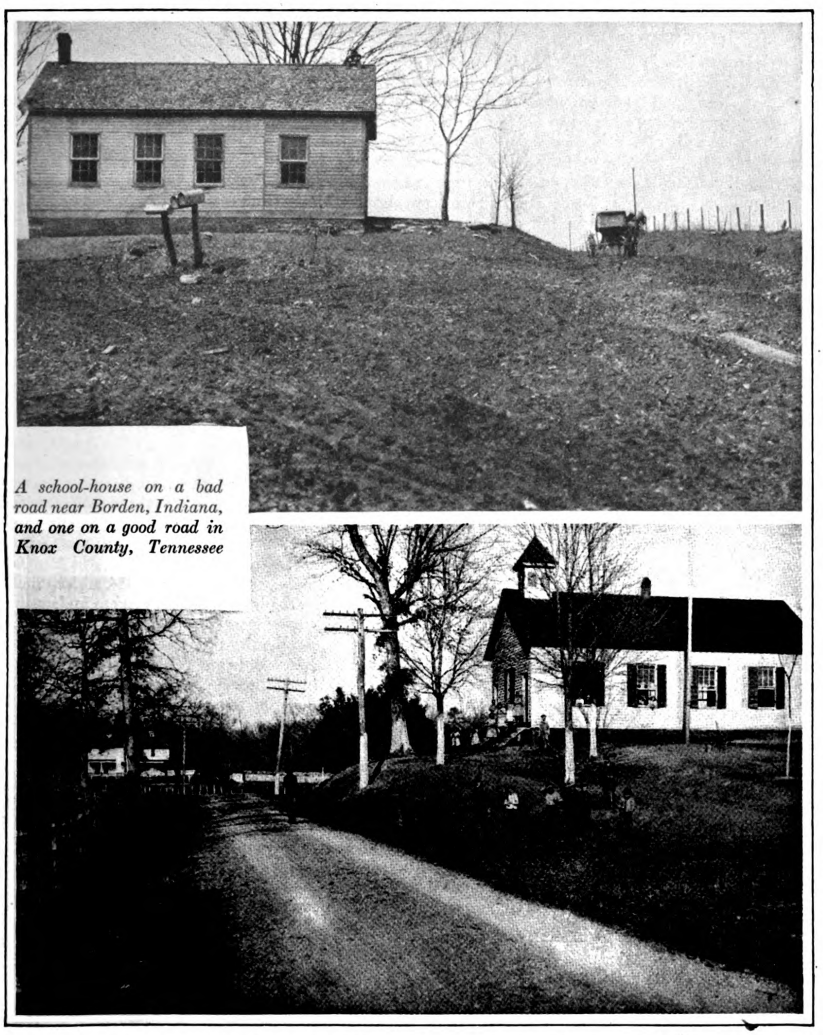
In attempting to reach such localities the Department is carrying on an experiment that will be of enormous value in its coming work of rural organization. Farmers are not easy to teach. Children are always pliable. The Department is teaching boys to grow better corn than their fathers. It is teaching girls how to can and cook better than their mothers. Such teaching reaches the parents as no other kind could. Now the Department is preparing to teach children something about road-building.

On March 14, 1914, the Office of Public Roads closes a contest for children. It offers a gold and a silver medal to children between ten and fifteen years of age who will write the best essays on how to build and maintain a dirt road. The instructions that the Office sends the children are simple and interesting and cannot fail to pique the parents' interest.

"Use your eyes," says the Department. "Look at a piece of bad road and of good when both are dry. Study the ruts and holes and uneven places in the road to see whether they make it easier or harder for the wheels of a loaded wagon to go along. Study the kind of footing that the two roads give the horses.

"Now, study the same two stretches of road after a rainstorm. You will see that one road holds small pools of water that keep the road soft and so allow it to be cut up by the wheels of the wagons and the hoofs of the horses. How do road builders keep water from gathering on the traveled way of a road? How much higher should the center of a road be than the outside edges? When a ditch along a road holds water or collects it into pools, how does this injure the road?

"Have you ever seen a home-made road drag? It is made by splitting in two a log six or eight inches in thickness and six or eight feet long. The two halves of the log are set three feet apart with their smooth faces forward and upright. They are fastened together with braces. A pair of horses are hitched to a chain fastened to the front half of the log. Should these logs be dragged straight down the road or should they be dragged at a slant so that the loose earth will slide toward the center of the road? Should the dragging be started next to the ditch or to the center of the road? Should you drag the whole road in one way or drag each half of it in an opposite direction? Should the dragging be done when the road is dry or after it has rained? A good strong pair of horses with a well-built drag can drag about three or four miles in a day. What would it cost a farmer to drag four miles of road? How would he be repaid for the cost of his labor?"



A school-house on a bad road near Borden, Indiana, and one on a good road in Knox County, Tennessee

THERE are about two million miles of dirt road in the country. The split log drag has a wonderful effect on wet dirt. If used after every rain it will gradually evolve a road surface like hard, burnt clay. But it must be used continuously. The Department has shown real cunning in its suggestions to the children.

Every form of instruction and every means of circulating information that the Department can devise, it is using to improve the condition of the public roads of the nation. And yet there remains the disquieting fact that only a tenth of the vast road system of the country is improved.

It is gradually dawning on the Department that some sort of coöperation and concentration of effort larger than has yet been used is necessary. There should be a single direction of effort that reaches from the federal government down to the most unimportant township. In their jealousy for local control and growth, the small units lose time and money.

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Europe, generally speaking, is ahead of the United States in the matter of road improvement. But Great Britain in this particular is struggling with a problem similar to the one that confronts this country. In England, Scotland, and Wales, there are no fewer than 2140 separate authorities who among them administer over 175,000 miles of road, or an average of about 80 miles apiece. In Scotland, apart from the big cities, there are over 200 burghs, one-half of them having but ten miles of road apiece to maintain. Needless to say, such a minute mileage is too small to keep the road plant employed all the year round. The employment of a skilled road engineer is impossible with economy. The only remedy is a careful centralizing of control and plan that shall give efficiency without destroying local independence.

In this country, the greatest progress in road-building has been made in the states which contribute from the state treasuries toward the construction of state-aided or trunk-line roads. In 1904 there were thirteen states that contributed out of the general fund nearly three million dollars. But in 1913 there were thirty-five states that contributed nearly forty-four million dollars. The states that made the largest expenditures for such roads were New York, with twenty-three million dollars, Pennsylvania, four million, Maryland three, and Connecticut, three million.

IN the light of all these facts the pressure that is being brought to bear on Congress for Federal aid to states in the expense of road-building assumes a large importance with regard to the economic future of the country. In this matter as well as in so many others, the present Administration will have to decide just how far Federal coöperation may go.

Federal appropriations for road-building open vast possibilities in the pork-barrel line unless an automatic check is used such as has already been found useful, as for example requiring the states to double the amount appropriated by the government.

The government must refuse to deal in appropriations with units smaller than the states, thus doing away with much of the problem of lost motion; yet the idea of local self-help must be encouraged and not stifled. Where the roads shall run, whether post-roads alone shall be considered, and how the appropriations shall be apportioned among the states all are questions that Congress must consider in giving Federal aid.

Congress has appointed a Committee to inquire into the subject of giving Federal aid to post-roads. It has provided half a million of dollars to be used coöperatively with the states in the proportion of one to two for this matter. It has requested the Secretary of Agriculture and the Postmaster General to report to Congress the results of this expenditure "together with such recommendations as shall seem wise for providing a general plan of national aid for the improvement of post-roads in coöperation with the states and counties and to bring about as nearly as possible such coöperation among the various states as will ensure uniform and equitable interstate highway regulations."

NEVER in the history of the country has such nation-wide interest been shown in good roads as has been manifested in the past few months. There is a great movement on foot for the building of a national transcontinental road. There is something about the suggestion of such a road that appeals mightily to the imagination. The Secretary of Agriculture admits this.

"And yet," he said, "what would such a road do for the farmer? The essential thing in the matter of roads is to provide facilities for the farmer to get to and from markets and to give him increased social and educational opportunities. How many farmers would make use of a transcontinental road?"

Secretary Houston has his eyes firmly fixed on the main chance for the farmers of the nation. He has a very simple method of testing and checking-up the different schemes and proposals that are brought to his attention. Day after day, men file in and out of his office with requests for favors, and advice on how to run the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Houston listens to them all silently then he says:

"This is interesting. Perhaps now you will tell me what it will do for the farmers of the country."

The man who wants to retain the old cotton grades, the man who wants Democratic meat inspectors appointed, the man who wants a highway for automobiles, the man who has invented a new fertilizer, all must make their eloquence stand Mr. Houston's acid test:

"What will it do for the farmer?"

It is a very simple test, but a very efficient one for helping the Secretary of Agriculture in carrying out the work he was appointed to do.

The Secretary is going to lay emphasis on other than the marketing possibilities of good roads for the farmer. He is a schoolman of wide experience as well as a farmer and he sees great educational possibilities for the farmers' children in road improvement. He is very earnest and very firm in his convictions on this side of the road question.

"Consider," he said, "the position of a child in any one of the more remote sections of the rural districts in America today. Ask yourself what his opportunities are for training and development and efficiency as compared with those of a similarly endowed boy in an urban community.

"The latter lives in a house supplied with running water, the purity of which is protected. He walks on sidewalks free from dust and mud. He drives along adequate roads, has access to many of the things that minister to the legitimate pleasures of living, has at hand the best trained physicians and surgeons, publicly-maintained hospitals, well-planned schools of every grade from kindergarten to the professional school or college. And most of these things he secures at a minimum expense through a relatively low rate of taxation.

"The other picture is easily drawn. Considering the schools alone, outside of New England which has solved the rural school problem largely by eliminating the rural population, all that the average country boy has access to is an ungraded school usually taught in one room by a girl with less training than a high-school graduate, receiving $40 or $50 a month for seven or eight months in the year, teaching in all thirty or more classes a day.

"If by any chance a boy survive this and desires to go further it is necessary for his father to put him on board a train, send him to a town, pay his board and tuition and lose his services during the session and probably lose him permanently from country life.

"I have said it before—and I am not afraid to say it again—that I do not quite see how a father and a mother who are ambitious for their children can gain their own consent to continue to live in remote rural districts under existing conditions."

AND it is these conditions of rural education that the Secretary hopes to change profoundly through the extension of good roads. He will make every effort in his rural organization to establish central graded schools to which school omnibuses may deliver the children daily over roads whose improvement makes such a school possible. Nothing is worse for a community than a school set in wretched roads. It is a sure index to the poverty and shiftlessness of the neighborhood. No method is more fundamentally right than that which makes a school-house the center of a fine system of roads that tap the whole rural community.

The fight for good roads that the Department of Agriculture is waging is, after all, in its ultimate sense a fight for the betterment of us all, from the soil, up. The greatest undeveloped resource of any community, the Secretary says, is the people.

The Orchard Gate

(A Song of Suffrage)

By WITTER BYNNER

I LED her to the orchard gate
And there I wished my love to wait
While I went in among the trees
To bring her these.

But O my love, she would not wait,
She followed through the orchard gate
And looked, where many fruits were strewn,
To find her own.

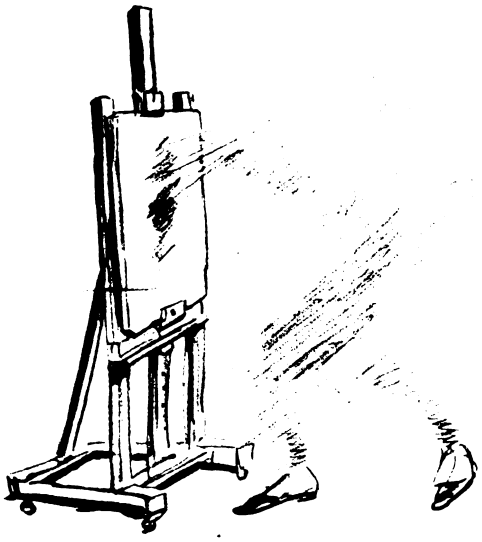
And now she's brought the kind to me
I wanted most but could not see;
Likewise the kind her lips prefer
I bring to her.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST



XXXV

WHEN Montey Flagg sets out to paint,
He makes a lightning flash look faint.
The movements of his brush defy
The quickness of the human eye.



XXXVI

HERE'S Townsend Martin, who, 'tis said,
Has, stored away inside his head,
The annals of his social clique;
All in a nutshell so to speak.



XXXVII

HERE I was fortunate to catch
Luthe Burbank, in his cabbage patch,
Teaching a tractable young Mango
The proper way to do the Tango.



XXXVIII

THEY say Romeike's but a name;
Yet I have drawn him just the same—
A giant pair of human shears,
Pestering poets and pamphleteers.

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How I Found My Iago

By WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

ONE day last October at the Cort Theater in San Francisco I held my first rehearsal of "Othello," and at its conclusion I walked forth from the stage with spirits enlivened to the point where climbing the steep, cable-ribbed streets nearby was actually refreshing. When I stood at the summit, and looked out upon the gleaming blue waters, and the far-distant misty hills shimmering in the sunshine, my heart throbbed with a joy that was more than a natural response to the keen-winded panorama. For that first rehearsal had convinced me that my conception of the character of Iago—nurtured through years of eager longing and constant planning—was a plausible one. Those few hours of rough interchange of half-mastered dialogue with the members of my company had rung sufficiently true, had awakened more than enough responsive qualities in their own interpretations to assure me that my Iago,—Iago as I had imagined him and pictured him through years of study—was legitimate.

It was a revelation that brought a tremendous sense of relief. All my professional life I had wanted to play Iago, yet always I had known that my Iago could not be the traditional heavy-browed sledge-hammer villain. Right or wrong, Iago's very success in villainy rested, in my opinion, upon his excess of mirthful aptitudes and cheering enthusiasm. Would this idea stand the test of actual performance? Was it not a conception too far at variance from accepted conventional notions? If masked in a cloak of laughter, would the dominating evil of the man's nature receive sufficient impetus to make plausible his death-bearing crimes? Yet the very first rehearsal—on a dimly-lighted, bare stage, the sole apology for an audience being several charwomen busy at their tasks among the empty seats,—had justified for me my course.

AS I stood there in the breeze, absently noting, first a white-sailed sloop beating out towards the Golden Gate, then a launch pointing from a gray-clad warship straight to the ferry-dock far below, I began revolving in my mind the different phases of Iago's nature that could be illumined by spur-tracks running from the initial center of merriment. Of course I must emphasize the hypocrisy of Iago. Perhaps only one other character in all literature can match his gross hypocrisy—and that is Molière's Tartuffe. Surely the brisk ring of laughter would splendidly connote Iago's hypocrisy.

In the midst of my revery I recalled a half-forgotten story by Poe, that I had not read in twenty years. I remembered the courtly, jovial attitude of the central character, who inveigles his arch-enemy into his wine cellars only to trap him in a closet, and proceed to entomb him alive with the aid of bricks and cement. What an engaging manner must have been the host's,—what a confident smile! Surely Iago could have done just such a trick! Iago of the constant smile, the quipping jest, the ribald snatch of song!

Iago must possess the graceful ease and the effervescent self-confidence of the world-traveler. He must be equally at home in low tavern or princely court. Yet he can be no roistering vagabond, like Villon,—who wasted immortal verse upon kitchen-wenches, and indecently insulted monarchs. Iago must maintain the bearing of aristocracy, yet unbend sincerely enough to win to his purpose the humblest of his fellows. He must swagger, and orate of wine-bibbing in Denmark and Germany and Holland and England. Always he must be of the vast world, mirthful, engaging, persuasive.

THESE and a thousand other similar speculations traversed my thoughts. Already the sun was dipping low towards the Pacific, and long shadows from the hills were darkening across the bay. I was on the point of leaving, when of a sudden Edward Knoblauch's "Faun" took possession of my mind. Somehow I found myself repeating speeches from the play that I had used for two seasons. The Faun was a frank expression of healthy animalism, joyous, vigorous, scheming, sensuous. He was the ardor of life in terms of physical optimism and pleasure. Take the Faun, poison his nature, corrupt his animalism, warp his frankness, direct his every impulse to deepest evil, and you have—Iago. It was a startling discovery. It fastened upon me, it fascinated me, it convinced.

I was very late for dinner when I reached my hotel that evening, but I had definitely settled upon the manner of man my Iago was to be.

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Wiser Marriages

By MARY AUSTIN

Illustrated by H. T. Dunn

Third in the Series on Mate-Love and Monogamy

IN her previous articles Mrs. Austin has given the reasons why monogamy is the natural and desirable expression of mate-love. She has refuted the arguments for polygamy in any form. In this essay she takes up marriage as the expression of love, discussing the weak points and the strong points of our present system

IT was not until two or three days later that we came to the question of marriage,—one of those full-leaved summer afternoons so crowded with green growth that there was no room in it even for Valda's pain. We had come down from the house to Millford bridge and sat watching the water slip by us as mindlessly as the flight of time. On every side the leaves of the rock-maples lapped over smoothly like plumage on a breast, and the limpid creek took on green reflections between the leopard-colored stones. We had talked during the morning altogether of other things, for which reason it seemed inevitable that in the first full pause we should revert to the matter which lay closest to our minds, without other introduction.

"Why is it," Valda wished to know, "when there are so many evidences in favor of marriage as we practice it, so many marriages fall short of just the purpose they seem meant to serve?"

It was necessary for me to remind her that I hadn't said that the evidence was in favor of marriage altogether as we practice it.

All I had claimed was the sanction of the Soul-Maker for permanent, exclusive matings; which is not saying that the purpose of marriage might not be thwarted by the decorations and conventions which we attach to the condition of being married. I would even go so far as to premise that the initial mistake about marriage is in regarding it as a condition, a state, when it is primarily a relation. Stripped to its essentials, marriage is an agreement between any pair to practice mate-love toward one another, *with intention*. A vast amount of our modern marriage custom is as extraneous to this as is that temple in India to the hair of the prophet's beard which it enshrines.

WE shall get nowhere with the discussion of marriage without a clear distinction between the things inherent in the relation, and those which from time to time have proved convenient to it. It might even pay to overdo the matter of distinction, if it would save either member of a married pair from foisting personal preferences on the other in the name of the eternal verities.

"But marriage is so personal," Valda began to say——

About as personal as getting a living or an education. Love, quite as much after marriage as before it, has its own way with us. It is no more possible to be married all to oneself than it is to go to school that way. At every turn we are overshadowed by the racial experience. And since love does not always sing in the ecstatic key, it is important in moments of dryness and doubt to be able to turn with certainty to the profoundest moods and interpretations which such experience has revealed to us. The attempt to derive the authority for marriage modes from revealed religion has blinded the general intelligence to their natural derivation from experimentation.

Under all the stupidities of civilization, there is still operative in man an instinct as self-preservative as the movement of the natural animal to reject unsuitable food. By study, all forms and modes of marriage are seen to resolve themselves into the working of this instinct to prevent the too early withering of mate-love before its purpose is accomplished. The impulse which rejects the word "obey" from the marriage service is one with the impulse which retains "honor and cherish." What it means is simply that we have discovered that obedience has nothing to do with the permanence of love, but that no set of experiments has revealed a way to keep it alive and alight without honor and cherishing. Whether its ultimate purpose be to rear children or to enrich the race by raising the plane of personal achievement, so long as there remains anything of that purpose unaccomplished, the primary obligation of lovers is to love. It is around this working necessity that the duties and proprieties of marriage are centered; from it they take their sole extenuation or compulsion. To love and to keep on loving. This is the one way of making marriage do its work in the world. Any call for reorganization of the fashion of living together, such as arise from time to time in our changing social environment, must conform itself to this necessity. It must derive its authority not from any pre-existing code of ethics or religion, but from its capacity to nourish the eternal need of each for the other.

CONFRONTED with any of the surprises of the modern feminist movement, it has been a perfectly legitimate question to ask whether or not, under heretofore unexperienced conditions, men and women will continue to love one another. It is so important that they should go on doing so, that we may be forgiven for failing to see on all occasions that it is also important that they should do so without capitulation.

The natural result of a highly spiritualized ideal of mate-love is an attempt to make it do too much for us, to answer for too many things. Women are the worst offenders in this. Passion must be not only pure air and fire to them, but bread and meat; it must be enforced to do the work of religion in raising the spiritual plane, and manifest itself in all the many-faceted culture of the time. There are women who think themselves unsuitably mated if the note to which they are raised by a picture or an opera does not tune with the dominant key of their relation to their husbands, and they blame not themselves nor the picture, but the husband.

If one wanted conviction on this point one has only to examine the so-called "ladies'" journals, for the quality of advice, instruction and consolation offered to the married, to realize that however much they, as a class, may have laid hold of individually, there is little current among them which could withstand for a day the assaults of reality. In spite of a few notable instances where the life of the lover has been keyed to the very highest pitch of personal passion, there is no evidence that the attempt to color the whole of existence with the consummating movement of right love results in anything but spreading it thinner.

IT is not only the fallibility of women to attempt to make love fill out the whole round of life for them, but they go further and undertake, not without excuse under the social compulsion which robs them of other forms of activity, to make of marriage a career. They try to find in it a substitute for Something To Do, for all the varied possibilities to which they, in common with their brothers, are born, which smoulder and ache in them and breed dizzying vapors. All doors but marriage being closed to them for attaining eminence, social position, fortune, human contracts, they demand it all of marriage, and by the evidence of the divorce court marriage is breaking down under the strain.

Now that housewifery, with all its more important functions performed outside the home in factories and food shops, leaves the intelligence so largely disengaged, the discovery of the insufficiency of marriage as a determining condition has rushed upon us. Unions in which the *relation* has proved entirely competent for the primary purpose of loving and rearing children, fail miserably before the necessity of satisfying all the hungry human demands of women. Comes now the steadying moment when we begin to wonder if it were not wiser to relieve the strain upon marriage than so lightly to dissolve it. The necessity which the Industrial System finds itself under, of taking account of the women-needs of female workers has reacted upon our attitude toward the human needs of women. We begin to perceive that marriage has to do chiefly with sex, and that sex is only one of the departments of life and not—no, not even for women—the whole of it.

"But the question of maintenance," Valda began—

Is primarily a problem of economics rather than of sex. It derives from the industrial situation rather than from anything inherent in the relations of men and women. "Maintenance" is a term very loosely used to imply the right of a woman to demand that her husband should perform all labors outside the home which are involved in the business of raising a family. It by no means indicates that she is to be relieved of indoor labors, no matter how arduous they may be. It does not carry with it the right to be maintained in the event of the husband's failure or death, nor does it even imply any standard. Interpretations of the term are local and periodic; they are

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even narrower, and become the mere shibboleths of a class.

The idea of maintenance takes validity from the potential maternity of the wife, for only when incapacitated by the bearing or rearing of children, is the wife logically entitled to be "supported." The advisability of extending this support over the whole of the woman's life rests on its ultimate effect on her childbearing capacity, a point upon which students of economics disagree. The only circumstance which would render maintenance a marriage "right" would be the existence of a social system which made self-supporting work by women improper or impossibly difficult. In so far as men have committed themselves to these two absurdities, they are bound to accept as legitimate the demand of women to be kept in idleness. The recent movement toward state aid for penniless mothers is evidence of a growing public conviction that maintenance is not so much a right as a compensation for services performed. But the fact is that the number of women who are exclusively "maintained," without the necessity of hard and exacting work of some kind, is inconsiderable. Here in America it has always been an ideal rather than an accomplished state of things. For the preferred mode of marriage still shapes itself about the old, feudal ideal of the Lord of the House and the Lady Chatelaine—the armored, valiant male going forth to the daily battle of trade, and returning with his spoils to refresh himself in the presence of the Mother-Priestess who performs in his absence the daily miracle of looking well to her household and still preserving herself in a state of smudgeless charm.

IT is the ideal of a numerically small but important group, important enough to have put it into poetry and picture and song, where it remains still in all its false and alluring perspectives. For the one thing that the picture fails to present to us is the fact that never could the ideal have so much as shaped itself in the racial imagination, except under conditions which precluded the possibility of its being attainable by more than the few who showed it forth. The ideal of the mistress-wife and mother-priestess is indissolubly associated with the idea of a serving class. Never at any time in the world's history has this ideal existed except upon a background of retainers, slaves, serfs, servants, concubines, captives or other dependencies who by the condition of such service were forever precluded from enjoying on their own account the state which they existed to maintain. The very word family was originally a descriptive term to include not only those born in the household but bound into it by hire or purchase.

Never since man emerged from the tribal state has the whole work of feeding and comforting and rearing the children been done by the House Mother in the better conditioned families. What we mean in fact by better conditioned and "best" families is just those families in which all the work has not to be done by the Chatelaine. The struggle of every man in a democracy to obtain these conditions for his own wife and children has resulted in the work which was formerly done by dependents within the household being now done by specialists outside it. During the last three centuries the model history of marriage has been the history of the gradual emergence of the serving class into the class of householders. Yet here in America, come up from varied parentage, with clashing traditions, by systems of education waveringly aimed at the ascending scale of living, we are still stupidly trying to pour all this unlikely material into a mold which met its determining circumstance long before the rise of democracy. Everywhere we see married pairs trying to organize a home about some tattered remnant of the old ideal, and rending one another because they fail at it.

THE things that marriage can be legitimately asked to do for us are, first of all, to satisfy the hunger of the body for its natural mate. This is indispensable. In this is the seed of its own permanence and the only legitimate ground for the satisfaction of that other great human demand, the desire for offspring. And finally it must satisfy the need of companionship on the intimate and personal side of life. Undoubtedly the happiest marriages are those which carry the sense of companionship into the farthest, finest ramifications of thought and endeavor, but there can, in the nature of things, be no compulsion beyond the personal interest. To be proud and pleased with each other, to be concerned for each other's health, considerate of each other's interests, active in comfort and care, is much more important than a common taste for Italian poetry or a mutual detestation of Wagnerian opera. It is possible for a married pair to survive being bored with one another's opinions or pleasures, but it is indispensable that they should not be bored with one another.

What must be insisted upon for the improvement of marriage before it is entered upon is the clarification of our ideas about it. We must see its naked power upon us for what good and what generic ill. Stripped of all the ragtag of obsolescent modes, all the bright, tasteless tinsel of sentiment by which its vital functions are obscured, we must accept it, first and last, as a sex relation, striking its proper note in the chord of human endeavor, and, seeing it thus uncomplicated by problems of food and shelter, learn to ask no more for it than that it fulfil itself as the great adventure of sexual life.

If I have been plain on this point, I mean to be plainer. To the neglect of this primary requirement of right mating, based upon we know not what correspondences of vital impulses, what rhythms, vibrations, elusive, subtle bodily sympathies, are traceable most of those evils which invest society under the particular name of "immorality." It is not wealth, not luxury, not the industrial system nor the hardening of class lines which produce those outbreaks of lasciviousness, of loose reading of responsibility, of veiled promiscuity which from time to time have characterized periods of national history. It is the substitution, which all these conditions foster, of other considerations of money-lust, social ambition, proprietary pride, of culture, of religion even, for the natural mating-impulse. Spiritual qualities are the result of right mating and not the occasion of it, just as material success, a good home, social poise, ought to be the outcome of the matching of talent and endeavor in man and woman rather than the excuse for their living together. It is immensely more important that a mating pair should relish kissing than that they both should be Presbyterians, and a better guarantee for their attaining the super-union which is the Soul-Maker's mark.

And yet how little, how extraordinarily little, is afforded the young as a basis for selection. So far, instruction has been largely in the opinions of society; what is required is knowledge of the facts. The egoistic method of the past, in which truth was imparted or withheld according to the parental notion of need or propriety, has resulted in bringing too many to the Great Adventure in complete ignorance of it.

Probably, if the obscuring mysteries were laid by facts made commonplace, instinct would wake again along the unfathomed outer border of the mating-consciousness. In the absence of instinct, we need knowledge and more knowledge.

And if it did so awake, instinct might be easily frustrated by our narrow social contacts. Among the two or three marrying opportunities offered any one of us, it is frequently the case that not one of them provides the necessary correlation of personal interests, the common objective. The first thing to go about for the betterment of marriage conditions in general is a deliberate provision for increased social contact. Even Heaven must have room to work in.

"BUT their homes—their mothers——" Valda was thinking in terms of her class, a very small class in which parents are able to live along with their generation so successfully that their advice to their children is really worth something. They must be materially able, moreover, to provide an adequate social range without the assistance of the municipality. But the generality of parents can no more do this than they can educate their children without the public schools.

As a matter of fact, the average home is one of the worst possible places for young people to court in—which is perhaps why so much courting gets done on the street, in the college, at the dance-hall. The average home with its one living-room, its weary and self-absorbed adults, its clamorous younger children, the immanence of the parental viewpoint, the self-consciousness of youth finding itself—this is the least propitious environment for the self-explication which must come then if ever, to the mating pair.

Here in America, perhaps everywhere in this pushing age, the matter is complicated by the wide divergence of social ideals between parents and children. Few daughters expect or would accept the régime of their mothers; if the young people are to understand each other on this point, come together on the new ground of an advancing generation, they must be able to clear themselves of all the implications of parental environment.

The unconscious recognition of this need of standing for their own future to one another drives them apart and aside. They seek out a dangerous and misleading privacy—dangerous because often secret, and misleading because two young people left absolutely to themselves can seem anything they like to each other. What is required is that they should make the tentative moves in a state of free association with their own generation. Against a background of their fellows, those with whom they must later neighbor or compete, they display relative values that do not come to light in adult company. This is probably the reason why coëducational marriages show such a high percentage of successes. There are few things a young couple may not get to know about each other during four years in college.

There is another reason why the es-

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tablishment of social centers for the purpose of providing free association of the young should become the serious business of our educational leaders. That is that young people, of whatever social derivation, are intrinsically entitled, in their mating adventures, to the best advice that their generation affords.

We do not think of trusting the teaching of arithmetic to the inexpert parent; medical inspection is in the hands of specialists. But mating-advice is left to be plucked from whatever unlikely bush. Theoretically, parents should be able to furnish their children with the best thought of the period, for any given moment of it. Actually, few have the gift for education, or the time; some have not even the inclination—a state of affairs which does not make the young any less entitled to it than to the best thought about cube roots and vaccination.

nothing but active sexual sympathy will support it without disintegration.

It is a phase of married life which until recently has not received much consideration. For men who discovered this disparity in their wives there has been, according as they take it, the consolation of the admitted inferiority of women, or the reproach of "not keeping up"; and for wives who discover it in their husbands there has been the cry of *lèse-majesté*. Had not our educators been more concerned with crediting students with percentages in fractions and geography than with determining the index of personal efficiency, we might now be in possession of some means of matching the future with the present, to prevent the most flagrant disasters. What renders most mating advice unacceptable is its purely hypothetical character. Young passion may flout sage waggings of the

riage the knowledge of the ancestral baggage which they carry into the new venture. To do this properly, something more must be shown besides the mere wish to marry.

For there are other considerations besides children, considerations which must still be met after it may be concluded that the particular pair have no contribution to make to racial continuance. Of these the eugenists not only know nothing, but may even find themselves in the serious predicament (supposing they could determine what traits are best to breed for the improvement of the species) of discovering that they are not at all those which are contributory toward living together domestically. Bear in mind that I find this of prime importance. Racial improvement, if it means anything, means the accretion of mentality, of personal power, the accelerated pace which



"'*But marriage is so personal,' Valda began to say*"

IT is possible that such increased facility for free selective activities, would of itself do much to obviate one of the most obscure sources of unsatisfactory and impermanent marriages. I mean the natural differences in human capacity. It is important for any particular marriage that the parties to it retain the same ratio of development, of intellectual coordinations. It would seem that the intellect, like the organism, struggles to attain the limit of its type; once the limit is reached, it cannot, by taking pains, add anything to that. A man whose mind closes on him at thirty remains thirty for the rest of his three-score years; if he be married to a woman capable of ten or fifteen years more expansion, it is hardly possible or desirable that the original bond should hold under the strain of that partition. Nothing is more heartbreaking than the mutual recognition of such disparity; it is at once so hopeless and so unblamable. Youth and charm will compensate in a degree, wealth and position obscure its most rending phases; head when so many heads have wagged mistakenly. But even the young are prevented by exact knowledge.

The seven-leagued strides that have been taken in the study of personal efficiency in the interests of trade and manufacture make it not too unlikely to say that we shall soon be able to know as much about the people we marry, and expose our children to the chances of marrying, as about those we hire.

"And then," Valda threw in hopefully, "there are the 'Eugenists.'"

THE eugenists have at once too much to say and too little. They can deal with certainty only with futures, and though it is important to the race to know the probable physical character of its grandchildren, it is not yet proved that that has anything to do with married felicity in the present generation.

In order to protect the unborn, it is obligatory upon society to keep records and to force upon those contemplating mar-

any two can gain while they are otherwise occupied than multiplying. Indeed, if man is to be distinguished from the fish, the flower, the beast of the field, the existence of such general gain would seem the only excuse for propagating at all. Whatever pair has contrived to add something to what their parents were, adds it to the race as well without offspring as with them. We are all of us inheritors of the genius of great men more directly than the children of their loins; it matters nothing that they leave us no descendants of their name.

Marriage then should be for the increment of social worth, and all our thought about it should be to make it serve this primal use. If the union, in the light of the most we know about it, prove suitable for children, let them count themselves twice blessed. But if marrying be simply to breed, why, Pithecanthropus skipping on a hill can do as well for us. We are made men and women chiefly by what we can do for one another.

The next instalment discusses the place that children occupy in the development of mate-love and the various forms taken by the nest-building instinct.

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The Russian Cathedral Choir

By ISABEL HAPGOOD

LAST winter I took one of the most famous organists and choir-masters of the country to the Christmas service at the Russian Cathedral of St. Nicholas in New York. I wished to show him why I regard all other Church music as operatic, trivial, lacking in vitality—even that of my own Church, the Episcopal; and why, except in the Russian Church, the music is a real endurance-test for me. My friend is a man of few—but forcible—words. He said: "This is the interpretation of sacred music which I have long been in search of. . . . I have to thank you for the greatest inspiration that has ever come to me in all my musical life."—Glowing warmth of emotion within strictly legitimate bounds, without a trace of sentimentality or sensuousness is, he declares, the essential characteristic of the interpretation.

PEOPLE who have heard this extraordinary music and its equally extraordinary rendition in the great Russian cathedrals—or at the Winter Palace by the Imperial Choir, if they have the good fortune to have access to services there—will understand. To the munificence of an American we, in this country, owe the inestimable privilege of receiving spiritual refreshment and inspiration through this choir.

IN comparison with the great choirs in Russia,—choirs numbering from fifty to one hundred—this choir is small. It consists of twenty-one boys, born here (with one Russian-born exception) of Russian parents; and eight men, all brought from Russia, all trained singers. One of the four bassos is an "oktavist," who sings a whole octave below the ordinary deep basso, reaching A; and the choir is very soon to possess one of the four great oktavists of Russia, who descends two full tones lower, to F, and balances a choir of one hundred and fifty, if required. At the head of the choir is Ivan T. Gorokhoff, formerly choir-master for the Archbishop in the Cathedral of Kursk, and later at the Moscow branch, or town house of the famous Sergievo-Troitzky Monastery. Mr. Gorokhoff possesses the finest traditions of interpretation: he is a pupil of the late Director Orloffs, and of the present Director of the Holy Synod Choir of Moscow, Kastalsky the famous composer of church music, who have made that choir famous all over Europe by concerts in the various capitals, as well as by their work at home. Arriving in New York less than two years ago with six of the men (two more came last November), he has brought the St. Nicholas Choir to such perfection of training that, as musical experts have expressed it to me, it is the most wonderful organization every heard in New York. The conductor of the New York choir best known for its exquisite art in *a capella* singing declared, on hearing the Russian choir in concert for the second time: "My choir sings no more Russian music. They simply cannot do it." And one of the most authoritative musical critics in the country emphatically assures me that no American choir ought to dare to attempt this Russian ecclesiastical music. American choirs have not the voices, and the spirit which vitalizes the rendition until the impression is ineffaceable while life lasts, is utterly lacking.

THE appeal is direct. No instrument of any kind is permitted in the Orthodox Catholic Church of the East. Song is prayer, and nothing must be allowed to come between the supplicating or praising soul and its Creator. I have a profoundly musical friend who is an agnostic—or an infidel; I forget just what he calls himself. I invited him to the Russian Cathedral merely as a musical treat. He said: "If there be a God—then, that is His music."

The extraordinary point about it is, that it appeals not only to the musically sensitive but also, in equal measure, apparently, to those who make no pretensions to an ability to distinguish one air from another. More than one person has entreated me at public concerts (in my quality of Secretary) to prohibit applause; they felt it to be a sort of sacrilege, and that that music should be listened to on one's knees.

WITH the interpretation of this angelic Russian music beyond the reach of our American choirs, through the lack of the inborn spirit and the life-long atmosphere—not to mention the phenomenal musical gifts of the Russian people—where are our Churches of the West to turn for a new, inspired, devout music when they shall have learned the lessons taught by this St. Nicholas Cathedral Choir? Will Western choirs and their music ever evoke such a remark as was made to me after the concert given by that choir in the New Synod Hall for the recent General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church: "I am so glad the Russians are going to Heaven, for that will ensure our having suitable music there"? For one thing, we have not the golden treasury of song which is the heritage of the Russians, from which to draw our inspiration. This indescribably beautiful Russian sacred music springs from the same fount of inspiration—the heart and soul of the people—as the folk-songs upon which the secular composers of the nation have founded their most characteristic—and therefore most successful—works.

In the year 991 the Patriarch of Constantinople sent to Prince Vladimir of Kieff, when the latter adopted Christianity as the State religion, a band of Church singers of Slavonic extraction. At the same time the Greek Princess Anna, the bride of Prince Vladimir, brought with her a complete Church choir, in which were also Greek singers. Thus Russian Church music, in its origin, was directly dependent, on the one hand, upon the singing of the Slavonic Church, and on the other, upon the Greek—the Mother Church. St. Kyril and St. Methody had christianized the Bulgarians and their neighbors a whole century earlier, and

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Harper's Weekly

for

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will contain articles on

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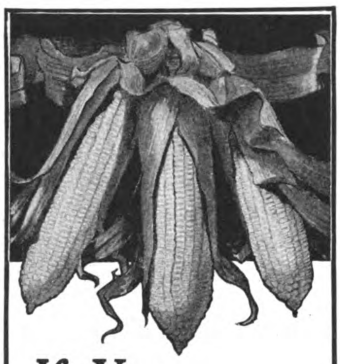
by

Charles Johnson Post

Bulgaria had made good use of that century in adapting the Greek chants to the test of their service books in that language which (in a slightly modified form) is still the splendidly sonorous liturgical language of Russia, and other kindred branches of the Orthodox Catholic Church. The Russians immediately began to develop independently the chants they had taken over from the Greeks, and promptly originated new "Russian" melodies, as well as more than one original system of musical notation, and musical chords and progressions of their own. They conceived a profound love for Church singing, and it speedily permeated the whole life of the people, just as the Church provided prayers and hymns for every imaginable situation in life, for every impulse of the soul. Huge choir-books, containing ever new melodies, made their appearance in rapid succession, and in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Russians were already in possession of such a rich treasury of melody as is not to be found in a single one of the non-Slavonic races of Europe. After the fourteenth century the original musical notations went entirely out of use, and no one has yet been able to decipher the whole of these choir-treasures. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries deleterious innovations, introduced over the Western border, gained sway, and were followed, in the eighteenth century by an almost fatal enthusiasm for the most florid sort of Italian music. The Russians laid violent hands upon their own wonderful sacred music, and distorted it after the most approved—and worst—Italian models.

The fifth period of Russian Church music was inaugurated by Dmitry Bortnyansky, (1751-1825), Director of the Imperial Choir, who put an end, in great measure, to these abuses, and turned for inspiration to the ancient, national melodies, harmonizing them and eliminating the objectionable elements introduced into sacred music from alien lands and Churches. In fact, he was to Russian Church music what Glinka was to the Russian opera. His work stands to that of the modern composers of Church music—both those famed for secular compositions also, like Rakhmaninoff, Gretchaninoff, Ipolitoff-Ivanoff, and those who have written for the Church only, like Lvovsky, Kastalsky and others—as Glinka's "A Life for the Tzar" stands to Musorgsky's "Boris Godunoff." He was the pathfinder—he showed the true way. Musicians began to collect the ancient chants which survived, unwritten, among the people (like the Epic Songs), and to decipher the old choir books. The more closely the composers for the Church follow these ancient, inspired national sacred "folk-songs" (if one may call them so, by way of making their status perfectly clear) the more successful are they in producing the extraordinary music which may be justly designated as the one genuinely fit, fervent, truly devout and really divine Church music in existence.

Be sure not to miss the next instalment of Mrs. Austin's remarkable book on love. She discusses the two great instincts that follow the awakening of mate-love in a woman's soul, the longing for children, and for nestbuilding.



If You Could—

Separate the most nutritious part of the kernels of choicest white corn—

If you could cook this carefully selected part just as we cook it—

If you could cure, sweeten and salt it to get the same delicious, delicate flavor that we get—

If you could roll each separate bit, thin and ribbony, under 40 tons of pressure—

If you could pass the flaky bits in at the top of a great oven 30 feet high through which they would slowly move to the bottom and come out toasted to a delicate golden-brown—and all this, without being touched by hand—

Then, 'most anyone could make his own

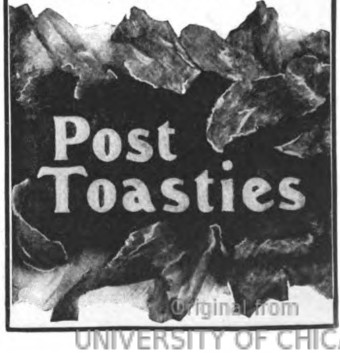
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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Protecting the Stockholder. Part IV. By Law.

WHENEVER proposals are made for the legislative protection of investors, objection is raised that securities cannot be made absolutely safe and pure like food. The more restriction with which you hedge securities about, it is said, the lower the return in interest and dividends. Invariably, it is argued, the big profits accrue on securities which at their inception contained a large element of risk, and the story is told that lawyers objected to having to take stock in the Ford Motor Company when they drew up its incorporation papers, although by now the profits from this stock have enabled them to retire from the practice of law.

"Will not restriction and regulation kill initiative? Is it any one's business to protect the investor but his own against anything but fraud? Certainly the law must not attempt to restrict the emission of securities to those of successful enterprises of tried worth. If men were punished for failure, what would become of progress? Men must be left free to work out inventions and business processes and then induce others to put their capital into these ideas. The law cannot guarantee that investments will be safe and profitable, nor can it prevent men from taking chances on the Stock Exchange or elsewhere."

This line of argument contains much that is both forceful and true. There are two sad, hard lessons that every investor must learn. The first is that no one is so interested in the safety of his money as himself. Not long ago the investor ran his own business. He stood behind the counter and the forge or at the rudder, and there were no distant strangers to cheat him. From a selfish, narrow point of view there is no reason why the directors of a large corporation should worry about the small stockholder. Indeed, it requires an immense amount of altruism to work industriously and single-mindedly in the interest of several thousand persons whom one has never seen. The second lesson which investors must learn is that there is precious little chance of their rights being endangered or their interests abused if they content themselves with securities yielding 3½ to 4½ per cent. interest. The man with an underlying mortgage lien of the Pennsylvania or Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroads stands in no need whatever of protection. That is, all manner of danger comes into play as the rate of interest mounts up.

Organization, Regulation and Publicity

BUT it is a significant fact that in countries where the state has strictly regulated the organization and internal conduct of corporations, and has enforced a large measure of publicity during all the stages of corporate life, there have been no signs of dulled initiative or lessened profits. Take the relatively unimportant matter of publicity of stockholders' lists. If large corporations in this country, and especially banks, were compelled to make public a complete list of their owners, the welkin would fairly ring with the moans of those who denounce the

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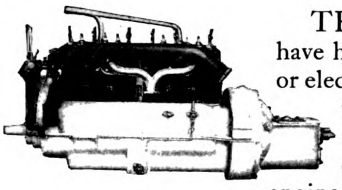
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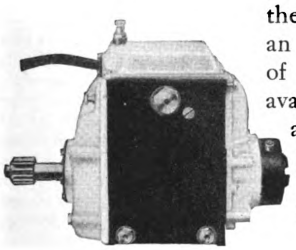
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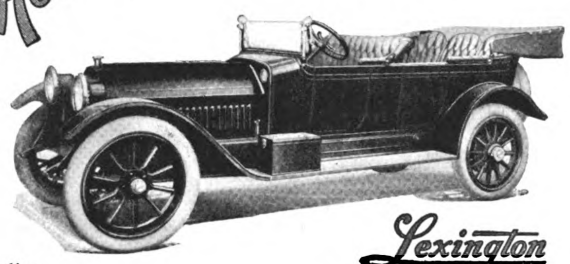
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evils of government interference with business and the socialistic tendencies of the day. In 1906 the Interstate Commerce Commission secured and permitted to be published a list of the ten largest stockholders in all of the country's railroads. But so loud were the railroads' protests, it is averred that the custom was abandoned. In Canada it is the custom for several of the great chartered banks to include in their annual reports a complete list of stockholders. Before me, as I write, is the report of the Royal Bank of Canada for December 31, 1909, containing the name of every shareholder with the amount of his holdings. Does any one dare to say that this two-hundred million-dollar bank has not prospered since 1909?

Or take the huge London banks with their deposit accounts of three and four hundred million dollars, far exceeding the largest in this country. In the London & Westminster Bank, control is kept out of the hands of a few great stockholders by allowing to the owners of 200 shares or over four votes and no more. In the Union of London & Smiths Bank, no shareholder is allowed more than 20 votes.

To Germany for Guidance

NO country has been more successful in a business way in the last few years than Germany. Indeed if there is any one criticism of Germany from the industrial and financial point of view it is that profits have been too great, success almost too rapid. Yet the regulation of the internal affairs of corporations in Germany goes beyond the wildest proposals in this country. Under the Commercial Code every corporation is compelled to provide for reserve funds out of earnings. Directors have been punished by the courts for not setting aside one-twentieth of the year's profits for reserves as required by law. Sums must be set aside also to provide for premiums on stock issued.

The German Code has been criticized for its harshness and complexity, but not for its inadequacy. It applies to all corporations. Minority stockholders are protected, because one-tenth of the stock can compel an adjournment of an annual meeting until they secure sufficient information, and one-tenth of the stock can demand an examination of affairs by outside auditors appointed by the district court. Corporations cannot buy their own stock, thus preventing much evil inside speculation which goes on in this country. When a corporation is organized a most detailed statement must be made of all contracts for purchase of property, and other essential facts, and for two years thereafter any banker who offers the securities for sale is jointly liable with the organizers for any incorrectness or incompleteness of this statement, or for any wilful injury to the company. Indeed the managers cannot be sued until after redress has been sought from the bankers who offered the stock.

No stock exchange can list securities until one year after publication of the first annual report, with balance sheet and statement of earnings. The Code compels all corporations to issue a detailed annual statement with balance sheet and profit and loss account. Corporations in this country, except those few which are regulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission and public utility boards, do not have to issue any reports. The German Commercial Code further requires, to an almost harsh extent indeed, that

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organizers of corporations refrain from selling stock for quite a long period following organization. In the commercial registry of the district courts contracts must be filed wherever special advantage is given to organizers or stockholders, and where property has been sold to a company at organization by its organizers an outside audit must be filed where it can be inspected by the public, this audit to be made by disinterested persons appointed by the local board of trade or the district court.

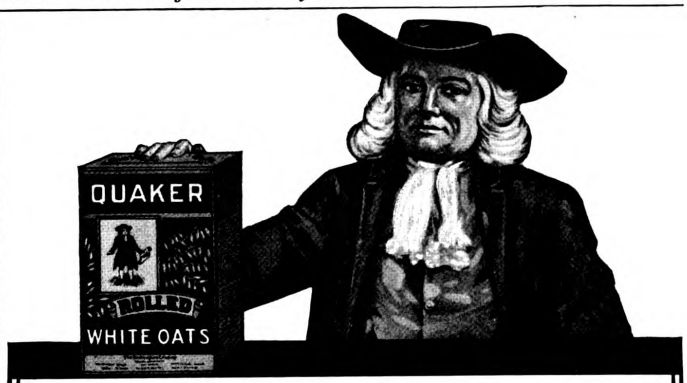
Precise criminal penalties are provided for false statements of a company's condition. The actual managers of all corporations are compensated, according to law, from the profits of the year's operations, but not until reserves and amortization have been cared for, and 4 per cent. paid on the capital stock.

Finally the German Code compels each corporation to have two governing bodies, the managing directors and the supervising council, with a logical separation of powers and responsibilities, the council keeping watch and guard over the active directors in the interest of the corporation. Councilmen cannot act as directors, and the directors are far more than mere employees of the council, as officers are of directors in England and in this country. Directors practically must give all their time to the company; custom, if not law, prescribes fewer of them than in this country, and in Europe generally directors are selected more for their knowledge of the business in hand, and less because they represent some particular capitalistic group, industry or locality, than is the case here.

Publicity Not Enough

PUBLICITY alone will not protect investors. The New York Stock Exchange exacts plenty of information from the companies whose securities are listed with it, but that precaution did not prevent the Frisco and New Haven scandals. Prevention of "water" in stock will not accomplish much. The stock of the Woolworth Company has held at a high price although there is supposed to be $50,000,000 of water in it, simply because the company is well managed. With respect to public-utility corporations much is being accomplished by the state commissions. At first the traction, gas and electric companies feared that commission regulation of their security issues would be harmful, but the effect has been just the reverse in the states where it is in force. In the same way railroad securities will be strengthened when the Interstate Commerce Commission is given jurisdiction over railroad security issues as well as over rates.

But there is still great confusion and complexity in these matters. Not all the states have public utility commissions, and some of these commissions have jurisdiction over service and rates and not over finances. Then there are "blue-sky" laws in several states, designed to prevent the sale of worthless securities by giving the state banking commissioner authority over dealers who offer securities, but these laws differ widely and none have been in existence long enough to be well tested. Congress may soon establish a Trade Commission to regulate the trusts, but only a minute fraction of the country's corporations will be affected. There are nearly fifty states, each with a system of corporation law different from that of its fellows.



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Medical Women's Handicap

By KRISTINE MANN, M. D.

ONE so often hears it said that women are now on an equal footing with men as far as educational opportunities go, that I wonder whether the public realizes the immense handicap of sex in obtaining adequate medical preparation.

It is true that many first-class medical colleges are at present open to women. Women have not yet, of course, so wide a choice as men. Columbia University still closes her doors to the would-be woman medical student. Even her own graduates from Barnard must go elsewhere for a physician's training. Cornell University, though frankly open to women, still compels them to take their first year at Ithaca, whereas men may take theirs either in New York or at Ithaca. Johns Hopkins has always admitted women on the same terms as men, and has done much toward maintaining a high standard of medical education for women. In their university courses, whether at Cornell, Johns Hopkins, or the Western universities, women have had absolutely fair play and have not shown themselves inferior to the men in their capacity for amassing facts, powers of observation, good judgment, understanding of human nature, or scientific integrity—all qualities that make the practicing physician of value to the community.

And this brings me to the point to which I wish to call your attention: while women, if they so desire it, *can* get a medical education equal to that of men, and can graduate with honors and distinction, their education from this point on, in the East, is often extremely restricted by the regulations regarding hospital appointments which now prevail. These hospitals appoint internes each year, and they are selected by competitive examinations. The competitive examinations purport to select the candidates on the basis of their training, intelligence, personality; but no matter how large a proportion of these the women may have, she is excluded from just competition. Women are not allowed to serve as internes in any of the large hospitals in New York City. They are excluded as well from the Massachusetts General Hospital (with almost negligible exceptions). It is to be expected that they would not be considered eligible as internes in the hospitals controlled by the College of Physicians and Surgeons, which excludes them from their medical courses; but they are also *hors de concours* in the hospitals in which the Cornell students receive instruction!—and in spite of the fact that many of the professors at Cornell are alive to the injustice and inconsistency of this arrangement.

The present situation is a misfortune—that works to the disadvantage of the woman herself, the hospital and the public.

IT is admitted now that hospital service is if anything more important to the student than any year of college work. In the hospital the young doctor learns how to *practice* medicine. His facts become fixed in his mind through use. Some medical colleges, as, notably, Minnesota University, regard hospital work as so essential that they refuse to give the degree of M. D. without it. It goes without saying that the better the hospital, the better training the student gets, and, conversely, the better the student the more capable is he of taking advantage of good hospital training. The ambition of the young doctor is to be brought in contact with men of originality and power in their profession—a type of man found far more often associated with large city hospitals than elsewhere—particularly where those hospitals are connected with medical schools of good standing.

In the large city hospitals, also, the interne has opportunity to see a greater variety of cases than in the smaller, less centrally located hospitals. Also all the modern methods of treatment are more likely to be tried out first in the larger than in the smaller hospitals.

It is an obvious advantage, too, for a doctor to occupy the position of interne in a hospital in the city where he is subsequently to practice. But even if a woman is a born and bred New Yorker, with intentions of settling there permanently, she has almost no chance for hospital experience in her own town.

It is possible, therefore, under present conditions, for a woman to graduate first in her class from a medical college like Cornell, which ranks second to none, and find herself compelled to choose between hospital service in a small New York hospital or in a hospital in some distant town. This is such a manifest injustice that it needs no further comment. If there is such a thing as sex disability which woman has to overcome in her struggle for existence, why place absolutely artificial obstacles in her path? A woman, no matter how brilliant in her profession, has no chance to work under doctors of distinction, to have her work. if successful, known by these doctors; she starts her career with a serious handicap.

IN the next place the present situation is a disadvantage to the patients in the hospital. When patients are receiving care for nothing, it is a question how far consideration for their wishes should enter into the discussion. But if the matter were put to vote among the patients, I venture to guess that they would prefer to have the line drawn fairly at excellence than at sex. Even in the women's and children's wards—the gynecological and obstetrical—the internes are entirely men. There are many women who (while they would choose the best doctor regardless of sex for gynecological conditions) would vastly prefer a skilful woman doctor for the day-to-day management of their case. Their wishes in this matter should surely be regarded with at least the same consideration that the men's receive. Because in some of the wards men patients do not wish women students present at the bedside clinics, women are excluded. Whether the women patients object or not to men internes who have complete charge of the management of their cases is never even inquired into. And after all, must we not admit that women internes, where good ones can be secured, are more suitable in the gynecological wards than men? The exceptional man may be better than a woman in this work; but would not the average woman doctor be bound to be more successful than the average man doctor in dealing with the types of cases found in these wards in our large public hospitals? Acquainted, as I am, with the average type of interne and knowing, as I do, many of the young, well-trained women doctors, who have been sent out of New York for their hospital experience, I can only say that the present arrangement bears particularly hard upon the women patients.

In the third place this handicap of women must in the last analysis react unfavorably on the public. Women physicians are in demand by society. There is no question on this point. They are performing a work in certain respects different from the work of men physicians. There are women who are eager to fill this demand. Should they not be given by that public the best advantages possible? Why should the public, who is going to employ these women not only as private practitioners but as inspectors of schools and factories, exclude them from the opportunity of attaining the best possible education? The city has it in its power to give them this training without extra cost to itself, too!

There are many visiting doctors connected with the large hospitals at present who desire internes with knowledge, good judgment and absolute reliability. If these qualities can be found to a greater extent in a woman applicant than in a man, they would choose the woman.

WHAT prevents women, then, from being admitted immediately? The trustees and Boards of Directors of the hospitals are loath to make a change. The argument advanced is that there are no rooms built in the hospital for women doctors. The argument seems to the women as parallel to the argument against women's suffrage: that "the polling places are unswept." It is a reply which sounds trivial in comparison with the seriousness of the argument. We argue that in justice to the woman doctor, the woman patient and the public, women should be admitted to the hospitals as internes. We are told that although all this were true, the question is settled by the fact that "there are no sleeping rooms in the hospital for them."

ANOTHER reason why those in authority have hesitated to introduce women internes has been for fear of sex complications brought about by the close intermingling of the sexes. At present, however, both men and women entering the hospitals are older. Most of them have had seven or eight years of education grafted upon their high-school education and the average age would be nearer twenty-five than twenty. This danger has, therefore, much decreased in the past years. It is a danger which would surely not exist to any greater degree than the danger of complications and love affairs arising between internes and nurses, which, while probably occurring, has never been a serious menace to nurses and doctors working together.

It is also said that women cannot stand the strain. This can never be foretold. The only way one can tell whether women can stand the physical strain of an internship in a large hospital is to let them try. We were told years ago that women could not stand the strain of the higher education.

The city hospitals are more or less indirectly under the control of the public. I wonder if the public realizes the situation as regards its women physicians?

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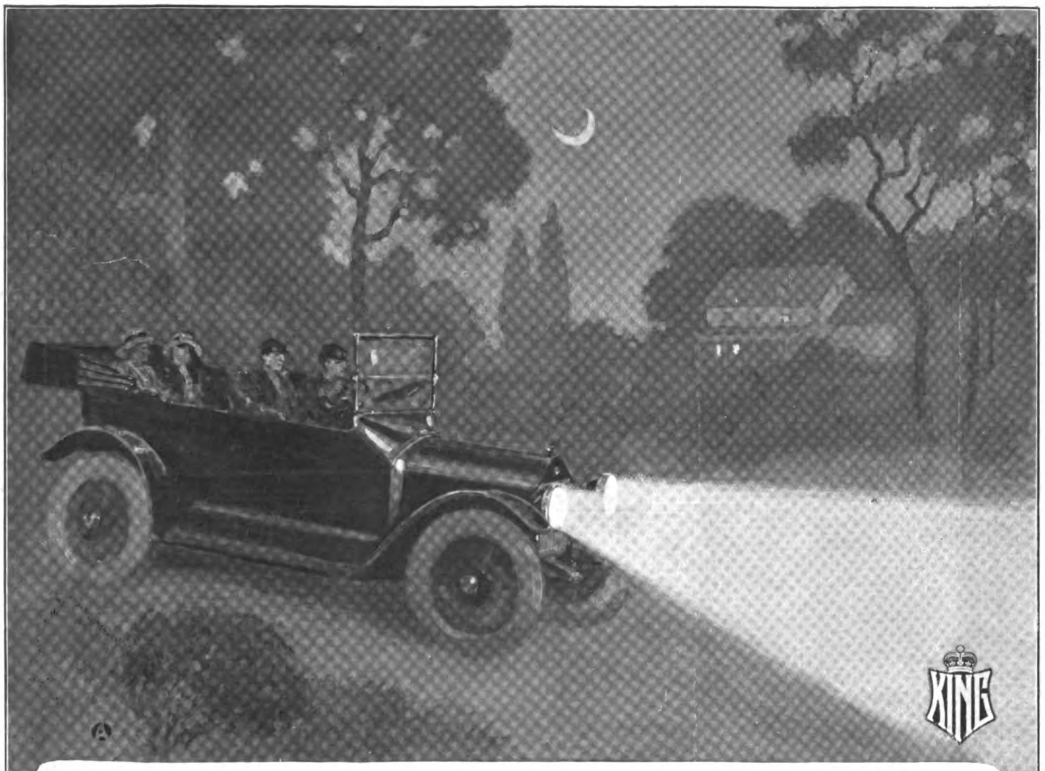
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BABIES AND NEST-BUILDING

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

CONTENTS FOR MARCH 7, 1914

Woodrow Wilson 2
From a photograph

Editorials 3

The Meaning of Wilson's Success ..... Charles R. Crane 6

Why Wilson's Record is Unique ..... Hon. William Jennings Bryan 6

Wilson, the Man ..... Hon. John Franklin Fort 7

According to Plan ..... Hon. Josephus Daniels 8

What the War Department Has Done ..... Hon. Lindley M. Garrison 9

Democracy's Postal Achievement ..... Hon. Albert Sidney Burleson 10

A Progressive View ..... Hon. Miles Poindexter 12

Views of an Independent ..... Hon. William Kent 13

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 14
The House That Graft Built

The Man Who Knew Gods ..... Clarence Day, Jr. 15
What he thought our real god was

The Traffic "Cop" ..... O. E. Cesare 16
Cartoon

Children and Nest-Building ..... Mary Austin 18
The part they play in mate-love
Illustrated by H. T. Dunn

Festina Lente ..... Charles Hanson Towne 20

The Honor of the Army ..... Charles Johnson Post 21
The treatment of drunkenness
Illustrated from photographs

The Mystery of the Missing Monocle ..... Philip Curtiss 25
A story
Illustrated by Peter Newell

What They Think of Us 29

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 30
Guaranteed and Preferred Railroad Stocks

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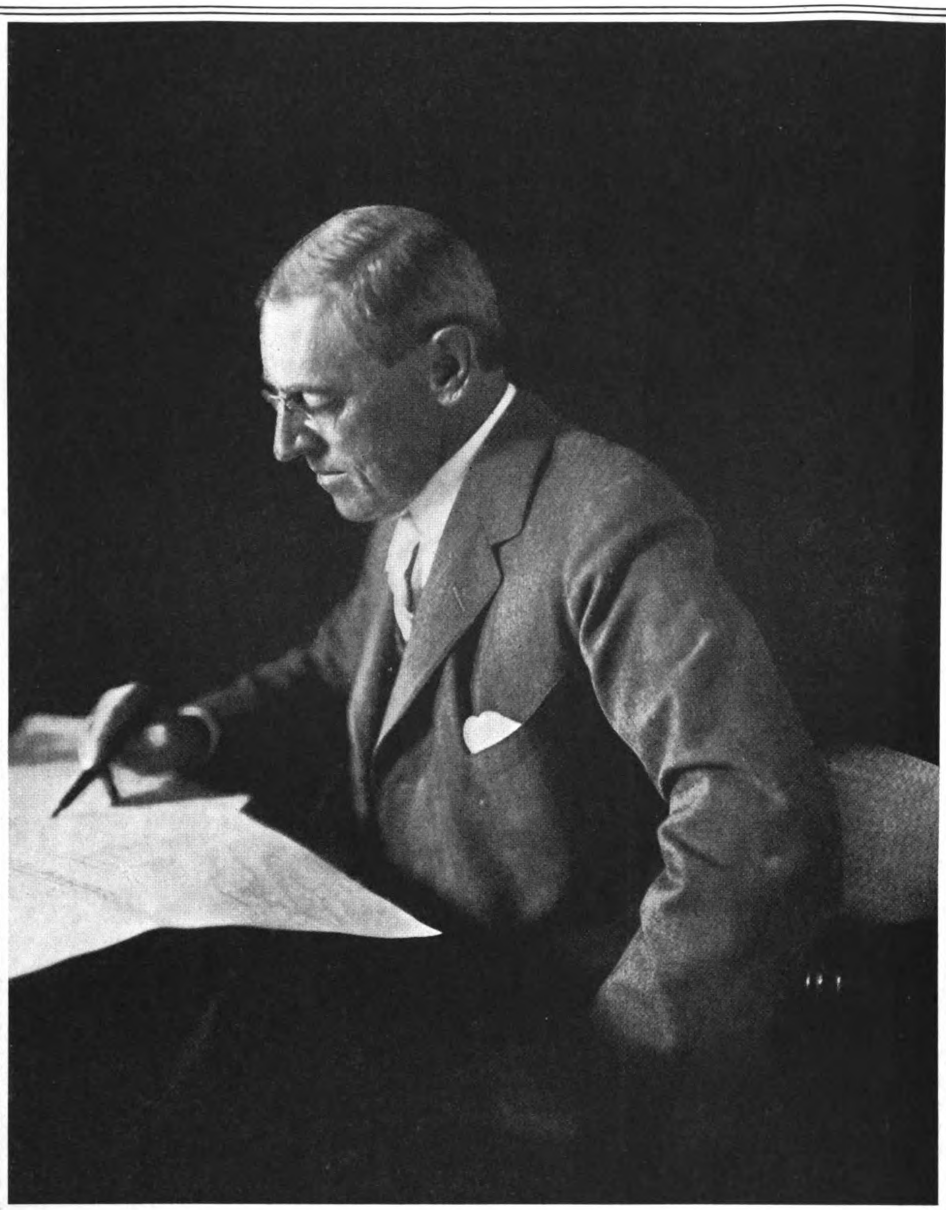
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WOODROW WILSON

ON account of the remarkable amount he has accomplished in his first year, his standing with the people of all classes is now amazingly high. Just what it is he has done, a number of expert observers tell in this issue

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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A Record

ONE of the leading bankers of the country, who opposed the election of Mr. Wilson, said in conversation the other day: "In less than a year he has done a more important work than has been done by anybody since the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act. Nor can what he has accomplished be measured by the legislation, great as that is, of which he has caused the passage. There has to be taken into account, also, the fact that he has been able to do so much with such calmness." This is a just opinion. There is in him little or nothing of that ability which Lowell attributed to Gladstone:

> His greatness not so much in Genius lies
> As in adroitness, when occasions rise,
> Lifelong convictions to extemporize.

Calmness and courage alike have grown out of convictions that have been thirty years maturing. There is indeed danger that his calmness may be misunderstood—probably not so much by reactionaries as by certain radicals who feel that in addition to shackling cunning we ought continually to scold while the shackles are being put on. Was it Alexander of Macedon who said he was willing to build golden bridges for his enemies to flee on? From what is known of Wilson, it is clear that he will be as relentless in accomplishing his duty as he was urbane in stating his wish to be on good terms with all classes.

An important function of public opinion is that of "supervising the conduct of business and judging the current legislative work." Of the appropriate organs for so functioning, Mr. Bryce has written:

"The structure of the government provides the requisite machinery neither for forming nor for guiding a public opinion. Public opinion is slow and clumsy in grappling with large practical problems."

However much be the limitation on the value of hero worship and on the social utility of the "Strong Man," there is no question that leadership is essential in the formation and carrying out of public opinion. Public opinion repeats the old formulae, or languishes by the wayside in speechlessness, unless fresh, strong voices cry the new truth that each age needs. Apparently public opinion is only at its best when a moral leader, with winning popular traits, of high morality and unselfish, unrevengeful good-will, and with a classic gift of speech, leads it, shapes it, and at times suggests it. It is still believed by many that certain of our vexed problems would have disappeared if Abraham Lincoln had outlived the war. A developing people, sprung from equality of opportunity, will themselves rear a race of leaders who will conduct the people in settled government, where freedom broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent.

A Wall Street lawyer was explaining *why* it was that the President had been able to make such radical progress and at the same time arouse so little antagonism. "It is," he answered, "because he has not relied on arousing passions or prejudices but has endeavored to demonstrate, to persuade, to convince. When the large business interests feel that they are being opposed by sensational excitement, they fight back; but when they are appealed to with an explanation that is so lucid as to be unanswerable, their mood is different. The financial interests, being alarmed anyway at the drift of the times, almost rejoice in following a man whom even they recognize as no demagogue, but as balanced, sound and careful, at the same time that he is thorough and unswerving."

The greatest thing done in national politics in twelve short months is not the passage of the Tariff Bill or the Currency Bill, or the abolition of dollar diplomacy, or the promising trust program. First among the triumphs of a crowded year is the establishment of the understanding that the will of the people, carefully matured and intelligently interpreted, must be enacted into law, with all classes acquiescent.

The Program Ahead

OUTSIDE of the trust legislation, a number of important measures are on the President's program for this session. The Alaskan Railroad plan is not only significant in itself but in its probable influence. The rural credit system is to be established. Government mining and manufacture of radium are large steps in the direction of government control of material that is essential to the whole people and of which the supply is limited. Alaska is to have a territorial government. There are to be presidential primaries by congressional enactment. There is to be a new Employers' Liability Act. There is to be provision made for safety at sea. Not impossibly, all these things may be accomplished with little controversy and in the spirit of coöperation. Mr. Cesare, in his double page cartoon in this issue, represents the President as a traffic policeman. A traffic "cop" is perhaps the most interesting of our officials. His object is not to punish, but to make it possible for business to proceed in an orderly manner, without conflict, and with the interests of each individual subordinated to the needs of all.

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Colleges in Virginia

AS the South seems destined to play a large part in the nation's life in the near future, nothing can be more important than to have in her best educational institutions truly democratic training. Those who are to be the leaders should be brought into closer relationship with the common life of average men and women. The movement for the coördinate college for women at the University of Virginia is a step in this movement. President Alderman has said that in his work for the extension of democracy in the university this coördinate college and the unified medical school were the two great opportunities. Jefferson, who founded the university, had a democratic plan that failed of realization, partly because there were no public high schools. The students, prepared in the old academies and private schools, represented the point of view of the planter class. The Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges were lost to the university in 1872 largely because of that fact. The public high schools have been established only for seven years. Seventy per cent. of the teachers in those schools are women, and yet the state makes no provision for training them.

The Banker Superfluous

THE Commonwealth of Massachusetts has for the first time in its history given the people a chance to buy their own bonds direct from the state. It has been selling by public subscription $6,325,000 worth of registered four per cent. serial bonds, maturing August 4, 1914, to January 1, 1954, in denominations of $100 or any multiple thereof. The state treasurer declined to sell the bonds through banks and began selling them over the counter. On the first day, before his office closed for the night, more than half the issue had been disposed of, no block being larger than $10,200.

Thornton

AN historical view of the appointment of an American to manage a British Railway might ease the pain to British pride, and it might save ours in the near hereafter. England is ahead of us, not behind. The conditions that have choked the growth of initiative and executive genius over there we have here also. We have "pull" and "younger sons" in business just as they have. The life insurance investigation showed James Hazen Hyde, the son of his father, rising high in position, pay and power, very, very young—and taking in on the ground floor a picked few of his college and society chums. Men with social and financial influence often go ahead, not only of those who have to depend upon their service, character and parts, but ahead of their own merit. We have no peers in our directorates, but that is only because we have no peers at all. We do have our "guinea pigs," however. We call them dummy directors, but they differ from the British heelers of business in name only. We have lots of the evils of politics in business that the British are discovering in their business. Mr. Brandeis is showing that. We simply have not yet gone so far as the English. But if our evils go on unchecked, we shall have the same results. We may never have to go to England for a manager for an American railroad. England being older is likely to remain older. But it is not at all unthinkable that as we age we may have to turn for master men to Australia or Mexico, or some other country that is younger than ours, where our evil tendencies, which have humbled British pride as in this railway case, will not have gone quite so far as with us.

Teaching the Young to Think

THE man who now runs the funny column in the New York *Mail* scolds the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY for thinking that the personalities of actors add to the difficulties of criticizing plays. He wishes to know how the personalities of the actors "have anything to do with the criticism of drama." How a play that is seen, not read, like "The Legend of Leonora," which was the comedy in question, may make a different impression according to the way it is interpreted, he cannot understand. To get this idea would require not only a long explanation on our part, but we fear a little thought on his.

Safety

THE "Safety First" movement gains headway through the country. Various corporations are coöperating with civic organizations, not only to improve the mechanical appliances for safety, but to instruct the public. Such homely devices as safety calendars, safety blotters, lectures in the schools, bulletin boards, patrol among the older boys, increase safety directly and also spread the knowledge that the interests of the traffic companies and the interests of the traveling public are one.

Sunset

THE series of attacks on HARPER'S WEEKLY published in the New York *Sun* since the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY became Chairman of the Committee of One Hundred and Seven is perfectly comprehensible in an organ of predatory politics and predatory wealth. The only objection to the attacks is their extraordinary feebleness. The Chicago *Evening Post* puts on one of its editorials the caption "As the Sun Sets." It quotes one of the weakest of the *Sun's* remarks and then says: "This repartee would have been pierced with a far-darting blue pencil in the days of Charles A. Dana. Nowadays it must slip by under the head of '2½-cents-a-cue' billiard-room stuff." It is the memory of Dana and a brilliant past that lends sadness to the sorry spectacle of today.

News

ACCUSTOMED as we are to keeping track of the development of the news in America, we were interested in seeing a certain picture published by the New York *Sun*, representing the United States battleship *Vermont* as photographed from the United States battleship *Wyoming*. That picture is now being sold for one dollar. The plot is a little complicated by a following letter written by the hospital steward of the *Wyoming*:

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"Your letter relative to the picture of the U. S. S. *Vermont* just received. I am sorry to inform you that I did not take the picture, although I have been credited for it from various sources. I think I am safe in stating that the photo in question was not taken from the U. S. S. *Wyoming*, for at no time, to my knowledge, were we in that position."

We do not draw any conclusions from the above conflict of evidence. The picture depicts the *Vermont* in a stormy sea. It was termed marvelous by the *Sun*, which has been selling special copies of it. The *Sun* states indeed that it is "the most remarkable photograph ever taken at sea." Maybe it is, but was it taken at sea?

Lost Illusions

MAYOR CARTER H. HARRISON of Chicago in his earlier terms had at least the use of serving as a barometer to indicate the pressure for civic betterment. Somewhat sluggish, except when seeking his own reëlection, he lets things drift unless prodded and provoked into taking a forward step. In a statement recently issued the Mayor accuses the Municipal Voters' League of partisanship, unfairness, untruthfulness, and of many other disgraceful doings. For frank self-revelation, parts of the Mayor's pronunciamento deserve to be embalmed:

> By nature of a confiding disposition, I have become a trifle warped as the result of watching, during a thirty-odd years rather intimate association with public affairs, self-professed unselfish friends of the people climb on "the stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things." Invariably they climb. Invariably they seize the first chance to go on the payroll, but if we believe them, only from a stern sense of public duty. Invariably they grow near-sighted, however, looking for a place that pays.
>
> I have lost many of my illusions—I have waxed cynical and suspicious. When I see a so-called prominent citizen getting busy in a certain direction I ask myself the reason why. And when I have kept my weather eye peeled for a sufficient length of time the reason has always developed itself, and it has never been free from the virus of individual gain.

Mayhap the erstwhile barometer is no longer of value as an instrument of precision. For not cynicism but a feeling of hope and faith in the ability of its citizens to solve their municipal problems characterizes present-day Chicago. Almost every city block has its neighborhood improvement association, its woman's club, or civic group. Carter H. Harrison is giving a touching picture of a man growing old. He is peevish and out-of-step with the times.

Heney

FRANCIS J. HENEY is a well-tested man. All the country knows what he did in the Oregon land frauds, and all the country knows the still greater service he did in the San Francisco prosecutions—how much courage he showed, how much ability. Since then he has been before the public constantly as a speaker, and is one of the most active citizens of California. If that state chooses him for senator, it will be represented by a man who will understand what is going on and will insist that the inside facts shall be known always to the public. He is not an extreme partisan, and will vote for progressive measures by whomever introduced.

Accuracy

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, the Boston *Transcript* and other newspapers have tantrums over a dispatch sent around the country to the effect that the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, when asked by the Judge in the "Hagar Revelly" case how many improper books he had read, named a large number. If these papers had understood the question, they might not have been so perturbed. The statute uses a lot of strong words ranging from "obscene" to "filthy", and forbids the mailing of books that fall under these terms *in whole or in part*. In the dialogue with the judge the editor was showing that he knew the difference between the meanings of these various epithets, and the number of books named was frankly arbitrary, in order to bring out the point that the difference was recognized. As to the number artificially chosen for illustration, it is to be remembered that almost any Elizabethan play would be, in part, subject to one of these adjectives, most of the French classics, many of the books in the Bible, and a large part of the best contemporary literature in foreign countries. What would have helped the newspapers most to avoid irrelevant editorial spasms, would have been to understand that the witness was taking an ironical view of the words used in the statutes.

Something to Live up to

NEW JERSEY was the only one of the thirteen original colonies that gave women the vote after the Revolution. A campaign is now being carried on in New Jersey to decide whether women shall vote. Pride in the progressiveness of long ago ought to combine with the reasonable interpretation of conditions today, and thus help make New Jersey one of the next states to take the inevitable step ahead.

Human Differences

ONE of the most attentive, cultivated, and well-informed readers we have writes as follows:

"I must tell you how much I am enjoying the WEEKLY, now that it has got over some of its preliminary curvettings and has settled into its stride. I can't say I appreciate James Montgomery Flagg, but the articles of Mr. Brandeis and Ellen Key, the sketches of Cabinet members, the very stimulating article by Lincoln Steffens on education (why insult it by perfectly impertinent illustrations?), as well as the ever-welcome editorials, I have found of real value and interest."

Now several people have objected to the illustrations for Mr. Steffens' article, but Mr. Steffens himself likes them enthusiastically, and has asked that his forthcoming articles in the WEEKLY shall be illustrated in the same way. Several also objected to the illustrations of Mr. Brandeis' series on the Money Trust, but he himself thought they helped. There seems to be no escape from the fact that we magazine sharks, like all other mortals, must march ahead resigned to the fact that there will always be minor differences of opinion even among those who might be expected to behave like turtle doves.

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One Year of Wilson

The Meaning of Wilson's Success

By CHARLES R. CRANE

THE country is certainly to be congratulated on the first year's work of the new Administration. When one considers the serious problems it had to face, of the great disasters possible by delaying or bungling their solution, there is ample justification for the optimism that now prevails.

In apportioning the honor for this new turn in our political affairs, two things stand out. First, there is the reappearance of the Southerner in power and influence, and his ability to work with the Westerner in a sympathetic way. Then there is the great demonstration that we have found a new field in which to search for presidential material. The monopoly of the legal profession is broken.

The office of President of the United States is the most important executive office in the world. Lawyers, and especially judges, rarely have executive ability. To fill the office of president of one of our large universities requires high character, great executive ability, and intimate knowledge of political and social problems. No better training for our big executive positions is possible. Of all the wonderful services President Wilson has rendered us this last year, this demonstration is perhaps the most valuable.

Why Wilson's Record Is Unique

By HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Secretary of State

PRESIDENT WILSON'S Administration is unique in many ways. First, it began under the most favorable auspices. He had behind him a united Democratic party; and as each faction in the Republican party was glad that he defeated the other faction, both factions felt a friendly interest in his success.



In the second place he began his work immediately without taking advantage of the nine months which the Constitution gives for the laying of plans—his plans being already laid, he took up immediately the reforms to which he was pledged.

Third, by reading his messages to Congress, instead of sending them down to be read by the clerk, he at once awakened a spirit of coöperation and comradeship which has counted largely in his favor.

Fourth, the country was ready for tariff reform, and his views were clear cut and strongly set forth. The success of the new tariff surpassed even the expectations of his friends.

Fifth, the Currency Bill was a marvel of constructive ability and he pressed it with a persistency that showed his faith in its merits. The tariff victory helped him to win a still larger victory in the passage of the currency law; and the victory on the currency question was necessary to enable him to begin his fight against private monopoly.

Sixth, his recommendations on the trust question show a comprehensive understanding of the evils to be remedied, and the remedies proposed appeal to the common sense of the country.

It is doubtful whether any Administration has ever won so great favor in so short a time as this Administration has, and the prestige which the President now enjoys will enable him to proceed from reform to reform until the government becomes truly a "government of the people, by the people and for the people." The passage of the primary law for the nomination of presidential candidates will make it impossible for the beneficiaries of special privilege to obtain again control of the White House.

In the above enumeration I have only included questions of domestic importance. The President's foreign policy is as heartily supported as his policy on questions at home, and he has occasion to rejoice at the contribution which this nation is making toward the establishment of universal peace.

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Wilson, the Man

By HON. JOHN FRANKLIN FORT
Former Governor of New Jersey

THE writers in the daily press, the weeklies, and the monthlies, are busy with the discovery of a new phase in their conception of the President of the United States. One of the most readable and interesting of these articles was by "An Onlooker" in HARPER'S WEEKLY in the issue of January the tenth last. It was entitled, "Woodrow Wilson the Man." "Onlooker" pictures him, after ten months of study of his daily habits, transacting business, as "still a puzzle and an enigma," and declares, "no one has found a key to his mystery." It is asserted that "he seeks no confidences and gives none. He does not require advice. . . . He chooses to live in a social vacuum. . . . To the common run of men he meets in his daily walk he is as undecipherable as a billiard ball, and presents as few avenues of approach." This article states that even to the correspondents, in his bi-weekly audiences with them, "he shows no indication of seeking the good-will of the newspapers or of fearing their ill-will." In fact, the astounding assertion is made by "Onlooker" that "there is no reason for believing that the President knows or cares what impressions the daily press gives of him or what it says about him," and hence he is set down as an enigma and a mystery. He is neither. The President is oft prone to remark when opinions are expressed in his presence that it is "all a matter of the point of view."

Rightly considered, he is neither an enigma nor a mystery. He is a man with a deep sense of official responsibility coupled with an earnest purpose rightly to meet public conditions. He will not talk flippantly—or just talk. His official habits leave no time for small talk, but no one ever heard of his closing his mind to one who is saying things or suggesting real methods for doing them. No one who knows Woodrow Wilson, who will study him and his methods from day to day, will call him an enigma or a mystery. He is not a riddle, and his great strength with the people is in the fact that they do not believe he has any "secrets" in public affairs that he desires shall not be known. If there is one thing that stands out clear in his public life it is that he is not subterranean. Looked at from this point of view, the scene will be different. We have all been so accustomed to think of our public men as holding secret conferences, talking in corners with political or other associates, that we fail to understand when we find a man in public life who does not do that; who has no political secrets and desires no whispered conversations. The course of events in public affairs has so long run the other way that when we see nothing of that sort in an official, we think that, in some way, we have not found him out; he must be doing something secretly, and hence the "mystery." Those who best know the President tell me (and in what I know of him I believe it to be true) that he never talks on official matters to any man in a way he would not be willing, if it were necessary, to have it proclaimed to the multitude. I have talked with him but little on public affairs, never on partisan politics; but I have talked enough to know that, while he is a partisan Democrat, he at all times puts country and the public weal first. If it be true that to the politicians at Washington he is a mystery and an enigma, it is because they have not yet, even in these ten months, got the right point of view. Let them eliminate from their mental political vision the old idea that the strength of political action is in secret methods and they will clear up what they choose to call the "Wilson Mystery."

BUT, enough of this on the political side of the President. In fact, I had not intended to touch on the public side of the President's character, but the seeming lack of a realization of the true meaning of the President's public methods led me into the few matters above written. If all who study not only President Wilson as an official, but the political tides of the times, would only realize that new conditions, new methods, new ideals of public life are now upon us, they would get on better in understanding the President. He knows that a great Progressive wave began to sweep over this country some years ago in the South and West and reached the North at its flood in 1912. I am not now speaking especially of the Progressive Party, although that was potential enough to cause all of us to take notice, but rather of the progressivism in all the parties—which President Wilson typifies in such a preëminent degree of progress and safety.

The people like a serious-minded President, whose official action is centered in the single purpose to serve them. They care mighty little what official Washington, or official anything else, thinks about his being a "mystery" or an "enigma," if they realize and see in him neither, but only a devoted, unflinching, unyielding champion of their hopes, and an interpreter of their highest ideals.

But it is of the personal side of the President, when he is off duty, that I would write. I know the President; I have seen him at his home and in my own, and at the houses of friends, and we have attended governors' conferences. The conception of the man which the public gets from articles published as to him are far afield of the real Woodrow Wilson. His social side is one of personal charm. He enjoys to an unusual degree the ability to put every one about him in the best of humor. He is an inimitable story-teller and he seems to have a limitless store of good stories. All highly educated men are not good conversationalists, but he has a faculty that is unusually felicitous in this regard. He relates incidents and describes scenes with wonderful clearness.

AND all this is done in the best of spirits and the most delightful good-fellowship. It is my good fortune to have met and known many public men—some quite intimately—but I recall few who can indulge in or who will stand chaffing with more good grace than he. The efforts being made to make the President out a recluse or an enigma are likely to give the country an entirely erroneous idea of the man. He is just the reverse. He is undoubtedly a serious-minded man when considering great public questions (who in that situation would have him otherwise?) but when off duty, he can laugh with the best of us, and enter into the spirit of the most delightful companionship. He who can enter into the spirit of the college undergraduate fun, as he always can, shows no lack of the enjoyment of the lighter side of life. It would be a great misfortune if it should get abroad and the people become impressed with its truth, that their President is not, what he really is, a most delightful, kindly, and joyous-spirited man in his personal intercourse with his fellows. The President of the United States is the same man who was President of Princeton, and Governor of New Jersey. Even elevation to the presidency has not changed Woodrow Wilson. It must be that his strong leadership on the tariff, his breadth of view and open-mindedness on the currency, and his late frank and firm message on trust legislation have about eliminated from the mind of every thoughtful person the suggestion that in public matters he is an enigma or a mystery. With this gone, and his personality rightly understood, the people will quickly show that they not only understand but fully appreciate the President.

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According to Plan

A Review of Woodrow Wilson's First Year in the White House

By HON. JOSEPHUS DANIELS

Secretary of the Navy

IT is related of the elder Roebling, builder of the Brooklyn Bridge, that when the bridge was nearing completion at the same time his life was drawing to a close, he was carried to a point of vantage whence he could see with a glass the minutest details of the great structure. He exclaimed, "It is just like the plan!" As the first year of President Wilson's term of office draws to a close it is not too much to say that his achievements have been according to plans, formed long before, as to how the government of the United States should be conducted. He has sometimes referred to an incident in his college career as the turning point of his life, giving him, in fact, a life purpose. It was the reading of the series of articles entitled, "Men and Manners in Parliament," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, contributed by Henry W. Lucy, who was then writing under the pen name of "Member for the Chiltern Hundreds." The author described from the viewpoint of intimate familiarity the parliamentary history of that day in which Gladstone, Disraeli, John Bright and others figured. From the reading of these articles Woodrow Wilson became an earnest student of English political history first, and in his senior year at college embodied his views in an article entitled, "Cabinet Government in the United States," published by the *International Review* in August, 1879. He suggested as a cure for government by committees, in which secret influences too often had their way, a responsible government of the majority, with the President as the leader of his party, and the cabinet ministers, heads of departments, aiding the work of Congress by participating in its debates. The details of such a plan are unimportant, but the plan itself has been carried out. There has been an orderly program, carefully studied, every item of it subjected to criticism from all sides, the President taking counsel with the members of his Cabinet, and with the chairmen of the committees of Congress, and with the committees themselves, in the framing of legislation, and then relying on his position as the President of the whole people, and the head of his party, to aid Congress in carrying through the program to successful completion.

MONTESQUIEU'S theory of the independence of the three departments of government does not contemplate their isolation the one from the other, and the keynote of President Wilson's success this year has been the coöperation of the executive and legislative branches of government. He sought to emphasize this in going to Congress in person and reading his message on the tariff, in which he said in his opening paragraph that "the President of the United States is a person, not a mere department of the government viewing Congress from some isolated island of jealous power, sending messages, not speaking individually with his own voice—that he is a human being, trying to coöperate with other human beings in a good service."

His experience as the Governor of New Jersey gave him valuable preparation for his greater task as President of the nation. It will be remembered that while the Democrats controlled the New Jersey House, the Senate was Republican. He invited Republican as well as Democratic members of the legislature to call upon him at his office and talk matters over from the viewpoint of patriotism. His cogency of reasoning, his magnetic personality, and his appeal to the highest motives in men, his quiet assumption that these were the motives that actuated them, won the victory, and before he was inaugurated President he had seen every item of his program for the state of New Jersey carried out through legislative enactment. Consider how successful this plan of coöperation in carrying out a carefully conceived and well-ordered program has worked during his first year as President. During the preparation of the Tariff Bill he kept in close touch with Mr. Underwood and other members of the Ways and Means Committee. He insisted that the tariff tax on sugar, with its scandals in former years, should be abolished. He made the same contention concerning the tariff on raw wool, and these two recognized departures from the original Tariff Bill appealed at once to the popular imagination. The people realized that they had a leader in the White House, as well as a President. The program for the extra session of Congress was the revision of the Tariff Bill and the revision of the currency system. He refused to take a vacation himself, while asking that Congress should remain steadily at work, refused to present any minor matters, however pressing, to be considered by Congress with his sanction, and focused the attention of the whole people upon the work in Washington in the preparation and passage of the Tariff and then of the Currency Bill. When one considers the prophecies that the Tariff Bill alone would keep Congress in session until the snow flew, and that the President would have served more than a year before the Currency Bill could pass, and then realizes that his program was literally carried out, the Currency Bill having been enacted during the first few weeks of the regular session, we can estimate how carefully his plans were laid, and how every contingency was taken into consideration. He literally staked his prestige as the leader of his party upon the prompt enactment of these two great measures.



AFTER the tariff and currency questions had been settled, and settled to the satisfaction of the whole country, the next great question emerged, the solution of the trust problem. For this, five measures are in preparation, popularly known as the "five brothers," corresponding to the "seven sisters" which the New Jersey Legislature adopted for state regulation of the corporations. The President's guiding principle in the preparation of these measures is simple enough. First, that a private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable. If it is demonstrated that a monopoly in any line of business is necessary then it must become a public monopoly. For this reason there can be no regulation of private monopoly. What remains to be regulated is competition, to prevent such unlawful oppression of the weaker by the stronger as tends to the creation of new monopoly. And we now have the spectacle of the country settling down with perfect confidence in the sanity and wisdom of the President's program and of a Congress united in the effort to enact these measures into law.

Many incidents might be related of the quiet and successful influence of the President with Congress. He has had the good sense to yield his opinions after conference while not compromising his principles. When a congressman was minded to make a speech about the Mexican situation which might have complicated matters the President sent for him and easily persuaded him to forego his determination. Every step in the progress toward a solution of the difficult and even

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dangerous problem in Mexico has been part of a well-ordered plan. In short, coöperation has succeeded where isolation would have failed. The constitution has made the President a person in legislature by the gift of the veto power. The use of this power has been almost unnecessary thus far in the Wilson administration and will probably remain unused in important matters. The theory that would keep the President from all participation in a legislative program until the bill passed by Congress is presented to him for his approval or disapproval, has been relegated to the limbo of past futilities.

The Democratic platform adopted at Baltimore, which properly has been a sufficient guide for party action as well as a pledge for party fulfillment and should always be upon national concerns not affected by treaty, contained a provision for the exemption of coastwise shipping from the payment of tolls through the Panama Canal. It is a question about which much can be said on both sides, with perfect sincerity. On one side it is said that the payment of tolls for coastwise shipping will be to the advantage of transcontinental railroads, on the other side that the amount saved will simply be absorbed by the shipping monopoly without benefit to the shippers; but the President has brushed these questions aside and has stated that in his belief the exemption of coastwise shipping in the present canal tolls is a violation of our treaty with Great Britain, so the matter becomes one essentially of right or wrong. It needs no prophet to say that his view will be accepted by Congress, as it has already been by the country.

RARELY, if ever before, in American history has any party freshly entrusted with power enacted measures of such far-reaching importance in so short a period. Better than that, never have measures that radically dealt with the vital question of tariff and currency been followed by such general approval. The legislation has been justified by events. No business depression, no distrust of institutions, no popular apprehension have followed. We have at length reached a point, which many feared was beyond reach, where sensible tariff and currency legislation can be enacted without fear of business troubles, and more important than that important discovery is the fact that such laws can be written and enacted without the consent and dictation of tariff beneficiaries or the captains of our biggest financial institutions. Too long have tariff schedules been drafted by men who were to have their pockets filled by the taxes levied. Too long have great financial institutions dominated the financial policies of America. The New Freedom has already emancipated the people from legislation framed for private gain or private control. The Congress gave earnest coöperation with the Executive because both were dominated by the same spirit and had the same desire to legislate for the public weal. None of the important legislation failed to secure the votes of members of all parties represented in Congress. Two Democratic Senators did not vote for the tariff act, but several Republican Senators and the only Progressive Senator voted for that measure of reduction of taxation. In the House it received the support also of members of the other parties. The new tariff measure, therefore, while the first child of the new Democratic Administration, was god-fathered also by members of other parties. This was true even in larger degree of the currency measure, which obtained the approval and support, in and out of Congress, of Republicans and Progressives, and since it became a law the approval has been so general and hearty as to delight the Administration and insure its successful operation. Likewise the suggested anti-trust legislation, the Mexican policy, the Japanese policy and in fact every policy of the Administration has found hearty support from all parties. This has been specially marked in all questions bearing upon our foreign policy, so much so that more than in any other peace period this may be truly called another Era of Good Feeling.



THE limits of this article would not justify my recital of the team-work which has been so effectively organized among the members of the Cabinet. At the very beginning of his administration the President placed with the heads of the departments large responsibility for the selection of public servants in these departments. This not only has relieved the President of the burden of discussing offices with candidates for positions, but has put every Cabinet officer on his mettle to see that the efficiency of his department is observed by applying the test of merit to those seeking office. To say that the members of the Cabinet are loyal to their chief is to express but poorly a sentiment that is more a tribute to him than to the Cabinet officers; he has repaid loyalty to him with loyalty to them, and given them the inspiration to their highest endeavor.

What the War Department Has Done

By HON. LINDLEY M. GARRISON

Secretary of War

THE activities of the War Department are of such a character that except in time of war—which fortunately is of rare occurrence—they make slight appeal to popular interest and do not readily lend themselves to attractive public presentation. Speaking in a general way they consist of the routine administration of military posts; construction of public works of a military character, such as emplacements for seacoast guns, mining casemates and other accessories for national defense; improvement of rivers and harbors, which, although oftentimes of vital consequence to commercial operations, are in their outward aspect largely matters of engineering, involving dredging, riprapping, building of levees, breakwaters, etc.—routine matters that have no spectacular features.

In connection with the discharge of its military duties, the War Department practically manages and administers the affairs of scores of military villages scattered throughout the country, in many cases operating the various public utilities, such as the light supply, and the heat and sewerage systems. It supplies the population of these government reservations with the professional services of doctors, dentists and veterinarians, some of whom the Department trains and equips for the service. It holds courts for the purpose of dispensing justice, its jurisdiction extending to the 80,000 persons who comprise the army. It manufactures or procures under contract practically all the clothing and tents for this army, purchases its food, and transports its supplies to the point of use or distribution. It carries on half a dozen extensive manufacturing plants for the manufacture of cannon, small arms, ammunition and powder, saddles, harness and various articles of camp and garrison equipage, in some cases manufacturing its supplies more cheaply than they can be procured by purchase from manufacturers in the commercial world.

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Steady progress has been made during the past year in all of these activities. No event of extraordinary importance has occurred to mark the orderly conduct of the work of the War Department and the Army. In all its transactions a quiet but persistent effort has been made to deal with all matters in a spirit of plain justice. An officer seeks promotion or an assignment to some desirable station; a cadet at West Point feels that he has been treated with injustice or undue severity in his academic work or in connection with discipline; an enlisted man wants to secure his discharge. While all these matters are every-day, routine affairs, they are oftentimes of serious consequence to the individuals concerned as well as to others, and are entitled to be considered and decided strictly upon their merits.

THE published regulations of the Army for many years have contained a paragraph forbidding efforts on the part of any officer or enlisted man to influence legislation affecting the Army or to procure personal favor or consideration, except through regular military channels. Manifestly this is a wise rule. It enables every request to be measured by the same standard; that is to say, by the merits of the case according to the facts as presented in the papers, and also to be considered with reference to any military feature that may properly have a bearing upon the matter.

It would perhaps be too much to say that this regulation had become a dead letter. It had been, however, generally disregarded whenever outside influence could be obtained; with the result that those who had not access to such influence came to feel that it would be useless to present their cases. It resulted that those who had some influential outside connection and made use of it got what they were seeking, and, of course, those who were not fortunate enough to have any outside influence failed to get their matters heard. That such a state of affairs was very unfortunate for the army as a whole must be apparent.

In previous administrations, executive orders of the most stringent kind had been issued for the purpose of enforcing this regulation, but the old practice continued. Under the present administration, the War Department is endeavoring to impress upon the Army the fact that a free avenue of approach is kept open to the Secretary of War from the merest private in the Army up to the ranking Major-General, and that it is only by following the course of action prescribed by the regulation that fairness and impartiality can prevail.

NO opportunity is lost to bring this idea home to the minds of officers and men throughout the service. It is believed that already an appreciable effect has been produced, and that by a uniform and unvarying adherence to this just course, the Army will come to recognize the fact that the present administration of the War Department is being, and will continue to be guided in all cases solely by a desire to learn the merits of each case and to decide it on that basis, uninfluenced by personal or any other consideration.

In appointments and all other matters that have come up for action the administration of the War Department has been animated by no other spirit than that of fair dealing and justice to all concerned. It has endeavored to give a patient hearing on all matters in controversy, and after full consideration to make its decisions promptly and to insist that they should be given effect without unreasonable delay.

IN making selective appointments of officers, the present Secretary of War has from the first made fitness and availability the sole test, and has not permitted himself to be swerved from this course—which he believes to be the only right and just one—by outside influences of any sort from any source whatever. And this will continue to be his policy.

The Secretary of War feels that in the more technical details of the military profession, the Army should necessarily be allowed the fullest freedom of action. Men who devote their entire lives to the study of arms and warfare can be expected to reach just conclusions on these subjects. The Army will justify itself in this particular, and must be relied upon to keep fully abreast of all developments in the art and science of war. The necessity for coördinating military plans and devising ways and means of putting them into effective operation presents abundant opportunity for endeavor and the widest field of usefulness for a civilian Secretary of War.

A matter upon which he feels most deeply, and perhaps the thing which lies nearest to his heart, is the movement inaugurated by him for the establishment of more sympathetic relations between officers and enlisted men, which he believes will prove mutually helpful. He hopes to speed the time when the reciprocal obligations which subsist between them will be realized to the fullest extent on both sides. He has sought to inspire the Army with the spirit of justice and fair treatment—the vitalizing spirit of modern democracy that is growing in the minds and hearts of men everywhere, and that manifests itself daily in the new attitude which great business enterprises are exhibiting in dealing with their employes in consonance with the spirit of the time.

The progress of the military art, it has been said, is one of the most *showy* facts in human history. But there is certainly nothing of this character in the achievements of the War Department and the Army in times of peace. Its very name —"Department of War," as the Statutes entitle it—is almost a misnomer. It is really a Department of Peace, a Department for the Prevention of War. By study and drill and preparation for national defence, it seeks to reach a condition of efficiency and preparedness which will discourage attack. In recent years the events which have focused attention on the War Department have all been achievements of the Army in strictly civil lines of activity rather than in military. Its phenomenally successful work in sanitation and hygiene, in the application of prophylactic medical treatment, and the brilliant record of engineering and administration in the Canal Zone, are conspicuous examples.

During the present administration there has been little else to bring the War Department and the Army prominently before the public eye, except perhaps during the brief periods when it was privileged to render services of incalculable value in sections where calamitous visitations of floods, tornadoes, or forest fires overwhelmed all local agencies of relief, and made governmental aid imperative.

Democracy's Postal Achievement

By HON. ALBERT SIDNEY BURLESON

Postmaster-General

THE incoming Administration on March 4 last found the postal service in a nation-wide state of anaemia from the too drastic application of retrenchment measures. The main objective of the preceding Administration seemed to have been the reduction of the constantly recurring deficit that for two decades had been the *bête noir* of Postmasters-General. The effort was too successful. Although the complete elimination of the deficit in 1911, a claim made and widely heralded, was a fictitious accomplishment, a considerable decrease in the amount of the deficit had been effected. This was done, however, mainly by withholding and curtailing needed extensions and improvements. The result was that personnel and equipment in many parts of the country were inadequate and the department was being importuned by business men and others to grant additional clerks and carriers and to provide more prompt and frequent deliveries and collections of mail. The difficulty of coping with this general condition of poor mail service was enhanced by the operation of the parcel post law and the lack of sufficient appropriations.

NO economic undertaking of the federal government ever aroused interest more universally or received encouragement more generously than the domestic parcel post that had been in operation for two months when the new Administration came into office. The legislative inertia behind which the express monopoly with its exorbitant rates and poor service had laid entrenched for many years had finally been overcome by the insistent popular agitation. The organic act had been secured and the people awaited the fruits of a long-deferred victory. The word had been said and all that was necessary was for the Post-Office Department to "go ahead" and accept eleven-pound parcels and deliver them! It is evidence of a healthy social and political condition that there was no thought in the land that the parcel post might fail. The enthusiasm of all classes of postal employees and the disposition of the people everywhere to coöperate with the postmasters bravely offset the inadequacy of the physical and financial preparations and the

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impracticability of the governing rules and regulations.

WHILE this nine weeks' infant, very much disorganized and swaddled with administrative restrictions, was struggling to find itself, one's attention might at times be distracted by the representations of the several applicants for appointment by the President as postmaster at each of the 8,406 first, second, and third class post-offices. The solution of the vexed question of post-office patronage was found in the attitude of President Wilson, who assigned to the Post-Office Department, where the qualifications of applicants might be compared with the duties to be performed, the task of examining and passing upon all credentials and indorsements for presidential appointments in the postal service. Considerations of political expediency were therefore subordinated to those of postal efficiency. In order to preserve the postal organization from the general disturbance that would follow the induction into office simultaneously of new postmasters at all presidential offices, it was announced early that appointees of the preceding Administration would be permitted to serve out their terms provided they measured up to the new standard of efficient service. As the commissions of these expire, appointments are being made in an orderly manner, but before a single appointment was made all postmasters were put on notice that personal attention to the supervisory duties for a period of eight hours daily would be required of each. This announcement marks the passing of the postmastership as a political sinecure. Henceforth the executive head of every post-office in the United States will be the working postmaster, and not his assistant or other subordinate. It is hoped by thus maintaining a high standard of efficiency for postmasters and keeping paramount the interest of the postal service in making appointments that the way will be made clear for the eventual classification of all presidential postmasters.

IN the beginning it was decided as a matter of basic policy that the people are entitled to such postal service as is justified by the social and commercial good that will flow from it, and that although businesslike methods should be employed, the policy of private business to extend operations only with a view to profit should be avoided. The program projected on the basis of this theory involved:

> The restoration of normal mail facilities at all post-offices; the development and extension of parcel post; removing unnecessary restrictions from the department's financial services—money order and postal savings; the extension of rural delivery service and the furtherance in its interest of the good-roads movement; the restoration of the effective "fraud order" as an active agent for barring from the mails pernicious matter of all kinds; and the standardization of equipment, personnel and methods throughout the entire service.

In pursuing this policy the new administration was embarrassed by lack of funds. In April, therefore, representations were made to Congress of the urgent need of the Department and an emergency appropriation of $600,000 was made immediately available for temporary and auxiliary clerk hire and carrier service. By the judicious expenditure of this amount during the remainder of the fiscal year 1913 the department was able to effect many reforms and to conduct the parcel post successfully.

The procedure and methods in vogue in the postal service were found in many instances not to be applicable to the parcel post matter, and vigilance had always to be exercised to prevent the new activity from interfering with the more important letter-carrying function of the government.



WHEN the service was inagurated an issue of distinctive stamps had been prescribed for the payment of postage on parcel post mail. These stamps were usable only on fourth-class matter. This restriction resulted in endless confusion and in annoyance and inconvenience to the public. The stamps had been designed for the purpose of affording a convenient index to the volume of parcel post mail. On investigation of this subject, however, it was found that the sales of these stamps were not an accurate index of this statistic, and failed also to show other statistics, the need for which would require regular test weighings and countings, when the total volume of parcel post mail could be estimated more accurately than by the use of the distinctive stamps. Therefore, one of the first steps of the new Administration was to discontinue the issuing of the distinctive stamps, permitting the supply on hand to be used, until exhausted, on all classes of mail.

On July 1 the cost of insurance for parcels was reduced and the C. O. D. feature added. Both of these changes were favorably received by the public.

On August 15 the rates for the first and second zones were materially reduced and the weight limit increased from 11 to 20 pounds.

On January 1 the rates for the remaining zones, except the two most distant ones, were reduced and the weight limit increased in the first and second zones from 20 to 50 pounds and in all other zones from 11 to 20 pounds. Miscellaneous printed matter is assigned to the third class of mail by law, for which the rate is one cent for two ounces and the weight limit four pounds. The department favors the consolidation of this class with the parcel post and has so recommended to Congress. In the meantime, by an order issued January 31, parcels of miscellaneous printed matter weighing in excess of four pounds, the third-class limit of weight, will be carried as parcel post matter.

THE policy of the department in respect to the parcel post and allied subjects is most readily expressed in the following paragraphs of the Postmaster-General's report of December 1, 1913:

> Under the law which confers large powers on the Postmaster-General, the parcel post service will be gradually developed and to such an extent that the Department can be maintained on a self-supporting basis. The prodigious growth of this service, which will continue at an increasing rate as all the people for whose benefit it was established accustom themselves to its use, will so increase revenues that from time to time further reduction of rates may be had and additional increases of weight limit of parcels authorized. In consequence of carrying into effect this fixed policy of the Department, an increased burden will be imposed on the railroads that are called upon to render transportation service. The railroads, of course, will become entitled to additional compensation for this extra service imposed upon them, and the Department is engaged in gathering all statistical data necessary for ascertaining a correct basis for fixing a just, fair, and adequate compensation for the service rendered.
>
> The function of the Post-Office Department is to serve the public, and it should not attempt profit making. It is expected that after the allowance of proper compensation to railroads for all service rendered, there will come annually hereafter as the result of the development of the parcel post service an increasing surplus. It should be the policy of the Department not to become a revenue producer for the government, but from time to time to absorb this surplus by reducing the cost of the service, increasing its efficiency, and enlarging the means of communication between our people. The indication of largely increased postal revenues justifies a serious consideration at this time of the subject of adding the telegraph and telephone as a part of our postal service.

An order has already been issued for the adoption of a universal money order

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system under rules and regulations that are now being devised by a departmental committee. When their plans are formulated this innovation will become effective at the 48,000 money order offices. Then a money order drawn payable at New York, for instance, will be paid as readily in San Francisco. When the present supply of money order forms is exhausted a new form will be devised on which the name of the office of payment will not be inserted. Money orders are thus made far more negotiable and useful.

THE removal of the limitation in the amount of a postal savings deposit is a matter for legislation. The Department has earnestly brought to the attention of Congress the desirability of permitting patrons of the postal savings system to deposit any amounts desired subject to the provision that no interest be paid on deposits in excess of $1000. Such an arrangement could not represent competition with private banking institutions, but would indirectly supply such institutions with funds that otherwise would remain in hoarding.

Special attention has been given to the work in connection with the extension of the rural delivery service and steps taken to insure prompt consideration and investigation of cases involving petitions for the establishment of routes. The value of the rural mail service to the agricultural classes has been greatly enhanced by the establishment of the parcel post. The necessity for keeping pace with the great increase in the volume of this business originating on rural routes makes it imperative that some method be adopted to improve the public highways as an adjunct.

The postal appropriation act for the last fiscal year contained a provision setting aside $500,000 to be expended under the supervision of the Postmaster-General and the Secretary of Agriculture in improving, in coöperation with the states and local authorities, the condition of the roads on which rural delivery is in operation. An attempt to allot this appropriation in equal amounts to the several states failed because very few of them were prepared to meet the requirements, mainly through lack of available funds. Subsequently, in April, 1913, this administration adopted a new plan, which included the selection of certain territory throughout the country where different soil, climatic and topographic conditions prevail, where the supply of material and labor differ, and where, through the agency of well-organized highway commissions, the states were in a position to participate as contemplated in the act. Actual work of construction is now progressing in various localities, so that information desired by Congress on the subject of federal aid in the improvement of highways will soon be available. The Department has requested the appropriation by Congress of one million dollars to continue this work, which it is believed should be prosecuted experimentally until sufficient data have been gathered for the intelligent consideration of a general program.

AT the outset of the present Administration the attention of the Department was called to the fact that reliance upon criminal prosecutions to root out the various schemes to defraud the public through the mails had been ineffective, that criminal proceedings are necessarily slow, and by means of appeals and other methods, the execution of sentences had been deferred for long periods, during which the concerns and individuals had continued to reap a harvest from their fraudulent enterprises. After careful consideration of this situation, it was decided that the law empowering the Postmaster-General to deny the use of the mails to persons operating fraudulent schemes, lotteries, illicit medical businesses, etc., should be enforced independently of the criminal statute, and directions were given to that effect. Since that time a large number of citations have been issued to persons and concerns alleged to be doing fraudulent business through the mails, and hearings have been held under such procedure as guarantees a full and fair presentation and consideration of the evidence and argument of the respondents in each case before determining whether or not fraud orders should be issued. Some idea may be conveyed of the magnitude of this undertaking when it is considered that in the enforcement of the criminal statute during the year ended June 30, 1912, more than 4,000 cases involving schemes to defraud were investigated by post-office inspectors; that in the two years preceding that date over 1,000 persons had been arrested for such swindling through the mails, and that the estimated losses to the public through the fraudulent operations represented by these arrests amounted to over $129,000,000.

WITH a view to giving greater scope and effectiveness to the plan for standardizing the service, it was decided to organize, equip, and operate a number of model offices and to use these as dynamos from which to charge the entire chain and system of offices throughout the country. It is the effort of the Department to discover at these initial points the best practicable way of administering the postal facilities for those and for other communities, as well as to test out devices and methods that may be of general value. In organizing the field service for this work the country was divided into three groups, the Atlantic States, the Middle West States, and the Pacific States. Two officials of the Bureau of the First Assistant Postmaster-General were dispatched to each of these divisions, where they coöperate with regular post-office inspectors in a study of present conditions at the designated offices with a view to reorganizing the clerical forces on a more efficient basis and unifying the methods employed. The reports of these special field agents are being analyzed in the Department and the best plan of organization and the most effective methods of transacting postal business are gradually being evolved and brought immediately to the attention of all postmasters by means of bulletins issued from time to time. These investigations cover every phase of the postal service, including the collection of mail, the methods of handling in post-offices, train dispatch, and final delivery to the addressee. In this way postmasters of all classes receive the benefit of the discoveries at the more important offices, and a material betterment of the postal service throughout the country is being effected.

A Progressive View

The President Judged by the Only Senator Belonging to the Progressive Party

By HON. MILES POINDEXTER

U. S. Senator from Washington

I THINK any unprejudiced and free-minded person of whatever party must admit that President Wilson, during the short time he has been in office, has not only a wonderful record of accomplishments, but that he has made a good impression upon the public. He is probably stronger with the country today than he has ever been heretofore.

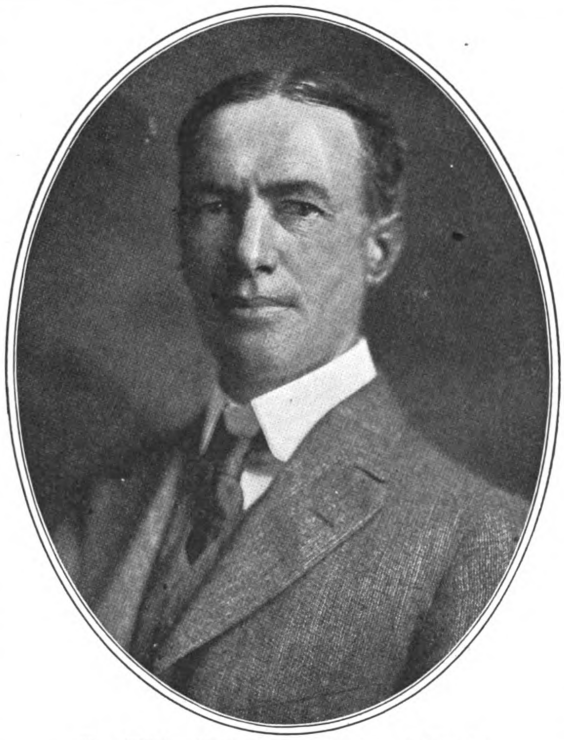
It is a remarkable commentary on our system of government, however, that President Wilson's accomplishment and prestige in office are not, so far, at all in the Executive Department of the government, over which he is presiding, but, on the other hand, is in the legislative branch of the government, which under all of our constitutional theories and provisions is supposed to be entirely distinct from and independent of that department over which he presides. In the earlier days of government under the constitution, no feature of our system was more emphasized than this division and entire separation of powers. It was one of the "checks and balances" with which we are so familiar. It was one of the curbs upon official power of the federal government of which the states were so jealous. It was a survival of the hostility toward the king and parliament of Great Britain. This fusion and merger of the executive and legislative branches of the government in our modern practice is but one of the innumerable phases in the practical working and evolution of our constitutional system which have carried it far afield from the old marks. One is tempted by this observation to consider what seemed to be needed readjustment as to the election and constitution of these several departments of the government, if this fusion of powers is to grow. That, however, we will defer for some other occasion.

IT is but just to say that the President has used his influence with Congress, in the main, for progressive measures, and so his action is approved by the people, and would be approved, even though much stronger pressure were brought to bear by him upon Congress, so long as it was exerted in behalf of the measures which the people approve. I think it is safe to say that the Tariff Bill and the Currency Bill, the two great distinctive accomplishments of this Administration, are approved by the people, and regarded as a fulfillment of the Democratic Party pledges, and as intended to benefit the masses. The present disposition of the country is to regard these, and in fact

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almost all great actions of the government, as entirely non-partisan, and, for the time being at least, the President's action in this regard has gained the approval of thousands entirely aside from any party consideration.

The Administration is young, and it would be unjust to criticize it for those things undone, for which time is required. The final judgment upon the Administration is yet to be formed by the American people. Having so great a record of accomplishment in the great bills referred to, and others being pressed forward, and noting the power of the President over Congress, it will be interesting to observe how he will use that power to break up and destroy caucus rule of the majority in Congress, and the spirit of party subserviency and party tyranny, which is so deadening to the conscience of members. It will be interesting to observe, as the Administration goes along, how the President will use his great power to check the return of the Democrats to the "fleshpots" of the spoils system, and to defend against their attack the great principle of a permanent Civil Service. The American people are disappointed that the Democratic Party, apparently with the acquiescence at least of the President, has taken a position, at least so far as national action is concerned, against the political liberation of women. What is said above relates to legislative programs. The President has scarcely had time as yet to devote his attention at all to the real administrative and executive functions of the presidency. To every student of the law, the field for service to the people which is opened up to the powers of the chief executive in a careful study of the laws as they already exist, and the exercise of those powers therein to check private monopoly, to prevent discrimination, to subject the giants of industry to obedience to the law, is extremely interesting.



Hon. William Kent, Representative from California

I WILL not speak of the Mexican situation because that is an inheritance from an earlier administration. It is altogether probable that in the early days of the difficulty the Mexican troubles could have been dealt with by this government so as to leave us with more self-respect among ourselves, and more honor abroad. As it is, however, there is no doubt that the people approve of the President's peace policy so long as that can be maintained with credit.

Views of an Independent

How a Non-partisan Congressman Sees the Administration

By HON. WILLIAM KENT

THE chief complaint made against Woodrow Wilson is that he is dominating legislation and is acting as a leader.

If there is any one thing needed under our system of hampering checks and balances, it is leadership. Our House and Senate have been so pitted against each other by the doubts and fears that are evidenced in the Constitution, that somewhere there must be efficiency and leadership.

If the man who, alone among all elected officials in the nation, owes his election to the entire people and not to any specific district or state—if this man, who alone is free from the pressure of local interests and local demands, cannot afford leadership, then the Ship of State is indeed without a pilot.

I suppose every period of history seems especially critical to those living in that period. Certain it is that we, after having cheerfully gone our way under the doctrine of *laissez faire*, suddenly awoke to find that letting things alone was resulting in letting the big fish swallow the small ones; we suddenly came to a realizing sense of the necessity of interfering with the interferers. We learned that we could not afford to let things alone, for they were going badly.

Many men have been laying groundwork for our modern legislation.

Bryan's program has always been indefinite and chimerical, but his moral sense has roused the nation. For years Roosevelt has led a crusade that has been wonderfully productive in terms of social righteousness. The task is but begun. It must be steadily pushed forward. We must supply words to the tune of equal opportunity and popular rights.

The Wilson Administration has been a great success. He has surrounded himself with men who are capable of team-work and who are definitely working toward an end.

THE most striking thing about the President is the clarity of his mind, his exactness and temperateness of expression, and the grasp that he seems to possess of all subjects that come before him for his attention. He is a master of sound economics, and has a realizing sense of the necessity of careful and conservative action where the common interests of production and distribution are at stake. He is not a man who believes in sabotage in high office. He seems to possess the faculty for exercising steady mental and moral pressure and procuring accomplishment without noise or friction. He goes along his well-ordered way with sureness of tread, leaving a straight trail behind him so that any one taking the line of that trail can predict his future course.

I shall not enumerate the great things that have marked the Administration. The greatest thing of all is that in the struggle against the destroying forces of our commercialized civilization there has not been added another force of destruction as an antidote, but there has been a steady, consistent upbuilding, a recognition of the fact that if production be destroyed in the process of change, all of us shall suffer together as a result.

The tariff privilege has been largely eliminated.

The banks have been taught that it is their province to render public service.

We have not taken upon our hands the blood of Mexico, nor have we wasted the lives of our people or our treasure in a foreign war.

Matters are going well with us, largely because we have in the White House a great national leader, clear of mind, broad of vision, who knows whither he is going, and can explain his reasons for taking that course.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD



THE HOUSE THAT GRAFT BUILT



THIS is the house that *Graft* built.
This is the moldy *High Tariff Malt*
That lay in the house that *Graft* built.

THIS is the *Bloated Production Rat*
Who grew most awfully, fatally fat
From eating the moldy *High Tariff Malt*
That lay in the house that *Graft* built.





THIS is *Hard Times*, the hungry cat
That killed the greedy, inflated rat
That grew so infernally, awfully fat
From eating the moldy *High Tariff Malt*
That lay in the house that *Graft* built.

THIS is *High Cost*, the bull dog bad
That worried the cat *Hard Times*, half mad,
That killed the rat that was fatally fat
From eating the moldy *High Tariff Malt*
That lay in the house that *Graft* built.





THIS is the cow with the *Low Tariff* horn
That tossed the *High Cost* dog to scorn
That worried the cat *Hard Times* half mad
That killed the rat that was fatally fat
From the malt in the house that *Graft* built.

THIS is *Miss Commerce*, the maid forlorn,
That milked the cow with the *Low Tariff* horn
That tossed the dog that worried the cat
That killed the rat that ate the malt
That lay in the house that *Graft* built.





THIS is the *Merchant* tattered and torn
That wooed *Miss Commerce* the maid forlorn
That milked the cow with the *Low Tariff* horn
That tossed the dog that worried the cat that
Killed the rat that ate the malt
That lay in the house that *Graft* built.

THIS is the *President* shaven and shorn
That married the *Merchant* once tattered and torn
To *Commerce* the maid, no more forlorn.



THIS is the *Crop* that glowed on the morn
And blessed the *President* shaven and shorn
That married the *Merchant* once tattered and torn
To *Commerce*, the maid, no more forlorn,
That milked the cow with the *Low Tariff* horn
That tossed the dog that worried the cat that
Killed the rat that ate the malt
That lay in the house that *Graft* built.





THIS is the *Farmer* that sowed his corn
And reaped the *Crop* that glowed in the morn,
And blessed the *President* shaven and shorn
That married the *Merchant* once tattered and torn
To the maiden *Commerce*, no more forlorn,
That milked the *Cow* with the *Low Tariff* horn
That tossed the dog that worried the cat
That killed the rat
So infernally, awfully, fatally fat
From eating the moldy *High Tariff Malt*
That lay in the house that *Graft* built.

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The Man Who Knew Gods

By CLARENCE DAY Jr.

HIS case illustrated the risks explorers run. Not the physical sort, which are apt to be overestimated, but the psychological dangers. He had lived so long among savages, studying their ways, that he had fallen into a completely detached mental habit; and when he finally returned to civilization, he couldn't quite get back into touch with it—he remained an outsider.

I met him but once myself. I was in the publishing business at the time, and, hearing that this man was in New York, I thought I might as well see him about his next book. Telephoning him, therefore, at his hotel, I asked him to dine with me on the following Friday.

"What is 'Friday'?" said he. He spoke English perfectly.

"It is the twenty-sixth," I answered.

He said: "The twenty-sixth what? Oh, I know," he continued; "Friday is a day of the week. Thank you very much, but I do not keep track of my dinners as carefully as that."

This rather odd answer I passed over, at the moment, thinking I had misunderstood him; and we arranged that he would come some day to my office, instead—"after lunch."

The next that I heard, he had called there at a quarter to five, the hour at which I always leave. My secretary explained to him that I had gone.

He looked at my desk, on which lay some unfinished business, and said to my secretary, "Why?"

The man courteously responded, "Because it is a quarter to five."

The explorer thereat laughed weirdly and went off.

I now perceived I had to deal with a most eccentric character; but that being a necessary evil in the publishing business, I went to his hotel at nine o'clock that evening. I found him down in the restaurant eating oatmeal and succotash, and we then and there had the following extravagant interview,—which I give without comment.

"The book *I* mean to write," he said, staring at me, "is a study of actual religions. Other writers have told the world what men of all countries suppose their religions to be. I shall tell what they really are."

I SAID that our house would prefer an account of his travels; but he paid no attention.

"Men's real religions," he announced, "are unknown to themselves. You may have heard of the Waam Islanders," he leisurely continued. "They, for instance, have a deity called *Bashwa*, who is splendidly worshiped on the first of each lunar month. No Waam Islander would ever acknowledge he had any other God but Bashwa. But a stranger soon notices that in every hut in that country, hanging beside the water-jar, is a long sleeping mat, and on that mat sometimes is a rough pattern, like a face. 'What is that?' I asked them. '*G'il*,' they answered, carelessly; so carelessly that one might suppose 'G'il' (or 'Gheel,' as they often pronounced it) entirely unimportant. I thought so myself until I observed—as I say—that G'il was in every hut, and that submissive references to him, or it, were far more numerous than those to Bashwa. That made me begin collecting those references; and presently I found that most things of which that tribe approved were spoken of as being g'il, or very g'il, and things they didn't like were damned as *na-g'il*. G'il, so far as I could make out, typified the hut, or the hut point of view. Marriage was g'il, and good manners and building materials, because they made for hut-life. Inhospitality was na-g'il, and the infidelity of women, and earthquakes, and leaks.

"They sometimes personified G'il and talked of him as he. 'G'il loves not *Wheesha*' (the wind); 'G'il comforts the weary'; 'G'il says, "Get more children."' But all this was only in their fanciful moments. At other times G'il was simply the mat by the water-jar. When I said to them, 'G'il is your real God,' they laughed at my stupidity—good humoredly, as though there were something, perhaps, in my idea, yet with a complacent assurance that I was preposterous. I did not argue with them. One couldn't, you know. I simply continued my observations, corroborating my theory at every turn. To give you an instance: Bashwa is supposed to think highly of hunters and sailors, and the Waam-folk always profess to think highly of them too. That attitude, however, is only official, not real. Very few of them actually become sailors. The life is na-g'il."

He came to a pause.

"I WONDER whether we, too, have a G'il," I said, to humor him. "We shall have to ask some of your Waam-folk to come here and tell us."

The explorer looked me over as though he were "continuing his observations" of *my* manners and customs. "Yes," he said, "there's a white man's G'il."

I regretted having mentioned it.

"Can't you guess what he is?" he inquired. "I say 'he' because, like the Waam G'il, he is sometimes personified. Come now. Apply the test. He doesn't typify the Waam Islander point of view—and he isn't a mat—but he can easily be discovered by examining your huts and your conversation. No, I'm not talking of money, or power, or success: you may bow down to these,—but not blindly. You at least know what you're doing. The worship of a G'il is unconscious, and hence more insidious. Even when an explorer points it out, you won't see its importance. It will seem insignificant to you. And yet, while the Bashwa to whom you build temples is only occasionally deferred to, this G'il of yours sways you in all things. He is the first whom you think of when you rise, and the last when you go to bed. You speak of your G'il hourly—or oftener—all day long. Those of you who heed him too little are universally disapproved of, while the American who succeeds is the man who most cherishes G'il."

"I have habits," he morosely continued, "of doing certain things,—eating my meals for instance,—at quite different hours from those that are prevalent here. I find that every one who hears of this is surprised at my ways. Their attitude, while not openly intolerant, is distinctly disapproving. When I ask them why, I get no answer—no rational answer. They say simply, 'It's the wrong time.' Following up this clue I have noticed that not only is the time for performing an act supposed to be sometimes 'wrong' and sometimes 'right,' but that the idea of time in general governs all your people like a tyrant. You can scarcely imagine a life without calendars and clocks. And just as the Waam-folk are unconsciously obsessed by their hut-thought, and see everything from that angle, so you have drifted into an unthinking fetishistic regard for time. A difference of thirty minutes in your dinner hour marks a difference in your social scale. 'There isn't time,' you sigh, submissively, when you give up something you'd like to do. Time is money, time presses, give me time, are some of your phrases. Your maxims are full of references to him. Time waits for no man, time cures more than the doctor, time flies, time comforts grief. These are small instances, but their total effect is not small, for it is life itself that you sacrifice to this fetish. Your G'il actually wont let you take good full draughts of existence—he keeps you so busy dividing it into months, days, and minutes. And it isn't because you lead crowded lives that you do it. It's because you're always thinking of time that you lead crowded lives.

"YOU are smiling at me good humoredly, my friend. I see that you, like the Waam Islanders, think I am preposterous. It is the old story. You cannot view yourself from without. You will admit that considerations of time enter into all your acts, and yet—this seems trivial? And it is inconceivable to you that you are its slaves?"

"My dear sir," I interposed, "a strict observance of the laws of time enables a man to live a much fuller life."

"It is what all devotees say of all gods," he murmured.

"We are not its slaves," I continued. "That's absurd. We have only a sensible regard for it, as every one must."

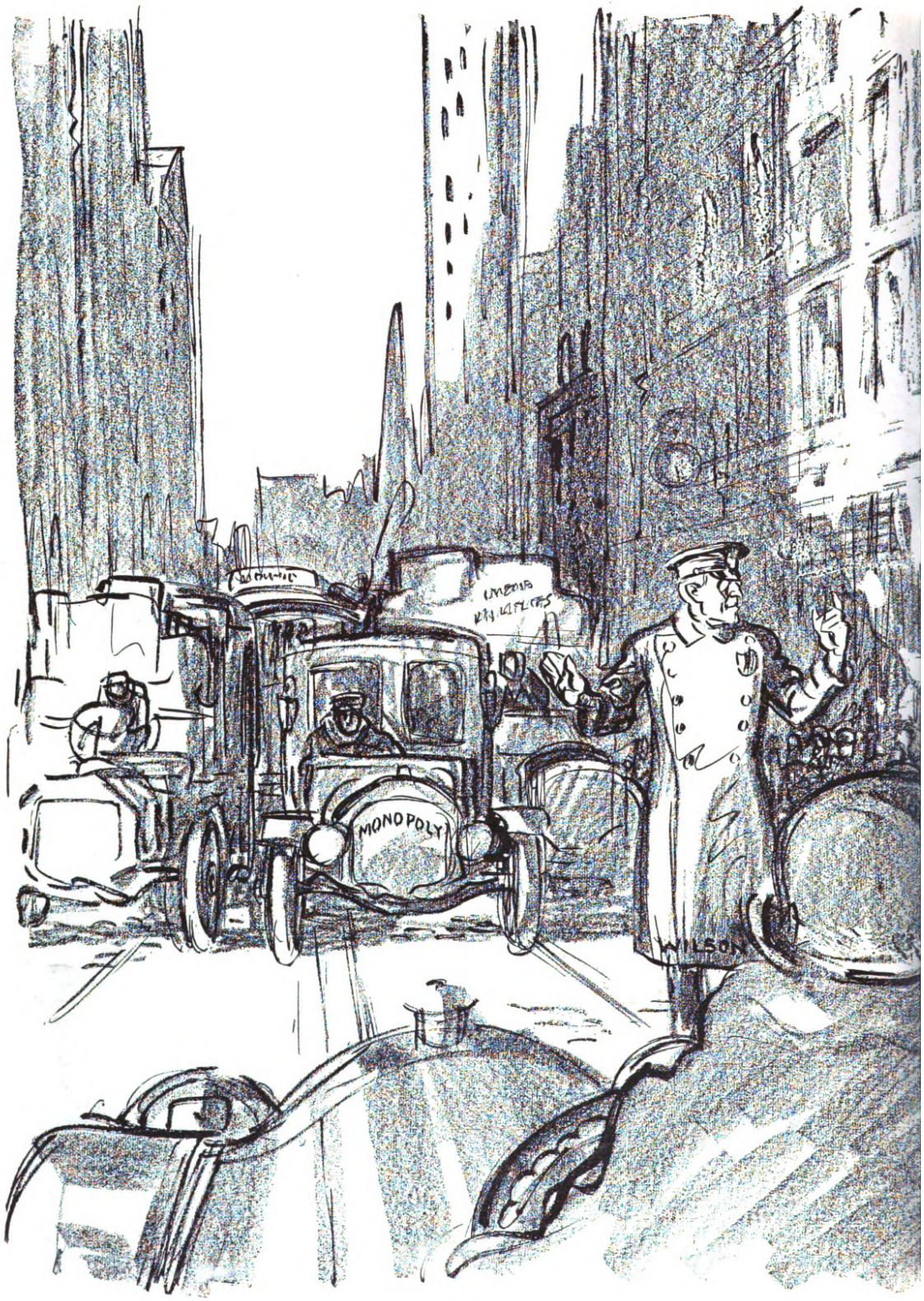
"Ah! ah!" he cried. "But you do not say 'one must' when your Bashwa speaks.

"Your Bashwa thinks highly of those who do good works without ceasing. You profess to think highly of them too; that is your official attitude. In reality, how very few of you lead that life. It happens to be na-g'il, you see. You haven't the time.

"Look about you if you would convince yourself. The concrete evidence alone is enough. On the breasts or the wrists of your women, and in every man's pocket you see a G'il amulet, a watch, to remind them constantly of time. What other god was ever so faithfully worshiped? In every hut in the land you will find his altar, and in your large huts you will find one in every principal room. No matter how free and unconventional their owners may be, no matter how those rooms may vary in their arrangement, richness, furnishings, there stands always in the most prominent place the thing called a mantel; on it, ceremonially flanked by two candlesticks, or vases, sits G'il, the timepiece; and his is the face of all others you most frequently consult. Blind and idolatrous tribesman, time is your deity."

Well, that's all there was to our interview, for at this point he came to a pause and I rose to leave, explaining to him, soothingly (though I must confess it had a strangely opposite effect) that I had to go because it was getting so late.

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By O.

He governs everybody with the conse

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C "COP"

ESARE

Everybody and everybody gets ahead.

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Children and Nest-Building

By MARY AUSTIN

Fourth in the series on Mate-Love and Monogamy

MRS. AUSTIN *has presented, in previous articles, a study of the emotional and psychological phases of mate-love. She advocates a permanent marriage as the best relation between man and woman. In this instalment she discusses the home-making instinct and the bearing of children in their relation to love*

Illustrated by H. T. Dunn

WE had sat so long, subdued by languor to the mood of the place and the day, that our voices had dropped to a note scarcely louder than the water noises. Wheels went by on the bridge, raising the heavy scent of the country dust, and presently a kingfisher, flitting down the long green room which enclosed it, skimmed the surface of the golden water, skimmed and splashed and flitted. Around us the warm, woman-hearted day breathed deep for peace, and somewhere, though we were not sure if it were deep within the wood, or deeper in ourselves, sounded the airy, invisible laughter which is never far from women when they talk of these things . . . are not all women encompassed so with voices—waif little souls that flock to the gates about to be drawn back? . . . Yet all this time not a word had been said about children.

Not that I would abate anything of the rank of maternity in the scale of experience, but find it important to distinguish between the desire of offspring for their own sake and the normal interactions of mate-love and family life. For though in many women, and these of the finest strain, the racial instinct declares itself as the clamor of the unborn at the gates of consciousness, it is impossible to escape the conviction that much of the expressed longing for children is desire making itself known obliquely in the only form admissible to our social meticulacy. It is not thought absolutely incriminating for an unmarried woman to wish for children, but we prefer her not to admit the natural hunger of the body for its mate. Yet it is passion rather than child-bearing which leads out the full chord of life: not barren women but unmated who exhibit vagaries which have a definite standing as phenomena of sex suppression. You must take it from me without particularization that I can learn of no tribe that has not some method of avoiding the natural conclusions of marriage when, in the face of war or famine, the common welfare seems to demand it. Race suicide, as we know it, made its appearance as a form of race preservation. In dry years even the quail will not mate.

SO far as the demand for children is actual, it must adjust itself to the considerations of income, the industrial outlook, the hereditary endowment. What we have to do with here is not the offspring, but the psychic reagency of parenthood modifying the form and progression of marriage. Certain manifestations of the procreant impulse are so intertwined with mate-love that they may be taken as right signs of it. In particular I refer to the nest-making propensity.

It is a question how far mother-thought has established itself by association and inheritance in the male mating consciousness, but not the most sophisticated bride can escape the disposition toward handcraft, comforting and enhancing. It is an instinct that renews itself under right loving as regularly as the turn of the year sets the forlornest spinster canary tearing the paper in its cage. The quickened appreciations of beauty and the movement toward adornment, which are part of the self-dramatization of the courting period, assume, when impregnation is imminent, forms from which derive long trains of bridal customs,—the nest, the linen chest, the trousseau, the engagement "shower." The whole nature, strongly stirred, gives off overtones of the creative impulse. The high note of personal achievement which is struck by male passion finds its later feminine reverberation in altruism, even though as unconscious as the altruism of the sea bird, making soft the place of her young with feathers from her breast. It is this potentiality of mate-love for reverberating throughout the organism which attaches a grave moral responsibility to its awakening in the virgin mind. Women have been shaken, the finer the more easily, into death and madness by the sudden stoppage of this master chord, as delicate glass vessels may be shattered by the cessation of the vibrations of a violin string.

ALL old literature freely and nobly expresses this active ache of the body polarized by passion, for its primal function, and the sense of frustration in the crisis of which no appreciable mark remains. . . . ("Nights I dream I hear mine crying, and I wake and find my own tears on my face," said Valda Marnath.) . . . The begrudged concession of science to the capacity of the reproductive process for reorganizing the vital forces occasions no wonderment to the woman of average experience. The wonder would be not that the characteristics of the first-born's father should be stamped on all subsequent offspring, but rather that it shouldn't. The psychic states of expectancy are almost totally unexplored by that authoritative class who give names to things, but it is known to the observing few that so tonic are its interior phases, that women have not infrequently been so incited to bear children when they have no natural aptitude for the care and training of the young. One suspects, too, that the capacity for sustained emotional states in women, newly awakened, so surprising, even terrifying to men, is but a suspension of the body's demand, not to be quieted except by its immemorial function. Passion is the summons, the knocking at the door which sets in array all the forces of life. The business of love is by no means just loving.

What we need at this juncture, in order to determine the full relation of mate-love and maternity, is a sound study of the effect of the psychic states of the parents, and especially of the mother, on the vitality and personal endowment of the child. A medical profession which insists on treating all the manifestations of pregnancy as mere reflexes of physical disorder can not get us very far with this inquiry. For it is not, at its naturalest, a disorder at all, but the supreme function of an organism; reproduction has no more to do with disease than the dropping of petals in the fruiting orchard. It follows then that any accompanying mental or emotional states deserve our most careful question as to their ultimate bearing on the problems of the family. At present the most we can make of them is evidence that, just as in the social state no pair marries to itself, so in the face of expectancy, none loves even to itself.

TO this set of reactions which are concerned with nest-making and the nurture of the young, we owe the best and the worst that can come of mating procedures. Out of this has grown the ideal of the home, that safe and secret place of self-realization. Out of it, also, has arisen that mausoleum of true marriage, the Establishment.

The desire of Things which comes upon young couples at their mating is the voice of the Soul-Maker. A moderate equipment of pots and beds and roofs over them is important, not so much to the condition of being married, as to what may reasonably be expected to come to pass after marriage. A growing appreciation of just what things are indispensable to the rearing of a family augments the sense of responsibility on this point, but the development of individual control over the incident of child-bearing keeps it from being burdensome. As a matter of fact the actual preparation which young couples have to make to meet the contingency of offspring is much less than that required by the conditions of a generation ago. Few people marry nowadays without at least a tentative understanding of how they are to meet the question of having a family. But women even in the act of determining against child-bearing are disposed to forget that the observance paid to the nest-making impulse is paid to its potentiality, and can in no case be claimed if the office is refused. The Home, in spite of all the sentimental slop in which it is too often swamped, should be the expression of a reality. Its source is in the sacred seed of activity which lies at the core of all right passion. It is the Nest, built out hour by hour in answer to an expanding need. We confuse it, by its reactions, with the presence of the Beloved, with the sense of familiarity and ease which comes of our adjustment to the familiar landmark, the fireplace, the easy chair, the ancient pine, or the sunset-painted mountain. But it is neither a place nor a state of being; it is a Thing Accomplished. And as such the home is less and less often found among us. Fewer people build their own houses, almost nobody makes his own furniture, linen is spun for us, carpets woven, wall decorations come

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no longer from the hand of the chatelaine but are included in the builder's contract. We have substituted in a degree social activities for those primarily connected with mating impulses; to a very great degree the demand on the part of women for increased opportunity for such social participation is due to the decline of nest-making. This is a natural and right substitution, for social labors such as attract women in general are conserving and protective, they are the outgrowth of the mothering activities set in motion by marriage. It is probably the logical development of soul-making, that the extension of feminine activity should be profound feeling for the dignity of human relations. But neither of them are indispensable to the processes either of marriage or government, and are important only as expressions of actuality. Undoubtedly there are moments in every marriage which would yield surer values if they could be lived in stately dwellings. . . . I would have every place in which women go to bear children made noble as well as sanitary. . . . But human experience proves nothing so much as that the Establishment, as a perquisite of marriage, adds nothing whatever to the spiritual extensions of mate-love.

Woman thrown back on bearing as her chief excuse for being has been disposed latterly to magnify her office.

Motherhood is a service, meeting a reasonably constant racial need. If the need be sharp enough it may become an obligation, but it is in line with our latest science to constitute it a privilege rather than a right. It is only in the sense that the whole round of human experience is the right of each one of us, that it can be so considered. The new and sharp insistence upon the right to bear children, which has risen upon us, from the old world, has no claim upon our attention except as the social maladroitness, of which



"Motherhood is a service, meeting a constant racial need"

in this direction. It is the one thing that will save us from the Establishment.

For the Establishment comes fully furnished forth from the upholsterer's. It is the outgrowth not of any marrying necessity, but of the instinct for self-dramatization which awaked under the stimulus of passion, an outgrowth, an excrescence, the tail of the peacock. It has, as Heaven be thanked all human demonstrations have, its element of superhumanness, of spiritualizing grace, inasmuch as it enshrines the object of affection, or arises as it frequently does in men in the movement of sacrifice, the laying up of things esteemed precious about the Beloved as on an altar. But when all that is said, the worst remains, which is that the Establishment takes its measure from the eye of the beholder. It is the stage setting of our relation to what is called Society, the scenic air and light which limns us, not as we are, but as we would like to seem to others. The impulse which preserves to us the Establishment is the same that dictates the survival of monarchical forms in countries of undeniably democratic tendency. The Establishment is a symbol, just as the throne and the court appurtenances are the most impressive kind of a symbol of a

It is important to make distinctions of this kind on other grounds than opinion, for between the practical confusion of these two—the necessity for a suitable environment for the functions of the family, and the demand for one which shall meet the expectancy of our social set—many young couples fall into confusion. It must be woven into the texture of education that any demand on the part of woman for an establishment, houses, servants, *anything* over and above the requirements of child-rearing—which are much more simple than many of us are willing to believe—is an exorbitant demand. The right of a man to refuse to sacrifice his personal achievement in order to secure for his family more than the stated requirement should be recognized as a primary right, which to infringe upon a woman should blush as much as to buy these things with her personal favor. The amount of worldly goods which a married pair may wish to get and enjoy *together* is a matter of private taste and inclination; the amount which they may reasonably demand of each other should be regulated by the fundamental family need, and has no reference whatever to personal predilection.

it is the outgrowth, can be held to be permanent and incurable. For this cry which comes from England and in one strong and certain voice from the north of Europe, demanding freedom for women to choose the fathers of their children where they will and without the obligation of the domestic tie, is primarily the cry of the unmated. It is a protest not against marriage nor even against particular forms of it, but against the shameful waste of womanhood in enforced celibacy. It is solely due to the disequilibrium of population, owing to the deportation of men in standing armies and enterprises of colonization. The surplusage of women in England from these causes alone is rapidly reaching the point where some form of polygamous living is inevitable, and if the conditions were admitted unchanging, would be advisable.

But such a cutting off of a large percentage of the population from the primary human experience is neither necessary nor unalterable; it is simply stupid. Enough men are born in any country to satisfy all reasonable mating demand of the women born there. The stupidity lies in sending them out of the country without sending the women with them, in breeding a type of woman who cannot

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go everywhere her man goes; most of all it lies in the stupid persistence in organized warfare, the greatest single social obstacle to right mating. In the sense, then, that these women are prevented from the normal functions of womanhood by colossal social ineptitudes, they are justified of their "right."

They have a right to a voice in the government which offers up their opportunity for racial service on the altar of Bellona, a right to admission to all the ranks of life, all the labors in which they may walk side by side with men, their mates, a right to abolish war or modify it at the points where it interferes most sorely with their womanly prerogative. In short, the right women have is not so much a right to the half loaf, the unfathered child, the uncertificated relation, as the right to readjust the conditions of society until there is room in it for normal human development.

"YOU wouldn't agree then with ——," Valda named one of the newly arisen prophets of sex, rather timidly, "that a woman is entitled to a child any way she can get it."

What I really believe is that a man is entitled to father his child by any woman who bears it. This sore egotism, fevered by centuries of suppression and made fierce by sex starvation, which leads woman to brandish her creative function in the face of all the powers, and to sink man to a mere biological necessity, serves no doubt to restore the social equilibrium; she may be forgiven at times for failing to see that it is not bearing but parenting which serves the Soul-Maker, and that man has found social enlargement in the care of the young generation rather than in its begetting. Moreover, the right of any woman to have a child is no more than equal to the right of the child to what comes to him from the male parental influence. The long time during which Nature has been at the pains to expose the child to such influence would suggest that it is not too lightly to be dispensed with. It must not be overlooked that men need children quite as much as women need them, and the long dependence of the child on the personal care of the mother should not beguile us to blink at the obvious inference that the expanding mind of the child requires, for its due spherosity, the influence of interested male companionship. Some form of polygamy, which is the ancient tribal method of correcting the waste and excess of prolonged warfare, is probably better than the divorcing of men in large numbers from their parental responsibilities. In the less self-conscious and egotistic states of society, readjustments of this sort are seen always to reorganize about the needs of the race rather than of either sex singly. There is probably something deeper than prejudice or tradition which makes in any society a marked figure of the lone woman and her unparented offspring.

For, much as children have to do with modifying the modes of marriage, they have still more in establishing its permanence. Allowing for a normal period of gestation, at least three years of a woman's time are required to produce a child and bring it to the point where its bodily welfare is not likely to be interfered with by her own states of mind. For the rearing of three children to any pair, there will be required from ten to twelve years, and another ten to bring them through the period of adolescence, years in which society must stand by to see that the peace and security of the woman is not jeopardized on any light occasion.

MOST of the modern regulations of marriage are in the nature of a guaranty that it shall not be so jeopardized. They have sprung up in the interests of society, which forbids that the children of any union shall be lightly thrust back upon society for support. Quite as much they have sprung up in answer to the need of parents to be braced from without; for the adventure of the family is one in which arise many occasions for the adventurers to lean hard upon the bond that binds them to the undertaking, and the need to feel its indissoluble quality. It is not alone in the strength of the performers that great things are accomplished, but in the strength of us all.

Valda began to be apprehensive.

"If you are going to say that children are an excuse for living together when there is no other reason for it," she warned, swelling with modern revolt against the endless chain of transmission as a human objective, "I shan't agree with you."

"I shouldn't, in that case, be agreeing with myself," I conceded. "If there's a bigger thing than children to draw man to woman, there's a more compelling thing, if it arrives, to drive them asunder."

"You admit then, there are reasons why marriage need not inevitably be permanent?"

"I admit," I said, "a Reason."

In her next article Mrs. Austin will discuss the question of divorce and the changes which ought to be made in our laws in order to insure the greatest chance of married happiness to the largest number

Festina Lente

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

NOT long ago it was my good fortune to visit some friends in New England who knew how, strange as it may seem, to motor. They did not dash through lovely valleys and along splendid highways as if it were imperative that we should reach our destination at 5:02; but they had trained their chauffeur—though I know not how, for I have only a nodding acquaintance with that curious new race of men—to "make haste slowly."

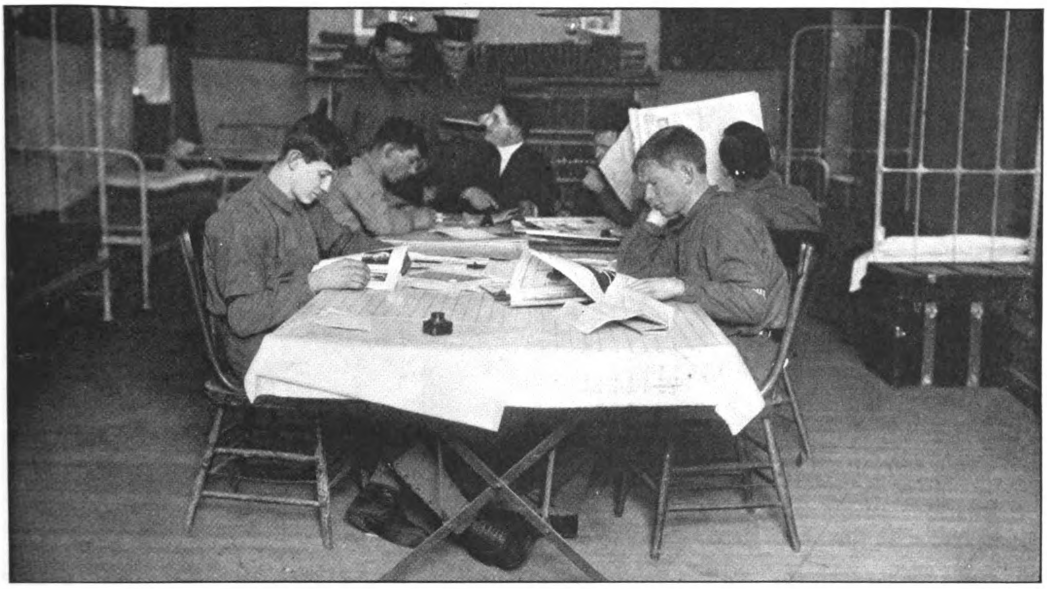
When we came to the crest of a wonderful hill and some one of the party expressed a human desire to pause a moment and enjoy the view, we paused. If, in the heart of an ancient wood, one felt like a quiet smoke, the car came to a standstill, and some of us gathered ferns while others rolled cigarettes; and there was pleasant talk and healthy companionship in solemnly hushed retreats instead of armored silence on dusty, flying roads. That motor became a little drawing-room on wheels, as satisfying for the exchange of views—and I use the word in both its senses—as the veranda at home. It was, as I said, a veritable drawing-room in miniature; but the pictures, instead of being on the walls, were hung outside—"God's tapestries" indeed—and we took the pains to look at them and to drink in their beauty.

I felt that never before had I really motored. Always, on previous occasions when good luck—or bad luck, as you will—had thrown me with over-prosperous acquaintances, I had been bound up in heavy fur coats, literally locked in them, handed a sealskin cap that was pulled over my ears, forced to put on smoked glasses that strangely altered Nature's true colors, and given thick gloves that must have been made for a polar expedition. In this garb, unable to hear, see, or speak, I was packed into a touring-car, submerged in fur rugs, and was told we were off for a pleasure trip. We were bound for Long Island—or Eternity—I never knew which. There was so little of my real self left that I did not care much, either; for motor-fear, like death-bed confessions, is a fallacy. I imagine this fur armor, like the steel habiliments of medieval wars, gives one a false courage, for I confess in all truthfulness that I have never really been afraid of sixty-miles-an-hour.

My experience with my friends in New England was so curiously dissimilar to all previous motor adventures that I could not help remarking upon it to my host. He was an American, too, oddly enough, and a successful business man, which made the riddle of our slow driving all the more unsolvable. I was beginning to be hopeful for the future of my country.

"Ah!" he said, in reply to my delicately phrased astonishment, "you see, it's this way. Mary" (Mary was his wife), "Mary has heart trouble, and we have to go slowly when she is along. I've become used to it now; but at first—well, I suppose, like you, it got on my nerves. By the way," he added, before I could assure him that I was thoroughly satisfied with things as they were, "if you want to take a *real* drive with me some day, it can be arranged. Mary's going to New York for a treatment next week. I'll motor her down—slowly, as usual; but say, coming back it'll be great!"

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The Honor of the Army

By CHARLES JOHNSON POST

IN previous articles Mr. Post described the court-martial system and the "justice" that it metes out to the enlisted man for drunkenness and other offenses. In this article the "justice" administered to the officer is contrasted with that given the common soldier

IN my first article I referred to the case of the Lieutenant in the Coast Artillery who became very drunk in a public place, in uniform, and who entered a private automobile and did fail to leave it when requested, thereby necessitating his forcible removal therefrom.

He was found by the court-martial to be *not guilty* of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

A Second Lieutenant was tried by a court-martial, charged with conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline. It was specified that he was found drunk at Fort Riley, Kansas, early one evening. Of this it may be said at once that he was found *not guilty*. And this makes his conduct all the more remarkable; for he shouted and yelled at Private Jesse W. Hayes, Mounted Service Detachment (colored), and his wife. At the soldier's wife he was convicted of yelling, in her hearing:

"Look at that —— nigger cook standing in the door," and "get out of that door."

To appreciate properly this case one may imagine what would have happened to a private soldier who dared to raise his hand against an officer—or merely to raise his voice against an officer—even though the latter was blackguarding the soldier's wife.

And the court-martial found him guilty of these acts and sentenced him merely "to be reprimanded."

A "reprimand," be it known, is "naughty, naughty!" extended with benignant verbiage, and printed upon a sheet of paper five inches wide by seven and three-quarter inches long. And the reprimand said flatly that he *was* drunk.

A First Lieutenant of the Fifth Cavalry while at the Schofield Barracks in Hawaii, went away for five days without leave. During that time he was absent from his troop and his duty. Also while on that "absent without leave" excursion he filled himself so full of alcoholic stimulants that, upon his return, he was unfit for duty and five days more were needed to recuperate before he could perform any of his duties as an officer.

The court-martial listened. Then it sentenced him to be "reprimanded" and to be restricted to the limits of the Army post in which he might be serving for six months!

What is to prevent—unless it be this *esprit de corps* we hear about—a court-martial from levying some adequate punishment in the way of a fine? Ordinary enlisted soldiers on a fraction of the pay of officers are given fines out of all proportion to their few dollars.

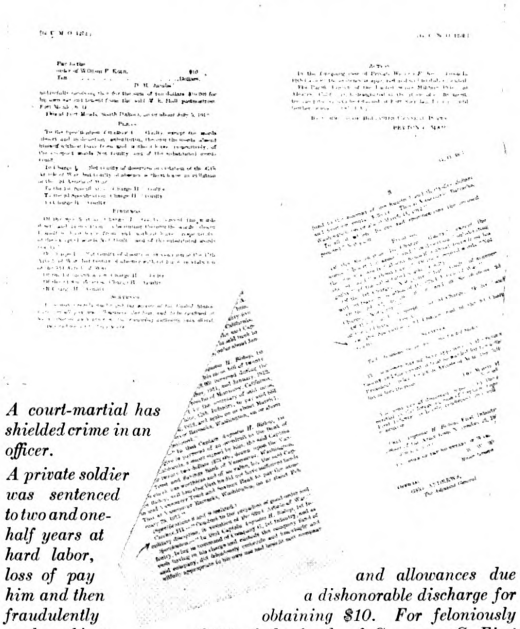
And this officer was not even reprimanded, for the commanding officer stated that the mere "publication in orders of the offenses to which the accused entered a plea of guilty is believed by the reviewing authority to be a sufficient compliance."

A Second Lieutenant in the Coast Artillery Corps while in uniform was found in such a condition of extreme drunkenness as to require physical assistance in order to reach his quarters—obviously past even the staggering stage. A court-martial found him guilty and sentenced him to be "reprimanded."

And this is the "reprimand":

> The reviewing authority, while regretting this disgraceful occurrence, trusts that this young officer will fully profit by his experience in this case and by his future conduct show that he appreciates the great leniency shown him by the court.

Captain Arthur H. Bryant of the Coast Artillery was



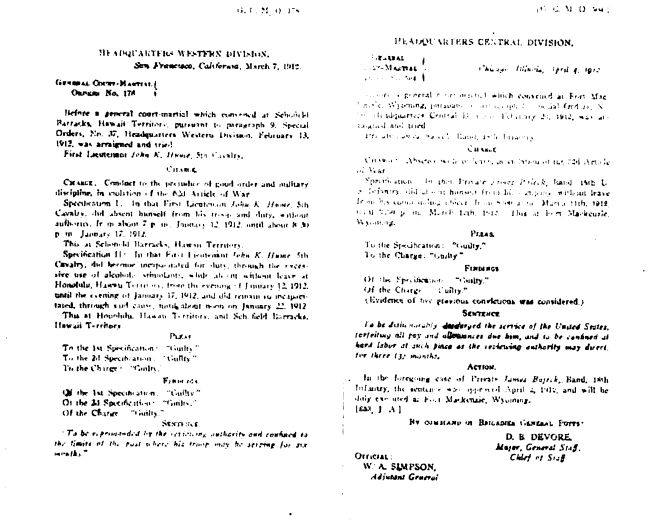
A court-martial has shielded crime in an officer.

A private soldier was sentenced to two and one-half years at hard labor, loss of pay and allowances due him and then a dishonorable discharge for fraudulently obtaining $10. For feloniously embezzling $135 of the funds of Company G, First Infantry—a trust fund of the enlisted men under his own command —Captain A. H. Bishop was merely dismissed from the Army

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found guilty by a court-martial of being drunk and laying violent hands upon a First Lieutenant. He was sentenced to be "reprimanded" and restricted to the limits of the post for nine months; to be confined, on full pay and otherwise carefree, to the limits of a few hundred acres.

Second Lieutenant James A. McGrath of the Eighth Infantry left his regiment without permission—absence without leave—and stayed away from his company and his duties for *five days*. The regiment had moved three encampments during his absence. And the court-martial sentenced him to be "reprimanded" and confined to the post limits for one month!



HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DIVISION,
San Francisco, California, March 7, 1912.

General Court-Martial Orders No. 178

Before a general court-martial which convened at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii Territory, pursuant to paragraph 9, Special Orders, No. 37, Headquarters Western Division, February 13, 1912, was arraigned and tried

First Lieutenant John K. Hume, 5th Cavalry.

Charge.

Charge. Conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in violation of the 62d Article of War.

Specification 1. In that First Lieutenant John K. Hume 5th Cavalry, did absent himself from his troop and duty, without authority, from about 2 p. m. January 12, 1912, until about 8.30 p. m. January 17, 1912.

This at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii Territory.

Specification II. In that First Lieutenant John K. Hume 5th Cavalry, did become incapacitated for duty, through the excessive use of alcohol, stimulants, while absent without leave at Honolulu, Hawaii Territory, from the evening of January 12, 1912, until the evening of January 17, 1912, and did remain so incapacitated, through said cause, until about noon on January 22, 1912.

This at Honolulu, Hawaii Territory, and Sch field Barracks, Hawaii Territory.

Pleas.

To the 1st Specification: "Guilty."
To the 2d Specification: "Guilty."
To the Charge: "Guilty."

Findings.

Of the 1st Specification: "Guilty."
Of the 2d Specification: "Guilty."
Of the Charge: "Guilty."

Sentence.

"To be reprimanded by the reviewing authority and confined to the limits of the post where his troop may be serving for six months."

HEADQUARTERS CENTRAL DIVISION.

General Court-Martial Orders Chicago, Illinois, April 6, 1912

A general court-martial which convened at Fort MacKenzie, Wyoming, pursuant to paragraph 9, Special Orders, No. 6, Headquarters Central Division, February 2, 1912, was arraigned and tried

Private James Bojack, Band, 19th Infantry.

Charge.

Charge. Absence without leave, in violation of the 62d Article of War.

Specification. In that Private James Bojack, Band, 19th Infantry, did absent himself from his company without leave from proper authority about 8 o'clock a. m. March 11th, 1912, and did not return until about 5 p. m. March 13th, 1912. This at Fort MacKenzie, Wyoming.

Pleas.

To the Specification: "Guilty."
To the Charge: "Guilty."

Findings.

Of the Specification: "Guilty."
Of the Charge: "Guilty."
(Evidence of two previous convictions was considered.)

Sentence.

To be dishonorably discharged the service of the United States, forfeiting all pay and allowances due him, and to be confined at hard labor at such place as the reviewing authority may direct, for three (3) months.

Action.

In the foregoing case of Private James Bojack, Band, 19th Infantry, the sentence was approved April 6, 1912, and will be duly executed at Fort MacKenzie, Wyoming.

[155, 1 A.]

By command of Brigadier General Foote:

D. B. DEVORE,
Major, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

Official:
W. A. SIMPSON,
Adjutant General.

Facsimiles of Court-Martial Orders

On the left is the case of a First Lieutenant who was absent, drunk, for five days. Somebody else was paid for doing his work. He was merely reprimanded and confined to the limits of his post for a few months. A post is a complete social community in itself, so the hardship is purely rhetorical. To the right is the result of a court-martial punishing an enlisted man for being absent thirty-two hours without leave. All pay and allowances due him were forfeited, he was dishonorably discharged and sentenced to three months at hard labor

About one year later this same blithe young officer was tried again by a court-martial for absence without leave in that he disappeared from the Division Hospital where he was a patient under treatment, and indulged while absent in intoxicating liquor, "thereby interfering with his physical welfare and recovery." And the amiable court-martial once again sentenced him to be merely "reprimanded." But the reprimanding authority rebelled; it stated that he was so lacking in capacity to profit by admonition that—"a second reprimand for practically the same offense would be entirely fruitless."

HERE is a record of drunkenness that covers a period of *six months* in the record of one officer. I was told by an officer in the War Department that he is no longer able to speak for himself; therefore he shall be nameless. He was a Captain.

He was found drunk in command of the troops of the post at parade.

The next day he was again drunk, being the commanding officer, at parade and the drill following.

Three weeks later, as the commanding officer, he was found drunk by the enlisted men of his command, who assisted him to his quarters. And five months later, as commanding officer, he was again found drunk.

He was not tried for these offenses or molested until over *twenty months* later when they were jumbled in with a mass of other charges and specifications. In the meantime he had been in the Division Hospital where he had disturbed the other patients by being drunk and disorderly. For this a court-martial sentenced him to be dismissed—and President Taft changed it to suspension from rank and command and forfeiture of one-half of his monthly pay for three months. A vacation for three months on half-pay!

Finally, when he had piled up a series of very serious offenses against not only the military but the criminal code, he was dismissed from the Army and sentenced to fifteen years of imprisonment. It was a very serious case—and again President Taft pardoned the imprisonment before it had even begun.

Here is another.

In the case of Captain Harrie F. Reed, Fifth Field Artillery, it was found necessary to exact from him a verbal pledge that he would abstain from liquors. He broke the pledge. This time he was given the opportunity to sign a written pledge. This also he broke, and but six months after. He was the presiding officer of a court-martial that was to try any soldiers brought before it. He was unable to administer the oath to the judge advocate. The officer second in rank to him noticed a strong odor of liquor on the breath of Captain Reed when he attempted, in conformity with the military law, to administer the oath. He was charged with drunkenness on duty in violation of the 38th Article of War, and with conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline in breaking his pledge.

Officers testified as to his clumsy, halting speech, his inability to administer the oath, the odor of liquor, etc., but the court-martial found him *not guilty* of being drunk!

And yet it appeared that Captain Reed *was admitted to the post hospital on that very night suffering from acute alcoholism and that he was there for three days as a government patient.* Yet he had not been drunk at a trial but a few hours before.

He was, however, convicted of breaking his pledge and for that sentence to be dismissed. But he was not. President Taft forgave him and he was retained in the Army after all, with some delayed promotion.

HERE is a captain of a battery of artillery, the most important arm in the Army, a man with two broken pledges and an uncontrollable liquor habit, a patient for acute alcoholism and of necessity a heavy, excessive drinker for years, and in absolute control of one hundred and seventy men and over fifty thousand dollars' worth of property. What corporation in civil life would trust a man with that record with control over a dollar's worth of stock or a single subordinate; he would be fit for the job of a half-pensioned porter with an early morning broom. And yet over that artillery captain's desk hang the keys of the powder and the ammunition magazines.

Second Lieutenant Ellwood S. Hand of the Fifteenth Cavalry had been detailed as Quartermaster and Commissary for the practice march of a squadron of cavalry. He got drunk and was unable to perform the duty. On the same day he drove his horse into a mud hole and abandoned it there—"for an unreasonable length of time." He was charged with thereby being the cause of its death. Apparently this was but the beginning of the carouse, for a week later he was admitted to the post hospital to be treated for acute alcoholism.

A gracious court-martial sentenced him to be reduced fifty files in the list of second lieutenants. Out of some nine hundred second lieutenants he was reduced—given a number in their seniority—of fifty numbers less. A promotion delayed only a few months.

FIVE months later this officer repeated the grand carouse and unfitted himself for his duties for a period of eleven days while he convalesced, still drawing pay, treatment and supplies at government expense. Again a gracious court-martial looked mildly upon him and reduced him another fifty files in the list. Why he would be any more valuable an officer after a delayed promotion than he would be without delay is a nice question. Six weeks later he again got drunk—while under arrest—again was in the post hospital for alcoholism and, while awaiting trial, got drunk on three more separate occasions. And finally he *was* dismissed.

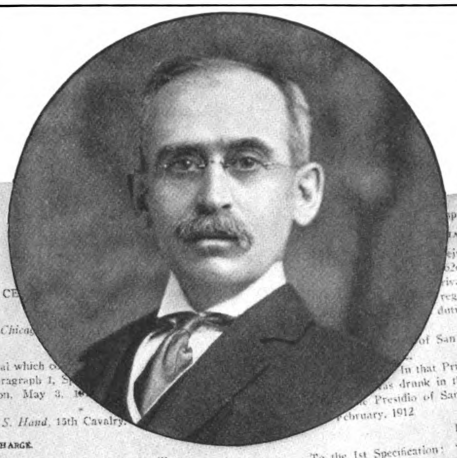
It had taken one year of repeated, flagrant, notorious drunkenness before a court-martial would remove an officer from the control of valuable property and the lives of men.

A First Lieutenant of the Second Infantry was found drunk while preparing his company for a practice march. Ten weeks later he was again drunk while in command of his company on parade. Three months later he was again drunk while acting as officer of the day. And, when he reported for muster three days later, he came in drunk. He was dismissed.

I do not—nor does any sane person—believe for one moment that a drunkard springs full fledged before a court-martial. Before drunkenness is finally charged how many drunken offenses have been committed? How many months have the officers of a regiment tolerated a drunken incompetent holding responsible command over the enlisted soldiers in the ranks? What are the understandings

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Brigadier-General Enoch Crowder, Judge-Advocate General of the United States Army



The Judge-Advocate is the lawyer of the Army. Upon this officer is the final responsibility for the administration of justice for the enlisted soldier and the officer

HEADQUARTERS CE[NTRAL DIVISION.]

GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL ORDERS, No. 73 } *Chica[go, May 3, 1912.]*

Before a general court-martial which c[onvened at Fort Leaven]worth, Kansas, pursuant to paragraph I, S[pecial Orders, No. 99,] Headquarters Central Division, May 3, 19[12, and of which Lieut. Col.] and trial:

Second Lieutenant *Ellwood S. Hand*, 15th Cavalry.

CHARGE.

CHARGE: Conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.

Specification: In that Second Lieutenant *Ellwood S. Hand*, 15th Cavalry, did, by the excessive use of alcoholic liquors, unfit himself for the duties of his office for the period from April 1, 1912, to April 11, 1912, inclusive. This at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, between March 16, 1912, and April 11, 1912.

PLEAS.

To the Specification: "Not guilty."
To the Charge: "Not guilty."

FINDINGS.

Of the Specification: "Guilty."
Of the Charge: "Guilty."

SENTENCE.

To be reduced fifty (50) files on the lineal list of Second Lieutenants of Cavalry.

ACTION.

In the foregoing case of Second Lieutenant *Ellwood S. Hand*.

CHARGES.

Charge I: Drunkenness on duty, in violation of the 38th Article of War.

Specification: In that 2d Lieutenant *Ellwood S. Hand*, 15th Cavalry, being on duty as Quartermaster and Commissary of a squadron engaged in preparation for a practice march, was found drunk.

This at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on September 15, 1911.

Charge II: Violation of the 62d Article of War.

Specification 1: In that 2d Lieutenant *Ellwood S. Hand*, 15th Cavalry, did cruelly abuse his private horse by driving the said horse into a mudhole and abandoning him there, thereby causing the death of the said horse.

This at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on or about September 15, 1911.

Specification 2: In that 2d Lieutenant *Ellwood S. Hand*, 15th Cavalry, having been properly detailed as Quartermaster and Commissary of a squadron under orders to engage in a practice [G. O. 3.]

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 3. } WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, *January 25, 1913.*

Before a general court-martial which convened at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., pursuant to Special Orders, No. 147, Central Division, October 17, 1912, and of which Lieut. Col. WILLIAM H. ALLAIRE, Seventh Infantry, was president, and First Lieut. JOHN C. MOORE, Seventh Infantry, Judge advocate, was arraigned and tried—

Second Lieut. *Ellwood S. Hand*, Fifteenth Cavalry.

CHARGE.—"Conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline in violation of the 62nd Article of War."

Specification 1.—"In that 2d Lieutenant *Ellwood S. Hand*, 15th Cavalry, being in arrest in quarters, was found drunk. This at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on or about May 24, 1912."

Specification 2.—"In that 2d Lieutenant *Ellwood S. Hand*, 15th Cavalry, being in arrest in quarters, did, by the use of intoxicating liquors, so incapacitate himself physically, as to make necessary his being admitted to the post hospital for treatment for alcoholism. This at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on or about May 24, 1912."

ADDITIONAL CHARGE.—"Conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in violation of the 62d Article of War."

Specifications as amended by the court.

Specification 1.—"In that 2nd Lieut. *Ellwood S. Hand*, 15th Cavalry, did become drunk on, September 30, 1912. This at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on or about September 30, 1912."

Specification 2.—"In that 2d Lieut. *Ellwood S. Hand*, 15th Cavalry, did become drunk on October 9, 1912. This at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on or about October 9, 1912."

Specification 3.—"In that 2d Lieut. *Ellwood S. Hand*, 15th Cavalry, did become drunk on October 12, 1912. This at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on or about October 12, 1912."

To which charges and specifications the accused pleaded "Not guilty."

FINDINGS.

Of the *1st* and *2d Specifications*, Charge, and of the Charge, "Guilty."

[illegible]pany D, 30th Infantry.

[illegible]ARGE.

[illegible]judice of good order and military
[illegible]2d Article of War.
[illegible]ivate *Thomas Wilson*, Company D,
[illegible]regularly detailed as kitchen police,
[illegible]duties as such without proper author-
[illegible]of San Francisco, California, on the 8th
[illegible]In that Private *Thomas Wilson*, Company D,
[illegible]as drunk in the quarters of his company,
[illegible]Presidio of San Francisco, California, on the 8th
[illegible]ebruary, 1912.

PLEAS.

To the 1st Specification: "Guilty."
To the 2d Specification: "Guilty."
To the Charge: "Guilty."

FINDINGS.

Of the 1st Specification: "Guilty."
Of the 2d Specification: "Guilty."
Of the Charge: "Guilty."
(Five previous convictions were submitted.)

SENTENCE.

"To be dishonorably discharged the service of the United States, forfeiting all pay and allowances due him, and to be confined at hard labor at such place as the reviewing authority may direct for three months."

No Yes & no Ans

HEADQUARTERS PHILIPPINES DIVISION.

GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL ORDERS, No. 55. } MANILA, P. I., January 31, 1912.

Before a general court-martial which convened at Fort William McKinley, Rizal, pursuant to paragraph 2, Special Orders, No. 295, series 1911, these headquarters, was arraigned and tried:

Private *John Brook*, Troop E, 7th Cavalry.

CHARGE: Conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in violation of the 62d Article of War.

SPECIFICATION 1: In that Private *John Brook*, Troop E, 7th Cavalry, was drunk and disorderly in quarters.

This at Fort William McKinley, Rizal, [illegible] "GUILTY."
cember, 1911.

SPECIFICATION 2: In that Private [illegible] "GUILTY."
7th Cavalry, having [illegible] "GUILTY."
Edward Jo[illegible] FINDINGS. "GUILTY."
the [illegible]

Of the 1st *specification*:
Of the 2d *specification*:
Of the *charge*:

SENTENCE.

"To be dishonorably discharged the service of the United States, forfeiting all pay and allowances due him, and to be confined at hard labor at such place as the reviewing authority may direct for three (3) months." (Five previous convictions considered.)

ACTION.

In the foregoing case of Private *John Brook*, Troop E, 7th Cavalry, the sentence is approved and will be duly executed. The Pacific Branch, United States Military Prison, Alcatraz, [illegible] Orders, No. 176, these headquarters, was arraigned and tried:

Private *James Williams*, Troop D, 8th Cavalry.

CHARGE: Conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in violation of the 62d Article of War.

SPECIFICATION 1: In that Private *James Williams*, Troop D, 8th Cavalry, being detailed for guard, did fall in with the detail with a dirty rifle.

This at Fort William McKinley, Rizal, P. I., on the 18th day of July, 1912.

SPECIFICATION 2: In that Private *James Williams*, Troop D, 8th Cavalry, was drunk and disorderly in the troop quarters.

This at Fort William McKinley, Rizal, P. I., at about 3 a. m. on the 19th day of July, 1912.

PLEAS.

To the 1st *specification*: "GUILTY."
To the 2d *specification*: "GUILTY."
To the *charge*: "GUILTY."

FINDINGS.

Of the 1st *specification*: "GUILTY."
Of the 2d *specification*: "GUILTY."
Of the *charge*: "GUILTY."

SENTENCE.

"To be confined at hard labor at such place as the reviewing authority may direct for three (3) months and to forfeit three (3) months' pay." (Five previous convictions considered.)

ACTION.

In the foregoing case of Private *James Williams*, Troop D, 8th Cavalry, the sentence is approved and will be duly executed [illegible] the station of his troop. (3117, A. A.)

BY COMMAND OF MAJOR GENERAL BELL:
W. D. BEACH,
Lieutenant Colonel, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

On the left is the record of Second Lieutenant Hand of the Fifteenth Cavalry, court-martialed and convicted in three trials of repeated drunkenness, and finally only dismissed. On the right is the punishment given to drunken enlisted men—imprisonment at hard labor, forfeiture of all pay and allowances, and dishonorable discharge

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that permit worthless drunkenness to be sheltered and coddled with a government salary and its maudlin delirium to be soothed by government surgeons—and its blunted subject still retained? What period is it that is granted officers to be off duty so that when they are drunk they do not come under the penalties of the pointed and exact 38th Article of War: Any officer who is found drunk on his guard, party or other duty shall be dismissed from the service? In the case of Lieutenant Hand he was repeatedly sheltered by a subterfuge of charges.

And the worst they do—to an officer—is to discharge him. Look back at what they do to an enlisted man.

A First Lieutenant of the Coast Artillery was in charge of a detachment of men on a map-making expedition. He became helplessly drunk and was put to bed by his own men. Two weeks later he was again helplessly drunk and put to bed by the soldiers. Three weeks later again drunk. Six weeks later again. A week later he had to be taken out of a saloon, helplessly drunk, and carted back to camp. Three days later he had again to be dragged out of a saloon by the soldiers of his command and once more carted back to camp. And then, being the only officer with that detail of men, he went away for two days without leave from any authority until he was finally "placed in arrest."

Placing an officer in arrest, it may be remarked, is nothing that the name or ordinary custom implies. A soldier is escorted to a cell. An officer goes to his room, or his quarters, makes himself pleasantly comfortable and "considers himself under arrest" until he is sent for. That is all.

Three months on what appears to have been one fairly steady alcoholic debauch, time wasted, money wasted, and men wasted, and this officer was merely dismissed. That was all.

WHAT is it that makes a single drunkenness in a soldier a matter for imprisonment at hard labor, heavy fines from a small pay, and then the loss of his job, while an officer, for repeated and flagrant drunkenness that causes an actual and direct money loss to the Army, gets full pay and allowances while he is drunken and useless, and then, months after, only loses his job?

First Lieutenant Orra L. Houser had two of the privates of his company tied to a post in the vicinity of their quarters from four o'clock in the morning until noon of that day. He ordered that they be given no food or drink during that time. Lest this be thought immaterial I will state that this occurred in the tropics.

Three weeks later the Lieutenant got drunk.

Then he struck his first sergeant with his fist and beat and kicked another sergeant.

He beat one private of his company with his fist and added to that a kicking in the case of another soldier.

Two other soldiers he attacked with his fists and the butt of a whip, adding a kick to one of them. These he then lashed to a post near their quarters until, shortly after midnight some four hours later, they succeeded in freeing themselves.

Another private of his company he tied to a tree on the edge of a stream in such a position that the soldier was obliged to stand on one foot in water for about four hours.

The court-martial considered all the evidence on these acts, found him guilty of all of the felonious assaults and tortures as charged, and merely dismissed him from the service!

And, moreover, he was not dismissed until over three months after these outrages, and during that time he drew his full pay and allowances. An enlisted soldier is fined—you remember the words of a court-martial sentence, "*forfeiting all pay and allowances due him,*" so that his punishment may and does take from him money earned long before the offense for which he is punished was committed.

LOOK over some of those court-martial sentences in my previous articles—a year, a year-and-a-half, two years, imprisonment at hard labor, the loss of all pay and then a dishonorable discharge for an ordinary soldier. Compare what they have done with this offense and tell yourself which is the worse, the greater and more demoralizing as a breach of discipline.

Chaplain John E. Dallam of the Twelfth Infantry had delayed making out his "individual service report" for two days. Major Julius A. Penn of the same regiment thereupon summoned him to his headquarters and asked why it had not been submitted. The Chaplain replied that he was not quite ready to submit the report and that he could not submit it at the moment as he was going for his exercise walk. The Major demanded; the Chaplain refused and then left the office. Whereupon the Major had him seized by an officer and a soldier. He was promptly tried by court-martial and sentenced to be dismissed! At the worst, a mild passage between two fussy gentlemen.

A Second Lieutenant of the Ninth Cavalry uttered checks for well over three hundred dollars in the course of seven months, and during that same period, transferred and assigned his pay for three different months and then collected that pay for those months himself; and it was a matter of over five hundred dollars. In civil life this is regarded as a plain ordinary crime.

And a court-martial sentenced him merely to dismissal from the Army.

Yet the United States Government maintains a large, expensive and efficient Secret Service Department for the purpose of convicting a government printer who might steal a banknote or a plate from the Treasury Department and for punishing the postal clerk who steals a few stamps. And they are punished as criminals too; they lose their jobs as a matter of course for their untrustworthy act and the prison follows for the crime they have committed. But the Army, through its court-martial—composed of officers—mildly and politely bows its criminal officers forth; that is all.

First Lieutenant Clarence E. Seybt of the Coast Artillery, and who was in command of the 162nd Company of Coast Artillery, collected from the enlisted soldiers under his command over two hundred dollars, this being money owed by them for laundry work done by a local company, and which he collected for them. This money he did not pay over, but retained for his own use. From a sergeant in his company he borrowed the sum of five hundred dollars, giving therefor his note. For an officer to borrow money from a soldier who is by law under his absolute dominion is—whether it be repaid or not—a most curious and indefensible transaction. Why should a sergeant under him lend it—or what might happen to him if he refused? There were also some other financial irregularities with the Post Exchange. This officer was court-martialed for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman"—and was merely sentenced to be dismissed.

But upon the recommendation of the Secretary of War and of the Chief of Staff he was retained in the Army and merely suffered a reduction of fifty files in the list of lieutenants.

Private William F. Korn, Troop L, Twelfth Cavalry, while with his regiment at Fort Meade, South Dakota, was absent without leave for five days, until he surrendered himself to the military authorities at Chicago. He had signed the name of his troop commander, First Lieutenant D. H. Jacobs, to a check for ten dollars and had cashed it with the postmistress. He was tried by court-martial, and at the trial he made a most remarkable statement. Here it is:

"Yes sir," he said, "I was working at the Officers' Club, tending bar there, and I was excused from everything; and—and—I never did get what you call drunk; but then I got pretty well loaded up there all the time I was delivering all the drinks around there, and I slept there in the Officers' Club, and I don't think that anything would have happened like this if I would have been in the troop. . . . I never had a trial since I have been in the service—I have been in fourteen months—just worked for the Officers' Club. Had to work from about six in the morning to eleven at night, every night."

That is a very interesting statement made, not idly but with all seriousness before a court. Incidentally I may say that the court-martial sentenced that soldier to be dishonorably discharged, forfeiting all pay and allowances due him, and to be imprisoned for two and one-half years at hard labor—so that a court-martial does recognize the criminality of wrongful acts involving money—if the accused be but humble. But his statement as to tending bar and his constant duties at the club makes unique reading alongside of Paragraph 357 of the Army Regulations. Let me give it in full;

> "The sale of, or dealing in, beer, wine, or any intoxicating liquors by any person in any post exchange or canteen or army transport, or upon any premises used for military purposes by the United States, is prohibited. Commanding officers will carry the provisions of this paragraph into full force and effect, and will be held strictly responsible that no exceptions or evasions are permitted within their respective jurisdictions."

And this is the law.

Moreover, Section 17 of the Act approved March 2, 1899, provides that:

> "no officer or soldier shall be detailed to sell intoxicating drinks, as a bartender or otherwise, in any post exchange or canteen. . . ."

THESE quotations might be considered quite explicit, aside from the fact that it is doubtful if Congress has intended that men should be recruited as soldiers in order to be excused from military duties, to act as club servants and bartenders to officers.

Also it should be borne in mind that this soldier made this statement *before* he had been found guilty; it was not a malicious afterthought. And it reads, at least, like the simple statement of a man who was offering a plea in mitigation and who had no conception that he was saying anything important.

Desertion in time of peace was first made a "crime" to assist the greed of civilian pirates of some hundred years ago. Mr. Post will treat of this anachronism in the following issue. Men have deserted from the Army to escape from medical malpractice and have been punished, but the malpractice was not punished.

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"The circumstances were explained to me and I was asked what I thought had become of the jewel"

The Mystery of the Missing Monocle

By PHILIP CURTISS

Illustrated by Peter Newell

I HAVE always thought it a beautiful thing for a son to embrace the profession of his father—of his grandfather, too, if possible—and thus continue through generations, an occupation which a family has once made notable. However, when father and I talked it over, he thought it best that I should not embrace his. Father was a burglar.

The beautiful old tradition, however, was not entirely lost sight of in my case for, although not a burglar or even a thief, I did finally become a detective, a noble profession which calls for many of the same qualities, and, as I acquired a wife at the same time that I obtained a profession, my family has, at last, become entirely reconciled to what it was, at first inclined to regard as a lowering of the old home standards.

The tradition of my father's life still lives among us, moreover, and, the call of the blood being strong, I like to look back on the heritage which seems, at times, to crop out in my own more humdrum and less romantic calling.

Judging impartially, I do not think that I can honestly say that father was a remarkable burglar, but, in the crude profession of his time, he was well thought of and well liked by such associates as he gathered around him; and I know that we of his family, at least, thought him the most wonderful burglar on earth. You can talk to me about Travers and Frisco Red and all of that bunch whom the papers have made notable in these degenerate days, but I know that any of us children, picturing our dear old dad as we used to see him going to work every evening with his worn black mask and his odorous, old-fashioned dark-lantern, and as we used to find him in the morning, with a soup-ladle or a napkin-ring or some such trifle which he never forgot to collect for us, would have resented heartily the idea that he was not the most wonderful burglar in the world. I once heard a young man say that it was a terrible day for him when he realized that his father—a stoop-shouldered banker—was not the strongest man in the world, and I know exactly how he felt.

Nevertheless, whatever early hopes my father might have had of my stepping into his sneakers, and picking up his jimmy where he laid it down, as time went on he realized more and more, that my brothers and I would have to follow some other profession. To begin with, the old gentleman, like most veterans, was a good deal of a fogy and was wont to proclaim that burglary, since he was a youth, had gone all to the devil. Flashlamps he abhorred; he could never bring himself to use one; and, in addition, he always maintained that, since the apprenticeship system by which a man was years in acquiring his trade had been abolished, and sneak-thieves, purse-snatchers and lemon-squeezers were going into the business without a day's practice, burglary was no longer an art but a haphazard occupation. Father was a great reader; Fagin, I think, was his hero; and the days when a man might be trustee in a bank one moment and a full-fledged burglar the next cut him to the quick. In addition to this, the Bertillon system, to say nothing of burglar insurance and the bankers' association, had put practical obstacles in the way of a climbing young man which had not existed when he was a boy; so that, on the whole, he advised his sons to embrace some less remunerative but quieter profession.

THE natural impatience, however, with which I waited the choice of a profession was heightened, as it is in the case of many young men, by the fact that very shortly after I had completed my education and had been graduated from the reform school, I became engaged to Helen Clayton, the daughter of one of the largest pawnbrokers in the United States, and a beautiful girl of about nineteen. At least I thought her beautiful, and, in addition, there was something treacherous and underhanded about her that appealed to me, so that our first acquaintance speedily ripened into the deepest affection and everything was going well. Old Colonel Clayton, her father, had no real objections to me, except that he considered that I was immature, and ought to know more of the world, and so, while he did not actively oppose our marriage, he said that we had better wait until I had had more experience, and more thoroughly understood the pitfalls which would naturally assail me.

IT was while I was making one of my periodical visits to the Claytons, however, that an event befell which hastened materially the time of our marriage, and, incidentally, my choice of a profession. And when I add that this event was directly connected with the now famous theft of the Clayton pearl monocle, an incident which stirred the opticians of two continents, and the story of which has never been truthfully told, it will add material interest to a tale which is now given to the world for the very first time.

As every pawnbroker will remember, the Clayton monocle was a jewel absolutely unique and practically priceless. In the first place, it was a monocle so large that it could never have been intended for any human eye, which gave rise to the tradition that it had been designed originally for one of the now extinct race of giants living in the foothills of the Himalayas not far from the Afghan border. Around the rim, moreover, in place of the customary tortoise shell, was a band of extremely fine soft gold, showing the curious green of the old twenty-two carat and inscribed with certain mysterious symbols, while at the outer edge, in place of the ordinary round ring for inserting a ribbon, was nothing less than a huge diamond through which a hole had been pierced with what must have been extraordinary effort. The most remarkable feature of

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the whole bijou, however, was the glass itself, which, when looked at from an angle, displayed a curious sheen and was, in fact, nothing less than a concave shell ground out and made transparent from a huge single pearl.

Around such a jewel there arose, naturally, a host of traditions which were only increased by the extreme care with which it was guarded, for as I, among a favored few, was aware, it was always kept in an iron-bound chest nailed to the floor of the Colonel's bedroom, from which it had never been taken except on two notable occasions—once when it was exhibited, under guard, at the annual convention of the American Association of First-Nighters, and once when the room was swept. The story which was most generally accepted, however, was that the gem had been pawned at the Calcutta branch of Colonel Clayton's establishment for two-and-six by a British soldier who had had no idea of its value and who had thus never reclaimed it.

The value and the feeling akin to reverence with which this monocle was held will naturally explain, then, the excitement which overcame me one evening when I received a telegram from the Colonel's country-place, which read:

"Monocle stolen. Come at once. Clayton."

IT was about an hour after midnight when the wire reached me, and father had just gone to work. Mother was a timid woman and had a fear of being left alone at night, but nevertheless so great was the urgency of the message that I started immediately and, pausing only at two or three haberdashers' to throw a few things into a grip which I got from a trunk store, I caught the two o'clock freight and reached Barneyville, my destination, about four in the morning. The house, when I arrived, was dark, but, sawing out a tiny circle of glass, I made my way in and was soon asleep. The Colonel, realizing from the condition of the glass that I had arrived, awoke me early the next morning and within an hour I was in possession of the whole story. It was not, however, on the theft of the monocle itself that my interest, that morning, centered, but on the presence of three strangers who made their appearance at the breakfast table and who, I quickly learned, were no less than Blackmore, Atterton and Severn, probably the three most famous detectives in America of the modern scientific school. For, like my father, Colonel Clayton had never had much confidence in the police and having read, as had everybody in America, of the exploits of these men, had not hesitated to obtain their services at prices which seemed almost fabulous.

UP to that time, all the detectives whom I had ever known had worked on the old principle that, whenever a crime was committed, they must go out and run in everybody who might have done it—a process which used to furnish dad infinite amusement, for, as he often said, "three-quarters of them are no more guilty than you or I." And they weren't.

In contrast to such rude methods those of these scientific leaders of their profession stood out in remarkable contrast and awakened within me the first spark of interest which I had ever had in the detection of crime. For, instead of swaggering around the streets and prying their noses into the private affairs of peaceable citizens, they sat down quietly in a conference in the library and calmly discussed the matter as would a board of directors.

To be admitted to this conference, then, was indeed a privilege, as it gave me my first insight into the sharply varying methods displayed by the three famous scientists.

Blackmore, to take them in order, had once been a physician, but having noted the startling relation between disease and crime had given up his practice and had established an entirely new school of detection. By his theory, crime was simply a nervous disease, like St. Vitus' dance or philanthropy, and he maintained that, for every crime committed by the human race, he could find a diseased nerve cell and eradicate it as thoroughly as he would a tumor.

Severn, on the other hand, was what was known as a diplomatic detective, a term entirely new to my experience, as father said it was to his. It meant, however, that he had been employed by various nations in the solution of international mysteries and, in this work, had traveled all over the world, specializing in the Eastern nations, where he had found his largest field. His theories were based largely on a vast knowledge of European and Asiatic conditions, and he maintained that criminals were a nation, a race, with rulers, laws, and customs, and with branches and sub-branches in all parts of the world.

Atterton, the third man, was a psychologist and had founded what he called the inductive, as contrasted with the deductive, school of detection. That is, instead of starting at the evidence and working in to the crime, he started at a possible hypothesis and worked out to the evidence. With this he was said to have secured some very remarkable results. I told father about it afterward and he said he didn't doubt it in the least.

Of the crime itself there was little to be learned. The facts were simply that, on the preceding Monday evening, the



"Our dear old dad, as we used to see him going to work every evening with his worn black mask and his odorous, old-fashioned dark lantern"

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priceless monocle had been reposing in the iron-bound chest. On Tuesday noon it had not. Than this nothing could be more baffling and, to an ordinary mind, the situation would have been absolutely hopeless; but to the three great detectives nothing was hopeless, and the quiet assurance with which they started to work was an inspiration to a young man whose experience had been as limited as mine.

Dr. Blackmore, in the first place, following his usual theory, had concluded that the theft was the result of a diseased imagination and, in order to substantiate the possibility of such a diagnosis, he had telegraphed his New York office for tables showing the relative proportion of felony in cases of croup, as well as the famous monograph of the German—Stultzburger of Jena—on the same theory, which he proceeded to read in greater part. He also pointed out that, granting the prevalence of disease in such an overwhelming majority of felonies, it was possible to substantiate the idea in this particular case, first, by the fact that rural life such as that surrounding the house was especially conducive to insanity; second, that nothing but the one object had been disturbed by the intruder, and third, that the object itself was of a nature to appeal naturally to an abnormal and sensuous intellect.

"So then," he concluded triumphantly, "it is only necessary to find a person with a mind sufficiently diseased."



"She blushed and then buried her head on my shoulder"

BUT Atterton, all this time, had been fairly bursting to interrupt him and hardly had the doctor concluded his discourse, when he was immediately launched upon his.

"I grant you, Doctor," he began, "that, in a general way, your ideas are absolutely sound, yet in this particular case, our problem is not to find all the persons who might have stolen the jewel, but to apprehend the one who actually did it."

"Now then," he continued impressively, "I have come to the conclusion that the jewel was stolen by one of two persons—either somebody inside the house or somebody outside of it. So, granting that it was one or the other, the question is: first, if it were somebody inside the house, is the jewel still here? Or, second, if it were somebody outside the house (a) How did they get in? and (b) How did they get out?"

I then gathered in a general way that he had attributed the theft to a hypothetical man whom he called X. By a consultation of time-tables for trains running into town during the hours when the theft was committed, he had decided that X lived in Trenton, or thereabouts, had come to town on the 11:43 and had left for New York on the 5:59. He had also found tracks on the west lawn leading up to the porch, evidently made late the night before, which effectively disposed of the theory that the robbery had been committed by some one within the house. He also knew that X was a man of some learning, because certain books which none of the rest of us ever read were found open in the library; he knew further that he had once been in good circumstances, because the order of the bottles in the wine cellar showed that a rare old vintage had been recently extracted; and he also showed that he was left-handed, because the jewel was always kept in the right-hand side of the chest and the left-hand side had been disturbed before the monocle had been found. Like the doctor, moreover, he concluded triumphantly, saying:

"So then, our sole problem is now to locate Mr. X."

DURING all the talk between the doctor and Atterton I had seen that Severn had been listening with the air of one who has a bomb up his sleeve and, when they had finished, he now proceeded to explode it.

"Your theories, gentlemen," he said, "are interesting in the extreme, but, unfortunately, you have overlooked one feature into which, as it happens, I have a rather intimate insight—and that is the Oriental character."

He then went on to point out that the remarkable feature of the monocle was that it was of native Indian manufacture. He referred to Colonel Clayton's branch house in Calcutta; gave an outline of some of the famous clans, castes and secret societies of the Orient; and finally concluded with remarks on a singular trait of the Oriental character—the almost religious significance which the Eastern mystic, and particularly the Indian, attaches to inanimate articles, especially jewels. He knew of a case, he said, in which a fanatic had pursued a certain emerald over three continents and had finally found it in Cape Town after a career entailing three murders and an international diplomatic situation of extreme delicacy. He then advanced the idea that the monocle, by reason of its hieroglyphics, which he had not had the opportunity to translate, was of extreme importance to some Indian sect or tribe.

"And so, gentlemen," he concluded, "the solution of this mystery lies not in Barneyville, not in New York. It lies in India!"

The thrill which swept over our little group at this suggestion of Oriental mystery in this quiet, sleeping village in New Jersey can well be imagined. It left us, indeed, with a creeping, uncanny feeling which even the brightness of the morning could not dispel and, looking over our shoulders as if we felt the suggestion of an unearthly presence, we broke up our conference, promising to meet on the following evening.

Personally, however, I was slightly downcast, for, in the face of these mighty minds, my own small efforts seemed puny and childish. Persistence, however, has always been a characteristic of our family, making up, perhaps, for a possible lack of genius, and, hopeless though the task might seem, I spurred myself not to give up.

For some reason or other I have always found that I can think best in the small hours of the morning and so, about three o'clock, there came to me a plan so vast, so strange, so daring, that I can believe it nothing short of a revelation.

In the morning I put it into effect. Immediately after breakfast I went to Barneyville Center, walked into the local police station, and asked the sergeant at the desk:

"Will you kindly give me a list of your leading burglars?"

The sergeant was a slow-witted man. He rather bore out father's theory, but, after looking me over for a moment and seeing that I was apparently all right, he drawled, reminiscently:

"Well, I tell you. Most of our real first-class burglars are up in state's prison. In a town like this we don't get so many of them, anyway, and, about a year ago, they got so troublesome that we had to go out and lock them up."

"And then," I said, a little crestfallen, "there are not any local burglars who are working now?"

The sergeant paused and bit off a chew of tobacco.

"No," he replied, "I can't say that there are, but you might try old man Kinney, who lives up in the white house beyond the tavern. He's been locked up for arson once or twice, but I don't know what he is doing now. I haven't heard."

I THANKED him, gave him a cigar, and then went out to look for old man Kinney. I found him to be a picturesque, nasal-voiced Yankee pottering around the yard with a short-handled rake. I told him what the sergeant had said, which rather pleased him, and then introduced

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myself. After a little talk about my father, with whom he had had some correspondence, I related the object of my call and asked him if he had stolen the monocle. He stopped and chewed a moment before he answered.

"No," he said, at last, with great deliberation, "I didn't steal it, and I don't think that any of the boys here in town did, but of course you can't tell. Burglary is a funny business and sometimes a fellow don't tell you all he knows. I remember a time along about two years after the war—"

On any other occasion I would have been glad indeed to listen to his reminiscences, but, this morning, I was in somewhat of a hurry and so I drew him back to the question.

"No," he said again, "I don't think it was any one in town stole it and, if it was stolen at all, it must have been some stranger. You see, we all think a lot of the Colonel around here and we all agreed, one time, not to steal anything but his apples."

"Then you really have no idea," I said, "who took the monocle?"

"No," he repeated, "I hain't; but still," and again he paused, "there's a fellow up the road a piece who does a little housebreaking sometimes, though he's a watchmaker by trade. He's some kind of a Dutchman. He lives in the second house beyond the mill, one with vines on the stoop. You might go and ask him."

I thanked him for his information and hurried off to interview the watchmaker. He was, it seemed, a Swiss, and did not speak English very well, but he was excessively polite and offered to do anything in his power to help me. He regretted to say, however, that he had not stolen the monocle. In fact he didn't know it was there. If he had he might have.

Thus I was rather dejected as I wended my way into the village, but, as I neared the tavern, old man Kinney came running out, waving his arms.

"Say," he called, clear across the street, "have you tried the pawnshop?"

I confessed that I hadn't, so old man Kinney, in a confidential tone, said that he would go along with me, as they might not feel like showing stolen goods to a stranger.

THE pawnshop was kept by a man named Schwartz, and, after Kinney had introduced me, Schwartz went into the back room and produced the monocle.

"You're sure it's all right, are you, Jim?" he asked, however, before he showed it.

"Oh, sure," replied Kinney in the friendliest way. "This young fellow is straight as a die. His father is one of the best-known burglars in Newark."

With this assurance Schwartz allowed me to put the monocle in my pocket on my promise that I would return it by registered mail, and back I went to the house. My dearest girl was up when I returned and, our first morning greetings over, I asked her:

"Sweetheart, will you kindly tell me why you hocked your father's monocle?"

The look of suspicion that I loved so well came over her features.

"How did you know," she asked, "that it was I who pawned it?"

"The man at the hockshop told me," I replied. "I asked him and he said that it was you. But why did you do it?"

She blushed and then buried her head in my shoulder.

"I did it for you, Thomas," she murmured.

"For me?" I asked in amazement.

"Yes," she assented, almost in tears, "I thought that I couldn't stand it any longer. Things were going on so quietly and smoothly that I knew that, in a month or two, we were sure to be married here at home, and the thought of it simply overpowered me. All my life, the one thing that I have wanted to do was to elope, to be married on the sly, and now I was afraid that father was going to spoil everything by giving in."

"That's all right, dearie," I reassured her; "we'll elope this very night, but still, why did you hock the eyeglass?"

"I will tell you, dearest," she whispered, "I needed the money. I had none of my own, and goodness knows that you haven't any."

I QUIETED her as best I could by promising to elope that very evening, and then sought out her father.

"Colonel," I said, "Helen and I have decided to elope."

The Colonel wiped off his mustache in a way he had.

"That so?" he said. "I thought maybe you would."

"Yes," I explained; "Helen wants to run off this evening, but I thought I'd best tell you about it before we did anything."

"Quite right, my boy," he replied, contentedly. "Helen is an excitable girl. I think she takes after her mother and, on the whole, I guess it is best to let her have her way. I'll leave the latch off the front door, as you might have trouble with it."

I explained that I had already learned to operate the latch, at which he smiled again and said:

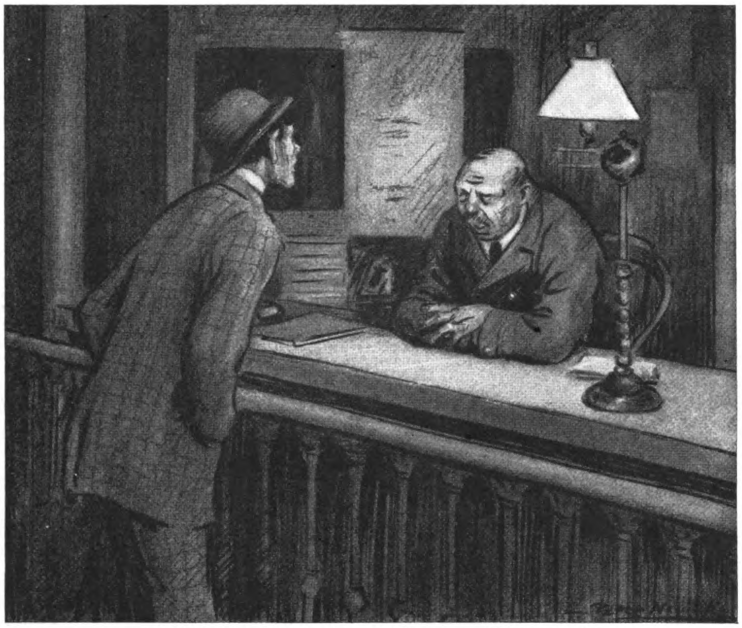
"Well, boys will be boys."

It was not until he asked whether I needed any money that I showed him the monocle and explained that I could not give it back to him until the pawnbroker had had a chance to correct his records.

"Quite right," he added again, "it's best to have everything shipshape. I always did it when I was in the business myself."

So, that night, Helen and I eloped, and my profession was found; but, before we went, I attended the conference presided over by Blackmore, who, with his colleagues, was overwhelmed with amazement when I produced the jewel. For once, however, I did not tell the whole truth, and I am sure that father would not have liked it, for he was a very punctilious man; but, not wishing to make too much of my own brilliant idea, I said that it had been sent to the Colonel by a wife-beater who had confessed on his deathbed that it had been given to him by a tall, dark man in a Spanish cloak. They seemed quite interested in that and started anew on a discussion of why a tall, dark man should wear a Spanish cloak. Before I left them, however, I passed the monocle to Severn and asked him if he could translate the inscription. He studied it eagerly for a moment and then he turned very red.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "the inscription reads," and here he went very slowly, "'Delhi, 1899. Souvenir of the Durbar. Welcome to Our City.'"



"Will you kindly give me a list of your leading burglars?"

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What They Think of Us

Chicago (Ill.) *Tribune*

Radical theories on the relations of the sexes have led Sylvia Pankhurst to part company with her mother and Christabel. We don't know how far Sylvia is prepared to go but we should say, offhand, that she would ornament the staff of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Pittsfield (Mass.) *Eagle*

The New York *Sun* and HARPER'S WEEKLY keep themselves busy telling what they think of each other. Hapgood to date seems to be thinking much deeper than the *Sun* and striking harder.

Chicago (Ill.) *Post*

Hooray! Norman Hapgood this week admits that T. R. had something to do with making possible whatever measure of progress lies in the Wilson Administration's legislation. Heretofore HARPER'S has given entire credit to La Follette, Cummins, Borah and their ilk.

William E. Dodd, Department of History, University of Chicago

As I read American history, democracy has never had a chance in the United States. Under Woodrow Wilson we are in reality nearer the practical application of the principle than ever before—if only he can hold his grip and such editors as yourself have much to do with his holding his grip. The HARPER'S is to me a sort of organ of democracy like Jefferson's *National Intelligencer* was when Wilson's predecessor was in office. "May it live long and prosper!"

Macon (Ga.) *News*

HARPER'S WEEKLY publishes an indictment of child labor conditions in the cotton mills of Georgia, and the *News*, first hand, is unable to say whether, generally, the charges are warranted.

In Macon, perhaps, the mills are operated on a higher standard than anywhere else in the state. Humane mill-owners, with a scrupulous sense of morals, men like Mr. Broadus E. Willingham, not only conform to all requirements of the law, but show their employees an unusual amount of consideration and kindness. However, all mills are not individually owned and managed; and when northern corporations control them and operate them from a distance conditions are apt to be different. . . .

Georgia has a commissioner of labor one of whose duties is to detect and prosecute such violations of the child labor law as are alleged by HARPER'S. However, as he is neither preceded, accompanied nor followed by the fanfare of press-agented publicity, differing in this respect from some other state officials, the public generally is not informed as to the nature and extent of his operations. But, as he is a man of courage, purpose, and ability, the charges made by a southern writer in a northern magazine should command his attention and answer.

T. F. Vickers, Pittsburgh (Pa.)

The WEEKLY is getting better every issue, and you are to be praised and credited for giving the country something worth while to read and to think about.

E. J. Lane, Atlanta (Ga.)

Your editorials are like cool water to a parched throat. They are truthful, able, thrilling.

Syracuse (N. Y.) *Post Standard*

Norman Hapgood's work in transforming HARPER'S WEEKLY, formerly a masculine periodical, into an organ of feminism has at least the result of bringing before the world what feminism proposes. No one is more capable of telling us this than Ellen Key, and in her chapter, "Woman in a New World," she speaks her mind with terrifying frankness.

Fort Worth (Tex.) *Telegram*

Thousands, millions perhaps, of old-fashioned and workaday people will be both shocked and pained to learn that the United States Supreme Court has outlived its usefulness and is obviously tottering to its fall; but some of the largest and freshest painted signs of the times indubitably point to that tragic consummation.

As a basis for this gloomy prediction we do not depend upon the history of the rise and fall of civilizations and systems, nor upon our own groping and imperfect understanding of such phenomena. Far from it. But we do depend upon the searchlight intellects, the adamantine integrity and skyscraping patriotism of two incomparable men, one of whom emits a continuous flow of standardized and tested legal infallibility, while the other pipes the precious output of the more or less gaping public.

Need we name these heavenly twins? Is it not like carrying coals to Newcastle or expounding perfect government in Arizona to do so? Hasn't the astute and sympathetic reader already guessed that no others could possibly be meant than Louis Brandeis, the Boston geyser of righteousness, and Norman Hapgood, holder of the ample distributing hose and director of the sacred nozzle? No doubt; no doubt. However, in matters of such great pith and moment, it is well to kiss the circumambient, grovel in silent humility and let the oracle speak. It is now about to do so. HARPER'S WEEKLY says the supreme court of the state of Washington has decided that when a retail grocer has agreed not to sell a certain brand of flour below a stated price, the heavens may fall, but the price must not, and that justice and mercy and the square deal must prevail over any and all wild desires of a racket store man to revise the tariff on rat-traps without the consent of the manufacturer.

"This decision," HARPER'S goes on to say, "is another expression of the growing belief that the view of public policy in regard to price maintenance taken by the majority of the United States Supreme Court is unsound and mistaken, and that the position taken by Mr. Brandeis in his article on 'Competition That Kills' in our issue of November 15, is sound."

What can the effete and flabby East now do to steady its progress downward and hide its limp? Of what avail are some musty documents and worm-eaten tomes of the times of John Jay and John Marshall, now that the judicial peaks of the Pacific Slope have found a tongue, and "Brandeis answers, positive and proud, back to the joyous West that calls to him aloud?"

We certainly give it up. Poor old outworn constitution! Poor old blundering supreme court!

Guaranteed heating!



Even after you're sure "Winter's backbone is broken," there's the long period which comes between the last snow and the first green that is ***most trying***—with raw, searching winds, chill rains, and penetrating fogs and dampness. Then's the time of extremes—under- and over-heating—fuel wastes—that's when old-fashioned heating methods are drains on patience and purse. To protect in any weather, day and night, by ***balanced heating,*** absolute control in even comfort—is the mission and guarantee of

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If Spring winds are now showing how comfortless and costly your present system is, write us *today* for (free) book: "Ideal Heating"—which shows how to put "an armor of balanced heating comfort" around your building and save fuel money.

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The Spirit of Service

WHEN the land is storm-swept, when trains are stalled and roads are blocked, the telephone trouble-hunter with snow shoes and climbers makes his lonely fight to keep the wire highways open.

These men can be trusted to face hardship and danger, because they realize that snow-bound farms, homes and cities must be kept in touch with the world.

This same spirit of service animates the whole Bell telephone system. The linemen show it when they carry the wires across mountains and wilderness. It is found in the girl at the switch-board who sticks to her post despite fire or flood. It inspires the leaders of the telephone forces, who are finally responsible to the public for good service.

This spirit of service is found in the recent rearrangement of the telephone business to conform with present public policy, without recourse to courts.

The Bell System has grown to be one of the largest corporations in the country, in response to the telephone needs of the public, and must keep up with increasing demands.

However large it may become, this corporation will always be responsive to the needs of the people, because it is animated by the spirit of service. It has shown that men and women, co-operating for a great purpose, may be as good citizens collectively as individually.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than to speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor, Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.

Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Guaranteed and Preferred Railroad Stocks

THIS article, it may as well be said at the start, has a somewhat narrow appeal, because it is directed mainly at persons who pay taxes in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and to an extent in Pennsylvania, or who pay the federal income tax anywhere. Stocks generally are free from state and local taxation in the hands of the owners in the first three states named, and all stocks are free from the income tax, unless one is the fortunate possessor of an income in excess of $20,000.

At the same time, an article dealing with the guaranteed and preferred stocks of our larger railroad companies may not be amiss from the point of view of practical information even in a somewhat wider circle, for there is a deal of misinformation and misconception regarding the relative merits of stocks and bonds. It is quite true that the best bonds are better than the best stocks, and when a corporation suffers, its stocks go first. But that is about all that can be said. Certainly the best guaranteed stocks of railroads like the Lackawanna, Pennsylvania and Lake Shore, and the preferred stocks of companies such as the Northwestern, Reading, Union Pacific and Norfolk & Western are probably safer from every point of view than the bulk of bonds sold to investors. There is nothing in a name, and a very great deal in large earnings and assets, and good management.

Railroad securities are in a sense under a cloud. The disclosures of rottenness in the Frisco and New Haven companies, the pending reorganization of the Rock Island and pending investigation of the New York Central, with the recent steady fall in its stock, and the legal and legislative complications of the Union-Southern and Louisville & Nashville systems (in the last two cases there is no question of lack of financial strength) have all combined to make investors uneasy, even if there were no trouble in regard to freight rates and if labor unions never struck. But it is an ignorant person, indeed, who does not realize that many railroad companies are exceedingly strong financially, and that many railroad securities are so close to the actual property and so near to being the first charge upon the earnings arising from these properties, that events pass over and leave them unscathed.

Genesis and Position

THE large railroad systems are, with few exceptions, consolidations of smaller roads, which generally form the main lines or the larger branches. The large systems lease these constituent companies for a term of years (usually 99 or 999 years) and guarantee a certain dividend on the leased properties. For the stock of these leased properties to be valuable, the properties must form an essential or integral part of the larger system.*

The better guaranteed stocks have a splendid record. Few leases have been broken except where poverty demands (the Boston & Maine will probably try to break a number of leases shortly), and

*Owners of most guaranteed stocks are not minority shareholders, because often the larger system does not own more than a few shares, controlling the road wholly by lease rather than by ownership.

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with the better stocks, earnings of leased lines are not only enormous but far exceed dividend requirements. Many of the dividends paid on these stocks range from 7 to 12 per cent., but the stocks sell at prices where the net return of the best issues runs from 4.30 per cent. to 4.55 per cent., with a few exceptions paying more.

There are plenty of guaranteed stocks to choose from, which return the investor about 4.40 per cent., in regard to whose safety there cannot be the shadow of a suspicion. In New York and Connecticut the local tax rate runs up almost to 2 per cent., and everywhere there is the income tax of 1 per cent. It is true that many corporations pay the income tax on their bonds, but even then the owner has the annoyance of making out and filing with his bank a certificate for every bond (except municipals). It is true also that by paying a recording tax of ½ of 1 per cent. in New York and a few other states the owner is freed from further local taxation upon his bonds, but if he chooses to sell his bonds and buy others he must pay all over again. Stocks are not taxed in the states named, and there is no filing of certificates or recording taxes.*

In Pennsylvania there are about twelve guaranteed railroad stocks, free from taxation, and in this number are several of the highest grade, such as Cleveland & Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh & Fort Wayne & Chicago, both guaranteed by the Pennsylvania, and the Beech Creek, guaranteed by the New York Central, these three yielding 4.30, 4.30 and 4.45 per cent. respectively. Cleveland & Pittsburgh and several others are free from taxation in Ohio, and the Detroit, Hillsdale & Jackson, guaranteed by the enormously rich Lake Shore, along with two others, are free from tax in Michigan, the yield on the stock named being about 4½ per cent.

Among other high-class guaranteed stocks are the Morris & Essex and United New Jersey Railroad & Canal Company, which are the main lines across the State of New Jersey of the Lackawanna and Pennsylvania railroads respectively, and each of which yields about 4.30 per cent.; the Fort Wayne & Jackson, guaranteed by the Lake Shore; Rensselaer & Saratoga (Delaware & Hudson), Delaware & Bound Brook (Reading), each yielding about 4.45 per cent.; and the New York, Lackawanna & Western, Oswego & Syracuse and the Utica, Chenango & Susquehanna Valley (all Lackawanna), yielding from 4.35 to 4.45 per cent.

There are four or five others whose safety seems ample and yet which return a higher rate. Canada Southern returns about 4¾ per cent., and is guaranteed by the Michigan Central whose main line it forms. Illinois Central leased line stock returns 4¾ per cent. on the investment, and is the stock of the Illinois Central's line from the Ohio River to New Orleans.

Guaranteed stocks are not dealt in on the Stock Exchange, but there is always a sufficient demand and market for the better issues. They have one great advantage over all but an insignificant minority of bonds, in that they can be bought in small amounts, prices ranging from $60 to $200.

The Little Known Preferred

A STRANGELY neglected group of securities are the preferred stocks of the stronger railroad systems. Although

*There are other states in which many stocks are not taxed. In Massachusetts, for example, stocks of companies organized in that state are exempt, all others being taxable.



Watch Men

On dining cars, at hotels and restaurants—men away from home. Then you will know what foods men really like.

We watched them for a year at dairy lunches in New York. And four out of five who took ready-cooked cereals took either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Watch Children

Serve some morning on the breakfast table two or three ready-cooked cereals. Give children their choice, then you'll know which they like best. Our evidence is that four in five will take the Puffed Grains always.

They like the looks—gigantic grains, puffed to eight times normal size. They like the taste, which is much like toasted nuts.

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Prof. Anderson's process makes whole grains wholly digestible. It does this by causing inside of each grain a hundred million steam explosions. By literally blasting every food granule to pieces. No other process does that.

These dainty, thin grains were not made to delight you. They were made by a scientist in the service of science. But they do delight, so there is every reason why your folks should have them.



Puffed Wheat-10¢
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Except in Extreme West

Serve in the morning with cream and sugar, or mixed with any fruit. For suppers, serve like crackers floating in bowls of milk.

Use like nut meats in home candy making, or as garnish for ice cream. Let the children eat them dry, like peanuts, when at play. You will find them both foods and confections.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(524)

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Fifth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

Sixth: *Policyholders' Health Bureau* arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.

The Good Things In Next Week's Issue

HARPER'S WEEKLY is progressive in every field. ROBBING JESUS TO PAY PAUL, is a criticism of the pharisaical attitude in the Christian Church. We are just as much interested in the democratic movement in the Church as in any other form of progressive thinking.

THE THUNDER LIZARD is a most astonishing article on the discoveries of a prehistoric skeleton in the Bad Lands. We are publishing the first authentic story and first pictures ever printed of this creature.

There will be an article by Gerald Stanley Lee called IS MR. FORD AN INSPIRED MILLIONAIRE? "Why did Ford do it?" is the question he tries to answer. He gives a number of guesses—you can take your choice.

The fifth in the series MATE-LOVE AND MONOGAMY, by Mrs. Austin, is a most complete refutation of the arguments for free love. Mrs. Austin believes in marriage, and she is one of the wisest writers on questions of love and women that we have today. "Why is Free Love a failure?" is answered in this article.

THE HONOR OF THE ARMY, dealing with feudal abuses in the army of a civilized country, is a series making a great stir. What do you think of the Court-Martial System?

Although the issue will contain so many articles on important and interesting matters, there is a story, charming and whimsical, of the quiet influence of a crippled man in the village which pities him.

MR. SHINN has done a most delightful picture, one of his child studies. You may not be familiar with this phase of his work, but you will be entirely won over when you have seen next week's double page picture.

Do not miss the opportunity of joining the ranks of those who keep up to date in art and politics, in religion and morals.

they are all listed on the Stock Exchange they furnish no incentive as a rule to the speculator, as their prices vary but little. Yet they can be had to yield from 4½ to 5 per cent., their safety is wholly beyond question, they are free from all taxation in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, and free from the income tax in all states.

Possibly the safest and best-known railroad preferred issues are the first and second preferred of the Reading Company, and the preferred of the Chicago & Northwestern, Union Pacific and Norfolk & Western. Another group which is but a trifle less secure includes the St. Paul, Atchison, Baltimore & Ohio, Soo line and Omaha. Owners of Union Pacific preferred are now suing the company because they were not included in a recent extra distribution of profits. But without regard to this dispute the stock yields 4.72 per cent. at the present price of 84¾, and has sold as high as 118½. Dividends on the stock are earned eight or nine times over. Northwestern preferred yields only 4.65 per cent. at current prices, but even in times of adversity dividends have been earned six times over.

Reading first preferred at 88 yields 4.55 per cent. and the second preferred at 90½ yields 4.42 per cent. The second preferred sells higher because the company may convert it, half into first preferred and half into common stock, which latter carries a much higher dividend and therefore adds a speculative feature. Dividends on the first preferred are earned perhaps thirteen times over, and on the second preferred eight or nine times.

Norfolk & Western preferred now returns about 4.65 per cent. and it takes a poor year to bring its earnings down to where preferred dividends are earned less than five or six times over. For the year ending June 30 last earnings were at least ten times greater than the preferred dividend requirement. St. Paul preferred returns about 5 per cent. and Atchison and Baltimore and Ohio preferred each about 4.90 per cent.

In a recent year St. Paul preferred did not earn much more than its dividend (largely owing to the burden of the new transcontinental line) and the dividend on the $116,000,000 of common stock had to be reduced from 7 to 5 per cent. But ordinarily St. Paul preferred is considered a high-grade investment, and the common stock has gradually grown in esteem in the last year or so. In the poorest year of the last five Atchison preferred dividends were earned more than two and a half times over. In the year ended June 30 last dividends were earned four times over.

Yielding nearly 5 per cent. Atchison preferred looks safe and attractive to the conservative investor who wishes to avoid paying taxes on his holdings in the states enumerated.

Even in bad years Baltimore & Ohio earns dividends on its preferred stock five times over, and yet this stock also returns nearly 5 per cent. on the investment. The main consideration of any investment is to make it fit the individual. The widow who buys $20,000 of good 5 per cent. bonds and must live on the proceeds will have a hard enough time in these days of high living costs, but if a tax collector happens to hear of her purchase and takes 1.80 per cent. (New York City tax rate) away from her, $640 will go even a shorter distance than will $1000.

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Gen. Lit.

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

MAR 16 1914

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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CONTENTS FOR MARCH 14, 1914

Cover .....

Study of an Old Man ..... Charles Dana Gibson 2
From the painting

Editorials 3

The Thunder Lizard ..... Raymond Evans 6
Digging up the largest animal in the world
Illustrated from Photographs

Is Ford an Inspired Millionaire? ..... Gerald Stanley Lee 9
Why did he go in for benevolence?
Illustrated by Herb Roth

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 12

The Right Grounds for Divorce ..... Mary Austin 13
Divorce courts and the needs of children
Illustrated by H. T. Dunn

Busy ..... Everett Shinn 16
Cartoon

Army-Made Criminals ..... Charles Johnson Post 18
Why men desert
Illustrated from photographs

St. George and the Dragon ..... Laura L. Hinkley 22
A story
Illustrated by Harriet Mead Olcott

Robbing Jesus to Pay Paul ..... George J. Anderson 24
Is Jesus as powerful in the modern church as Paul?
Illustrated from photographs

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 27
Bonds readily convertible into cash

A Wayside Fire ..... Edith Wyatt 30
A Poem

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The Things to Read Next Week

The I. W. W. is active everywhere. Strikes are everywhere. Violence is everywhere. The lawbreaking is not all among the workers by any manner of means. They have terrible wrongs to complain of. Recent and gross outrages against peaceful organization have been committed on the Pacific Coast. Inez Haynes Gilmore will tell of the STRIKE AT MARYVILLE. Read it.

Americans think that ours is the only country that has political corruption. Read the story of graft that America would not tolerate, in the Canadian Legislature, by WILLIAM J. BURNS, the famous detective.

JOHN R. MOTT is a national character, though very many people do not know about his marvelous work in the Y. M. C. A. A leader in American finance and philanthropy thinks he is the greatest man alive. President Wilson thinks he is one of the noblest men in America. Arthur Gleason will tell you why.

Are you having trouble with the INCOME TAX? Everyone is, and J. H. Moore has written an article which will make matters clearer for you, and more interesting.

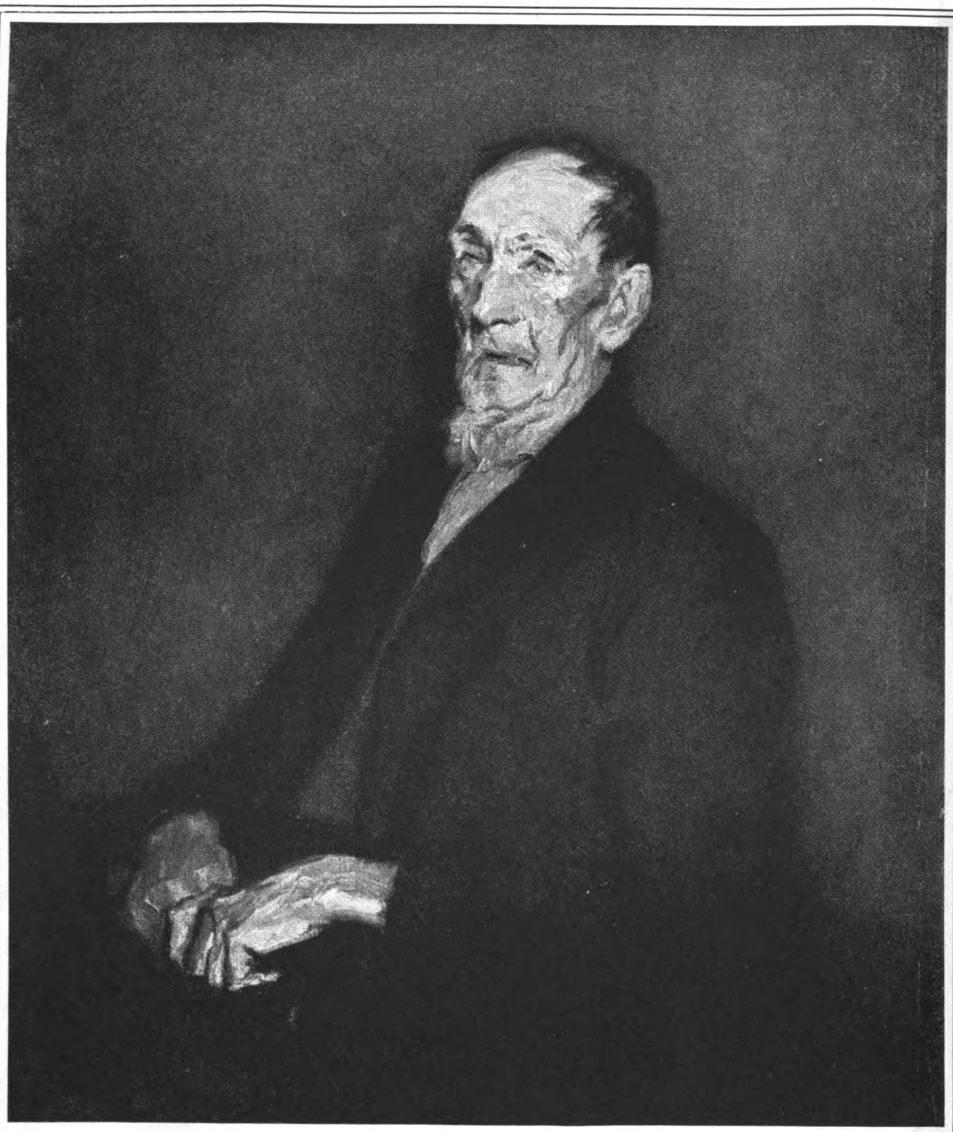
Is MUSICAL COMEDY rotten? Harold Sterns thinks so, and we have some pictures to illustrate what he means.

The second instalment of the "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON" is just as touching as the first, and tells how the wise, gentle cripple rescues the little girl from disgrace.

The fifth and last instalment of the "HONOR OF THE ARMY" by Charles Johnson Post, is the most dramatic of all. This series is making a great sensation, both in Army circles, and in political circles in Washington. Are you interested in the Army? You may be more interested at any moment. Don't miss the chance of keeping yourself informed about it.

FREE LOVE has been discussed a great deal recently. Mrs. Austin tells why it is inevitably a failure. Read her article and be able to give good reasons for the opinion that you and your wife feel to be right by instinct.

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STUDY OF AN OLD MAN

By Charles Dana Gibson

While Mr. Gibson continues to illustrate, the field in which he won his widespread fame, he has for several years been working steadily at oil painting, and the excellence of the result is well shown in this painting. Character in drawing and the ability to get likeness are the qualities for which his painting is most notable

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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The Mexican Situation

THE embarrassing position in which the United States, and civilized countries generally, are put by the developments in Mexico can be traced back to the administration of President Taft. If that administration had pursued clearly and fearlessly the principles of justice, instead of being swayed by the timidity and selfishness of certain investors, Mexico would now be in a more desirable condition. President Wilson inherited a fundamentally wrong situation in that matter, as he did in the matter of Canal tolls, and in both cases he set about beginning a policy that squared with his own ideas of public morals. In Mexico, the policy which he undertook was one of extreme difficulty, but difficulty does not stand in his way when he is convinced that he is right. When Mr. Taft was President he had the opportunity to strengthen Madero. Madero was the best type of leader that has been developed in Mexico. He understood exactly what was the matter with his country. His book called "The Presidential Succession" was a clear and accurate warning to Diaz of what the country needed and was likely to demand. Madero was a philosopher and a statesman. Taft should have had in Mexico a man who would have earnestly backed the Madero régime. He might well even have lent American officers to Madero to help him build up his army. He might well even have helped him police certain towns, as being in their nature international ports. Instead of that, he was surrounded by men who had sympathized with Diaz, who were opposed to Madero, who saw in Huerta the kind of person they wanted—a person who would force a certain amount of external order and who could be used to the satisfaction of the big investors. Henry Lane Wilson was a malign influence in the country, working against the struggling efforts toward nationality and enlightenment, working for the old régime of arbitrariness and response to financial pressure. President Wilson's view of Mexico is the same as was Madero's. He has done what he could to help the Mexicans get a start toward self-government, or at least toward government in the interests of the mass of Mexicans. He therefore could not recognize Huerta, a murderer and a reactionary. Unfortunately for him, no second Madero has developed. Carranza very obviously is not a man of Madero's size. Villa has proved himself enough of the Mexican barbarian to make trouble. In the present unenlightened state of the world, any war situation like that in Mexico is not handled by reason alone. It is powder surrounded with sparks. It can at any time be upset by a mere stupid accident. Meantime, all that the wisest president can do is to map out a course that is right, follow it with patience, caution, and courage, and then trust that destiny will not be too hard.

Policy and Morals

PRESIDENT WILSON'S desire to have the Canal tolls exemption clause repealed is good morals, but at the same time it is good politics. If we are going ahead applying modern ideas to foreign affairs, we ought to have some friends among the nations, at least those friends whom we can acquire by following the cause of enlightenment and justice. Suppose the repeal does make a friend of England, is it not the part of statesmen to make friends where friends can be made through acts that are in themselves right? Nothing has amazed us more in a long time than the attacks on the President's repeal policy made by some senators in whose judgment we were accustomed to have the greatest confidence.

The Path of Safety

CREATED for the purpose of defending the individual against arbitrary oppression, the procedure of our courts continues to defend him under free government to such an extent that society itself is not protected. The New York Court of Appeals, after more than a year and a quarter's delay, has overturned the conviction of Mr. Charles Becker, the distinguished police official, because it didn't like the rulings of the lower judge and the fact decisions of the jury. What if Goff did influence the jury? English judges do, and their criminal law works better than ours. The New York Court of Appeals is made up in large part of individuals so apart from the spirit of our time that they are incapable of usefully representing it. Courts ought to lean backwards in their endeavor not to interfere with legislatures, juries or trial judges. There is more of a groundswell of discontent in this country than the comfortable classes realize. The only way to meet it is for those in responsible positions, whether in the courts, legislatures, business or professions, to be sympathetic. Extreme conservatism is a menace. The path of safety is a path of solution. The fitting leader today is the leader who finds the just ways of carrying out the people's will. The useful upper court today is the court that interferes as little as possible with those below who are in touch with the facts and represent the people.

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Protecting the Future

TIMES change fast. Only a little while ago almost any legislation intended to benefit society and requiring sacrifice from some individual or interest, was called unconstitutional. Some of our state courts are still living in this atmosphere. Most of them are not, and the United States Supreme Court is decidedly progressive. On February 24 it affirmed the judgment of the Supreme Court of Ohio, upholding the constitutionality of the Ohio law which provides that women shall not work in any factory, workshop, telephone or telegraph office, millinery or dressmaking establishment, or restaurant, more than ten hours in any one day or more than fifty-four hours in any one week. The leading case along this line is the Oregon Laundry Case, upheld in 1908. That was argued by Mr. Brandeis, who was also called into the Ohio case. Since the Oregon decision, the courts of Massachusetts, Michigan, California and Washington have upheld similar laws. The upholding of the Ohio law comes almost simultaneously with the President's signature to the La Follette-Peters Bill, which passed the Senate last July, passed the House on Lincoln's Birthday and was signed by the President on February 24. It provides for an eight-hour day in the District of Columbia. This bill was introduced at the request of the National Consumers League, of which John Graham Brooks is president and which includes among its officers Florence Kelley, Josephine Goldmark, Jane Addams, Mrs. Frederic Nathan, Mrs. Samuel S. Fels, and other leaders in practical, progressive work. The purpose of the bill is to make conditions wholesome, inspiring, and livable for the women themselves. It is in order to enable the next generation to be born and started under favorable circumstances that such legislation is enacted.

An Interesting View

A RESIDENT of the Middle West, widely known for his public spirit, courage, support of good causes and steady opposition to bad ones, put in a bold protest the other day against over-encouragement given to the laboring world. He said that journalists, clergymen and statesmen, riding on a radical wave, are promising the masses the kind of life that never can be theirs, and that when all possible reforms are made, and the world does not become what they expected it to, their discontent will be greater than ever, and it will break out in violence. This point of view, coming from so intelligent a source, is of much interest, but it seems to us that human psychology is different. Of course the criticism holds of a certain type of violent reformer who appeals to passion and exaggerates evil, but we do not think it holds of the reformers, headed at present by Woodrow Wilson, who make their appeals to the mind. Undoubtedly, all of us, in whatever class we live, have ideals that can never be reached entirely, but we are happier progressing toward those ideals and encouraged by the community in our progress than if we are given the impression that no serious improvement in the human lot is possible. In our opinion, the lot of the average man can be and will be greatly ameliorated, and it is more desirable to have the community believe this and try to carry it out than it is, by timidity about the psychological effect on the laboring classes, to keep in a skeptical frame of mind, that may prevent us from putting our whole hearts and brains into accomplishing the uttermost that can be done toward increasing light and opportunity among those who do the world's darker work.

Devotion

JOSEPH FELS will be missed. He was a man of insight. He was one of the earliest business men to adopt profit sharing. He worked hard for coöperation. Like Henry Ford, he knew how to make money, but was not satisfied to do nothing else. His heart was most centered in a principle that, in modified form, commends itself more and more to students of taxation. He was one of the few persons of wealth in this country who have not been satisfied with philanthropy, but have opposed the very sources of extreme wealth, fighting the monoplies and concentrations that produce inequalities. Fels lived in obscure hotels. He traveled in third-class railway compartments. He made friends of the humble. He had the fervor of a conversion that came late in life. To him the root of all evil lies in the monopoly of land. The unearned increment was to him an almost personal devil. He went about the world fighting for the single tax, talking to everybody about it, depleting in the cause a fortune made honestly in selling soap. He believed the single tax would make an end of poverty. Few men live as happily as he lived through the closing years of his busy existence. He believed he had found his answer. His conscience was clear; his path lay straight ahead; his influence was powerful. The radical program of the British Government was in part stimulated and hastened by him. The group of land reformers in our country were largely nourished by him. He scorned charity in his public speeches and practiced it in his private life. He was sincere and generous and glowing. He was a Jew, and he had the virtues which we are pleased to call Christian.

Old Doc Gallinger

SENATOR GALLINGER is rounding out his last term in the Senate. His distinguished career is drawing to a close. His latest triumph is his nation-wide campaign against vivisection. He proposes an investigation by the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service into the rumors that the doctors in New York hospitals use children instead of animals for experiments with serums. If Gallinger were a typical American, we should not be swift in condemning Russia for her excitement about "ritual murder." Senator Gallinger has already decided in his own mind "that a prima facie case has been made out against some practitioners." Senator Gallinger proclaims the glad tidings that he is himself a physician. In truth, after an academic education that would not now admit him to any medical college of the first rank, he attended an "Eclectic Medical Institute" in Cincinnati in 1858, and achieved the degree of M. D. ten years

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later from the New York Homeopathic Medical College. After he had practiced medicine in Concord, New Hampshire, for ten years, politics claimed him as its own. He opposes anything endorsed by the American Medical Association, like the Owen Bill for a Department of Health, and the Children's Bureau with its inquiry into infant mortality. Nobody takes Senator Gallinger seriously as a senator. Why not let him strut about as an authority on medical subjects?

Alfred Noyes

PRINCETON has done well to make him part of its atmosphere. He takes high ground from the start. He has no apology to make for being a poet. He does not plead for the right to be heard. He does not devise tactful approaches to a difficult matter. He speaks under inner compulsion and with a sense of power. He recites, intones, chants his lyrics in a breathless way. He reaffirms the place of the poet in a heedless world. He believes the poet must be listened to, that business and science need his voice to tell them the meaning of their activity. He has no regard for niceties of delivery. He jumbles his notes on pieces of rough paper, spills them on the floor. He has no trained use of the voice, but shoots it out in a hurried, excited monotone, without breath relief or pause for effect. He is a clean-cut fellow, of university pattern, with a manner without affectation. He will have a strengthening and refreshing influence on the boys.

In Utah

ARE the people of Utah to have no better choice for senatorial candidates than Reed Smoot, Republican, and William H. King, Democrat? King served in Congress many years ago and was appointed a judge by Cleveland. He has learned nothing and forgotten nothing in twenty years. He came all the way to Washington from Utah, representing a private interest, to oppose the beneficent plan of the government to obtain radium for the benefit of suffering humanity. He would probably vote with his Democratic colleagues on most questions, just as Smoot generally votes against the Administration these days. They are both reactionaries. Stephen H. Love, another Mormon, but a leader in the Progressive Party, is spoken of for the governorship. He has endeared himself to progressives of all parties, however, by his stand for right. He opposed the election of Smoot because of the ecclesiastical influence of the Apostles in politics. He has stood for railroad reforms when there were few in Utah to withstand corrupting influences. Would it not be possible for real Democrats and real progressives to undertake a fusion movement with the view of sending Love to the Senate?

In Connecticut

ARE the people of Connecticut to be forced to a choice between Brandegee and Baldwin? Governor Baldwin has good qualities, but he is a reactionary. If the *Sun* has its usual luck, its recent endorsement of Baldwin for the Senate will make his defeat certain.

Two Murphys

BOTH of them are named "Charlie." It is a bad time for the Murphy family. Charles Francis is hanging on by his nerve to the job of scandalizing New York and even Tammany Hall. Charles W. has been pried loose from his scarcely less conspicuous position in Chicago. They have both grown rich in a manner to create among their fellows a longing for their absence. Probably each thinks himself admirable and misunderstood. How they reach that conclusion would be welcome news from Bar Harbor to the Golden Gate; from Mexico to Duluth.

The Future of Charles W.

WHO believed last October that the baseball world would be so soon relieved of C. W. Murphy? Charles has become well off out of the proceeds of a club that once boasted of Tinker and Evers and Chance. What will a person of his refinement do with the money? Will he go to England in time to see the April celebration of Shakespeare's birth, or will he prefer the monuments of Florence? He will have time for reading, philosophy, and other effort of his brain and conscience. We seem to see him growing into a sweet and highly cultivated old man, devoted to art, history and letters. He was out of place as head of the most interesting ball club of recent years. The money that he made to the accompaniment of general opprobrium we refuse to believe will be used in loafing about, in crass discontented luxury. Surely he cannot wish himself back in a position which made him about the most unpopular man known in Chicago.

Pleading with Charles F.

WHY do you hang on, oh C. F. Murphy? Did you get no notion in November that the community had enough of you? Why don't you run for United States senator and find out what the people think? You are already so rich that, no matter how much more you get out of your position, you cannot absorb any greater amount of Delmonico terrapin. Your absence is desired by the very heelers in your party. Why should you not join Charles W.? You two might travel around the world, or you might go about your own country, visiting the county fairs, showing the astonished rustic the kind of leaders the great American cities are able to produce.

To Some Ladies

THIS journal is sufficiently known as the upholder of woman's enfranchisement, but even the best cause may suffer from errors of its upholders. The American suffrage leaders include some who deserve to be called statesmen. Those ladies, however, who threaten to undertake the defeat of senators who have fought their battles, merely to punish the Democratic Party as a party, are not statesmen. They do not correctly estimate the American temper. They will increase the vote for those senators, among women as well as among men, and will somewhat impede the progress of their own important cause.

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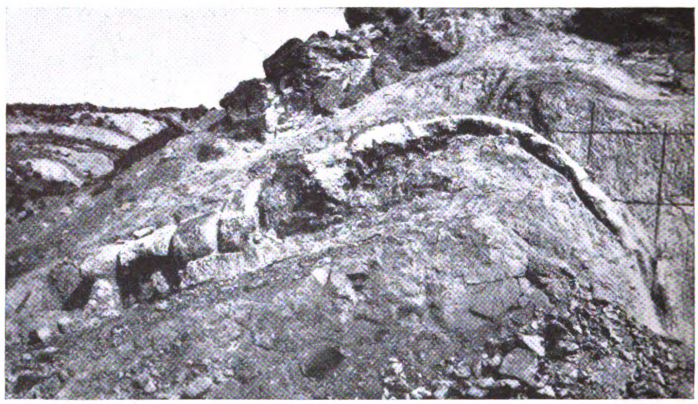
The Thunder Lizard

By RAYMOND EVANS

Pictures by courtesy of the Carnegie Museum



Bones of hind leg of Brontosaurus Louisae



A fossil skeleton partly uncovered in the quarry

THE *largest animal in the world has recently been dug up on the top of an arid mountain in the Bad Lands of Utah. This creature is called the Brontosaurus, and in actual bulk is larger than any skeleton ever discovered. With it are many other dinosaurs. This is the first authoritative story that has ever been published about this remarkable discovery*

IN Mesozoic times, in the "Age of Reptiles," a nameless river flowed into an ancient sea near the spot where the Green River now comes down through the wall of the Uintah Mountains in Utah. About its estuary lived and died innumerable dinosaurs, the vertebrates which then dominated the globe. As they died, their bones were buried in the sand and turned to stone. Among these were the twenty or more specimens whose fossilized bones are now being taken from the rock in the museum in Pittsburgh. One of these was a colossal beast, exceeding in size and weight even the great Diplodocus.

Utah was at sea-level when the Brontosaurus was buried in the sand. When his fossilized bones came to light again they were a mile above sea-level and a thousand miles from tidewater. Meanwhile millions of years had elapsed, the dinosaurs had had their day and died, mammals had taken their place, the geography of the earth had been changed again and again, and the spot where the bones of the Brontosaur had been buried in the bed of the ancient river had been heaved up as a mountain peak more than 5,500 feet high. On the summit of this mountain, tilted at an angle of 60 degrees to the horizon, lay the sedimentary rocks containing the Brontosaurus. How many thousands of years it took to weather the rock away from the backbone of the dinosaur it is hard to tell, but in time the frost and water did the work, and six of the vertebrae of the reptile lay exposed on the very summit of the mountain. Of course everybody has heard of the Diplodocus, that enormous reptile which lived fifteen millions of years ago and which, resurrected and placed in the halls of the Carnegie Museum, has been reproduced, and copies of its colossal framework donated by the science-loving patron and founder of the Carnegie Museum to many of the national museums of foreign lands. A persistent report has been current for months past that an equally interesting and even more important discovery has been made in the wilds of Utah. To ascertain the truth or falsity of this rumor the writer sought an interview with the director of the museum. It proved no easy task to obtain his consent.

"I HAVE no objection to telling you what I know about the matter," he said, "but I have learned that you men of the newspaper world are so bent upon making the discoveries of science the basis of sensational and grotesque reports that it is, from our point of view, a very

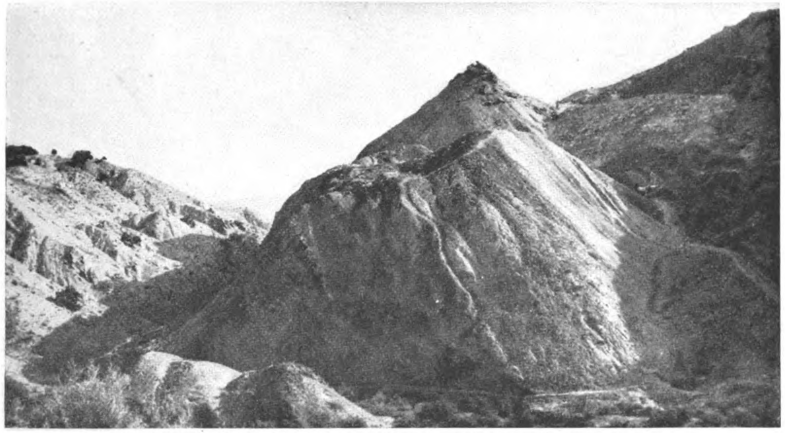
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risky thing to tell you anything. I see no reason why a great discovery in the field of geological and paleontological research should be treated as if it were a huge joke, intended merely to add to the 'gaiety of nations.' It is a fact that we have, thanks to the intelligent and wise generosity of Mr. Carnegie, made a series of most marvelous discoveries. If an expedition had been able to go from this world to some far-off planet and bring back specimens of the animals of that distant orb, the result would have been no more wonderful than what has been achieved in this instance."

IT is indeed a signal achievement to go back fifteen or more millions of years into the past and bring to light a score or more of practically perfect skeletons of animals hitherto unknown to science, or at best known only by a few broken fragments. This is what has actually been done. Of particular interest to the layman is the largest of these skeletons, that of the Brontosaurus, about which so many rumors have been rife. It is the biggest fossil skeleton known to science.

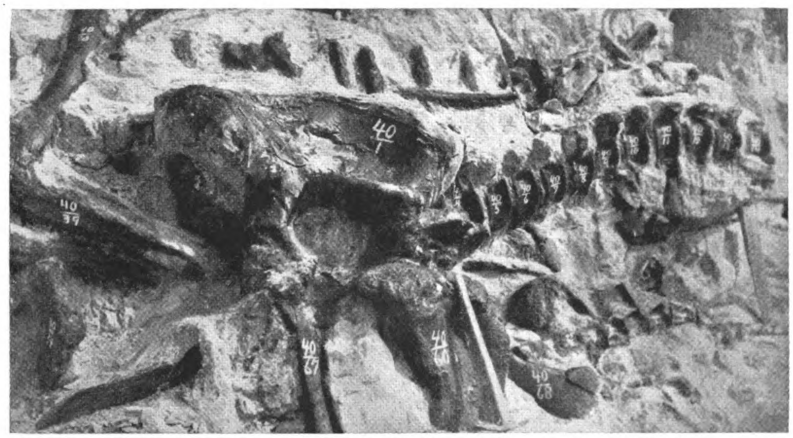
Fossil dinosaurs are not picked up every day. It has been six years since Dr. Holland and Mr. Earl Douglass, one of his assistants, went to this out-of-the-way nook of Utah and made a preliminary survey of the region. It was a year or more later before Mr. Douglass, to whom Dr. Holland had delegated the task of making a detailed search there, came upon the first trace of the skeleton of the Brontosaurus. It took over two years of diligent quarrying to get out the skeleton in the rough; it has taken three years to chip away the matrix from the skeleton—and the work is not yet quite completed. One may thus judge as to how patient and persistent the fossil hunter must be.

It is quite a feat in engineering to secure the skeleton of a big dinosaur. The rock cannot be blasted away without jeopardizing the bones within, so the work must be accomplished tediously by hand. Furthermore, most of the bones must be taken out with more or less of the stone adhering to them because of the great difficulty of doing the more delicate part of the work in the field. The task involves the quarrying of massive blocks of stone, each incasing one or more fossil bones. These rocks are numbered as they are taken out, to preserve a record of the relative positions of the various parts, and then each block is covered with burlap steeped in wet plaster of paris. When this wrapping sets, the block is so protected that there is little danger of any exposed portion of bone being broken in transit.



Dinosaur Peak, where these prehistoric animals are being dug up

A permanent camp was established at the foot of "Dinosaur Peak," as Dr. Holland has named the mountain in question, and a corps of skilful workmen was set to work under the direction of the men from the museum. After months of continuous quarrying the whole of the skeleton of the Brontosaurus was removed. It took twenty-six four-horse wagons to transport the pieces of rock containing the bones across the bad lands to the nearest shipping point.



Bones of a dinosaur partly swathed in plaster before removal from quarry

TO the men of science the quarry from which the Brontosaur was taken is perhaps of as much interest as the Brontosaur itself. No such deposit of perfectly preserved remains of the life that existed on this planet fifteen millions of years ago has been found in any other part of the world. There are many places where the remains of Mesozoic reptiles have been found jumbled together in hopeless confusion, but here the skeletons are always found lying in place, not disarticulated, so that at every stage of the work of securing a specimen the scientist knows exactly what is what. This quarry

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A block of stone weighing a ton and a half as shipped into the museum

has been worked for five years now, and a multitude of fossils have been uncovered, many of them hitherto unknown to science.

SOME idea of the proportions of the Brontosaurus may be gained by looking at the accompanying picture of the bones of one of the hind legs of the reptile as compared with the figure of the man standing beside it. Dr. Holland says that the completely articulated skeleton will be somewhat longer than that of the Diplodocus, much taller and very much more massive. The estimated length of the Brontosaurus is eighty-five feet; the estimated height sixteen and one-half feet. These figures are approximately correct. The neck of the Brontosaur, in life, was perhaps three times as thick as that of the Diplodocus, and the tail one-third longer.



Brontosaurus Louisae as first discovered by Mr. Earl Douglass

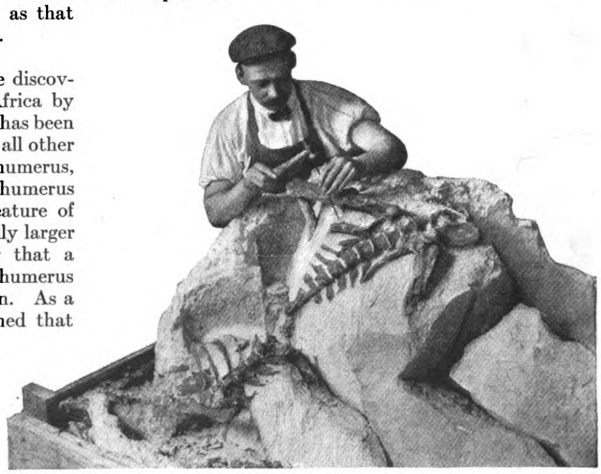
MUCH has been published recently about the discoveries of Mesozoic fossils made in East Africa by German scientists. The Gigantosaurus of Africa has been described in startling terms as outclassing in size all other quadrupeds known to paleontologists. A humerus, found in East Africa, is longer than any other humerus extant, and it has been assumed that the creature of which this bone was a member was proportionally larger than the Diplodocus. This is like assuming that a gibbon is half again as tall as a man because the humerus of this ape is half again as long as that of a man. As a matter of fact it has been practically established that the Gigantosaurus belongs to the brachiosaurs, a family of reptiles that take their name from the disproportionate length of their fore-legs, or "arms."

There is nothing left to inference in the case of the skeleton of the Brontosaurus. When this great "thunder-lizard" is set up in the Carnegie Museum beside its famous contemporary, the Diplodocus, it will be practically a complete specimen.

THE Brontosaurus has been named by Dr. Holland *Brontosaurus Louisae*, in honor of Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. The Doctor has followed the example of some of his scientific friends in Europe, who make it a custom to dedicate their choicest specimens to their friends. Queen Victoria had a genus of water lilies named for her. A great butterfly recently found in New Guinea has been named after Queen Alexandra. Dr. Holland says that as the Diplodocus was named after Mr. Carnegie he thinks it eminently appropriate to dedicate the latest great discovery to the lady.

The Brontosaurs were the kings, in avoirdupois at least, of the Mesozoic age. The earth of that day must have shaken under their tread. Scientists, in their rare moments of romancing, have estimated the weight of one of these huge dinosaurs at perhaps twenty tons. A good-sized elephant weighs five tons and eats in one day one hundred pounds of hay and twenty-five pounds of grain.

FIGURE out for yourself what it might cost to keep a small herd of Brontosaurs in these parlous days, with number one timothy hay at eighteen dollars per ton.



The same block of stone after workman has begun to get out skeleton, which in the end weighs but twenty-seven and one-half pounds

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Is Ford an Inspired Millionaire?

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

Illustrated by Herb Roth

GERALD STANLEY LEE is the author of "Inspired Millionaires." Henry Ford is an inspired millionaire. Mr. Lee is the author of "Crowds." Mr. Ford has stirred up the whole world on some of the subjects treated in "Crowds." Mr. Lee thought a lot about Mr. Ford's dramatic action and talked with a lot of people about it. The result is the most interesting interpretation of Ford that we have happened to run across

IF I happened to be by and saw a mountain throw itself into the sea suddenly, I would not put in my time looking at the hole where the mountain was, but I would watch the splash it made and the mighty waves it made, and consider the little waves it made to the furthest shore of the sea.

It would be the only way to see what the mountain really amounted to. And it is the same with Mr. Ford's action. What does it mean? What is going to come of it in a year, in twenty years—this huge blow or shock upon the labor of the world, and upon the nerves of Wall Street?

I was not without my own first impressions of Mr. Ford's action, but as the days went on and I began meeting people everywhere, and began having handed out to me all those large, handsome, cold hunks of worldly wisdom that everybody has seemed to have ready about Mr. Ford and about Mr. Ford's business (one could hardly go a block down the street without getting one) I have added to my first impressions.

My first impression was that Mr. Ford, after a long, hard pull at "business is business," a furious stretch of sleepless efficiency and of sizing everybody accurately up and paying everybody precisely down, had come to the end, and, bored to death at last by the long, slow monotone of his own competence, decided suddenly that something would have to have a give in it somewhere. So one night—about New Year's Eve it was—when no one was looking, he stood up over his scrupulously measured-off, tiresomely infallible, riotously economical factory, pulled out the bung of ten million dollars on it and went home to rest.

This was the way it looked to me at first—just one of those things human nature will do, in spite of itself, once in so often. It was an outbreak Mr. Ford was having—a kind of tear or orgy of benevolence.

TO me, with my more or less furtively hopeful ideas about inspired millionaires, Mr. Ford's action, however much I disapprove of orgies or even of benevolence, came, I need not say, as a very pleasant proof of my theory of how much more human millionaires are than they think they ought to look. I like to feel, in a way, that I am not totally unlike a millionaire—and as long as I can keep from having to be one, I enjoy playing with the idea, and I am free to say that if I had been cooped up year after year as Mr. Ford has been, into being a mere employer, I should have wanted at least by this time to break out into being a plain careless fellow—human being—do something the way anybody would—that is; something I felt like doing because I felt like doing it. Mr. Ford was beginning to feel that after all, it was at best a dog's life, measuring off people's precise deserts in dollars and cents—a poor narrow stop-watch cash-register life, always being a kind of detective of Economy, working fourteen hours a day, year after year, on never too much or too little for anybody, never too much or too little for anything. "Here is ten million dollars!" he murmurs to his people. "I don't care whether you deserve it. For God's sake don't say anything or explain anything or thank me for anything. *Here Is Ten Million Dollars!* Take it! Do what you like with it. Go to heaven with it. Go anywhere with it."

MY second impression was that perhaps Mr. Ford wanted other people to understand. It was no mere ten-million-dollar confidence between himself and his workmen—as to what he wanted for himself, or hoped gradually to be allowed to be like—but it was a ten-million-dollar bit of confidentialness (almost for the first time) between a millionaire and a world. Mr. Ford's action was a huge notice—a kind of cry for help in every paper of the world—an advertisement for friends, for fellow human beings, addressed to a whole race from a helpless millionaire, to the general effect that being a mere millionaire and humdrumming along, getting all he could out of people, bored him. He wanted everybody to see what (to any fairly thoughtful original man) making too much money was really like.

It was a kind of Ford bill-board—a notice served on capital and on labor—on all people everywhere—a sign—a sublime hand-bill sent out through all the streets of all the world. Is not every third car a Ford? It was like a sign on every third car one meets (wheel on the left) flying down the road: "*Made by a Bored Millionaire!*"

I suspect it is going to be hard to overestimate the importance of this advertisement of Mr. Ford's being bored. When we have enough bored millionaires—that is, millionaires who are throwing up their regular job of charging the public all that they can and of paying their men as little as they dare—millionaires who break away into being of some use in the world, and of some interest to themselves and to other people, we will have a new world, a world in which we will see Socialists and Syndicalists losing their jobs.

This it seems to me is the specific idea that Henry L. Ford in his present action is trying to express, namely: Socialism and Syndicalism are at best mere temporary jobs that have been made for people by millionaires who could not think. The very first moment millionaires begin to think, they will have to ask the Socialists and Syndicalists to help them. We are all in one way or another busy today thinking out a new world, and thinking with money is so much more practical and useful a job (even for a Socialist) than thinking without money, that nearly all the Socialists and Syndicalists who can really think (as fast as millionaires open up) are going to accept from them thinking-with-money positions. When money thinks, Socialism and Syndicalism will disappear of their own accord and on their own suggestion. Even the millionaires themselves can be seen on every hand already joining in and trying to help one another to think.

MY third impression—or at least, the impression I had to deal with next, was that perhaps Mr. Ford was advertising his own business. It almost seemed like an anti-climax at first, and I was a little sorry—or, at least in a vague pained way I thought I ought to be sorry.

Then I grew glad. I can only tell what it was that began happening to my mind. Anyone can judge for himself.

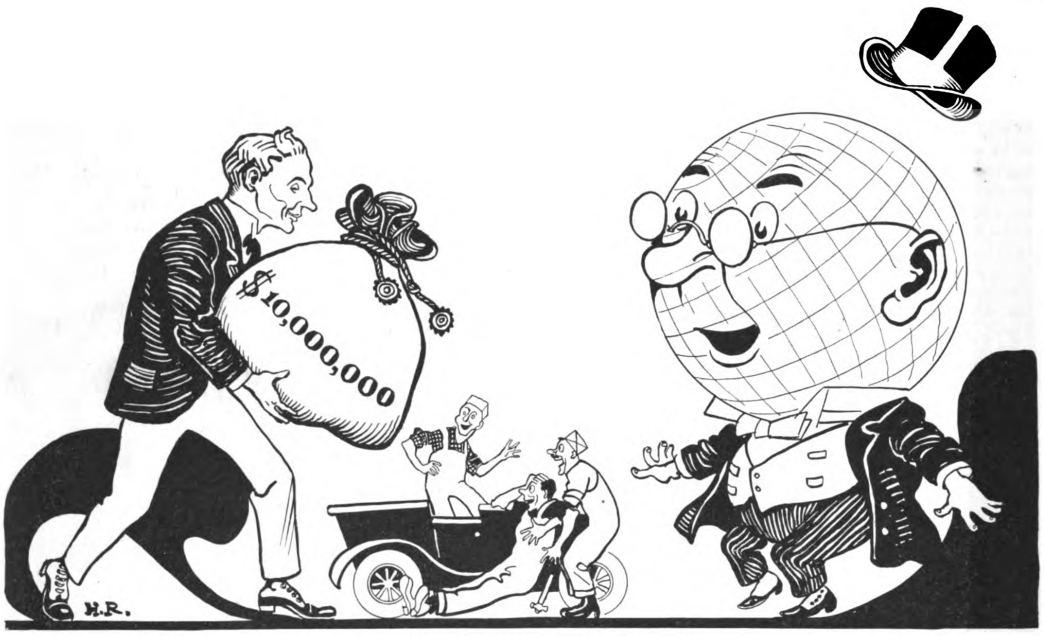
The Metropolitan Insurance Company some years ago wanted a free advertisement for its business, and built itself the highest tower in the world. People would have to talk about it, look at it, and fill the world with pictures of it, and it was an advertisement too—that vast bill-board of steel and glass, that could be all used all over inside every day, and all paid for all over inside every day, by thousands of people.

The Ford Motor Car Company in much the same way several years ago, casting about for some advertisement everybody would talk about free, put up quietly—almost before anybody knew it—the lowest-priced car in the world! The bare mathematics of a Ford Car, Mr. Ford decided—the very receipted bill for a Ford Car—would have to be genuine honest personal news to every man on this planet. Mr. Ford wanted every man on the planet to say it must be a lie and look into it and prove it.

Mr. Ford has thought out the best advertisement, and made the deepest, most sensational appeal to human nature he could have made. A man doing a marvel is more advertised today than a man who gets rich. There isn't a man living who isn't touched by it, for there is not a man living who at bottom wouldn't rather do a miracle than merely get rich; and now here is Henry L. Ford, a man in Detroit, Michigan—the cars fly up and down the world telling it—who is getting everything in at once apparently, in one short life. He is getting in his miracles and his riches besides.

VERY soon now, the thoughtful but rutty business man still jogging along on the old platitude that what business is for is to make money will see that it is just because Henry L. Ford has some other object than making money in his business that all the world has conspired to help him make it. Everybody is a partner in the Ford Motor Car Company because every man knows from the men in the shops to the crowds in the streets that he is sharing or can share if he likes, in the profits of the Ford business. Every man who puts a stroke of work on a car, every

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"To make a sensation, be one"

man who rides in one or gets a bundle from out of one, becomes identified with the Ford Company of Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

I do not know how other people feel about it, but I have a conviction that any business that is so big, shrewd, inspired and practical in spirit, that it is successfully treating every man in the world as one of its partners—any business that is making money for every man in the world—is entitled to all the free advertising it may be able to get. The more advertising a man like Henry L. Ford gets for nothing the better for all of us. It does me good to think of it—to think that every third car in the world is running around this minute telling everybody everywhere about a business in which making money is a by-product. As I see the cars go by, I keep thinking of it, of the truth they roll through the world: *If Money Is Not Being Made in a Business Today as a By-Product, There Is Not Going To Be Very Much of It!*

THERE are those who may say that what Mr. Ford has really attempted is a huge international ten-million-dollar advertisement from the Ford Company that it wants the best labor on earth. It is a notice to all the best labor to flock away from everybody else to the Ford factory in Detroit, Michigan.

This may be true, but it is certainly better for all of us that if a man deserves the best help in the world and is going to make the best use of it, he should have it.

It pleases us to have our cars cheaper. It pleases us, too, that Mr. Ford, instead of paying out ten million dollars advertising money to the newspapers has taken his ten million dollars and put it into the hands of the men who are going to be working for Ford and working for us.

Why should the newspapers have the ten million dollars instead of the men who are slaving away for Ford and for cheap cars for us? It was a better bargain for Ford and for everybody to put his advertising appropriation right down into the shop where it would help him run the shop, where every dollar every day all of the year would oil the machines, smooth out the thoughts of his men for him and make the men true to him and to the Ford Car and true to themselves and to their work. Mr. Ford thought that a bill for ten million dollars' worth of self-respect in his factory, a bill for heartiness, spontaneousness and hope (the business being as it was) would be cheap.

Possibly the reason more big business men do not get advertised in this country free is that there isn't really anything about them or about their business or the way they run it that anybody especially wants to know, or that anybody would be especially interested in if they did know.

Mr. Ford is not getting for nothing out of the papers what other people would have to pay for. What Mr. Ford is getting other people could not get by paying for it.

In this aspect Ford's advertising is one of the most interesting and instructive spectacles the country has had.

I have been for some time a more or less curious and interested student of advertisements and of the ways of advertising men, and have made a kind of amateur study of sensations and the law of sensations, and if I were asked by a young advertising man what were the two best rules I could think of for making a sensation, I would put them down like this:

First: Do not try.

Second: Do not need to try. To make a sensation, be one. Then other people will attend to it—people in general, people going by in the streets—anybody and everybody will do your advertising for you and do it for nothing. Henry L. Ford has never needed to hunt up some way of making a stir or sensation. The Ford Car at its price has been a stir or sensation of itself.

And it goes deeper than this.

The real reason that the Ford Car is a sensation is that Ford is. A man like Ford in business today—the way he is made inside and the way his mind works, is personal and necessary news to everybody. Everybody has to advertise Henry L. Ford whether they want to or not.

The people in Ford cars are not the only ones that enjoy them. They fly through the streets addressed to all of us—happy valentines about the world and about the way things are going in it. Millions of them go rolling, whispering, almost softly shouting, through the streets how he treats his public—how he treats his men.

UP and down the busy streets and the quiet country roads, past the wastes and past the gardens, past the weary and the glad. They go saying—"God is in his heaven; all's right with the world." Business is not a barren waste today, men think, as the Ford cars go. It is full of lusty and mighty men figuring out patiently at desks, in shops, in dollars and cents, the hopes and faiths of men and the plans of God.

In my fourth stage of Ford impressions I concerned myself with what has seemed to be Mr. Ford's monstrous way of treating everybody alike.

The objections were obvious. Anybody could make them, and make them offhand. And here is a guess for what it is worth—as to Mr. Ford's "indiscriminateness."

Perhaps not being discriminating has been the precise point that Mr. Ford, at just this time, has had in mind. The best of employers cannot but get their discriminating wrong quite a good deal of the time, and Mr. Ford, at last, in a vigorous attempt to work through to an understanding with every one of his men and establish a better mutual basis for working together, thought he would just make a clean sweep for once—treat everybody alike, assume everybody was doing or would be doing soon, the best he could, and see what came of it.

"SOME of you," he says practically to his men, "have helped me earn this money all you could, and others of you, I dare say, have helped me earn it as little as you could, but I and my foremen cannot be sure that we have never made any mistakes about what you do or don't do or try to do, and while we cannot run this factory as a regular thing without making distinctions between you it is not at all unlikely that out of twenty-four thousand men we are getting a thousand or so of you wrong—and well, anyway, here is the money—same to all of you, and all I can say is that I want to express the idea—

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and express it indiscriminately rather than not at all, that a lot of this money, which under our present transitional, twisted, industrial system is supposed to belong to me, belongs to you. It does not seem to be practicable, just yet at least, for a man at the top of a factory to have a regular habit of acting like a God—a habit of being precisely the same with the just and the unjust—but if there are, out of twenty-four thousand men, a thousand or so of you who have not helped me earn this money as hard as you might—all I can say is 'Here are a few million dollars I wish you would earn! And I am just paying you in advance.' So far as some of you are concerned I have been paying you afterward when each week was over for work I didn't get. Paying you in advance for work I hope to get, could not possibly cost me very much more—and could not be any more foolish than that. And I should imagine you would really feel more like working."

MY fifth impression of Mr. Ford came when I found myself reducing his problem to its lowest terms. I found myself thinking or trying to think what twenty-four thousand men, if they were boiled down to one man, would be like, and how, in their boiled-down state and in a convenient size, they would probably act. Mr. Ford says to this one man: "There is one particular thing in you which, if it could be changed, would make all the rest of you earn three times as much." Mr. Ford then proceeds to attract the man's attention to himself with some money, gives him five hundred dollars to probe into himself with and to find out his weak point. He tries to make a little shock of surprise on the nerve of his imagination about himself.

It is rather hard for a great factory pawing away with a thousand machines on a man, to work into him much imagination about himself. The employer has to reach right in through the machines and attend to it. The Ford Company has built up an enormous business on conceiving steel machines, and on planning with a rather unusual skill to get more work than other people could, out of steel machines.

WHAT Mr. Ford seems to have thought of this year has been to spend ten million dollars on making the men in his factory as efficient, as men, as his steel machines are as steel machines. Mr. Ford has solved over and over again the problem of how to make a machine more efficient. To make a machine more efficient he makes the machine over, invents a way of fitting it into its job better. What he has gone to work on now is "How can I make twenty-four thousand men over?"

As he goes up and down the rows of his men he finds naturally that some of the men need to be made over in some parts of themselves and others need to be made over in others. He then looks around, to see if there is any particular part in his men that could possibly be attended to in all alike—that could be attended to by machinery as it were—or with one swoop Mr. Ford has always done things in this way—in swoops. It has been his ability to think in swoops where other people couldn't that has made his business what it is.

It was not long before Mr. Ford found as he went up and down his men, that there was one part that stood out or seemed to stand out in all of them or in nearly all, that could be attended to by machinery—that is by putting all the men through the same process.

IT was as if he had said or wanted to say to each man in the twenty-four thousand: "The part of you that needs making over the most just now apparently is the way you feel about your work. You hate it. Or that's what it amounts to. There must be something the matter with the factory I'm furnishing you, if you hate it, or with the machines or the system, or with you or with me. I've tried everything I can think of to make my factory the best machine for making motor cars on earth. What I am trying to do now is to make my factory the best machine for manufacturing and bringing out the most efficient laboring man on earth. I have been trying in my way for years to be the most efficient employer. It's the only way I know of getting the men I want. But of course it is of no use for me to try to be the most efficient employer all alone. I want twenty-four thousand men around me all day every day that I feel help.

"What I should like to do next in this world would be to see the motor car industry, which is perhaps the most characteristic industry of this age, the most strategic and most closely watched, the one most intimately and personally used by the men who are the employers of the world—I want to see this industry a kind of world-exhibit and kind of Show Window on the world of the kind of men employers can get when they work for their men, and of the kind of employers men can get when they work for their employers. I want to prove where everybody can see it that paying as little as one can and working as little as one dares is poor business. I want to see the motor car industry the one in the world above all others which has succeeded in attracting employers who really like reducing prices and raising wages more than they have to, and in attracting workmen who love to work.

"I believe that if Capital, when in a position to do so, will treat Labor steadily and honestly better than it deserves, Labor will be shamed into working with it and not against it."



"If I happened to be by and saw a mountain throw itself into the sea suddenly—I would watch the splash"

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD



PERNICIOUS PEACHES

"PIGS IS PIGS"—to quote Mr. Ellis Parker Butler, who, we are told, got it from G. K. Chesterton who in turn inverted it from the German where (the second pig coming first), it originally read—pigs is Pigs.

By the same token, Peaches is Peaches, and, to trespass still further into the Chestertonian preserves of the Obvious, Pernicious Peaches are Pernicious Peaches whether they be hawked in a market or on the cover of a Ladies' Journal.

The Pernicious Peaches whereof we speak are never out of season. They may be seen almost any month of the year on the cover of a magazine, whose chief aim, it would have us believe, is the moral and social uplift of ladies in general, and the American young lady in particular.

THE February peach crop was unusually abundant—five peaches for fifteen cents! with the rest of the magazine and the moral uplift thrown in. All through the merry month of Saint Valentine there they hung in clusters of five, and Peaches they were, to be sure—Peaches in the stupidest, cheapest, slangiest nonsense of the word.

There they hung—to quote the redundant Dr. Roget, F. R. S.—"simpering, smirking, sniggling, giggling, ogling, tittering, prinking, preening, flaunting, flirting, mincing, coquetting, frivoling, attitudinizing, self-conscious, artificial, smug, namby-pamby, sentimental, manère, unnatural, stagy, shallow, weak, wanting, soft, sappy, spoony, fatuous, idiotic, imbecile, driveling, blatant, babbling, vacant, foolish, silly, senseless, addle-pated, giddy, childish, chuckle-headed, puerile," and, what is above all else inexcusable in a peach—mushy.

And these (in a journal that specializes on Patterns) are the Patterns set for our young American sister at the most impressionable age of her life—the age when, whatever may be her dormant possibilities, she is by her nature irresistibly impelled to pattern herself after the favorite girl of her class in school, or the favorite actress on the stage—to copy her coiffure, her dress, her deportment, even the expression of her face.

AND how, you ask, can a young girl be harmed by imitating what, however vacuous or silly, is after all only an expression?

The answer is, that just as a persistent bend of thought modifies and in time fixes the expression of the face, so a habitual expression (or lack of expression) of face influences the bend of thought and, in time, fixes the character.

If you don't believe this, dear girl, stand before your looking-glass and smirk at yourself as hard as you can, until you look (as much as it is possible for a human girl to look) like a magazine-cover Peach. Then try to hold the "Peach" look while you recite:

> "I sent my soul into the Invisible
> Some letter of that after life to spell;
> And by and by my soul returned to me
> And answered—'I myself am Heaven and Hell.'"

You see it's impossible! You can't do it, any more than you can stroke your head up and down at the same time as you stroke your chest sideways. Your mouth has come out of curl—the foolish light has gone out of your eyes. Perhaps (if you really felt what you were reciting) you look just the least bit solemn. If so, try to hold the solemn look while you recite the following:

> "The chair will hold a pair.
> If you've got some love to spare
> I'd like to have some now—
> 'Cause it's good—so good—
> You bet that it's goody, goody good!
> No one else could do it like you could—
> I want a little love because it's good—
> So good—you bet, even gooder than good.
> Honey, when you press your lips to mine,
> I feel like an ocean full of wine.
> Do I love it? Do I?
> Umm! Umm!
> Goody, goody, goody, goody, good—
> It's good!"

By the time you have finished, instead of your solemn reflection in the glass, you will see the smirking image of a magazine siren, or the composite picture of a musical comedy Pony ballet.

Without question, such vulgar patterns as these set by the February *Ladies' Home Journal* for the impressionable young girl of today will degrade her to exactly the same degree that the wholesome, high-bred type of womanhood evolved by Charles Dana Gibson unquestionably improved and developed all that was best in her sister of twenty years ago.

THE theory that nature imitates art is much older than Oscar Wilde, who is supposed to have originated it.

It is so old that Mr. G. K. Chesterton any moment may rise to dispute it, and announce to an astonished London that it is Art that imitates Nature; nevertheless, Nature *does* imitate Art.

Is it possible that there is method in all this magazine madness?

IS it possible that the *Ladies' Home Journal*, being devoted (among other devotions) to ladies' attire, fears that too great an improvement in the female of our species would divert her thoughts from the imbecilities of dress to higher—and less profitable—things?

Heaven forbid!

All the same, the Magazine Peach of today is as a Minotaur menacing the woman of tomorrow.

Here is a job for a Theseus—another Gibson—where is he?

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The Right Grounds for Divorce

By MARY AUSTIN

Fifth in the series on Mate-Love and Monogamy

Illustrated by H. T. Dunn

MRS. AUSTIN *thinks that much greater freedom of divorce for mismated couples is not inconsistent with the proper protection of the faithful one when the other wishes to break up the home. She gives some very helpful, practical advice about divorce courts and the degree of selfishness which a person is justified in displaying in these marital difficulties*

ALL the things that marriage ought not to do for us, may be gathered under the one head of not discrediting our social values. This is the sole criterion of particular marriages with which society has any concern: Are the parties to it worth more or less to us? What goes on within the relation, by what modes, what vital play of personalities the human factor is raised to its most serviceable exponent, we have not even to question. But we may, and must, question the result as it is returned to us in terms of social service.

What is necessary to establish the social criterion of divorce, is a revision of our whole way of looking at it. It is assumed now as an infringement of a code; it is undertaken in the same spirit and before the same tribunal as a criminal offense. What it should really be is an inquiry into the advisability of two people continuing to live together. Instead of a judge to render decisions in accordance with law, there should be a commission of marital welfare.

Divorce is an evidence of failure to which society is an accessory, and often more culpable than either of the unhappy parties. It is important that society should be fully informed, should not be allowed to escape complete knowledge of the cause and occasion of such failure. Social conditions tending widely to disrupt families deserve at least as much social consideration as the hookworm or the city sewers.

For this reason alone, divorce should be simple, stripped of every inducement to conceal the true grounds in favor of a particular legal quibble which the parties have agreed upon will get them off safeliest with the court. Not even the generous impulse of right thinking people to obtain divorce by the method which will leave the other least damned by it, should enter here; nor the other equally human impulse which would leave the offending party as much damned by it as possible.

DIVORCE should be easy of access: approachable as soon as it becomes desirable, not delayed until some flagrant offense involves the mismated pair in mutual accusation and recrimination. Whatever the process, it should not be of a character that requires "working up" to, the creation of hysterical states as an anodyne to the social reprobation which must now be undergone on the way to freedom.

And the first step toward the reform of our methods of divorce, should be the abolition of newspaper publicity. The dissolution of a marriage should be, in respect to the parties to it, as private as a surgical operation; in respect to its social aspects, as accessible as the report of the census. I know of no better test for the validity of any given social condition, than its reaction upon the integrity of marriage.

In the recently established Court of Domestic Relations, we have the beginnings of a proper tribunal; but it should have been named Domestic Adjustments, for what its transactions have revealed is that, more than in any other department of life, we have been thinking of marriage in terms of a class. Our attitude toward it has largely been determined by the notion of a kind of sanctity of the personal experience.

Interference and compulsion from the outside, say the Ideal-makers, is impossible, since the very act of appeal to such outside compulsion means the destruction of the bond.

AS a matter of fact, the Court of Domestic Relations with the aid of a probation officer, mends about as many marriages as it dissolves. Nothing is so certain as that a great many matings fail because the parties to them know nothing about marriage, not even their own: and though it is not to be learned in the same schools, it is just as possible for a third person to know what is radically wrong between you and your husband as between the left lobe of your brain and your motor impulses. In all the ages that men and women have been living together and rearing children, a few things have transpired which should be as much a part of the general knowledge as the rule for long division. Yet it is written large in the proceedings of the Court of Domestic Relations, that marriages fail on every hand for want of just such time-stamped certainties.

Nothing in the proceedings of such courts, taken with the tribunal for juvenile delinquents, has been more illuminating than the total failure of our religious and educational systems to provide any reliable criterion for the masses in the business of living together. It is possible in New York for parents to insure their children for any variety of free medical attention, to have them taught the violin and hand embroidery, or to secure at the public expense, training which will enable them to make a living on the vaudeville circuit. But they cannot obtain for themselves advice or assistance in the most important relation in life, except by application to a court which is compelled to regard such application as the public confession of offence. It is this element of publicity and reprobation which renders the resort of unhappy people to the courts unlikely until the trouble has reached the acute, and possibly incurable stage. Privacy and simplicity are the absolute conditions to be insisted upon in any effective dealing with the social evil of disintegrating marriages. The whole ground of our estimate of divorce proceedings must be shifted from the implication of offense to the more hopeful one of falling short. Fruitful, life-long mating is an ideal which is to be tried for under conditions which will render the failure to attain it something less than discreditable. No human relation can long maintain itself with dignity that does not permit the possibility of going out of it erectly.

VALDA was divided between the suspicion that though all this was very advanced, it was also likely to prove very upsetting.

"It destroys," she concluded, "nearly all the admitted grounds for divorce, even the most ancient."

So far as an isolated act may constitute "grounds" it does; but in its implications, in the violence it does to the essential relation, in its capacity for rendering the union inutile, almost any act might be a good ground, or none at all.

The true objective of divorce is not the dissolution of particular marriages, but the establishment of the highest possible grounds upon which people may continue to live together. The relief it affords is of an extremely limited character, since, while it frequently makes way for another and happier marriage, the scars and ruptures of such social surgery would tend to unfit one for the happiest.

All successful marriage is in the nature of an achievement; whether it is done at white heat by the transmutation of personality in passion, or nobly reinforced by the intelligence and the will, it represents a series of progressions. Every new phase of parenthood and mutual adjustment has its separate unfoldment.

It follows therefore, that ground for dissolution of a marriage cannot be based upon specific acts. Particular unions may fail and fall apart before occasions which by others will be triumphantly survived. Any condition which renders the marriage a social menace, such as the discovery of taints likely to prove prejudicial to the young, should call for annullment on demand. But offenses of one party against the other can scarcely be categorized.

Failure to provide cannot be argued except under conditions which render it difficult or unwise for the wife to provide for herself. In so far as men commit themselves to a state of society in which the self supporting labor of women fails of its due appreciation, they are bound to make support an item of marital obligation; but there is no natural excuse for it other than the preoccupation of the women with the bearing and rearing of children.

Neither can infidelity as an unrelated act be accepted as valid ground of social compulsion. Not at least so long as society committed itself to the manner in which the act is historically conditioned. It is in its reactions upon the relation which it affronts, that its offensiveness consists.

Whatever unfaith appreciably weakens the spiritual quality of an existing tie, in as much as it involves either party in

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new and conflicting responsibilities of parenting and maintenance, it becomes a consideration of the Commission of Marital Welfare. The disturbances of the maternal function incidental to jealousy and doubt constitute a practical objection. Chief of the requisites for successful mothering is stability.

Sex relations must serve the purpose of sex. That is to say they must serve eternal, racial purposes. All human experience goes to show that whenever they are made to serve other or temporary exigencies, the result is racial deterioration. The supposition, loudly insisted upon in some quarters, that when the two doors of exit and entrance to marriage are both of them wide open, nobody will go in or out of them for any reason except love, is made without knowledge. The more complex civilization becomes, the more likely people are to be led into sex relations as into any other, from motives of private gain, as a relief from boredom or temporary want. Time out of mind, men have used sex influences for purposes of social and political ambition, or to prey upon one another for food and entertainment.

It is not, therefore, as an act that infidelity comes under the ban, but in as much as its occurrence betrays the marriage as lacking in the true racial mark, it constitutes a denial of the element of intention. To admit it is to open the way to marriages in which mate-love is a secondary item or not an item at all.

IT is not, however, on the *grounds* of divorce that public opinion is acutely divided. Marriages in which the unsatisfactory elements can be reduced to "complaints" are in some fashion remediable. It is around the problem of dissolving the marriage which has failed of no visible condition, but only of its vitalizing spark, that argument is locked.

The right of society to exercise restraint upon the too casual dissolution of marriage is conceded in the degree that we are committed to the social control of the mating impulse. The purpose of marriage being conceived of as racial as well as personal, the urgency with which it is desired, and the reasons named for its discontinuance, must take their place not as prime causes, but as factors establishing the probable result. It is not what leads up to the demand for divorce, with which society is directly concerned, but what is to flow from it.

CHIEFEST and most overblown of the arguments flourished before the citadel, is the Institution of the Family. Not only does divorce operate against the particular family, but it is held that any increase of facility will tend to undermine the security of the Family in general. All of which rests on the unargued assumption that the family is an Institution, and that the whole fabric of civilization rests upon it.

Theoretically the protestants should make any sacrifice of themselves to preserve the due environment of the child. Actually complete immolation of the parents does not invariably work out to the advantage of the offspring. The lack of standardization of parental influence, still more the lack of reliable data as to its value in the child's life, prevent us from doing any more than merely making it out as a most serious consideration. At best the problem of the children must always be a *particular* problem; but the argument for the preservation of the Family as an Institution, rests under no such disability.

The coherence of the mating pair and their offspring is a natural animal grouping common to the higher species. It endures ordinarily through the dependency of the young; in man it is continued beyond this natural period by effection and self-interest.

The effort of the Soul-Maker to emphasize the family tie by prolonging the period of dependency in human young, seems to say that there is something to be got out of this binding of the consanguineous group, not collectible from the purely social organization. But when we think modernly of the Family, we assume it to mean those consanguineous members who live under one roof, with one common source of support—thus by our ordinary speech betraying that the constituting fact of the family is not kinship but property. A man's family are those of his blood who may inherit his houses and lands.

But there is no evidence in history that society has ever cared for the Family at all; it has only cared for particular families, propertied families, those of our race, our moral status.

We have never hesitated to break up a family when one member of it had incurred the deep displeasure of society by what, at the particular historic period, is known as a felony; there have been times when we have done it for the theft of a loaf of bread. It is done still in some countries on a pretext as slight as a political opinion. There are people living in America who can remember seeing whole families broken up and sold like cattle because they happened to be of an unfortunate color. We carried our inconsistency at that time so far that we even permitted the sacrament of religion to matings which were afterward violated to meet the financial exigencies of the dominant race.

It is only recently that we have come to such an appreciation of the value of the Family that we are realizing the social waste involved in allowing a particular family to be broken up by the accidental death of the bread-winner. Until the last two or three years we had no provision other than private charity, against this, the most common cause of dissolution. The maintenance of widows with dependent children out of the common fund, is the first definite step toward placing the family in the position of prime importance which we theoretically assume for it. We still consistently neglect the two greatest factors operating against the continuity of family ties; war and poverty. War is a two-edged sword cutting both ways into family life; it decimates and prevents. Poverty is a disease, gnawing always at the props of life.

Prevalent as divorce threatens to become here in America, it does not yet so much menace the Family, as does the forcing of bearing mothers into mills and factories. The possibility of it does not lie so heavily on the soul of mate-love as a long, steady fall in wages. So long as society passes over in indifference or silence these two great deterrents of family efficiency, it cannot with any success raise the standard of the Family against any proposed changes in the prevailing modes of marriage.

THE Family still does, in a material way, what it can for its young; but there is a growing feeling that the young should not be left at the mercy of the family whenever it fails of a certain minimum standard. Actually no man educates his young independently, nor medicines them when they are ill, nor teaches them his trade. Rather, the whole movement at present is toward the familization of the State, an ideal to which any emphasis of the consanguineous group is opposed. The wide conviction of the inadvisability of inheritable wealth, strikes at the one point which made the institutionalization of the Family possible, and tends still more to restrict its social service to the uses of affection.

It is probable that these have been greatly underestimated. Love is a force, not only between man and woman, but between parent and young. It is the catalyzer of the constituents of personality. It plays an undeniable, but not clearly determined, part in physical vitalization. Unlicked lambs will die, and babies require to be held and comforted. Almost any kind of a parent is better than an institution for very young children.

We do not know enough of these things to speak with authority, but we know enough to be certain that the element of divorce which renders it a grave social consideration is not the violence it does to a legalized institution, but to the affectional life of children.

THIS is at least a simplification. We must keep the rules of the game, even with our sons and daughters. Fair-play forbids that we should rob them of their prerogative in the interests of personal passion.

"You mean," Valda questioned, "that we mustn't deprive them of the chances of natural affection for the sake of a happier relation for ourselves?"

"Not when such relation is the sole objective of divorce. When we have elected to serve the race with children, we are at least obligated during the period of their dependence, to see them through, even if it should involve the temporary submergence of our own sex life. Love is important to life; so much so that it cannot fairly be sought at the expense of the love-life of others."

Valda sat a long time without lifting her eyes from the green reflections in the water that slipped so mindlessly over the polished pebbles of the brook, and when at last she did so, I saw that what she had been seeing there were some of the reasons why I had led up to this point so carefully, and why spoken as I had in the beginning, of the outcry about the preservation of the Family, as cover—a screen between the sore issue of the subject and our profoundest human reticencies.

We are reticent because we do not yet know what we think about the propriety of divorce by compulsion. If divorce is to be admitted at all, it cannot be denied to two people both of whom desire it and have already satisfied the demand of society as to the welfare of the children. But when it is sought by one, what shall be done for the other to whom it is the stripping of the tree of life, the soul's utmost indignity? To a certainty this cannot be settled by opinion, still less by the opinion of the few who write of it, often men and women of creative minds in whose lives sex has values and connotations unknown to the masses. And if not settled by them, assuredly not *for* the articulate few without reference to the many in whom the protest of nature against any defection of the mate is as violent, and possibly as instinctive, as against compulsory mating.

I said possibly, as a concession to our lack of information; personally I believe that the tie which comes into being in the

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exercise of mate-love is *real*. Women believe many things about love which they need no science to confirm to them, and lack figures for expressing what in moments of blinding vision is perfectly clear to me—that there is in right passion a welding of personalities that, however insensitive it may become on one side or the other, can never be done violence to without working serious damage to the love-life of *both* parties. It may wither and die between them, but so long as on one side or the other it throbs with the pulse of life, any rending of its fibers must be felt to the center of vitality. So many instances come before me as I write, of the working of this hypothesis, that I am only restrained from offering them by the certainty that it requires more than one lifetime of observing to establish it. I record it here for a profound personal conviction which time may witness to us. But if I admit that the damage to the one who goes, in any partial failure of the bond, is not wholly proven, the injury to the one who is left is quite in another category.



"Divorce should be easy of access, not delayed until some flagrant offense involves the mismated pair in mutual recriminations"

VIOLENCE to the love-life of women is likely to be the occasion of more serious social loss than is the case with men. Even in its most joyous hours, there is a shadow cast on woman's love by the pain of bearing. She is bound up in all her spiritual progressions, with processes of physical reorganization. Love in man may change his relation to society, but in women it changes the woman.

Probably many of the values we attach to virginity in women are factitious. They derive from an earlier feeling of property in the person of woman, and have to do with her marketable values. But there is no blinking the fact that an experience of marriage and maternity extending over a considerable period of her life sensibly lessens a woman's chances of entering upon a second such experience successfully. Moreover there are possibilities, incident to child-bearing, of becoming more or less incapacitated not only for new relations, but for independent, self-supporting life on her own account.

More serious still is the disappearance, through marriage alone sometimes, but very widely through child-bearing, of those secondary sex characteristics which are the advertisement of mating fitness.

Every year as the sun climbs up the Zodiac it brings back to tree and flower, to the bright feathered tribe, to antlered buck and spotted doe, the afflorescence of mating power. The voice of the forest is tuned to song, the dance begins, love is made anew for every creature except man.

Not only does Nature not bring back to the female of that species, the blossom time, the curving lip, the unconscious invitation of the eye, but, once mating is accomplished, there are definite psychological tracts which may not be reëntered. We are so accustomed to this, we associate it so instinctively with the sobering cares of housewifery and the dimming effect of age, that we fail to realize it always as a stupendous biologic process. To the primitive woman, Nature gave but one mating season; and all that mating fails to accomplish to cut her off from any return to its characteristic phases, is done for her by maternity. There is no more return from it than its rosy hour may return to the shed petals of the rose. We must look steadily at this if we would see it whole. The modern chivalrous respect for all maternity as a racial service, can be traced unbrokenly to the plain animal recognition of it as a natural bar to mating solicitation. Free association of the married of both sexes is made possible by something deeper than a conventional respect for a legal bond.

IT is not the vow they have taken that keeps married women from coquetry, but the disposition they take on with being rightly married. And for the great majority of women, this reorganization of mating capacity is permanent. They may marry a second time for companionship, for support, or for the mere exercise of self-abnegation, interrupted by the loss of the mate, but the vast majority of women have been, and still remain, incapable of more than one true mating.

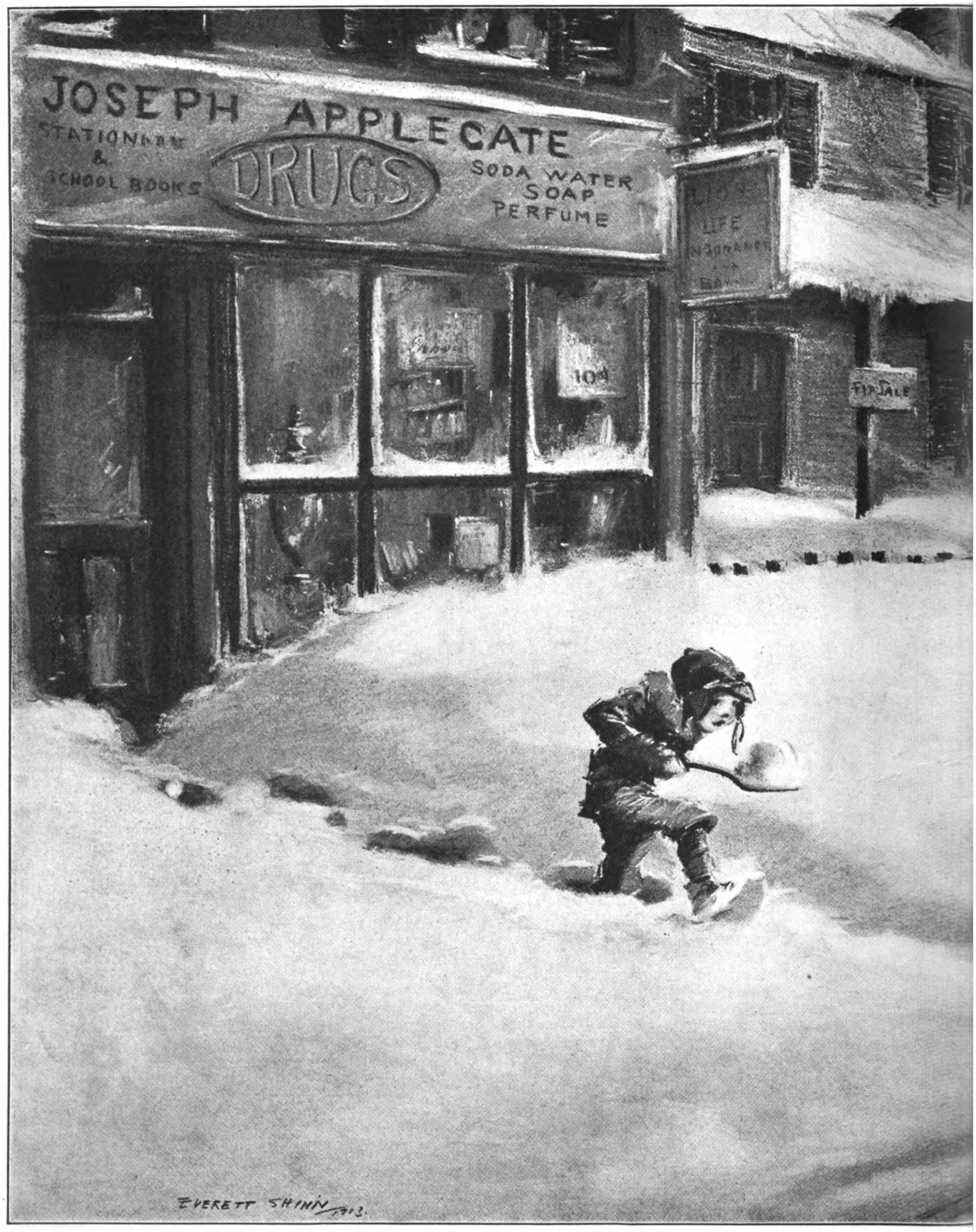
The difficulty about getting this recognized as an important item in considerations of divorce, is due to the fact that in the numerically small class of those who read books about sex, or write them, this is not the case. The age-long struggle of woman to maintain herself by means of the effect she produces on man, has led to an extension of her capacity for orienting herself in the region of his desires.

She has learned not only to preserve the bloom of her body long after its primitive term, but has achieved the impossible by safeguarding, in the midst of surrender, some untouched surfaces. In particular instances she has out-distanced the Soul-Maker, and set for our daily mark what was once the supreme, fleeting moment. Which does not entitle her, however, to the last word in establishing the general code. The increasing number of women to whom a break in marriage would not spell overwhelming disaster, does not diminish the present certainty that a system by which divorce could be secured by one party without respect to the inclination of the other, would lead to enormous social waste and loss.

WHAT we have here is the groundwork for placing in the hands of the woman the determining voice in any projected divorce which is not incited by offense and has for its objective the reorganization of sex relations. The love-life of women is, in view of their potential maternity, of more importance to the community than the love-life of men. Now and then there has arisen across history, a male whose gift is of a surpassingness that exceeds the social worth

(Continued on page 30)

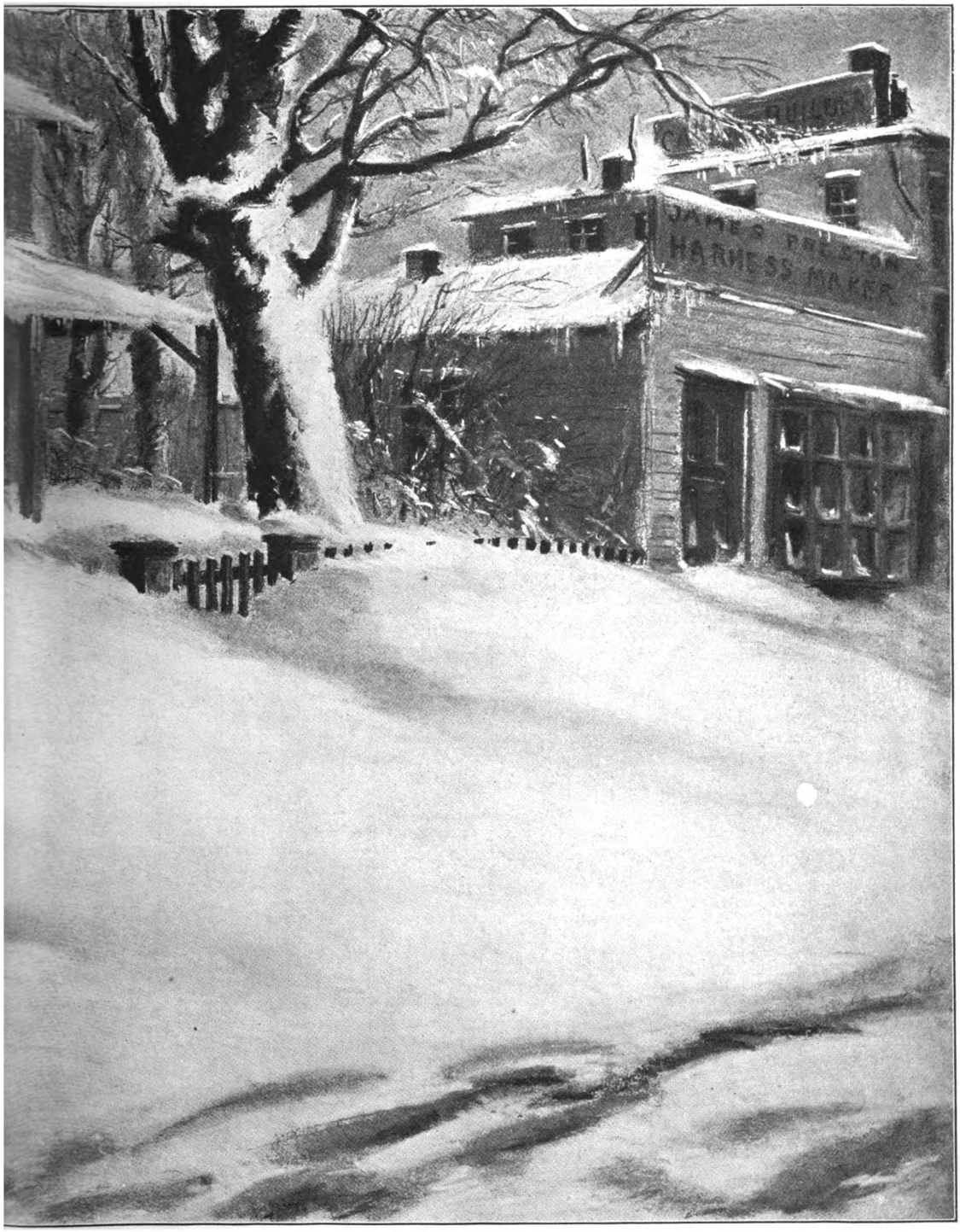
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By Ev

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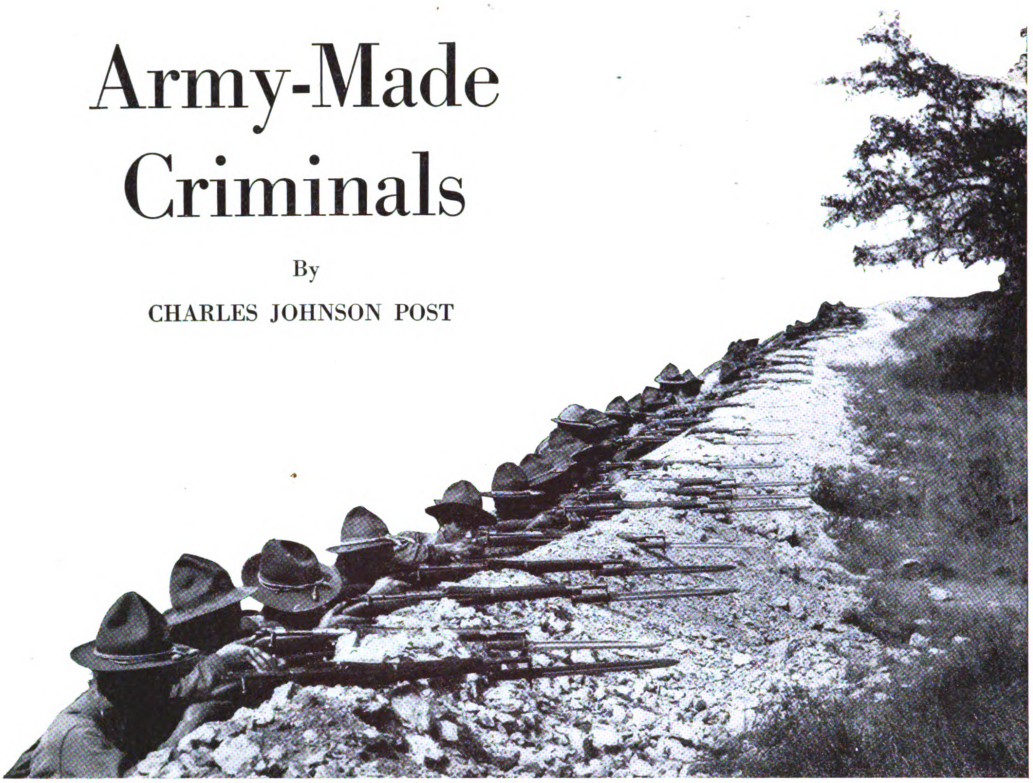
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Army-Made Criminals

By

CHARLES JOHNSON POST



Men enlist for this. The percentage of desertions in 1898, during the Spanish-American War, was but a fraction of 1½ per cent

Fourth in the series, "The Honor of the Army"

IN the previous instalments, Mr. Post has described the autocratic nature of the court-martial, and the differences in the degree of justice dealt out to officers and to enlisted men. In this article he takes up some of the cases of deserters and gives a clear idea of the kind of man the deserter often is, his reasons for leaving the army, and the severity of the punishment dealt out to him.

"IT is a reproach to the American people that, in time of peace, they look lightly upon the crime of desertion!"

It was an officer of the Army who said this. It is the viewpoint of the Army.

The Army is not curious as to why men desert, but only curious as to why Americans, warm with human rights, do not turn themselves into a nation of informers, eavesdroppers, spies and gum-shoe man-catchers to return to the Army prison cell and hard labor young men who are guilty of the crime of throwing up their job.

For that is all there is to deserting the Army in times of peace.

This superstition as to desertion being a crime survives in only two industries, among those who go down to the sea in ships and those in our Army. The sailors' unions are fighting the archaic peonage laws and archaic peonage judges who regard a sailor quitting his master as a felon; the merchant sailor can organize and fight.

But in the Army the soldier cannot protest against the peonage to which they have blindly bound themselves. That the Army is so fragile a flower it dare not let men free of their own desire is absurd; if anything, it is a more serious offense against society when a mere municipal policeman walks into a station house and lays down his club and shield. Yet we would laugh at ourselves for attempting to bind a policeman to his job under the penalties of felony—not merely as a question of justice to a man, but because he would, thus forced and unwilling, make a poor policeman. To retain men in the Army under fear of ferocious penalties is to spend time and money on inefficient soldiers.

There is another peculiarity of the Army system: a soldier may not transfer from his company to any other company or branch of Army service *without the consent of his immediate commanding officer*—the very man, perhaps, from whose incompetence, brutality or drunkenness he may wish to escape. He may be a good soldier, he may like soldiering—as many of them do—but to escape, or desert, and then reënlist in another organization simply lays him open to a punishment in addition to desertion, that of fraudulent enlistment. In my other articles I showed some of the Army abuses—abuses by officers, under which men were helpless.

If the history of desertion went as far back as the dawn of primitive ethics, like stealing or murder, there would be no room for argument, but the history of desertion reveals no such foundation. It was merely made a crime for the convenience of gentlemen gangsters of a few centuries since.

THE idea that "desertion"—leaving one's job—in time of peace is a serious crime and a felony is absurd even in the light of its own history. It is an idea copied from the English army and English system of military laws at a time when such laws were in operation to deal, off-hand, with the gatherings of British peons and press-gang scum that constituted the army of that day. Desertion, of which we speak so smugly as a crime—a felony, *when committed in time of peace*—was not originally a crime. In time of war there has probably never been a time when deserters and skulkers were not struck down.

FOUR hundred and fifty years ago there were in Europe "free companies"—mercenaries—who hired themselves out to fight. They were to be had by any prince or king or power that needed fighting men. They would fight anything or anybody—for money. The bargain could be an outright sum, a percentage of the loot or pillage, the women—anything—but they were hired to fight just as a gambler hires a gang of thugs.

Men, attracted by the profit or the possibilities, joined these companies just as men joined the crew of a privateersman, taking the risk of fighting and joining in the booty. Sometimes in England they were pleasantly known as gentlemen adventurers. But their relations between captain and crew were always those of civil contract. It was the same in privateering; no captain ever had any other relation to his men than that of a civil contract.

Therefore when these free-company, adventuring soldiers-of-fortune were deserted by their men—either because they were brutally treated, cheated of their loot, or for any of a score of reasons—the head commander could not force his men back. It was a civil breach of contract.

So the free-company, adventuring sol-

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diers-of-fortune gentlemen succeeded in having an Act passed "conferring the status of felony upon a soldier who deserted from the captain whom he had contracted to serve." And it was only at a later date that the penalties of this Act were applied to soldiers who served the regular Army of the kingdom.

THE fundamental idea in desertion is, of course, that a soldier shall not separate himself from the Army—or even his branch of the Army—before his enlistment has expired. That is the basis.

Yet the Army Regulations themselves provide that a soldier *may* get his release before the expiration of his enlistment—that is, if he has sufficient money or sufficient influence. A soldier may be discharged by the President or the Secretary of War if he can reach their ear; or he may purchase his discharge by a payment of $120 cash at the end of the first year, and thereafter at a decrease at the rate of $5 a month until it is finally at the end of two years and a half for $30. This is the minimum. So that termination of service prior to the expiration of the enlistment is not, in itself, the crime.

What these archaic Army Regulations do make, however, is a crime out of the fact that a soldier quits who cannot reach the President's ear or who is too poor to buy his release. They put a heavy burden on the family of the man who needs to regain civil life for their support, for the soldiers in the ranks do not come from wealthy or influential families.

In 1911 and 1912 there were something over twelve hundred discharges by purchase and of discharges by favor less than one hundred. Yet in that same time almost six thousand soldiers deserted who did not have access to high officials or the money to buy their freedom; and of these more than sixteen hundred were caught, and turned into felons. Sixteen hundred cropped heads, uncouth clothes, prison-degraded men who lost their American citizenship because they had neither pull nor money.

And yet these soldiers—poor soldiers for any army, no doubt—may be good citizens in civil life. The dockets in the War Department are choked with the records of deserters who have married and settled down. Then a marshal, a sheriff, or a professional man-catcher, runs him down and, for the pitiful reward of fifty dollars held out by the Army, he is shoveled into the prison mill.

A deserter was before a court-martial. He had deserted as charged. He had then gone West and married. He had a little home and a wife and baby—for a while, at least. Then he was caught. Before the officers of the court-martial that tried him was read a letter to his commanding officer:

DEAR SIR: I am writing you these few lines to ask you to Please have piety and Mercey on My husband, a deserter from the army. As I have no one but him to look to my support; as I am not able to work and we owe on our furniture, Doctor bill, and also our baby's funeral expenses. And I ask you if you please to do all in your power to reinstate him at Fort Benjamin Harrison he is not healthy as he has gall stones and I don't want him taken away if it can be possiably helped. He deserted his post on account of his health as he was in the hospital half of his time. Please do this favor I ask of you without disobeying the U. S. laws. Please answer and let me know if you intend sending him away and oblige——

That is what *he* had been doing in the two years and five months since he had quit the Army.

The officers of the court-martial listened patiently to the reading of the letter. Then they sentenced the man before them to *two years in prison at hard labor,* with the loss of all pay and allowances, and to be dishonorably discharged.

A SOLDIER enlisted and served one year and a half of his enlistment in the Coast Artillery. Then he received word that his sister, his mother and his wife, who lived together, were literally in great need—hungry. If he had pull he might get out; if he had money he might buy out—in the course of time; but had he been in a position to have either his family would not have been destitute and would not have needed him. He deserted and went to work at once; his employers gave him a splendid reputation.

Then he was caught and locked up in a guardhouse to await court-martial. He escaped by cutting a hole in the wall and was caught a few hours later.

That man was sentenced by the court-martial to *three years in prison at hard labor!*

In the War Department is the affidavit of a soldier's wife. He had deserted. Her mother was dead; her father was an old man barely able to provide for his own necessities. For seven years she had not been well—an operation had removed one eye and the sight of the other was failing. Blindness was closing in. Twenty-five citizens of the soldier's town who had known him for twelve years signed a petition certifying to his character; two congressmen interceded for him. And clemency was not "recommended." The wife had no home other than that which her husband might be able to provide for her according to her affidavit—and her husband in a felon's garb eight hundred miles away.

A YOUNG soldier deserted from the Fifth Field Artillery—the same regiment that possesses Captain Harrie F. Reed, the officer who was treated for alcoholism the evening after he had been the presiding officer of a court-martial—and was sentenced to two years in prison at hard labor. His mother made an affidavit that she was the mother of four younger children and that she was the wife of a drunken husband.

Sometimes there are men tried by the courts-martial who like soldiering. A deserter from the Seventh Cavalry said:

"I was shipped from Fort Riley, Kansas (where he had enlisted), as cook to the Seventh Cavalry, and when I got there they told me they didn't want me as cook. . . . The fellows in the company,



Learning to cook is a good thing, but an endless series of details to the menial work of the kitchen is neither cooking nor soldiering

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different ones of them, told me before I was there long I would be willing to leave, which I was. . . . I like what little Army life I have seen and thought perhaps I could get by and soldier."

The latter referred to the fact that he had tried to enlist under a different name, thereby committing another additional crime, for which he was also being tried. He was sentenced to be dishonorably discharged with forfeiture of all pay and allowances and to be imprisoned at hard labor *for two years and a half*.

There is the bare possibility that the man *might* have made a soldier, that is, a good soldier. Bear in mind the utter artificiality of these so-called "crimes."

THE reward of $50 that is paid by the army for the return of a deserter occasionally leads to some of the lowest depths of sordid villainy that can be conceived. And the Army court-martial complacently backs it up. A young soldier in the Coast Artillery went on a little self-authorized vacation down South. He was deliberately going "absent without leave" for the limit of ten days—and then take the punishment for that offense, a $10 fine and ten days in the guardhouse.

He stopped around Greenville, South Carolina, for the first few days, and while there, a sheriff or constable became inquisitive. The soldier said he was going to be absent without leave for a few days and then would go back. The sheriff or constable locked him up for five days in the town jail *so that he would be absent more than the ten days of absence without leave* and the reward for a deserter could then be collected! The record shows that on the eleventh day the soldier was returned by the civil authorities.

Before the court-martial the soldier wrote to the sheriff explaining the seriousness of his situation. He received no reply. For six months he was held awaiting trial for desertion, and then the court-martial gave him one year in prison at hard labor, and the usual dishonorable discharge and forfeitures.

A boy enlisted in the Coast Artillery Corps: he was nineteen years old and had to have the consent of his mother signed to the enlistment paper before he could be accepted as a soldier. He was the youngest of three brothers, all in the service. Later the mother wrote that she was sick and needed him. The prisoner's counsel stated that all of the other three brothers had tried to get a furlough but that they had all been refused. This boy did not try to get one—he heard his mother calling and he went anyway. The mother had a little farm—eight acres—and a pension, $12 a month. Their father had been a soldier too. The soldier was caught two years later.

The court-martial considered these statements and then sentenced the accused son to be dishonorably discharged, with the forfeiture of all pay and allowances due, and to be imprisoned at hard labor *for two years*.

A private in the Hospital Corps deserted and was caught three months later. To the court-martial he made his own statement:

> After I enlisted in the Army I was married and I found that it was impossible for me to keep my wife on the small pay I was getting in the Army; so I decided to get an occupation on the outside to support my family as it should be. That is all I have to say."

He was caught three months later and the court-martial sentenced him to dishonorable discharge and to two years of hard labor in prison.

Another soldier deserted from the Second Field Artillery: it was three years before he was caught. He was then married and had one child two years old: another was expected even during the month that its father was facing a prison sentence before a court-martial. He was sentenced to dishonorable discharge, *and to be imprisoned at hard labor for one year*.

Clemency was urged in his behalf; he was a mere boy when he deserted. His wife made an affidavit that she and her two—for there were two by this time—babies were dependent on charity.

And the Commandant at the place where the prisoner was serving his sentence stated that clemency was not recommended.

A soldier in the Fifteenth Cavalry had served one enlistment in the army and received the indorsement of "very good" as to his service. He turned around the next day and reënlisted. Two weeks later he deserted. This in itself would seem to be a curious proceeding; what was the motive; he knew the Army and the Army life, he had but just reënlisted. But no reflections on officers are permitted in defense of a soldier.

Before the court-martial he made a statement; he had overstayed his leave, he "was to have a child born, and I wanted to wait until after the child was born. My wife was not very well, so I waited until after that. As soon as that was done I got straightened out and came back."

HE had surrendered himself to the military authorities.



Young Americans do not shrink from the rigors of soldiering. They like this sort of training

A question by the court-martial:

"Why did you return to give yourself up?"

"I didn't want to have the disgrace of having a dishonorable discharge," he replied.

That does not sound like the reply of a very depraved man, or one that it is necessary to save the community from. His wife and baby—it was a new combination—and he did not want its father to have a dishonorable discharge from the Army. So he came back—to make reparation.

And the court-martial gave him *a dishonorable discharge just the same, and in addition one year in prison at hard labor!*

At rare intervals there comes some official sidelight on these matters of desertion. To defy the Army Regulations and to suggest any defense that would reflect, however justly, on the sacred Brahminism of the commissioned officers is no small matter. First Lieutenant Fred T. Cruse of the First Field Artillery, in defending a prisoner charged with desertion, did.

It was in defense of a soldier who had deserted from Company A of the Four-

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teenth Infantry at Camp Chautauqua, Devil's Lake, North Dakota. Fourteen men had deserted from that company within a very short time.

"I would like to make a statement that some of the court will know," said Lieutenant Cruse, to the officers of the court-martial. "In the last year there have been three men brought here, deserters from Company A, Fourteenth Infantry, Devils Lake, during the month they were up there.

"They all tell the same story—that they deserted on account of the treatment they received. Fourteen men deserted from the company, six of them went away in a bunch; the quartermaster sergeant was one of them. He stole about half the blankets in the company and then deserted. I think that this synopsis will show that there was a situation in the company somewhere that was pretty well intolerable for the soldiers. One of those men, the court may remember by the name of Ruebely was found guilty of absence without leave four or five months ago, the other man's name I have forgotten."

THE court-martial had full power. There was a challenge to its intelligence and to its honesty of purpose, for Paragraph 3 of Article 1 of the Army Regulations states: "Superiors are forbidden to injure those under their authority by tyrannical or capricious conduct or by abusive language."

But it did not investigate in *that* direction. Instead it dishonorably discharged the soldier who had deserted from Devils Lake and sentenced him to one year and a half at hard labor in prison.

Lieutenant Cruse was mistaken in his recollection about the other deserter being found guilty of "absence without leave." He was found guilty of desertion and sentenced to *two years and a half in prison at hard labor*. And when I went back to look up the third case referred to the War Department refused to permit me to examine either this record or any others. Brigadier-General Crowder, Major-General Wood, the Assistant Secretary of War and the then Secretary of War Stimson all denied the right of further examination either of the records of officers or men. It may be noted that these courts-martial are public trials, held in public and with stenographic records of them. Those records are therefore *public records* and not department documents of a private and confidential nature.

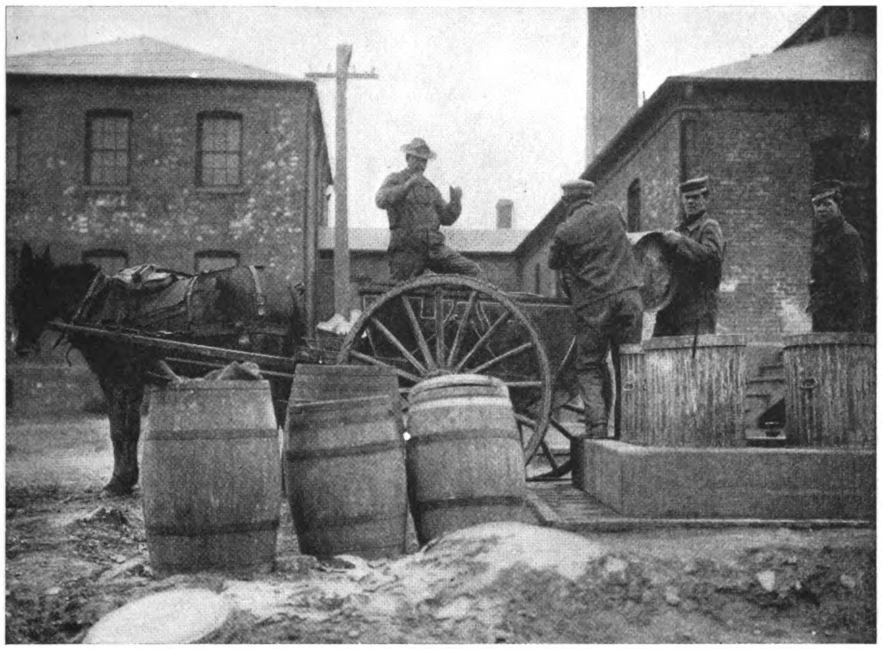
BUT to return to the unenviable record of Company A of the Fourteenth Infantry. The Fourteenth Infantry is a regiment whose high percentage of desertions is remarkable. In 1911 Company I of that regiment had the fourth place from the highest in the number of desertions in all of the organizations of the United States Army.

In 1912, four companies—Companies A, B, L, and M—were among the first twenty-five companies having the highest percentage of desertions in the whole Army. Company L was sixth from the highest percentage. In passing, it may be noted that the First Cavalry is also a regiment with a high record of desertions, in 1911, three of its troops being highly deserted and one, Troop K, being only second in this undesirable honor. In 1912 this was improved! For the First Cavalry had two troops with the highest percentage, *thus taking both first and second place in desertions in the total rating of all the Army organizations.* Records like these are worthy of recognition. Colonel Edward J. McClernand is the Colonel of the First Cavalry and Colonel Richard H. Wilson is the Colonel of the Fourteenth Infantry.

Let us look at one more case of desertion.

A young man, an only son, enlisted in the Coast Artillery. A year later he deserted, and about one hundred days later surrendered himself. His mother had urged him to. She knew he had done some wrong and wanted to see him square himself, to do what was right and pay a penalty—she never dreamed she was sending him to a felon's sentence. She thought she was sending him back to the Army to live up to his oath as a soldier; and it was not a simple choice, it was no easy duty. Her husband was but recently dead and this was an only son. And that court-martial? It listened to her pleas and then sentenced her son to the limit allowed for a soldier who surrenders himself; one year and a half imprisonment at hard labor and the loss of his citizenship by dishonorable discharge. And later, upon two separate appeals for clemency, the Army briefly denied them.

In the leading biographical department of a prominent magazine was recently displayed the figure of Colonel Charles H. Haskell, of Missouri. A highly laudatory notice followed. This Colonel Haskell, it stated, has made a splendid living for years catching deserters from the Army for the reward of fifty dollars a head. The sketch described his methods, his watching of the family mail through the post-office. I have given a little view behind the scenes of what he has been doing.



One of the duties given to a soldier which does not increase his military efficiency

IS there not in such cases as these—not these alone but in all that I have shown, and more than I have shown, an explanation, or rather the thread of a clue, as to why men desert? Why they are ready to take the chance of serving a sentence as a felon with the disgrace and the dull years that follow? They are not all caught, these deserters; some get away—about one in three—and for thirteen thousand American soldiers to desert in four years there must be some more solid reason than the mere Calvinistic predilection of man to sin. Men do not risk good jobs and fair dealing without reason; much less do they risk them when they must live thereafter the timid life of the hunted man or risk the shambling convict clothes of a felon.

But to escape from incompetency, abuse, or tyranny, men will risk anything!

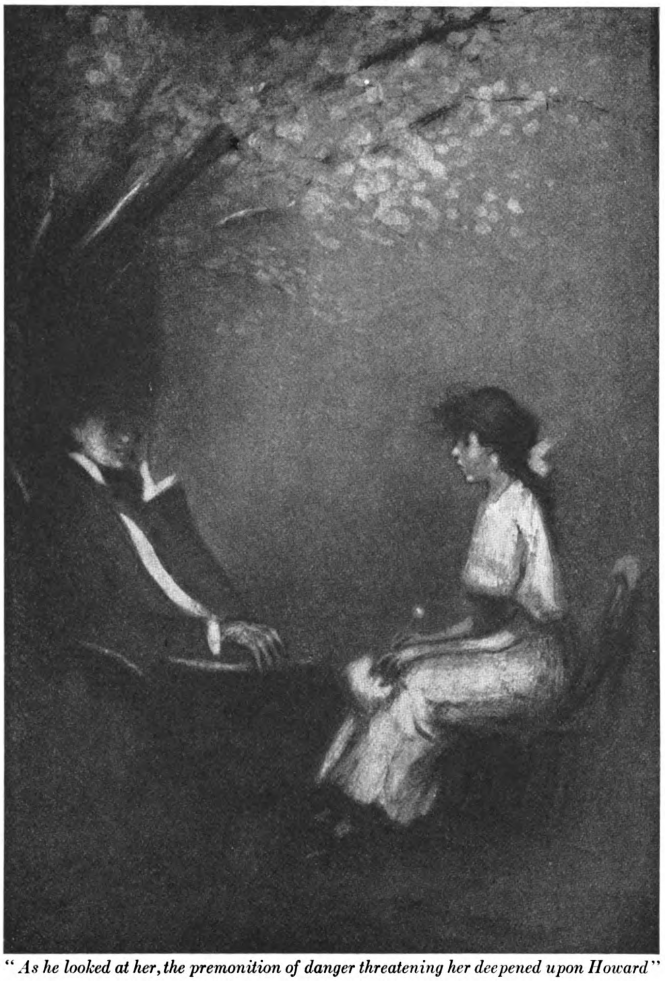
The fifth and last instalment, appearing next week, will discuss the question of military prisoners, the way in which they are treated, and the effect upon them of their prison sentence

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St. George and the Dragon

By LAURA L. HINKLEY

Illustrated by Harriet Mead Olcott



"As he looked at her, the premonition of danger threatening her deepened upon Howard"

WHAT would you have been like if things had happened quite differently? If your grandfather had located his homestead on the site of Chicago? If you had encountered the ideally wise teacher in plastic youth? If the person you first fell in love with had reciprocated? If you had fallen down the cellar stairs at two and queered your spine?

My favorite theory is that you would have been, essentially, pretty much as you are now. That is, supposing you to be a person of some natural salt and savor. Of course there are plenty of persons—so-called—who look like mere pegs on which to hang the drapery of circumstance. But you, no doubt, would have been very much the same.

But would you? If you had hit the bottom cellar step two inches to the left, you would have died. If you had married at seventeen—you know you were fool enough to do it, and that by virtue of your diviner part—where would you be now? The ideal teacher might have pruned your wild native genius down to a passable imitation of the deadly average. And, as for your grandfather's homestead, have you the type of character to survive the smother of unearned increment? Who, indeed, can tell where fulfilment lies along the narrow path we tread between extinction and futility?

These perfectly useless questions inevitably recur when one thinks of Howard Brookfield. What would Howard have been if—but enough! Let us pass to the soul-filling contemplation of what Howard was.

Howard Brookfield was the wisest person in Clearview. Very few of the Clearviewans even remotely suspected this. If Howard himself ever did it was with humility and a searching sense of responsibility, as became the wisest person. Be that as it may, the clearest eyes in Clearview looked along the narrow radius from Howard's wheeled chair stationed in summer under the apple-tree on the Brookfields' little lawn, and in winter between the window and the hard-coal burner in the Brookfields' little parlor. The acutest brain and the most understanding heart throbbed on the bed where Howard spent so many leaden and aching hours, where Pain was given him as a bride, and whispered her soul-piercing secrets in his ear.

All Clearview conceded that Howard was a great reader. "Afflicted like he is," as Mrs. Blodgett put it, "o' course, he can't do nothin' but read." Miss Sweeney, the presiding genius of our Carnegie library, said Howard knew every book in the library better than she did—which might easily have been. Miss Sweeney always gave him a list of the new books and carried them back and forth for him, if Mrs. Brookfield was too busy. Everybody remembered to take their old magazines to Howard, from Esther Wilson who brought the *Atlantic* and the *International Studio*, to Tommy Mosher who contributed the *Tip-top Magazine*. Howard read that, too—at least I once heard him and Tommy discussing the exploits of Frank Merrifield, and they both spoke with the gusto of connoisseurs.

Maybe that gives you the idea about Howard. He was everybody's equal. For all his reading, he was as far as possible from your idea of a bookworm. You know, what you get out of books isn't wisdom till it's mixed with live brains and applied to real living. Howard did that somehow, poor as you would have thought his chances were. He specialized in people. They came to him naturally enough. Years ago the high school teachers discovered that Howard Brookfield knew more of the insides of books than anyone else in town, and got into the way of sending their pupils to him for "material" on essays and orations. The women's clubs always consulted him before they made out their programs, even Esther Wilson's Art Club. And Miss Sweeney and the Library Board never thought of ordering new books without Howard Brookfield's approval. People who dropped in to talk about books stayed, and came again to talk about everything else. Everybody liked to talk to Howard, young and old. It wasn't what he said; it was what he made you say. Somehow it came natural to talk to Howard about whatever was on your mind.

IT was strange, really, if you stopped to think of it. The boys used to talk athletics by the hour to this man who could not take one step alone. The girls talked more freely than they dreamed of talking to anyone else about their secret dreams and their lovers to this man who would never be any woman's lover. They felt instinctively that here was one not as other men were, and that their customary little disguises and defences were here quite beside the mark; so they dropped them. All this Howard knew and bore and profited by.

Perhaps you wouldn't say Howard really knew human nature, because he never had any advantages—not much regular education, and he'd hardly been out of Clearview in his life; but he certainly did understand Clearview folks. He knew about every sickness, every ambition, every disappointment and every love-affair in town. He knew things nobody ever told him, He was friendly with all the high school youngsters and kept mysterious tab on their after-development. When Lucia Power, at

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forty, went after Tom Halladay, matrimonially, Howard Brookfield was the only person in Clearview who penetrated her design. You may be sure no one guessed it from him. He could be as silent as God.

The Brookfields were quite poor; and with Howard's sickness and everything, they had pretty hard pulling to make both ends meet, until Archie began to do so well in the electric-light business at Ashley. Howard and his mother lived alone in the Brookfield cottage. Mrs. Brookfield was one of those women who seem to be mothers of their son's bodies, but not of their souls. She was very fond of Howard and tireless in taking care of him, but she never understood him. Howard, however, understood her. Understanding was his specialty.

Howard was small and slight, very thin, with deep-set, friendly eyes and rather full lips. Esther Wilson said he looked like a beautiful medieval saint. Esther took Art when she went away to college; and Art reciprocated rather more than is usual in such cases and, to a considerable extent, took Esther. As Ed Wilson, Esther's father, has been for thirty years the chief dealer in machinery and farm implements within a radius of twenty miles, and for fifteen years president of the Farmer's Bank, Esther has what old man Morgan calls "a strangle-holt on Art."

It was Mrs. Blodgett who repeated Esther's phrase to Howard. You know, if you say anything in Clearview it's like telling it in a whispering gallery; it always gets around to the person you'd just as soon wouldn't hear. Magnifying and distorting echoes, they are, too; but in this case Echo was fairly faithful. "I dunno what she meant by that 'meed-'eval,'" said Mrs. Blodgett. "I never seen nothin' in your looks, Howard, that I'd call evil." Howard did not answer; he did not hear Mrs. Blodgett. He had turned suddenly red, and then paler than usual, pressing his lips tight together; and for the space of three minutes or so, looked considerably more than ever like a medieval saint.

People said Howard wrote—for publication, you know. It's the one thing Howard himself never would talk about. It is true, though, that Bennie Clease, who carried the Brookfields' mail back and forth on his way to and from school, used to take a good many bulky envelopes to the post-office; and in the course of time invariably took just as many back again.

CLARA FISHER—sixteen, pretty, romantic, shy—passed the Brookfields' on her way home from downtown. One of the early apples which Mrs. Brookfield had put on the wide arm of Howard's wheeled chair, rolled down the slope of the lawn and stopped at Clara's feet. Arrested, like Atalanta or Eve, Clara picked up the apple and took it to Howard.

"Thank you!" exclaimed Howard. "How awkward of me! Sit down a minute. You haven't stopped to talk with me for a long time. What have you been doing this summer?"

"Oh, nothing much," returned Clara constrainedly, seating herself in the vacant rocking-chair which always stood within easy conversational distance of Howard.

As he looked at her, the premonition of danger threatening her which had made him throw the apple, deepened upon Howard. She had grown so strangely lovely—like a plum ripening too fast because of a worm at the core. She was dressed with such alluring grace—like a rose-bush abandoning its sweets to the bee. Yet she had no admirer that he knew of—and he was an expert on "who goes with who" in the high school crowd. The crystalline, shy frankness she used to show had grown quite opaque. Yet young girls always make themselves beautiful, and shy ones are always subject to inexplicable constraints. Fully knowing this, Howard was yet aware of rosy fires burning troublously behind the dropped veil of Clara's soul. People thought of her as a child, and she was a child—and something perilously more. A phrase from the voluminous reading he shared with no one else in Clearview echoed through his brain:—"A woman wailing for her demon lover."

"So you aren't going to college this fall?" he said.

"No, I guess not," answered Clara indifferently. "Papa's willing, but Mamma doesn't want me to go."

She was indifferent! And he had fancied her trouble might be somehow connected with that grievous disappointment of two months back!

"Do you still play the pipe-organ for the church?" he inquired casually, to make talk.

Instantly he was aware that he had touched the throbbing nerve, and that it was throbbing more fiercely than he had dreamed. How is it that one set apart from normal human experience, inevitably, irrevocably celibate and chaste, can divine unerringly the purple hour of another's passion?

On the heels of Clara's breathless "Yes," he asked swiftly,

"Do you choose the hymns, or does Mr. Lovell?"

"Mr. Lovell does," replied Clara, meeting his eyes steadily. But on her fingers tensely clasped in her lap the nails were white.

IT was Howard who changed countenance. A spasm of pain, compounded of grief, disgust and holy anger, twitched swiftly across his face. Clara thought his back hurt him as he shifted himself in the wheeled chair. But he spoke without perceptible pause.

"And you have to practice a good deal, I suppose?"

"Yes; I practice Wednesday and Saturday afternoons."

"Does Mr. Lovell unlock the church for you?"

"Sometimes; or I get the key from the janitor."

"And Mr. Lovell stays to talk a little, I suppose?"

"Sometimes."

"Do you think him a handsome man?"

"Why, I—don't know! Do you?"

"I think he has regular and rather striking features. Do you know Mrs. Lovell pretty well?"

"No, not very well."

"Do you consider them a well-matched couple?"

"Why—I—hadn't thought about it."

Her face was slightly paler than usual; her eyes were uncharacteristically steady; her fingers were uncharacteristically still in their tight, knotted clasp like little white writhen snakes in some carved agony; a tiny dent fluttered on the top of each nostril. Thus she bore the ordeal of the name. Howard dropped it, and she fell into a lax abandon of relief. When she went he insisted on shaking hands; hers was chill and tremulous.

He fell into intense and painful thought, one thin hand shading his brooding brow and troubled mouth. Hitherto he had avoided thinking any harm of the Reverend Eustace Lovell by not thinking about him at all. But he knew Clara; he knew the stuff that girls are made of. Girls are tinder; but tinder does not flame till flame has touched it. He divined the situation clearly enough. Clara stood on the edge of the abyss—blindfold, as "nice" girls must be; instinctively frightened, intellectually unalarmed; flesh a-quiver, imagination aflame; no hypocrite—poor little flutterer!—but woman-grown to defend her secret.

The clearer he saw the nature and scope of the impending tragedy, the greater loomed the mortal difficulty of moving to avert it. Primitive devices, such as locking Clara up or shooting Lovell, are no longer used. Nor was Howard in a position to employ them. He quite understood the general uselessness of breaking into other people's affairs. It was simply none of his business. He had once seen from his wheeled chair a child run over in the street, and the anguished helplessness of that hour returned upon him in the image of Clara. He could not reach her through the fascination that enwrapped her with any word of counsel. He had made sure of that. Neither could he charge the Reverend Eustace Lovell with any tangible offence. When there should be tangible offence it would be too late for Clara. He was doubly barred from warning Clara's parents. I've been wasting my time since I started to describe him if you do not see that Clara's unconscious confidence was quite sacredly safe with him. Besides, what had he to tell? That Clara hadn't blushed or faltered in talking of Lovell! The word to the wise is so often incommunicable to the unwise—but to abandon the ewe lamb to the wolf in shepherd's clothing!

THREE possible—or impossible—courses of action defined themselves in Howard's battling brain. The traditional action, along the "speak to her mother" line of shedding responsibility; the dramatic action, which contemplated an appeal to Mr. Lovell's better nature or anything else in him which might lie open to appeal—a certain tender self-regardfulness he divined in the man impressed Howard most hopefully; and the psychological action which looked toward the detachment of Clara's interest from Mr. Lovell's fatal personality. Being wise, Howard wasted no thought on any method of detachment—save one.

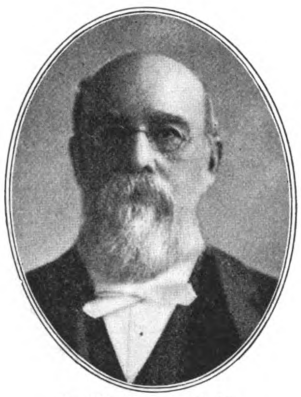
He had no sooner arranged his insufficient forces in these doubtful lines of battle, than Mrs. Fisher appeared on the sidewalk coming home from the meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Grass must not grow under the feet of him who would stem the current of Love's Young Dream (though the grass did quite literally grow under poor Howard's feet), so he hailed Mrs. Fisher cheerily.

"Clara stopped in this afternoon," he began, as Mrs. Fisher lowered her stout, firmly-wrought person into the neighborly rocking-chair. "I'm sorry she isn't going to college."

"Has she been complaining to you?" demanded Mrs. Fisher, suspiciously. "She got it in her head she wanted to go last spring, but I put my foot down on that, and she's kind of given up the notion. I want her to stay home a year, anyway, and learn to work and do something useful. Clara don't stick to anything. A couple of weeks ago she wanted to give up her pipe-organ playing."

(Continued on page 38)

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Dr. Washington Gladden

Robbing Jesus to Pay Paul

By

GEORGE J. ANDERSON

"LIBERTY, and not theology, is the enthusiasm of the nineteenth century. The very men who would once have been conspicuous saints are now conspicuous revolutionists, for while their heroism and disinterestedness are their own, the direction which these qualities take is determined by the pressure of the age."

What a momentum of truth these trenchant words of Lecky's already have behind them in the opening twentieth century! Their application is far more obvious now than when they were written. And this is true not merely because we learn that the dramatic Giovanitti, of I. W. W. leadership, was formerly a Presbyterian pastor among the New York masses; that Raymond Robins, so abhorrent to a part of Chicago plutocracy, was a preacher to Alaskan miners; that Owen R. Lovejoy, who heads the national attack on child labor, is an ordained minister, and that John Spargo left even a liberal pulpit for the Socialist councils of war; that in the ranks of the Socialist party the country over, perhaps more ministers are active than are the members of any other profession.

The reaction from theology to sociology in present-day Christianity is a world-wide current. Its manifestations are varied: in the individual, startling; in organized expression, significant; in prophecy,

> "such a tide as, moving, seems asleep;
> Too full for sound and foam."

So far as the Church is concerned—however far back it may be possible and profitable to carry the hunt for sources—the social awakening is a comparatively new episode. The stirring of our most conservative institution followed hard upon a conspicuous reaction from Paulinism, the prevailing type of Christianity during all these centuries. In a word, the modern Church has recently been shocked into a realization that for nearly 2,000 years it has been blind to the deeper teachings of its founder, so far as the social order was involved. Practically it had been robbing Jesus to pay Paul!

It is not at all necessary here to defend Paul. The personality whose vigor was sufficient to eclipse fundamental Christianity is its own best defense. Moreover we come to bury Paul, not to praise him! The great achievement which has been awarded him during these centuries is that he saved Christianity from submergence in Judaism. Which is somewhat like unto saying that Washington "saved" the colonies from Great Britain—only to establish an American monarchy with himself as George I. The Great Apostle entered into a faith of swiftly developing democracy and with his powerful gifts shunted it toward imperialism.

The contrast between the two dominant figures of Christianity is striking from beginning to end. Jesus sprang from



Bishop Williams

the common people, himself a workingman; Paul was from the aristocracy, a Pharisee and a Roman citizen. The one was aflame with a tremendous ideal—God's will done on earth—and in his first public utterance, proclaimed himself bearer of good news to the poor, the captive and spiritually blind: the other was wrapt in a mystic other-worldliness, and after his sudden "conversion" expounded his philosophy of the forgiveness of sins. The one devoted three years among the multitudes to a splendid all-round attack on human misery; the other went off for the same length of time into the Arabian desert, and there in solitude cogitated upon a theory of salvation. The one, brought into bitter and unflinching battle with privilege, literally offered himself as a sacrifice for his cause: the other, after being shielded and defended by the very powers which had crucified his Master, was executed after vainly trying to be "all things to all men."

BUT the story of all this is written elsewhere. The conflict between Paul the Pharisee and those who knew Jesus best is the outstanding feature of his biography. He himself boasted of his self-sufficiency: "I conferred not with flesh and blood; neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before me, but I went to Arabia!"

The dominant factors in this man who was to become the mentor of Christianity for nearly nineteen centuries were these: he was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee, and he was a Roman citizen. The latter character—according to a foremost authority on Paulinism, Sir William M. Ramsay—"superseded all others before the law and in the general opinion of society; and placed him amid the aristocracy of any provincial town." But even of more consequence to after generations, Paul's pharisaism provided a cast of thought which could scarcely contain the ideals of the Nazarene. The young Christianity, however, turned away from the wondrous democracy of its founder to follow a Roman imperialist into pharisaism.

NOW it has come to the turn of the long road. At a recent session of the Baptist Congress—the democratic and free-speech forum of that denomination—a great combination of progressive preachers spoke from the same platform on The Mission of the Church. They were Dean Shailer Mathews of Chicago, Dr. Washington Gladden of Columbus, Bishop Charles Williams of Michigan and Prof. T. C. Hall of New York, representing the advanced position of the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal and Presbyterian bodies. Their opinions, singularly unanimous, may be expressed in the thought of Bishop Williams, who held that the time had passed when the Church could act merely as the Red Cross corps in the day's fight but that it must become a fighting arm on the battlefield of social justice.

This is the militant trumpet call that sounds in the ears of Christians who, as Dean Mathews has expressed it, may have



Dr. Warren H. Wilson

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HARPER'S WEEKLY *believes that the present state of religion and the churches is one of the most interesting topics of the day. It believes that the tremendous motive power of religious feeling can be brought into direct relation with the needs of men and women of our time. A minister said to the editor the other day: "The church owes an unspeakable debt to Charles Darwin." He meant that science had shown her what to do. This article points out the belief among many clergymen of all denominations that the church has been getting away from the simpler and more fundamental doctrines of Jesus; but it also points out that these clergymen and their progressive element in the laity are bringing her back to those doctrines.*



Bishop Vincent

been engaged hitherto only in "manicuring their morals." It means relegation to the rear for temporizers, quietists and the submissive sophist. Inevitably follows the waning influence of him who was a Jew to the Jews, a Pharisee to the Pharisees and a Roman to Rome; who boasted, "I am made all things to all men!" No present-day politician ever shifted more swiftly and more neatly than did Paul in his various rôles. With such agility did he plead his cause that, in successive trials, the Pharisees "found no evil in him;" the Roman official saw "nothing laid to his charge worthy of death or bonds;" and Agrippa—ye gods! Agrippa, the representative of the "System"—exclaimed from his bloody throne, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!"

Instinctively we remember Him who, saved for a time, since his enemies "feared the multitude," was finally arrested, indicted and condemned because "he stirreth up the people!" Where Paul was soothingly explaining to Felix that he had not been caught "in the temple, disputing with any man," his Master, with the cheering populace at his back, was scourging the grafters from the sacred edifice! It is not hard to surmise which leader Christianity is this day choosing whom it will serve.

NATURALLY, among the foremost interests of the new leadership is the welfare of industry. Perhaps this was never so strikingly indicated as when, at Philadelphia, in December, 1908—at the organization of the Federal Council, representing over thirty denominations and nearly 20,000,000 members—a program of industrial justice was adopted.



Dean Shailer Mathews

In part it was a remarkable forerunner of the platform drawn up by the first convention of the Progressive Party four years later. Among the dozen or more affirmations were these:

"For the abolition of child labor.

"For such regulation of the conditions



Father John A. Ryan

of toil for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community.

"For the suppression of the sweating system.

"For the gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the lowest practicable point, and for that degree of leisure for all which is the condition of the highest human life.

"For the living wage as a minimum in every industry, and for the highest wage that each industry can afford."

PAUL the Pharisee would doubtless have been aghast at such a *pronunciamento* as this. In fact, he who made haste to return the runaway slave to a wealthy capitalist—a new convert—would have wholly disapproved. His solution of the labor question upheld the constitution: "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters . . . with fear and trembling." To be sure, "fear and trembling" will seldom obtain shorter hours, higher wages, the abolition of child-labor or the suppression of the sweating system. The Church, therefore, is forced to appeal back to Him who yearned over those that labor and are heavy-laden, who used happy childhood as the symbol of the Kingdom of Heaven, who was not above prayer for "our daily bread."

It would be idle, of course, to maintain that the proclamation of the Federal Council has yet inspired all the 20,000,000 of the rank and file. But it is highly significant not only that the pledges were renewed and strengthened at the quadrennial meeting a year or more ago but that they issued *from the top*. To be sure, privilege and property are learning to endorse broad generalizations of brotherhood, though resisting their concrete application. Like the rich young ruler, all the commandments have they kept from their youth up but they will not take up the cross and follow Christ.

Some examples of this latter conflict come to mind. At a Methodist meeting in the Northwest recently, a session was devoted to the labor question. In the midst of a union leader's address, a prominent judge arose and queried as to the wherefore of spending valuable time on such matters when the delegates ought to be attending to "Church business." Only a few weeks ago, in the Southwest, a wealthy philanthropist, who had given a million dollars toward a large educational fund for his denomination, was influential in excluding from its benefits the most progressive divinity school, the one most in line with the new social Christianity. The charge against it, of course, was lack of orthodoxy.

In these days, orthodoxy has come to mean generally the acceptance of what Paul the Pharisee conceived about Jesus in the Arabian desert, rather than what the founder of Christianity declared about himself. For obvious reasons, benefactors of great wealth often incline to the Arabian policy. They do not receive kindly a prediction like that made the other day by Bishop John H. Vincent: that the Church of the future will make political economy and sociology as fundamental in its teachings as religion. The manifold success of the Chautauqua movement, of which Bishop Vincent is founder, lends power to his prophecy.

NOWADAYS, beginning with Charles Stelzle of the Presbyterians, nearly all the leading denominations have engaged officials for particular service in the industrial field. For the most part, they are virile young men, wholly in sympathy with the new temper and for that reason not always having a comfortable time of it within the fold. Seldom does even the most conservative of them stand up for the new Christian attitude to labor than he treads upon the toes of some reactionary employer in the pews. But none the less they are persisting with success in the spread of their new evangel.

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Labor Sunday is increasingly a conspicuous event in the religious calendar, especially in its joint observance by churches and labor unions. Both Protestant and Catholic share in the new solicitude for those who toil. One of the best treatises on the living wage is by a Roman Catholic professor, Father John A. Ryan. Witness also this declaration upon the Michigan copper strike from the social service commission of the Catholic Societies: "It is a distinct teaching of Catholic philosophy that the individual welfare is subject to the common welfare. Catholic public opinion applies this axiom not only to men but also to movements. The industries of the state of Michigan must therefore be subject to the common welfare of the state of Michigan and of the United States to which it is a party. The Calumet and Hecla Company, and allied concerns of northern Michigan, can have no legitimate existence except as servants of the American people."

SOCIOLOGY is extending its sway into the curricula of the theological seminaries, popularly, and often erroneously, viewed as given over to post-mortem autopsies on bygone issues. Only a few weeks ago, the Yale University corporation announced a gift of $350,000 to its Divinity School, to be used largely for a department of social service with special preparation for students of relief, pauperism and labor disputes. The dean of this school, by the way, Dr. Charles R. Brown, has long been a leader in the interpretation of social Christianity, and in his notable pastorate on the Pacific Coast was as prominent a citizen as he was a preacher. In McCormick Theological Seminary of Chicago, students are approaching the problems of unemployment, inebriety, and the like, at first hand. Above all may be cited the fact that from the hand of a Baptist theological professor, Walter Rauschenbusch, came several years ago a book that woke churches and ministers everywhere, "Christianity and the Social Crisis." These signs of the times in theological seminaries ought to substantiate all other prophecies, for they certainly give the young ecclesiastical twig its bent.

In none of its tasks has modern Christianity given more recognition to the social and the economic than in its efforts in behalf of rural regeneration. Possibly this has been forced in upon its consciousness by the intimate problem of a half-starved ministry and a superfluity of little churches. Be that as it may, the new approach has been one which has embraced every element and factor in the community life—churches, schools, granges, homes, scientific agriculture, good roads, and so on. It is not without suggestion to know that the man chosen by the federal government to organize its new bureau of rural life, Prof. T. N. Carver of Harvard, was for several years the guiding spirit in the New England Country Church Association.

NO single body has made a larger or more expert contribution to the rural renaissance than the northern Presbyterians through their department of church and country life. In citing the position of its superientendent, Dr. Warren H. Wilson, however, let it be received as more than a verdict on a particular situation. Let it even be viewed as American Christianity taking economic determinism to itself and seeking to spiritualize it in the advance of our common democracy. In his recent book on "The Evolution of the Country Community," Dr. Wilson thus states the new creed:

> I believe this economic motive is religious. It is the quest for what a man has not but feels to be his. It engages his utmost efforts. It is labor for his wife and children, and for all his group fellows, and therefore is involved in his holiest, most self-forgetting feelings. . . . He forms his ideas of justice in his economic experiences. His ultimate convictions as to the goodness or badness of the world are the outgrowth of his experience in getting a living. Therefore his economic life is his wrestle with nature and society. It generates in him all the religion he has!

Paul would have been near to apoplexy over such rantings. He believed the world was shortly to be whirled with sudden deftness into a new order; therefore any present limitations in income or in life generally could well be ignored. Needless to say, shrewd overlords of the Roman empire heartily endorsed his theory and found in it a valuable soothing syrup for the restless masses.

How Paul would have thundered also against the feminist movement! He made his position clear as it was: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer a woman not to teach nor to usurp authority over the man but to be in silence," and then follows his compelling argument, modern to the Pharisee even now, "For Adam was first formed, then Eve!" This position partially explains why a good Bishop with the Pauline faith expressed himself similarly not long ago. He remarked somewhat despondently: "Women have, for a time only, I hope, but very definitely, lost their spiritual leadership through the influence of the woman's club. Woman's spirituality is altogether her most tremendous asset, and she can do more good through being profoundly spiritual and being able to communicate this spirituality to her husband and children than she can through her clubs. Women need to recover the vastness of their own souls and to realize that they cannot climb from philanthropy up to God but must climb from God down to philanthropy."

PAUL would have reluctantly conceded this much. Furthermore he might, perhaps, have derived some comfort from the action of a Pacific Coast diocesan assembly of the Protestant Episcopal Church which unanimously tabled a resolution awarding representation to women. But he would have been sorely troubled the same week by the hard-won victory of the women delegates in the Northern Baptist Convention, who were finally granted the privilege of holding offices. Nevertheless, nearly all the advanced wing of Christianity welcomes the enlarging sphere of woman as reinforcement in a hard battle, and many of the leaders, like Rauschenbusch, are avowed feminists.

In all departments of the Church, the new social interest is pervasive. The Religious Education Association, in which eminent clergymen and educators cooperate, devoted its meeting last year to Civic Progress. The Home Missions Council, a merger of many denominations, will devote its annual campaign week next fall to "Social Aspects of Christian Work." Nor are foreign mission interests a whit behind. The uninformed outsider, whose conception of foreign missions still clings pretty closely to the black-coated parson, the naked natives and the overshadowing banyan tree, is amazed at the complicated pay-roll of modern missions—not only preachers, but teachers, physicians, trained nurses, chemists, draughtsmen, sanitary engineers, business managers, athletic instructors and the like.

THE Church, following close in Paul's wake, has long been a doughty antagonist of intemperance and vice. Paul bore down very hard on the sins of the flesh; in his famous catalogue he begins with "adultery" and ends with "revelings." But even in its zeal against these errors, the Church is extending the new demands. For example, it is coming to insist that a man shall not be deemed innocent of vice, however clean his life, if he profit by low wages, by real estate rented for immoral purposes, or by any other partnership in the traffic. Likewise, it is tracing the high cost of drinking back, not merely to the empty pockets of the tippler at the bar, but to the social drains in insane asylum, workhouse and jail.

So the new conscience in the Church waxes and widens. If it is dropping old taboos, it is marking up new ones. If it has ceased in large measure to regard the theater as inevitably a den of iniquity, it is also coming to doubt seriously the beneficence of feudal industrialism. If it does not fulminate so much against the lazy vagabond, it is scrutinizing more keenly the idle millionaire. If it does not condone red-handed murder in the alley, it will not overlook the immaculate slaughterer of toiling children. If it is finding fewer sermon texts in the Pauline epistles, it is discovering many more in the Gospels and the thundering prophecies.

In a word, the revolt is on. Fundamentally, it is a rejection of pharisaism —literally "separatism." Not for long will a man be permitted to lock up his religion in water-tight compartments for six days, to be brought forth on dress parade while his actual principles of life rest on the seventh day. The Church is about to experiment with Christianity, which, as a wise man once suggested, has never been a failure because it has never been tried. To effect its purpose, however, the Church is turning from the Pauline imperialism which declares, "The powers that be are ordained of God!" The relentless battle cry of a democratic Christianity is this; "Ye cannot serve God and mammon!"

Next week we will publish an article about the man who is doing the most efficient work in the organization of Christian activities to-day. His marvelous ability to organize a world-wide missionary movement into the most exact business system is unequaled in the history of philanthropy. He is a man with one idea "The Evangelization of the world in this generation," and the way in which he follows up this idea is not only astonishingly effective but almost wildly picturesque. President Wilson says of him—but that will be told in next week's issue.

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By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Readily Convertible Into Cash

NEARLY all investors when purchasing bonds ask for those which are "readily convertible into cash." Now the law of compensation works in the investment field as well as elsewhere, and ready convertibility costs something, just as do safety or a high rate of income. Ordinarily an extreme degree of safety may be had only at the cost of a high income, just as an extremely high income may be had only at the sacrifice of safety. Likewise ready convertibility may be had at the expense of either safety or income.

Of all investments bank deposits are the most quickly convertible into cash, but the owner pays well for the privilege in that he receives only a minimum income. This general principle of compensation, subject naturally to exceptions here and there, is of practical importance. Often investors do not require ready convertibility. It is a useless and unnecessary expense. With many purchasers there never will be an occasion to resell their bonds, or borrow upon them. Then, too, the fact cannot be too much emphasized that frequent swapping or turning over of securities is an unwise policy, an essentially speculative rather than an investment trait.

Bonds are rendered readily convertible into cash from three main natural causes. There also are certain artificial causes such as speculation (for there often is as much speculation in bonds as in stocks both on and off the Exchange), and the desire of an investment banker to maintain a market for bonds for the benefit of customers to whom he has sold them.* These three causes are:

1. Intrinsic worth.
2. Size and prominence of corporation.
3. Shortness of life.

A thoroughly good bond always makes its own market. It need not be listed on the Stock Exchange or actively dealt in by many bankers off the Exchange. If the company is strong, solvent and favorably known in its trade, if the ratio of debt to stock is low, if the business is not an ephemeral one, or likely to be wiped out by competition or change of invention and process, if the management is capable and honest, if there are no excessively large net, current liabilities, and finally if the earnings are at the very least double the interest charges, there will be no difficulty in selling the bond.

There are several thousand brokers and investment bankers in this country, and there are always plenty who will buy a thoroughly good bond for themselves or their clients. On the New York Stock Exchange are listed hundreds of bond issues of divisions or parts of the great railroad systems. These bonds are perhaps not quoted once a year, simply because they are closely held, but if they are offered on the Exchange, or among the investment banking firms, or at the weekly auction sales they will be snapped up quickly at surprisingly good prices.

The second factor which makes for ready convertibility is size and promi-

*No firm can agree or guarantee to repurchase all of its bonds at the investor's request, for that would constitute a liability on the sum total of their issues, a liability which no firm could assume. But the leading investment concerns do repurchase freely under ordinary circumstances.

The best place in Winter



is the home wherein radiators are stationed to throw out ample, genial comfort under windows or close to the outer walls—where every member of the family feels as warm and content as nice old pussy-cat snuggled close to one of them, purring her low song of comfort. This is the joyous kind of warmth by which

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nence. The larger railroad bond issues are listed not only on the local Stock Exchange, but on the bourses of a half dozen European countries. A large corporation is naturally better known than a smaller one, and thus appeals to a wider circle of buyers. It is better known not only because it has a large capital, but because its operations are widely extended. Naturally, more persons know about the bonds of the Southern Pacific Railroad, which crosses half a continent and rambles up and down the entire Pacific Coast, than know about the bonds of the electric light company in Smithville, a town of four thousand inhabitants. Moreover a great corporation, one of the size of the Pennsylvania Railroad, could not exist at all if its securities had not at one time been widely distributed, and this wide distribution once effected always means a wide interest in the securities.

Finally bonds which run for a short period only always have a good market, listed or unlisted, provided they have intrinsic worth. There are two reasons for this condition:

1. Short term securities are in demand for banks and business men who wish to invest their funds until their own business demands them. Nervous investors who fear great future social and economic changes such as Socialism naturally prefer short term "stuff."

2. The real worth of a bond soon to be paid off is much better known than that of a bond with a long period to run. Naturally a bond about to be paid off has only one market price, namely, 100, whereas a long term bond may be valued at almost any figure. Thus dealers buy and sell short term securities without taking any risks.

On or off?

There are two great markets for bonds, one is on the New York Stock Exchange, and the other is created by the dealing back and forth among investment bankers, primarily in New York, and secondarily in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and a few other cities. If one desires a bond which can be readily borrowed upon at a bank, it is well to purchase a listed, or Stock Exchange, bond. A national or state bank or trust company has not the time or personal interest to investigate, as a purchaser should, the character of bonds taken as collateral for loans. Listed securities are thus much more easily appraised for purposes of loans, and it is said that the by-laws of some banks forbid lending on unlisted securities.

But aside from borrowing purposes listing on the Exchange does not necessarily mean that a bond is easy to sell. Also it is true that a larger bulk of some listed bonds even are traded in off than on the Exchange. Municipal, state and government bonds are but sparingly dealt in on the Exchange. Listing means nothing in itself, aside from the value of hypothecation, as far as an active market is concerned. But as a rule only the larger and longer-established corporations list their securities. A high grade investment banking firm probably knows more about the companies whose bonds it buys and in turn sells to customers than the listing committee of the Stock Exchange knows about the companies which are admitted to listing. Brokers on the Exchange are mere agents acting for others. They are not principals, and should not be expected to know all there is to know about a corporation.

But, as already stated, only the larger and better known corporations go on the Exchange at all, only those with large economic importance as a rule. The securities of big corporations are not

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necessarily better than those of smaller concerns. Often they are much worse. But the fact remains that it is much easier to ascertain the value of securities of large concerns. The information is accessible, in many reports and manuals. One man is about as good a judge as another as to whether United States Steel common stock is worth 25, 50 or 90. For information regarding the securities of smaller, unlisted companies one usually has no resource except the banker who offered them for sale, which may be an excellent if not always disinterested source, but possessing certain obvious and definite limitations.

It is true that many active bonds on the Exchange are active because there is much speculation in them.

It also is true that great activity in a listed bond, unless it be due to temporary speculative forces, usually results in the bond selling at a higher price than would otherwise be natural, and thus the ready convertibility is had only at the expense of income.

TO the uninitiated then too much emphasis is laid upon listing, which often has but little value except as a reflection of activity outside the Exchange. On the other hand it must not be supposed that excellent bonds cannot be had at attractive prices on the Exchange, or that all offerings of small, unlisted bond issues are desirable. In a recent week on the Stock Exchange there were perhaps fifty or sixty bonds traded in to the extent of fifty or more units. Among these were very many speculative issues, but also there were such excellent bonds of varied type as the American Telephone collateral trust 4s and convertible 4½s, Atchison general 4s and adjustment 4s, Armour 4½s, Atlantic Coast Line first consolidated 4s, Baltimore & Ohio convertible 4½s, and Southwest division 3½s, Brooklyn Rapid Transit 5 per cent. notes, Central Leather first 5s, Burlington joint 4s, St. Paul general 4½s and convertible 4½s, Interborough refunding 5s, Louisville & Nashville unified 4s, National Tube 5s, Lake Shore collateral 3½s, Northern Pacific prior lien 4s, and general 3s, Pennsylvania 3½s of 1915, Public Service 5s, Reading general 4s, Southern Pacific convertible 4s, refunding 4s, and convertible 5s, Southern Railway first 5s, Union Pacific convertible 4s and United States Steel 5s.

On the Stock Exchange one pays a commission of one-eighth of 1 per cent. in all cases. A banking firm which bought securities direct from a corporation and retailed them to investors at a charge of one-eighth of 1 per cent. would hardly be able to pay its postage and stationery bills. Of course bankers must make a far larger profit than this. And it makes no difference to the investor how much profit accrues to bankers provided he is able to buy a good bond at a low price. The banker should be able to buy bonds directly from corporations and retail them at a large profit to investors to net a higher return than is to be secured on listed bonds of the large concerns.

The main point is that the investor should get what he pays for. Last June first mortgage bonds of the largest and best known manufacturing companies could be had on the Stock Exchange to yield 6 per cent., and now several may be had to yield 5¼ per cent. If one can do better off the Exchange, all very well, but the discriminating investor will seek to get all he may, which at times is on the Stock Exchange and other times elsewhere, according to his needs.

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Divorce

(Continued from page 15)

of many inconsiderable women—fortunately the sort of women exploited by men of genius has almost always been inconsiderable—but probably any competent mother of children is always worth the sacrifice of an average man. This is a point so generally conceded by the average man himself that he will make us no trouble about it.

"Although it has been from time to time overlaid by the postulates of religion, the criterion of social worth for all sex relations, whether to be entered upon or discontinued, has prevailed in our general practice. The final question which we have put to any irregularity of a notable citizen, is, not to what degree it conformed to the marriage code of his day, but to what extent did it make good. It is not even, how much did it bring him, but what did we get out of it. Immunity from reproach is purchased by notable contributions. We judge our neighbors of today by conformity or unconformity, but the judgment of time is that any sex relation that adds to our meagre human equipment is moral, and by as much as it withdraws from the general fund it constitutes itself immoral."

"I THINK I understand," Valda admitted at last. "You mean that more things than sex enter into marriage, and that these have still to be reckoned with even after sex has ceased to be an active agent in the affair."

"That too, but even more I mean that so long as sex is an active agent on one side or the other, it must come in for active consideration. It *is* in, since Love is not so easily done away with by the saying so; it goes on, even when wholly disregarded by the object of it, affecting the social values of the lover. Speaking for the Social Body, I give due credence to your statement that you cannot continue in this marriage without suffering personal inconvenience; but if the condition of your going out be that the other member is to be subject to personal loss, has not Society a right to determine which one of you it will have upon its hands in a damaged condition? This, I take it, constitutes the chief right of Society to a voice in the matings and unmatings of our kind, the fact that we have, as Society, to put up with the results."

"You think that a criterion of love can be established in its effect on our personal values?"

"If you assume the measure of value to be as nearly as we can discover it, to be harmonious with the racial purpose, I do.

"It is the only test I have for anything. It is the dividing line in sex behaviors, between self-indulgence and self-realization. We've a right to as much love as we can work up into the stuff of a superior personality. Taking anything over what we can give back in some form or other to the social sum, is my notion of sinning. I'd as soon think of anybody going about with a crippled love-life as with a maimed body or a depleted purse in the interest of my private gratification."

Valda sat perfectly still with her face turned away from me. The water went on garrulously to its appointed place, the kingfisher came back to the green room and the leaves of the rock maple stirred with the day's deep breathing as the feathers on a breast.

"I suppose," she said, "that they manage by not thinking of it," and I knew that her own thought was on the man who had broken her for the sake of an indulgence which, if it had been expressed in terms of money or ambition, he would indignantly have repudiated.

In her next article Mrs. Austin will discuss the failure of free love as a solution to the troubles of marriage. Her ideas are convincing because based on a profound knowledge of the psychology of love.

A Wayside Fire

By EDITH WYATT

THE day was cold along the road: and heart and foot did tire.
We stopped a while. We loosed the load: and built a wayside fire.
Hot soup we had, and cheese and bread—a bit to sup and eat.
Sing; blue flame blue! Sing, red flame, red! The juniper burned sweet.
And always, always, always hence, when fainting spirits tire,
I wish that we would have the sense to stop and light a fire.
Along the road, along the road, down pours the glancing rain,
But easily I lift my load, now I am warm again.
For I have heard inside the fire the song the wildbird knows,
And watched dry sticks from brake and byre bloom in a golden rose—
Flame in a fragrant, golden rose, a crimson light, a praise.
Stream happy fires, and smoking snows, and sing me all your blaze!
"Flame in a praise? What praise?" you say. The dark will come, you know.
Along the road, along the road, where you and I shall go—
Hard frost and rust, dank heat and must, dead sticks and winds that tire.
Then, let us light by all this dust, the splendors we admire!
And hear the airs that course great hearts, and talk of islands far,
Of glory, comfort, richest arts, and those best things we are!
Along the road, along the road, down pours the glancing rain,
But easily I lift my load, now I am warm again.
For I have heard inside the fire, the song the wildbird knows,
And watched dry sticks from brake and byre blaze in a golden rose.

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HUDSON Six-40

Who Doesn't Want a Six?

If its *weight* is less, its *price* is less and its *fuel costs* less than any comparable car, who doesn't want a Six? Who wants to lose, and pay for losing, all the luxury of riding in a Six?

THE fact that men want Sixes is too apparent to dispute. All the high-priced cars have been forced to Sixes. And scores of other makers have had to capitulate to a demand which proved resistless.

At the New York Show, 54 exhibitors—out of 79—displayed Sixes for best. Eighteen showed Sixes exclusively.

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Never in motor car history was anything more apparent than this swing to Sixes. It is coming about faster than came the abandonment of one- and two-cylinder motors.

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Men want to end vibration, and that means continuous power. They want flexibility, want less wear on tires. They want to avoid changing gears in slow traffic, or in climbing any reasonable grade.

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The New Hudson Six-40 Takes All the Bars Down

Now the HUDSON engineers have taken from Sixes all that held men back.

Sixes were costly. Now the HUDSON Six-40 undersells all cars, whatever the type—size, power and class considered.

Sixes were heavy. Now the HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,980 pounds. That's 400 pounds less than our last year's Four—the HUDSON "37."

Sixes consumed extra fuel. Now the HUDSON Six-40 consumes one-fourth less than did our HUDSON "37."

Think of that. A longer car than our "37." A higher-powered car. A car with two extra tonneau seats. Yet much less weight and much less fuel cost.

And largely because of a new-type motor—a small-bore, long-stroke motor which has solved the economy problem.

Buyers of cheap cars can't get Sixes as yet. But men who pay over $1,500 will find everything—even economy—on the side of this HUDSON Six-40. And it won't depreciate like types which are going out.

A Beauty All Its Own

Then here is the Streamline body brought to artistic perfection. Note the flowing lines, unbroken at the dash. This type of body is the coming vogue. It is now the vogue in Europe. But you will never see it brought out better than in this year's HUDSON Sixes.

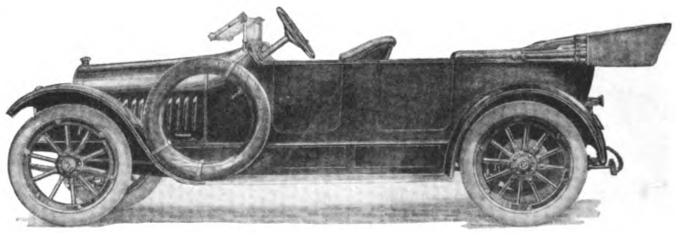
And note below the new ideas in equipment. Note how many of these attractions make their first American appearance in this car.

The Hudson Six-54

Our larger Six—frequently called the handsomest car of the year—has the same design and practically the same equipment. It is for men who want a big car—big in size and power. The wheelbase is 135 inches. The price is $2,250.

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HUDSON Six-40 $1,750



Wheelbase, 123 inches.
Seats up to 7 passengers.
Two disappearing seats.
Left side drive.
Gasoline tank in dash.
Extra tires carried ahead of front door.
"One-Man" top made of Pantasote.
Quick-adjusting curtains.
Dimming searchlights.
Concealed hinges.
Concealed speedometer gear.
Delco patented system of electric lighting and starting.
Integral rain-vision windshield.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
Electric horn—license carriers—tire holders—trunk rack—tools.
Price, $1,750 F. O. B. Detroit.
Wire wheels, with extra wheel, $75 extra.
Standard roadster, same price.
Cabriolet roadster, completely enclosed, but quickly changed to an open roadster, $1,950.

(312)

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"Oh!" cried Howard in a wounded voice.

"You've got to be firm with children," pursued Mrs. Fisher placidly. "I always am with mine."

"I think Clara looks as if she needed a change," ventured Howard. "Why don't you send her over to your sister's at Ashley for a few weeks?"

"Nonsense!" retorted Mrs. Fisher. "All she needs is to get to work and pay some attention to what she's doing. She moons around all day, and don't know what she's about half the time. I don't believe in indulging children. I've never let mine attend these moving-picture shows even, and I guess I'm the only woman in town that can say that."

"If I were you," said Howard persuasively, "I'd have her stop that pipe-organ practice."

"Why, she's all out of the notion now," exclaimed Mrs. Fisher, staring.

If you say anything in Clearview it's like telling it in a whispering gallery of distorting and magnifying echoes. Howard weighed the chances and shot his bolt.

"If I had a daughter," he said, looking steadily at Mrs. Fisher, "I'd be careful to keep her from seeing much of—Mr. Lovell."

Mrs. Fisher laughed.

"Land, Howard! You'd be funny with a daughter!"

"I know something about men," persisted Howard. "I don't trust Lovell."

Mrs. Fisher flushed angrily.

"You Presbyterians might be in better business than making insinuations against our preacher!" She rose indignantly. "Land, Howard," she exclaimed with a sort of impatient forbearance, "I suppose you mean all right, but I shan't sit here and listen to one word against our preacher! I guess I can look after my own family!"

She departed, more in righteous sorrow than anger. The first battle-line looked like a total loss.

The next forenoon the Reverend Eustace Lovell called on Howard Brookfield where the morning sun struck glittering arrows through the apple-tree.

IT'S hard to tell what a man looks like, because so much depends on who does the looking. Mr. Lovell was considered handsome. Esther Wilson said he looked like a Gibson man drawn by Franz Hals. Howard Brookfield thought he looked like a shallow and unscrupulous hypocrite. Clara Fisher thought he looked like the Sons of God when they walked with the daughters of men in the world's dawning. You can take your choice.

"Good-morning!" said Mr. Lovell, bestowing upon Howard a close and significant handshake. This handshake was the chief part of his pastoral equipment. He always used it automatically. "Good-morning, Mr. Brookfield! I hope you find yourself as well as usual this morning?"

"I asked you to call," said Howard, extricating his hand as quickly as possible, "because I wanted to speak to you about a member of your congregation."

"Oh!" Mr. Lovell rejoined with a mixture of bewilderment and unctuous smoothness. "Yes. Certainly. It's very kind of you, I'm sure. It's often a great advantage to a pastor to be informed regarding the—problems that may confront his parishioners. I'm always glad to be of any possible assistance that way to any member of my 'flock'." He pronounced it in quotation marks to show that he was above ecclesiastic affectations.

Mr. Lovell's faculty for smooth and ready improvisation on any topic, comprehended or otherwise, had determined his walk in life. That and a histrionic emotionality at will, coupled with a youthful conviction that the minister must always belong to the élite of any community. Time had cured that illusion about the élite—no haunter of the worldly walks of wealth ever felt more intensely than Mr. Lovell that the élite are those who have money. But as the ministry continued the least irksome means of wearing good clothes every day, he continued in it. If one or two little adventures in which he had been involved had turned out differently—that is become public—he would have had to leave it; but he was the last man in the world to worry about what hadn't happened. He had married the prettiest daughter of the wealthiest man in his first charge; had never forgiven his wife for her father's subsequent financial disaster. He had three children whom he called his babes in public, and disliked domestically. He also disliked his wife, not violently but dully and implacably. All the feelings of which he was capable—except those concerning his own immediate gratifications—were cold and sluggish.

The quality of this human snake was as apparent to Howard as if the creature had been made of glass; but the attempt was to be made.

"It's Clara Fisher," he said bluntly.

Something hard and wary leaped at the back of the man's shallow eyes.

"Yes?" he ventured interrogatively.

"Clara is an unusual girl," said Howard earnestly. "She's an imaginative, poetic child. There are extraordinary and noble possibilities wrapped up in her. It's worth some effort and sacrifice to help a splendid child like that to find herself, to get the right start in life." He had the sensation of pounding on a blank, dead wall with no one behind it. "She ought to go to college this fall," he ended wearily.

"Yes," came the empty echo from behind Mr. Lovell's face. "I always encourage young people to attend our institutions of learning. There can be no better investment for a young person than——"

"Clara is gifted," interrupted Howard. "She's uncommonly sensitive, uncommonly susceptible in many ways."

"She has unusual musical talent, I believe," said Mr. Lovell carefully. "Her services as our organist this summer have been very acceptable."

"I want her to stop that!"

Howard's eyes flashed a sword in Mr. Lovell's face.

"Really!" Mr. Lovell was so taken aback that a flash of genuine insolence escaped him. "*You* want her to! But what if she doesn't want to?"

"She did two weeks ago."

Alarm drove Mr. Lovell's insolence to cover.

"Ah! I was not aware—"

"You know what I mean!" Howard drove the sword-glance straight into Lovell's scaly eyes. "If any harm happened to Clara, the villain that harmed her would pay for it."

"Yes. Doubtless," said Mr. Lovell colorlessly, with a look of great intentional blankness. Instinctive caution and amazement at the uncanny cripple's information were giving way to the conviction that his own position was impregnable.

"Clara must stop practicing and she must go to college," Howard insisted.

"I'm afraid you overrate my powers, Mr. Brookfield," returned Lovell with a smile nicely balanced between condescending tolerance and amusement. "The young lady you seem to have taken such an extraordinary fancy to really must do as she pleases!"

For a clear instant the satyr grinned triumphant.

If the passionate wish to knock a man down could ever have taken bodiless effect, Mr. Lovell would have rolled on the lawn.

"Though, of course," pursued Mr. Lovell, resuming the mask, "I shall be glad to use whatever influence I may possess with the young lady or her parents, as you suggest. Was that all this morning, Mr. Brookfield? I fear I must be going, then. I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure, for your thoughtful interest."

Howard's temples were still buzzing with passion, but he could not let the man go visibly gloating at his useless rage. He touched a book that lay on the wide arm of his chair.

"Are you familiar with the poetry of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward?"

"Phelps Ward?" repeated Mr. Lovell. "That's the woman that wrote 'The Rosary', isn't it?—No, no, no!" The look in Howard's eyes enlightened him. He was quick at some things. "That was that other woman. No, I believe not. I don't find time to keep up with the late authors. You are fortunate that way, Mr. Brookfield."

Howard's second line of battle admitted utter defeat. There remained a slender reed—the psychological method. It materialized late that afternoon in the person of Brick Williams, who stopped to describe the ball-game, and stayed to talk of more intimate matters.

It could have been wished that Brick had had a more Grecian profile and fewer freckles; but we work with such materials as we hope to control. The psychological moment came.

"Clara Fisher," said Howard hypnotically, "is a mighty nice girl."

"Aw! She ain't got anything to say!" retorted Brick. "I like a girl that talks, a girl that's right in for a good time. Belle Armstrong's the kind I like! Say, you just ought to hear Belle——"

Howard watched his last and feeblest hope dissolve.

"WHO'S your letter from, Clara?" demanded Mrs. Fisher (Mrs. Fisher's domestic communications were principally demands) as Clara opened the envelope her father handed out in the daily mail distribution.

"Just an advertisement," answered the girl, displaying the tall-typed announcement of the Metropolitan Store's Midsummer Sale. What she did not show was a small line of writing close at the bottom of the bill: "Go to the post-office yourself at two o'clock, Friday afternoon."

The second part of "St. George and The Dragon" will appear in the issue of March 21

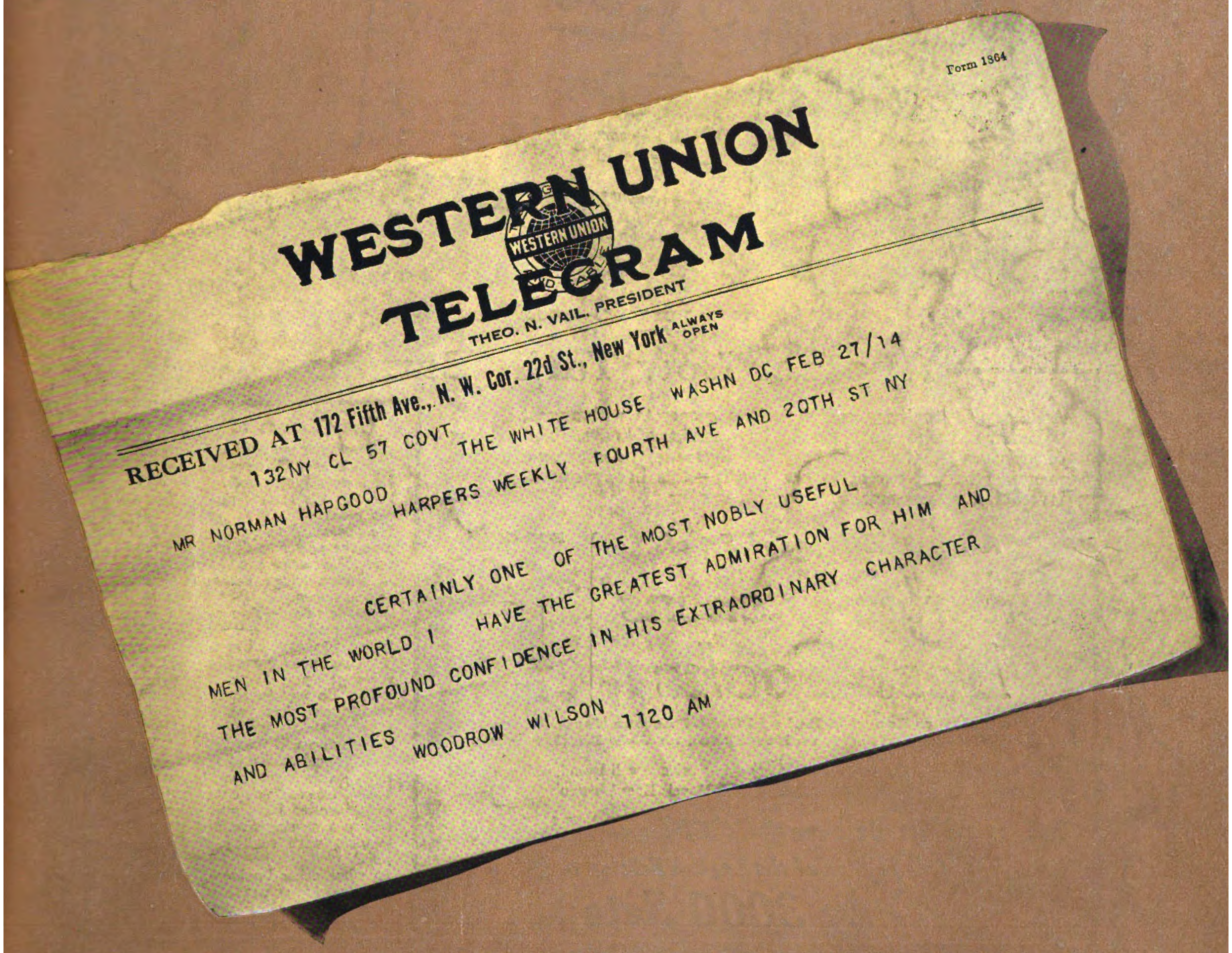
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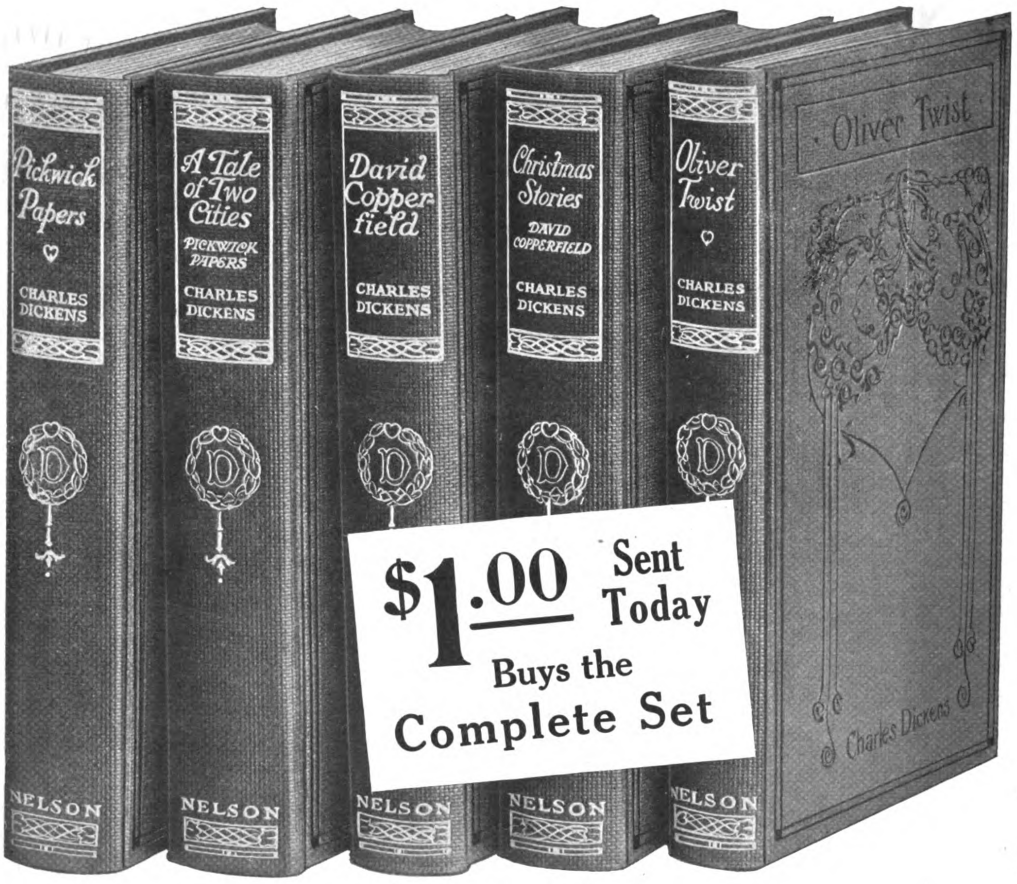
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Contents for March 21, 1914

Charles Dana Gibson ..... James Montgomery Flagg 2
A Cartoon

Editorials 3

Some Remarks on the Income Tax ..... Justin Huntley Moore 6
How it affects you and your neighbor
Illustrated by Alexander Popini

Where Legislators Come Cheap ..... William J. Burns 9
Americans are not the only grafters in the world

John R. Mott, Christian Statesman ..... Arthur H. Gleason 10
Why Mr. Wilson sent that telegram

Eating on the Train ... Edward Hungerford 12
Illustrated from photographs

Two Men Dining ..... Guy Pène Du Bois 15
Cartoon

Yuan Shih-Kai 15
An intimate personal opinion of the President of China. From a Chinese Correspondent

Musical Comedy: What is the Matter With It? ..... Harold Stearns 16
Why isn't it even more amusing than it is?

St. George and the Dragon ..... Laura L. Hinkley 18
A story
Illustrated by Harriet Mead Olcott

Song of the Oldsters .. Theodosia Garrison 20
Verse

Shielding the Officer ..... Charles Johnson Post 21
The most surprising exposition of abuses that Mr. Post has yet made
Illustrated from photographs

The Failure of Free Love ... Mary Austin 25
Why Mrs. Austin agrees with you and your wife
Illustrated by H. T. Dunn

The Washington Alley Bill ..... Charlotte Everett Hopkins 28
Cleaning the corners of the nation's drawing-room

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 29

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In Next Week's Issue

RADIUM is a substance that no one understands, and because of its peculiar qualities, one that holds romantic possibilities. No one knows what may yet be done with it, and its use in medicine and the arts is a subject which has all the mystery of the unknown. McGregor will tell something of the effort of the federal government to protect our radium deposits, and something of the opinion of scientists as to what may come of it.

Everybody depends upon the ASSOCIATED PRESS for news. No matter how important an event may be, if this great Association does not choose to report it you have no way of knowing that it has ever happened. Improper use of this power strikes every person when he reads his morning paper. Mr. Will Irwin gives some cases in which this power has been misused. One of the cases in which the A. P. has been oppressive has been in its fight against the little Socialist magazine, the *Masses*. Mr. Hapgood will sum up the usefulness and attractiveness of the *Masses*, and its editor Max Eastman.

Pai Ta-Shun has written some lyrics which are among the very best expressions of ORIENTAL LIFE which have appeared in current literature for some years. They are illustrated with ancient Chinese drawings.

What do we think of the MEXICAN SITUATION? We hope our friends want to know our opinion. Mr. Cesare has done one of his pictures which are so artistically perfect. He expresses in his cartoon exactly the attitude of HARPER'S WEEKLY toward the Mexican quarrel.

Do you want your children to be happy when they are married? If so, do not miss MRS. AUSTIN'S LAST ARTICLE. Her wisdom and profound knowledge of psychology make this series notable. This article gives practical suggestions that any parent may carry out. It will give you some very useful hints.

The issue will also contain several articles on books and the theater, Mr. Herford's inimitable page of humor, and another of the series "Captains of Industry" by James Montgomery Flagg.

We are starting a new Department "Letters from Our Readers," some of which are very enlightening, and some of which are very funny.

There have been some remarkable developments in the Maryville case, which came in late, but were so important that we feel we cannot publish it until these facts can be incorporated. Therefore this astonishing disclosure of labor conditions on the Pacific Coast will appear in the issue of April 4.

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Captains of Industry

By James Montgomery Flagg

III—Charles Dana Gibson

He owns eleven islands in Maine

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Luck

MOST of the wise and disinterested persons of our acquaintance think that the President's record contains nothing finer than his Mexican policy. A leader in the Progressive Party said to us the other day that in the Mexican matter Wilson had seemed to him positively inspired. Yet he, like every one else, admits that chance will inevitably play a part in deciding whether this policy shall have the fortunate termination it deserves. If we get out of it without a war with Mexico, immense credit will be given to the President. If some folly by the Mexicans, backed up with narrow-mindedness from certain Americans, shall ultimately bring on a war, the President will have deserved credit just as clearly, but he will not get it.

Patriotism

WHAT is more patriotic than truth? What better example can be set before the young than simple ethics applied to public life? When Mr. Wilson undertook to bring about the repeal of the exemption clause of the Canal Treaty, he may or may not have believed he would succeed with Congress, but he knew one thing, namely—that his course was right. Some excellent men in our national legislature have opposed him, and apparently the reason is that they fear some advantage may accrue to the railroads. Swatting the railroads may be a very healthy amusement, but in the long run we can hardly believe that opportunities for swatting ought to be sought at the sacrifice of national standards of fairness and honor.

The Meaning of a Word

VIGOROUS objection has been made to the expression "grafting politicians" used by us in connection with the renowned trio, Murphy, Sullivan and Taggart. We think the objection is well founded, and hereby withdraw the word. That word is so new in the language that its meaning is not fixed. In ordinary discourse it is used, as we used it, to mean such management of political influences as results mainly in the benefit of a leader or his followers and supporters. It covers the building up of a machine, through control of public offices and through influence with the great public utilities, which in turn controls legislation. Ordinary usage does not draw an arbitrary line between what goes directly into a man's pocket and what he undertakes to have go into the pockets of those who stand behind him in his leadership. It describes generally the activities of the army that feeds out of the trough. Whether this use of the word will in the end prevail, we do not know, but as there are other uses we ought to have chosen a more exact term. The word "graft" is also used for theft, for illegality, which we did not have in mind. The distinction between honest and dishonest graft, first made by the famous New York statesman, has become classic and is generally understood. Nevertheless, our remarks should have been couched in terminology that conveyed our meaning without any possibility of doubt. What we undertook to imply about these three great and useful philosophers and leaders had no bearing on whether they ever broke the law or not. It was that they were chiefs in a system by which they control the jobs, control the legislature, favor the big corporations, and work all this power to and fro, for their own purposes and for the greater fatness of their machines. Just what the best adjective would have been, our readers may know better than we do. "Parasitic" might not have been so misleading, or "pap-distributing." Anyway, why not send these three statesmen to the Senate and forget the Dictionary?

Senator Gore

THE unanimous, even enthusiastic, verdict of the Oklahoma jury in the suit against the blind Senator by the wife of a disappointed office-seeker, her helpers being also disappointed candidates for office, brought a sense of relief to thousands of the Senator's friends throughout the country, who feared political influences. The circumstances of the case and the result have strengthened Senator Gore. He was one of the earliest, and has been one of the most consistent, progressives on the Democratic side of the Senate Chamber. Oklahoma has set a high standard of excellence in the only two Senators the state has had, she had the good sense to reëlect Owen and will reëlect Gore.

Importance

WHAT things matter? It is the special function of HARPER'S WEEKLY to try to select elements in American life which it believes do matter, and to give them emphasis. Religion matters. It matters emphatically in this age of disappearing sanctions and of new standards. Who is doing most to connect religion with the lives of men to-day? Some observers of ability answer John R. Mott. That opinion explains why one of the most quietly influential citizens in the country called Mr. Mott "the greatest man alive." It is a startling opinion, but it is based on thought.

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Mott

THE leading business men and philanthropists just referred to, when pressed to say wherein Mott is "great," told why. Mott has united the missionary effort of the world. Christianity on the foreign field has been brought into the "Christian unity" and harmony, talked about for generations but not realized until under his competent leadership. The result of this will be a nearer approach to a union of the religious forces at home.

He is known throughout the world in almost every country and almost every city by the student body—the leaders in intelligence. He has had much influence on the Chinese situation of the last decade through the students who have been reached by him and who have become local leaders in the constitutional government of the provinces.

His Association buildings are centers of social activity and service all over the map. Thus the four hundred thousand dollar building in Buenos Aires is the leading social center of the Argentine Republic.

His student movement at home in the college Y. M. C. A.'s has altered the tone of student life and has bettered many thousands of men. Finally, he is great because he is skilled in administration, a master of detail, large in vision, exact in statement, a canny raiser of funds, gifted with insight in the choice of helpers, strong-willed, convincing.

His Method

WHAT Mott gives his audiences is the simple old-time talk of an "abounding life" through a personal belief. He devotes half of his one hour to bringing home the sense of guilt to the individual soul. He shows you your life as a battleground where you are beset by temptation and defeated from time to time by sin. He then tells you he sees by your face that he is speaking to individual need, and that you are asking "What is there for me?"

From his twenty-eight years of student-experience, from knowing the names and the problems of tens of thousands of students, he says he brings a message of hope. By exercise of your religious faculty you can overcome the sin that keeps tripping you. Your better self is dead, but Christ can communicate life—life abounding, wider, deeper, of more volume, than the sterile withered surface life you have been living—*Life*, LIFE.

He ends on that ringing word, and sits down, but exact plans always follow. Continuation work, the tying together of vague emotion, is his method of never starting anything unless he can see it through. Not in speech but in action is the secret of his largest power. He is not only one more revivalist, but also a driving man who executes international plans. The total number of members in student Christian Associations in North America since 1889 is approximately 350,000. That means that Mott has in some measure reached each of these 350,000 men. It may be to give him a reading room, a place to study. It may be to put purpose into his life. He has touched each one of them at some need of his nature and, therefore, he has lifted the level of student life for the nation.

Two Candidates

GIFFORD PINCHOT is a candidate for the United States Senate. It gives us special pleasure to quote what has just been said about him by one of the progressive public men of British Columbia. British Columbia has just had introduced into its legislature a Royalty Bill that recognizes the profit-sharing idea by providing that when lumbermen pay for stumpage held under lease from the government, the royalty shall go up as lumber goes up in price. The Premier of British Columbia, speaking on this bill, said:

"The great nation to the south of us had and still has its conservation problems. Fortunately that nation has had and still has great leaders in conservation—first among whom is Gifford Pinchot, who possesses that rare combination of vision—leadership and practical common sense. Under his leadership has been sown the seed of right ideas for the right handling of natural resources, from which is springing, under the sunshine of public understanding and approval, an increasing crop of good conservation laws affecting natural resources, and good administration of those laws."

One of the opponents of Mr. Pinchot is the distinguished incumbent of the office at present—Mr. Boies Penrose. As throwing an amusing light on his character, which indeed is known to everybody, we recall this dialogue in Congress:

Mr. Penrose: Mr. President, if the Senator will speak up so that the minority may hear him, he would overcome the tendency to whisper, which doubtless characterized the proceedings of the secret caucus, which he had got into the habit of observing in the last two months. . . .

Mr. Simmons: The Senator has probably had so much to do with making tariff bills in secret at the dictation of the special interests of this country, that he is enabled to speak with some authority upon the question of secrecy with reference to legislation. . . .

Mr. Simmons: I wish to say to the Senator that ever since the war, probably with the exception of the act of 1894, certainly every time the Republican Party has framed a tariff bill in this country, there has been an insidious lobby here, and that lobby has had its way in framing the bill. In many instances that lobby has practically written the bill.

The Governor's Son

EDWARD F. DUNNE, Governor of Illinois, when Mayor of Chicago advocated home rule and municipal ownership and operation of local transportation facilities. As Governor he advocated and signed a state wide public utilities law which deprives Chicago of much of its control over public utilities. Governor Dunne appointed the members of the public utilities commission; he has power to remove them; he must be consulted in the appointment of subordinates and in the fixing of their salaries. Hardly had the commission begun work when the Governor's son, Edward F. Dunne, Jr., appeared before the commission as attorney for a company asking permission to operate motor bus lines in the parks and boulevards of Chicago. Can it be that Governor Dunne and his son are the only people in Chicago who have not heard the talk about the possibility of establishing municipally owned auto bus lines as a foil to the privately owned surface and elevated lines? Possibly so. Young Mr. Dunne's activities suggest that among his virtues is a highly developed nerve.

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Bath-house John and the Lady

PERHAPS Bath-house John Coughlan and Hinky Dink are the two most notorious characters in Chicago politics. In spite of the reform waves that have gone over that city, these two creatures have survived. Bath-house John is up again for reëlection. There is running against him this time a woman. If Miss Drake could be elected, the triumph would be great, not only because the defeat of the Bath-house would be in itself a brilliant accomplishment, but because there is a particular appropriateness in having a woman run against a political leader in a ward that has always been remarkable for its organized vice. The boundaries of the first ward have been changed, bringing it up to Thirty-first Street and including a large new normal resident population, thus increasing the chance of beating Coughlan; and if his tributaries, the State Street stores and real estate interests, will summon courage to refuse supplies to him, he may really be put out of business, especially if Miss Drake's supporters can raise money enough to insure a fair count. Chicago could scarcely do anything that would get her more glory from the outside world than to put this notorious politician out of business.

The Head of the House

SOME parts of the country have been contemplating of late the spectacle of boards of education refusing to allow women to teach in schools because they are married, and, therefore, presumably have some knowledge of children. An even more diverting example of official intelligence was given by a court which the other day decided that a woman could not decide whether she would keep boarders or not, because her husband was the head of the house, and therefore it was his business to decide every question that might arise in the family. Of course the woman would do all the work of keeping the boarders, and, presumably, the same court would decide that she had no right to make up her own opinion about the day of the week on which she would do the ironing. Will our courts and our boards of education be among the last forces to be civilized?

The Passing of Farce

WILLIAM GILLETTE says that it is with their minds that Americans laugh most, nowadays. Farce, therefore, he thinks is disappearing. At least the old time farce of arbitrary situations is gone, its place being taken by the comedy with ideas. Mr. Gillette is a well-equipped observer. His optimism, we believe, will be shared by everybody who is following the drama closely and who is old enough to remember the plays of fifteen or twenty years ago. The most popular farce of this season, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," was only partly farce. It was partly melodrama, and its appeal lay in no small part in the very ingenious combination of the two kinds of drama and the amusing relation of the dramatist to the public, at which he seemed to be smiling, as he smiled also at his own art.

Folk and Hadley

THE two have had almost parallel careers in politics. Folk made his first reputation as the prosecuting attorney of St. Louis, in the bribery cases in which he secured the conviction of many and the exile of some offenders. He was then elected Governor of Missouri and continued his work of reform, until the rascals were driven out of power, especially those of his own party. When he was elected Governor, Hadley was elected Attorney-General, having also made a reputation as prosecuting attorney. Some of the effective trust prosecutions were made when Folk was Governor and Hadley Attorney-General. Folk from time to time has been talked of for the Presidency, and Hadley might have had the Republican nomination at Chicago in 1912 if the Roosevelt wing had been willing. After serving a few months as Solicitor for the State Department, Folk accepted the position of Chief Counsel for the Interstate Commerce Commission; and Hadley is to represent the railroads in their contention before the Valuation Board of the Commission, so that the careers continue to run close together.

John L.'s Opinion

OLD men celebrate the past; youth proclaims the hero of the moment. John L. Sullivan, himself a subject of debate between the generations, comes to the rescue of the past, but with moderation. To men of fifty, John L. is the greatest fighter who ever lived; to men of thirty-five, it is Jeffries; to men of twenty, Jack Johnson. John once thought of being a professional baseball player, and his interest in the game has led him to make a pronouncement for the ancient stars. He is a philosopher, as he shows from time to time on various topics. When old Captain Anson, of heroic memory, defended the past, he conceded nothing. John L. admits that team-play has improved, and all he maintains is that Radbourne is the greatest pitcher in history; that Kelly, Ewing, and Bennett cannot be surpassed as catchers, or Anson and others for individual prowess. For a man of his years, John shows reserve. The question can never be settled, and mathematics favor today, as probably the players today are selected from a dozen times as many aspirants as thirty years ago. Anson was a wonderful personality and a great batter, but he ran bases like Meyers, and as a fielder is surpassed by all the leading first basemen of our day. Our team, selected from all time, and taking every man in his best year, would be:

Catcher	Archer
Pitcher	Mathewson, Radbourne, Clarkson, and Johnson
First base	Tenney
Second base	Eddie Collins
Third base	Jimmy Collins
Short stop	Wagner
Left field	Kelly
Center field	Cobb
Right field	Keeler

If we were giving an all-time gold medal, it would go to Kelly. He is the most brilliant figure yet produced by baseball. He fell but little short of Cobb physically, and he surpassed even Johnnie Evers in mental brilliancy. The combination gives him a place apart.

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Some Remarks on the Income Tax

By JUSTIN HARTLEY MOORE

Illustrated by Alexander Popini

THE confusion caused by the variety of ways in which the Federal Income Tax is interpreted, unfortunately is not likely to diminish. "What does such and such a provision mean?" is the naïve question asked a hundred times a day in bank and counting house. Officials answer as best they can, after a more or less puzzled study of the law. In regard to the withholding of a percentage in payment of coupons, for example, one corporation decides one way and another corporation across the street gives a totally different interpretation. Two corporations, for instance, may happen to have the same paying agent. An individual may come to this agent and be told that coupons of corporation A will be paid in full, while those of corporation B are subject to a certain deduction. "What does the law mean?" is repeated wrathfully, and in the babel of explanations offered, one fundamental fact is lost sight of.

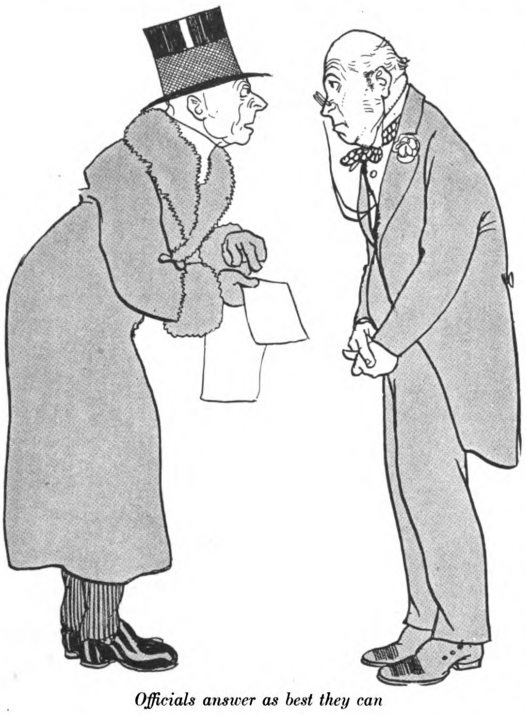
What is this fundamental fact? In a word, that at present nobody knows or can know. To assume that those federal employees entrusted with the administration of this law are its explicit and ultimate expounders, is to ignore one of the broad underlying truths of the American judicial system, namely, that no law is really certain until its provisions have been decided upon by the court of last resort. There are many provisions of the income tax law which may later be decided by the Supreme Court to be unconstitutional. Needless to say, the decisions now being promulgated so rapidly by the Treasury Department will not in the least deter the Supreme Court from arriving at totally different decisions later on. Naturally, a long time, perhaps a very long time, will elapse before all mooted points are passed upon. For, as everyone knows, the Supreme Court does not constitute itself a tribunal to determine the constitutionality of the laws of Congress at the time when such laws go into effect. The court does not act of itself. Only when some individual or corporation comes into conflict with a provision of the law, and when this conflict has been taken into the federal courts for a determination, can the slow machinery of the law be set in motion. In this connection the general reader may appropriately be reminded of the profound difference between acts of the United States Congress and acts of Parliament. The acts of Parliament are supreme and no slightest jot or tittle can be changed by any court. But in the United States laws of Congress may later be set aside either wholly or partly by the Supreme Court if their provisions are interpreted to be in conflict with the Constitution.

Bearing these facts in mind, and speaking with due modesty on a subject whose ramifications are legion, let us discuss informally a few points in the income tax that are, perhaps, new to the general reader.

Individuals whose incomes are not beyond $3000 are exempt. Nothing has to be done to claim this exemption. They are not required to file any certificate or to take any oath. If the income is not derived from their own earnings, but from bonds, exemption is obtained by filing a sworn certificate with the coupons when they are presented for payment.

Individuals (with one exception noted later) are subject to the following rates of taxation:

Between	$3,000	and	$20,000	—1 per cent
"	20,000	"	50,000	—2 per cent
"	50,000	"	75,000	—3 per cent
"	75,000	"	100,000	—4 per cent
"	100,000	"	250,000	—5 per cent
"	250,000	"	500,000	—6 per cent
All in excess of			500,000	—7 per cent



Officials answer as best they can

In reference to corporations, it should be noted that the excise law of 1909 is repealed, and that there is no longer any exemption for corporations. After making certain deductions, such as for wear and tear, assessments and others, each company, corporation, etc., must pay 1 per cent. of its annual income. Double taxation is, of course, not unconstitutional. That is, a corporation is obliged to pay on its income, and an individual deriving money from an investment in that corporation likewise must pay on his income. In the case of holding companies, indeed, it may be asked whether triple taxation is not exacted, inasmuch as the subsidiary companies, the parent company and the stockholder are evidently subjected to the tax.

Whatever be thought of the fairness of this part of the law, there will arise an almost universal protest when it becomes known that no distinction is made between incomes earned and incomes flowing in from investments. A childless couple, for instance, who live in ease and idleness, possessing bonds which net them $7000 annually, can go scot free, whereas a widower, with perhaps ten children dependent upon him, must pay at least 1 per cent. of what he earns over $3000 a year. In England, where the income tax produces a revenue of more than $200,000,000 yearly, it is deemed unwise to put all incomes on a par, and incomes earned are taxed at a lower rate than those derived from investments. In this respect, the English tax law is certainly better than ours. We may wonder, too, whether there will not be serious protests against a law that takes no account of the number of children, nor of the sick or incapacitated relatives whom a taxpayer may be required to support.

Married men may feel a certain bitterness about another matter in which a general rule may seem objectionable to the individual. Suppose that the united income of husband and wife is as follows:

Husband	$4000		
Wife	3000	Total	$7000

Here neither would pay since each person is entitled to an absolute exemption of $3000, and one spouse

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(but not both) is entitled to an additional exemption of $1000. But, let us suppose, where the united income is precisely the same as before, that it is earned as follows:

Husband $6000
Wife 1000 Total $7000

Here the wife would be exempt, but the husband would have to pay the tax on $2000, namely, $20.00. If the husband juggle the figures a little, diminishing his own return and augmenting that of his wife's earnings so as to escape the tax, he might be fined $2000 and be imprisoned for one year. [Since writing the above, the Treasury Department has decided to take advantage of the uncertain language and allow to a married pair a total exemption of only $4000. We maintain that this interpretation is utterly against the clear meaning of the statute.]

Whether there are loopholes through which the tax will be evaded is as yet merely a matter of speculation. But it is apparent that the ownership of unregistered bonds, to take only one instance in point, must be a very difficult if not impossible task for the government to determine. Even assuming that the original bondholder were known, nevertheless the bonds may change hands hundreds of times a year without possibility of identification by the debtor company that has issued them. When coupons are presented for payment, the interest must be paid. If, as the law seems to contemplate, a deduction of 1 per cent. shall be made in paying every coupon, then, certainly, those small investors not subject to the tax are put to great vexation and irksome delay in recovering later the refund to which they are entitled. If, on the other hand, no deduction is made, providing the coupon holder files a certificate of exemption, then it is hard to see what is to hinder a millionaire from dividing his bonds into parcels, putting each parcel in the name of some clerk or distant relative (perhaps living in a foreign country), get the latter to sign a certificate of exemption, whereafter the millionaire in question could collect on the coupons without difficulty.



"Whereafter the millionaire in question could collect on the coupons without difficulty"

UNDOUBTEDLY hundreds of people will escape for years to come unless every wage-earner in the country is forced to make a signed and sworn statement of his earnings. As it is, the law says that no person need make a return unless his income is over $3000 yearly. That is to say, a consulting engineer, let us assume, may make a thousand-dollar fee here one month, another large fee elsewhere the following month, and so on throughout the year. There is no way of running him to earth, no way of forcing him to make a declaration, as there is practically no way of detecting him. Payment of the tax by a person in these circumstances partakes very largely of the nature of a gift to the government.

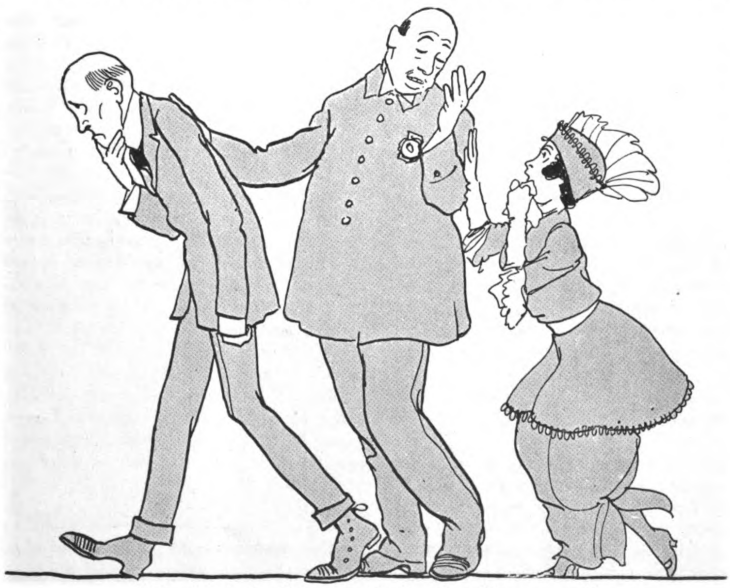
That provision, too, requiring corporations, stock companies, etc., to withhold the normal tax of all payments of "*fixed or determinable annual or periodical* gains, profits, and income of another person subject to the tax," may be a source of loss to the government. For it may be found difficult to define just what is meant by the words *fixed* or *determinable*. We may note incidentally that in the section E following, the words *or periodical* are not used in speaking of other matters regarding the withholding of the tax at source. Whether this omission is intentional or accidental, cannot be stated for certain. That its cause was haste and carelessness may be surmised, in view of the general murkiness and turgidity which characterize many paragraphs.

OTHER uncertainties of language are not hard to find. Just what is meant, for example, by the provision exempting "all municipal taxes paid within the year not including those assessed against local benefits?" What are local benefits? Merely road-grading and sidewalks? Or sewers also? Is a park site, a public playground, a school, a fire-patrol, a drinking-fountain, a local benefit?

Exactly what can be meant by the following sentence of paragraph E ?

> Nothing in this section shall be construed to release a taxable person from liability for income tax, nor shall any contract entered into after this act takes effect be valid in regard to any federal income tax imposed upon a person liable to such payment.

Nothing in the context indicates the nature of contracts thus deprived of validity. Apparently, the purpose of the framers of the law was that the foregoing citation should serve as a blanket sufficient to cover unforeseen eventualities. But that this elastic clause is not taken literally, and does not exclude all contracts, is clearly shown by a letter from the Treasury Department in regard to negotiable instruments and the way in which they are affected by the law. Ordinarily when a note is given in payment of interest on a debt, rents, or other income,



"He might be fined $2000 and be imprisoned for one year"

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the maker of the note as the "debtor" and as the "source" where the income originates, is required, in paying the note, to withhold the normal tax of 1 per cent. of the entire amount of the note, if the note is in excess of $3000 ($4000 in case of a married person). The following quotation clearly indicates that the Treasury Department does contemplate that certain contracts in regard to the income tax shall have full validity:

> A (unmarried, and who does not claim the $3000 exemption provided in Paragraph C of Section 2 of the income tax law) borrows on May 1, 1912, $120,000 from B at 6 per cent. per annum interest on two years' time, and gives B his bond for $120,000 for the principal and four $3600 notes, each representing six months' interest for the maturing interest payable May 1 and November 1 each year. On October 1, 1913, B takes A's interest note for $3600, due November 1, 1913 (which bears no mark to indicate that it represents interest) to the Richmond National Bank; the bank is notified that the note represents interest, but being satisfied that A, the maker of the note, is good without additional indorsement, discounts the note for B at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and pays to B the proceeds, $3582.
>
> On November 1, 1913, the note matures and the bank calls on A, the maker, to pay the note. A offers the bank $3564, which is equal to $3600 less the 1 per cent. tax of $36, informing the bank that the note represents interest which he owes and that under the Federal Income Tax law, he is required to deduct this tax from the face of the note in making payment.
>
> The bank claims it was notified that the note represented interest and, therefore, subject to this tax; but A is, nevertheless, required under the law to withhold the tax.
>
> If A, under his contract with B, had agreed to pay the interest without deduction for any income tax which might be imposed by the government, he would, of course, after deducting the 1 per cent. tax for the government, pay the bank, as holder of the note, the full amount of $3600. But if the contract between A and B did not provide that A would pay the full interest without deducting such income tax as the government might impose, and if the bank should, therefore, desire to reimburse itself for the amount of the tax thus deducted by A, the bank can look only to B for whom it discounted the note, and the question as to whether this $36 deduction should be borne by B or by the bank is a question which must be settled mutually between the bank and B.

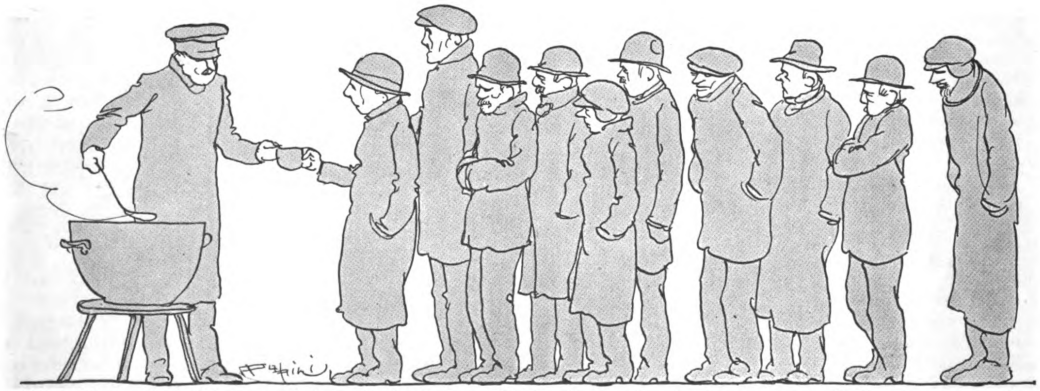
Further, who can tell when the gains and profits of a corporation, joint stock company or association have been permitted to accumulate *beyond the reasonable needs* of the business? But who is to say what are the *reasonable needs* of a particular business? Some government clerk who can naturally know little or nothing of the peculiar needs and requirements of the business in question? Apparently some such supervision must be contemplated, unless each corporation from Maine to California is to be allowed to juggle its finances to suit itself. In other words, the Treasury Department will have to become the bookkeeper of every business firm in the United States. Another fertile field for exercising ingenuity in dodging the tax is the exemption of "a reasonable allowance for depreciation by use, wear and tear of property." The foregoing suggestions indicate only a few of the many ways in which a clever lawyer or an unscrupulous accountant can enable a rich corporation to escape a very considerable burden of the tax.

Let us now discuss one or two ways wherein an individual or a corporation is unfairly mulcted by the government. In computing their net income a corporation can deduct from their gross income a reasonable allowance for use, wear and tear of property. "In the case of mines, a reasonable allowance for depletion of ores and *all other natural deposits* (our italics), not to exceed five per centum of the gross value at the mine of the output for the year for which the computation is made." It is hard to understand how this arbitrary percentage is arrived at. The italicized words would naturally include marble, granite and other stone. Now, it often happens that a privately owned quarry contains a very limited amount of stone. Assume that a quarry contains stone sufficient to last ten years. At the end of that time, the owner's principal will have been completely exhausted, yet on his books he will have been able to charge off only fifty per cent. for depreciation. If his supply lasts five years he can charge off only 25 per cent. In other words, the small owner is hit harder by this provision than is the large owner.

THERE seems to be a queer discrimination made between different kinds of savings. It is hard to see why a man who puts his money in a savings bank should not have anything withheld by the bank, while if he invests the same amount in a mortgage he should have a percentage withheld by the mortgagor.

Enough has been said to indicate that in its present state, at least, the income tax law works considerable injustice and annoyance to individuals, and offers more than one loophole for evasion. Summarizing, we may remark that two possible arguments against the constitutionality of some of its phases are: First, that the tax is not equally apportioned; out of the half million individuals affected, it is probable that about 70 per cent. live within two hundred miles of New York City; second, that through some of the *stoppage at source* provisions, individuals are deprived of the use of their property without due process of law. The fact that triple or even quadruple taxation is exacted in the instance of holding companies is not a constitutional objection. Congress has the power to tax a given accumulation of wealth any number of times.

Whether the tax will at present bring in the anticipated rich floods of revenue is a matter of surmise. A stamp tax would be infinitely cheaper, would prevent fraud and would save untold confusion and loss of time. But these troubles will be tranquilly borne by that happy multitude who earn less than three thousand a year and who own no coupons.



"But their troubles will be tranquilly borne by that happy multitude who earn less than $3000 a year and who own no coupons"

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Where Legislators Come Cheap

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

WILLIAM J. BURNS is not only the leading detective in America and probably in the world; he is also a man of large intellectual interests who enjoys particularly bringing his detective abilities to bear on matters of national and international importance. He has just found out whether there is anything in our old notion that politics in this country were more corrupt than in any other country, such as Canada, for instance. He tells about it here

WE have just driven a coach-and-four through the Quebec Legislature — both houses. They still lie tumbled in disarray, and it will be several months before they pick themselves together.

My clients had understood that Canadian politics were rotten. They had been told that the legislators were for sale cheap, that you could get any kind of a bill through. So we started in to see. We worked up the worst possible sort of bill—a bill for a Montreal Fair Association. That bill gave us the right to do anything short of murder. We had liquor rights, special police, horse racing, every kind of grafting privilege. It was a bill that let us own one section of town for every kind of illicit activity. It was as raw a bill as you could think up. Here is what happened:

We organized the supposed promoters of this Fair into a firm of the name of "D. H. Martin & Company." The firm took elaborate offices in the Duluth Building, Montreal. The man at the head of this fake firm was one of our best men, Guy B. Biddinger.

The first problem was to reach out gradually so that no suspicion should be aroused. Legislative graft in Canada is worked through lawyers. Here in this country a girl holds up a prominent citizen, not by white slavery and blackmail direct, but by going to a lawyer—and then it is all legal. So in Canada, you pay a retainer to a lawyer, and that lawyer is the partner of a legislator. That makes it safe and pleasant. But coming from the outside world, we couldn't hit the high lights too suddenly, or they'd worry, so we picked up Montreal's prize "fixer."

He brought us in touch with a lawyer. The Lawyer was the right man, and he did a thorough job for us. We gave him $500 and $1,057.97, and those checks are in evidence. He said our man in the Lower House was J. O. Mousseau, member of the Legislative Assembly, Chairman of the Private Bills Committee. Through his hands, on his recommendation, all bills went. His say was final.

Mousseau met us in Room 369 of the Chateau Frontenac. On December 16, at 9:35 A.M. we paid him $1150 for members of the Lower House. He showed us a list of eleven men whom he was buying. We gave him $1000 for himself. First and last, we paid him $3650. He said it would take only three weeks to get the bill all the way through. The $1150 was for the members of the Private Bills Committee. The members of the house vote as the committee recommends. The bill was called "An Act to incorporate the Montreal Fair Association of Canada." It was bad all the way through—a series of special privileges for the benefit of gambling. It left the incorporators free to do anything they pleased from waterworks to liquor license. It was Number 158 of the Assembly bills.

For the Upper House, Mousseau highly recommended Louis Philippe Berard. He said of Berard: "I think in him we will secure the best member of the Upper House. Mr. Berard is in the Montreal ring. All the men in Quebec live off the government."

Berard is a member of the law firm to which Prime Minister Gouin belongs. Both Berard and the Premier were poor men a few years ago, and today are millionaires. Berard presented the petition for the bill in the Upper House. Five hundred dollars was paid to Berard. Another member of the Upper House, Achille Bergevin, received $200 and $150. Bergevin's $200 was referred to as "cigar money."

Bergevin and de Varennes, Chairman of the Private Bills Committee of the Upper House, called for our men on the last great day and took them in a sleigh to the House. De Varennes said that the bill was going through all right. Our dummy promoters were taken in as honored guests upon the floor of the legislative council to see the bill unanimously approved. Then Bergevin took them around to the clerk's office, secured a copy of the bill as passed, and autographed it. It was January 16 of this year at 3:30 P.M. that the legislative council of the Legislature of Quebec enacted Assembly Bill Number 158. This measure, a law of the Province of Quebec, authorizes the promoters to run wildcat, to organize and control every sort of exhibition, to keep places of amusement, conduct race courses, run a private police force.

The price set for the passage was $9500. Members of the legislature received $4850. Four thousand six hundred and fifty is still owed. It will never be paid.

EARLY in the proceedings Mousseau said, "I can secure fifteen members in the Council House." Of the Liberal Party at Ottawa he said: "They were supreme, but wine, women and graft spoiled them."

Mousseau gave us the price of each of eleven men in the legislature—$350, $500, etc. He had told us that the correct method was to buy the law officers and a majority of the leaders. The minor members he regarded as little fish, who needed only a sprinkling of money—a ten-dollar bill here and fifty dollars there.

The three bribe-takers have resigned. The evidence is in the hands of the Attorney-General at Ottawa. The total plant took us from October, 1913, to January, 1914. It cost $50,000. Our men on the witness stand were complimented because they were not vindictive. They gave their evidence simply on the facts, and did not mention hearsay names. Mr. Biddinger on the witness stand looks like a bishop or a bank president.

The Canadians have never had a clean-up. This exposure marks the time when they have determined to face the graft frankly, and stand for a public exposure. They are going through it in the open at last, just as England went through the "Marconi" scandal with the British Cabinet. Up to now, they've had the graft situation steadily—bills of all three kinds, strike legislation to hold up corporations, bills with a joker, and special interest legislation like this Montreal Fair Bill.

The great graft has been some special grant from the government. Our bill had a predecessor. It took a concession from the government of $10,000. Nothing was ever done with the $10,000. No fair was started. The government merely turned over the money to the promoters. The government is regarded as a source of revenue to the private grafting cliques. Railroad grants, water-power rights, every sort of public privilege is turned over to private looters in return for money to legislators. In the state legislatures, and in Washington, the evil piece of legislation is generally designed to rob an individual. But in Canada, the regular thing is to rob the government. A few promoters rob all the taxpayers. The government will pay a million for a library site worth $300,000. They will give away 100,000 acres of land to a railroad, and then vote it $35,000 a month. In a few years, those promoters back of the road will be rich men. The Canadian legislators have been money-crazy. They have formed this habit of taking money for corrupt bills. They haven't had investigations. The graft system has just been taken for granted. Now the people are determined to follow out our policy of frankness, and make a clean-up. Canada has been silent on this policy of wholesale widespread graft, while we've told all the world about our bits of corruption. So our frankness has made us look like worse grafters than the silent, effective Canadian way of looting the people. The situation had gone on undisturbed so many years that they never suspected a plant. They were easy to reach. You just started in and aimed for your man and got him.

Berard is a man who has never won his spurs, in the legislative phrase. He has not won a position in statecraft, nor in speechmaking. He owes his position in the legislature to the fact that he is law partner of the Premier. Berard was the man we set ourselves to reach. It had to be done gradually. We had been told that the Liberal government was corrupt, and that Berard was the stepping stone. We reached him, and we proved that responsible officials of the Liberal government were corrupt. No bill so raw, so unjust, could today go through a state legislature in the United States, as this Montreal Fair Bill, which is now the law of the land.

THE Prime Minister appoints his government. The Chairmen of the Private Bills Committees are of his appointment. The Conservative leader said that he had seen so many vicious bills go through, aimed directly at government funds, that he saved his energy on a bill like the Montreal Fair where the government was not being robbed. Then, too, the liberal majority was too large to defeat.

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John R. Mott Christian Statesman

By

ARTHUR H. GLEASON

PRESIDENT WILSON, *in answer to an inquiry from the editor of this paper, telegraphed the reply which you will find on the cover. One of the most influential citizens in the country, a man who stands high in finance and high in philanthropy, went even further and said he looked upon John R. Mott as the greatest man alive today. If you are not familiar with his work, you ought to be*

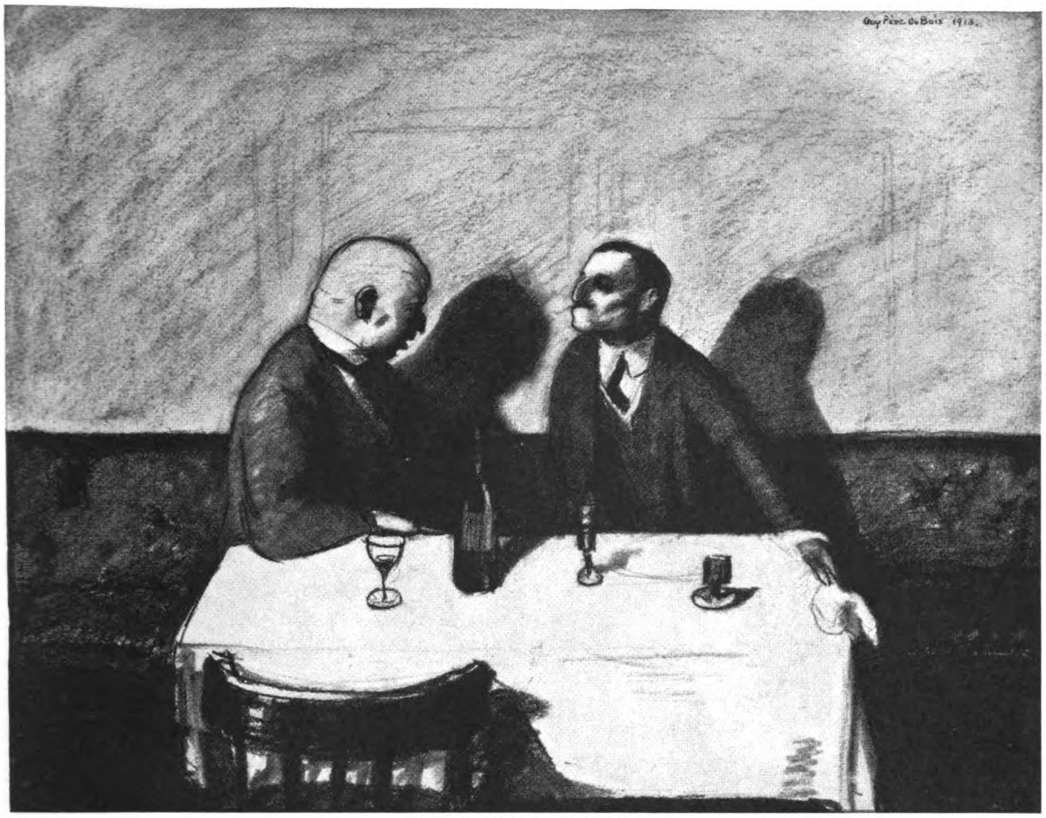
THE Y. M. C. A. is probably dearer to the hearts of our successful business men than any other single institution or form of organized effort in the realm of altruism. One reason why it is dearer is because it commands the services of such men as John R. Mott. The high-geared, velvet-running mind of an adept financier likes to do business—even the "Father's business"—with a mind that thinks in three-dimension terms inside a world of reality. The Christianity of the Y. M. C. A. has dropped its other-worldliness, and has stripped for action in this present life of blood and wrath. The job needed a business man, a master of efficiency, who would organize desire into a program of action. Mott has made righteousness prevail in his own generation. His problem in dealing with the rich is the same problem as that of the inventor. He must bring his idea to their office in the hope they will give the money for its support. It must appeal to them. It must show promise of success. To tap those resources till the stream of plenty flows, requires a knack in statement, a largeness in the scheme, and a fitness of method in bringing it to pass. In a world made up mostly of fools it is small wonder that he appeals to our swift-action business men. They are nagged by inefficiency, and he comes to them with a campaign completely thought through and wrought out.

Mott is a one-idea man. His idea, in his own phrase, is "the evangelization of the world in one generation." His machinery for this is found in the world-wide body of students. He believes in the potency of the student class. If the students of the world are Christianized, then the world is Christianized. While still an undergraduate in Cornell, twenty-six years ago, he had noted that students, then numbering less than one-half of one per cent. of the population, furnished a large proportion of leaders in each one of life's activities. So he joined the Student Y. M. C. A. movement in 1888, and has continued in it to this day. Two years before he became chairman of the Student Volunteer Movement, whose purpose it is to enlist strong men as volunteers for the foreign mission fields. During the quarter-century of this movement, 5567 young men and women volunteers have gone to foreign fields under the missionary societies of the United States and Canada. Mott has held this chairmanship in unbroken term of office. Whatever he started he kept hold of, then started more of the same sort. So in 1895 he became general secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, and still holds that office. In nineteen years it has grown from 33,000 to 155,000 members. This Federation purposes the uniting of the Christian forces of universities and colleges in all lands "in the great work of winning the students of the world for Christ and sending them out into the world to work for Him." Later Mott took the lead in the Foreign Department of the Y. M. C. A.—another radiation of his one central student-missionary idea. He says: "The present urgency and crisis in the extreme Orient is unmatched by any other crisis and opportunity which has confronted the Christian Church. It involves the destiny of nearly five hundred millions of people." In 1910 he became chairman of the Continuation Committee of the World Missionary Conference. The Continuation Committee consists of 35 missionary leaders: 10 from the British Isles, 10 from the Continent of Europe, 10 from North America, and 5 from Asia, Africa, and Australia. It is, then, a world's committee, to plan, speak, and act internationally. Leaders of missionary activity in the past dealt with fractional parts of the task instead of seeing the work as a whole. The Continuation Committee aims to bring about a more masterly strategy in missionary affairs, to develop a science of missions.

IT is characteristic of Mott that the top of his desk has a glass-covered map of the world spread out for his daily perusal. He possesses what President Butler calls "the international mind." He has learned of the Jesuits and how, "in their supreme efforts to conquer the world, they stretched a chain of hundreds of colleges and seminaries from Ireland to Japan." The detail of his job means that he is in steady communication with 20 secretaries in the North American student field, and with 167 secretaries in the foreign field. If one is asked to state shortly what Mott has done for the Y. M. C. A., the answer is that he has taught it to think and act in world terms. His belief, back of all this successful effort, is that the gospel is not a theory but a power that avails to transform character. He would see the world conquered by changed lives through Bible study and Christian service.

He is one of the unbroken men, who has found that his will can prevail over inertia and matter. He has tasted the flavor of victory and lived at a stride, with his prestige ever growing. So, even today, just short of fifty years of age, he looks and acts like a young college boy—one of those happy youth, with fearless eyes and native charm, and the all-fired sureness that the opposition is going to crumble when he comes rambling in. He carries that unseen wrapping of success that makes the earthly pilgrimage a progress instead of a retreat. He set his will against the world's indifference while he was still a youngster, and he has kept it focused right there at the one point ever since, raining its battery of power. Most men have to keep experimenting and changing through the

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TWO MEN DINING

By Guy Pene Du Bois

Yuan Shih-Kai

From a Chinese Correspondent

I AM so glad to hear that you are once more in an editorial chair, and I have forthwith sent on to subscribe to Harper's Weekly that I may be kept informed of the doings in America, which are extremely interesting just now, even if I do not altogether agree with the new American Minister, Mr. Reinach, whom I met this vacation in Peking.

Mr. Reinach was so rash as to make a strong statement to me that America had succeeded in clearing out altogether the Tammany element in all of her politics. We know she wants to, and Mr. Wilson is making a splendid effort, but I am curious to see if, in the course of time, when the enthusiasm wanes and the opposition is not held together by the tie of a common enemy so picturesque and vulnerable as Tammany, the New Yorkers will not resume their engrossing personal avocations and the old Tammany will quietly creep back. However, there is always steady progress upwards, notwithstanding the slips backward. It does seem such a pity human nature cannot go straight on.

Thank you for thinking my gossip could ever be worth printing. There is a great deal happening all the time, of much interest to us, but the steps toward getting a proper system of accounting into the public offices, and unifying the currency, have all been gone over by America years ago. It must seem rather elementary to you. However, it is being done, and though Yuan Shih-Kai is but human and therefore liable to err, yet he sticks to his work of steadily creating a strong central power, and it is wonderful to see how things are shaping under his guidance.

The great lack is of sufficient staff capable and of character to help. The vice-president, Li Yuan Hung, has no brains, if I may be pardoned so blunt a speech, but he is honest and realizes that he had better accept the leadership of better heads, which certainly counts for a good deal, and he is loyal, which is more value yet.

I am waiting to get certain chronological data before sending on to you a sketch of Yuan Shih-Kai from a personal standpoint, to which I have been moved by seeing various sketches, the last one by a Carl Crow, which I saw in an autumn *Review of Reviews*. All that I have seen appear to be instigated by the spirit of the southern element, who, under the guise of establishment of "republican" principles, are leaning on the arm of Japan, promising her revenues and powers, if she will but aid them in grasping the central power, forgetting that Japan is avowedly our enemy in the sense that she has for a long time set her mind on being the overlord of China in place of the Manchus.

One would imagine that it did not take a very keen mind to perceive that we were better off under a ruler of our own people than another nation. The Americans have tried it faithfully in the Philippines and it does not succeed, and we have the example of Korea before us. England has been more generous to India than Japan will ever be towards us if she gets the power.

But as a matter of fact the question never seems to come up to the agitators that it is whether republicanism as expounded by them is the thing for China or not, but that the great need is for reform in administration and change in social organization that the people can understand and will steadily lift them up to a higher plane, more education along true lines.

Above all in face of the grave dangers that beset us internationally, we need a strong central government. The agitators had a full trial of what they could do and now, though it would be quite easy to seize them all, Yuan Shih-Kai is wisely letting them have plenty of rope and they are showing themselves in their true light, carrying on a reign of assassinations such as the high-binders have carried on in the China towns of America. One of the most recent is that of the head of the Commercial Press of Shanghai, because he would not give the last revolutionists $50,000. Now we hear that they are threatening the widow that if his murderer is not released immediately, they will kill her sons as well. As if, poor lady, she had anything to do with the course of the law.

The various members of the Associated Press profess to try to give an impartial view of the case, but if the utterances of Carl Crow and others I have read are their real views, I cannot feel that they have got anything but the most partisan outlook, the reasons for which are not perhaps far to find.

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"To plead for definite kinds of musical comedy is not to plead for an eradication of our chorus girls"

Musical Comedy: What Is the Matter with It?

By HAROLD STEARNS

A FEW weeks ago, Miss Ann Swinburne had an article in HARPER'S WEEKLY *telling wherein she thought musical comedy was improving. Mr. Stearns is less pleased with that form as it now appears than Miss Swinburne is. He tells not only what he thinks is the matter with it, but what he thinks is necessary in order to make it a satisfactory form of diversion not only for educated people but for the general public*

THEATRICAL producers of musical plays seem now to be engaged in a furious effort to give us "a little bit of everything." Certain managers will ransack the earth to procure for our languid inspection the latest novelties and costumes.

One of the highest terms of praise we can bestow on any work of art is "unity of impression," which stands for a quality deep and enduring. Even musical plays that leave upon the spectator an impression of singleness and unity—where nothing "jars," as people often express it—are in the long run the most successful, financially as well as artistically.

Examples? There are the Gilbert and Sullivan pieces, revived every year and greeted invariably with popular enthusiasm. Consider, for modern instances, "The Chocolate Soldier" (which Strauss very wisely would not permit to be "adapted" for America and England) and even the much maligned "Merry Widow." Both these last were pitched in a certain mood, so to speak—a mood maintained from beginning to end without flagging and without loss of interest. We have an illustration also in a contemporary success—"Sari," which is far and away the best musical play of the season. Except for the unnecessary vulgarizing and coarsening touch of "daring" costumes in the last act, "Sari" keeps its own tone, its national color, its musical homogeneity—in brief, its individual distinctness. It has "unity of impression." So, too, had neat and pretty "Adele." "Adele" lacked intrinsic merits, yet see the run it had. If the reader will recollect the musical pieces he has been to in the last two or three seasons, I think many instances will occur to him of genuine successes which suggest that, even in musical comedy, a definite something is preferred to "a little bit of everything."

NOW vaudeville was especially devised for those who want "a little bit of everything." Producers of musical plays seem to forget this. Or rather, they seem to remember it. And with what result? That an appalling number of our so-called musical comedies are nothing but glorified vaudeville. We have come to expect anything in a musical comedy, just as we do in vaudeville—highly dramatic episodes, farcical bits, ragtime song and dance numbers, eccentric "turns." And girls, of course—always plenty of girls. The mood which in England would prompt us to go to a music hall, the mood which in America prompts us to go to vaudeville "shows," is becoming more and more the mood which prompts us to go to a musical comedy. This is a pity, for there are many moods, and there should be enough variety and differentiation of forms of entertainment to satisfy them all. There are plenty of regular vaudeville theaters, devoted exclusively to this form of entertainment (and in the best estate, not a contemptible form either) where we can occupy the best seats at a much less price. When we go to a musical comedy, we naturally expect something different and better. Too often we get nothing except the same old thing over again. Too often we get something worse than good vaudeville. Almost invariably we get something a hundred times more indecent. Chorus girls are not enough, however pretty. Stage-door "Johnnies" do not support a theater, although they may fill the first ten rows for some weeks. I have seen many a stupid musical comedy in Boston in my own undergraduate days supported for several weeks by enthusiastic college students. But I have yet to see a stupid musical play achieve a lasting popular success. To do so, it must be something definite. A weak imitation of vaudeville, and pretty chorus girls, are not sufficient. Even managers are coming to see that.

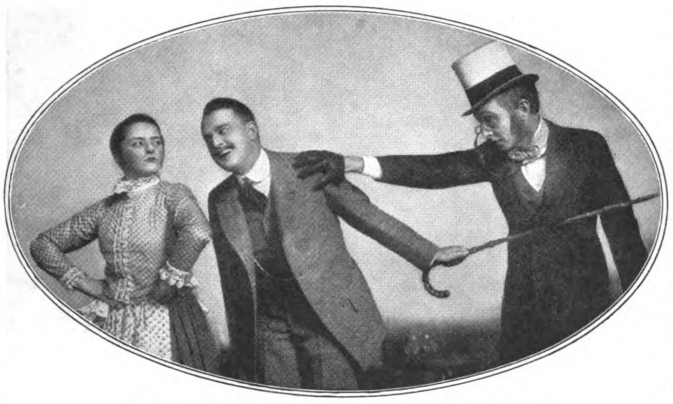
IN many musical plays, however, there are far subtler exemplifications of the "a little bit of everything" idea—I mean those irritating and perplexing confusions of *genres*, these hodge-podges of farce, romantic operetta, and "straight" drama, which we so frequently find. "The Laughing Husband," for example, is full of contradictory good material. The first act is very dull and conventional, enlivened by two pretty songs. The second act, as written, was romantic drama. Eysler has composed one or two excellent musical numbers, characteristic of this mood. Into this act are ruthlessly interpolated a dance (very pretty in itself, I admit) and a "catch" song, "You're Here and I'm Here," composed by "the musical comedy life saver," Jerry Kern. (Of course he is given no credit for this on the program.) These interpolations, excellent enough in themselves, jar with the mood of this act. They are "out of the picture." The third and last act, to make confusion worse confounded, is almost pure farce. The audience leaves the theater puzzled, confused and irritated. It has seen "a little bit of everything," and it does not like it. The last I knew of "The Laughing Husband," the producers were still adding new features

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in an attempt to make it go better. But nothing can make it "go" better. It is not a unified whole, which means it is not good art, which means (and I say this seriously) it will never gain great popular success. "High Jinks," trite, sometimes indecent, common enough, yet finds fairly steady popular approval, because it is quite consistent. It keeps to what its makers obviously intended it to be, a farce with music.

I plead for definite forms in musical comedy. What forms are these? First, there is what continental audiences seem to like so much and what authors and composers seem to be able to do so well in Berlin and Vienna, the operetta, or the romantic or sentimental play with music in keeping, like "Gypsy Love." The operetta is a distinct form. "The Chimes of Normandy" is an operetta.

And here permit me a divagation. The novelty of woman as a biped has worn off. Chorus girls, like nearly all women, are far prettier and far more attractive when they keep most of their clothes on. Besides being robbed of the charm, their managers well-nigh rob them of their welcome. The chorus is obtrusive, unescapable. It is a great pity, because nowhere in the world are there such flocks and flocks of pretty young women on the stage as in America. Even the London Gaiety girls would look tame and insipid, I fancy, beside that chorus in "The Laughing Husband" or in "The Queen of the Movies." The more to be bewailed, then, that these chorus girls are so wasted. In a definite musical form, like the operetta, they come on pat and when needed. They give a colorful and beautiful background to the story, sometimes an integral part of it. To plead for definite kinds of musical comedy is not to plead for an eradication of our chorus girls. It is rather to plead for a tasteful utilization of them. In "The Whirl of the World" at the Winter Garden we approach the limit. A Reinhardtian "runway" down from the stage over the tops of the orchestra chairs brings the girls within a few feet. All illusion vanishes, and that even a little bit of charm can still inhere to them is a great tribute to their natural good looks. When I witnessed the performance, I kept wishing I were a talented librettist and composer. I should write an operetta in which the audience would see these girls just often enough, just when the story and "ensemble" demanded them. They would be prettily dressed, also completely. That mythical audience would go home and dream about them.



A scene from "Sari"—a typical musical comedy scene

THE farce with music is another definite form of a musical play. We do this rather well in America—partly because we are adepts at farce writing anyway and partly because this type of musical play doesn't exact a careful score. Another distinct form, the *revue*, is a succession of burlesques on current events and plays and contemporary people and fads. The revue is what each year "The Follies" and "The Passing Show" try to be, and are not. In Paris, the revue can be clever; every year, in fact, there are excellent burlesques on current events, hitting off capitally the absurdities. These revues are written by men of brains and wit. Is "The Follies," after all, the best we can do with musical form?

Different from the revue, yet closely akin to it, is the musical satire. What would not Gilbert and Sullivan do with characteristic movements of our day! The musical satire, unlike the revue, burlesques one theme instead of many and does it with a lighter and more graceful touch. The satire is more of one piece—more consistent and unified; hence more difficult to write and much more enjoyable when well written. But both the revue and the satire have their place.

Then there is the poetical fantasy with music, of which we have so good an example this year in "Prunella." It has the possibility of much new beauty and charm. Through the fantasy, too, managers may first come to experiment with the new stagecraft and the scenery of real illusion. They might, if they only would, experiment with it in the settings for operetta. And they would not lose. Instead of a vulgarized second act of "Gypsy Love," such as we got here, I can imagine the charm of a romantic stage setting for that act. (They had a mountain scene in the German version; in the American, a Paris restaurant!) For that beautiful music, beautiful stage settings are *demanded*.

"Sumurum," finally, suggests still another form—the pantomime play with music. At present this form is exotic and not genuinely popular, because not fully understood. I believe it is a form to be reckoned with in the future, and its emotional principles, moreover, are as old as the history of man.

Amorphous entertainments provoke their own reaction sooner or later. It is to be hoped the reaction will not find expression simply negatively, but positively as well. I mean a reaction towards definite and valuable art forms. I have suggested a half dozen; probably there are others.

Yet the burden of blame for what musical comedies are today should not rest wholly upon the managers and producers. They have to take what they can get. Outside of Victor Herbert, we have practically no native composers who can write a consistent, full-bodied score. Our authors, our poets, our playwrights, our clever composers must learn to look upon musical comedy seriously, as something worthy of their efforts, if musical comedy is to be raised from its present rut. And they will regard it seriously, just as soon as they become convinced that it is an art with flexible and interesting forms. They will become convinced of this just as soon as musical comedy does not mean "a little bit of everything."

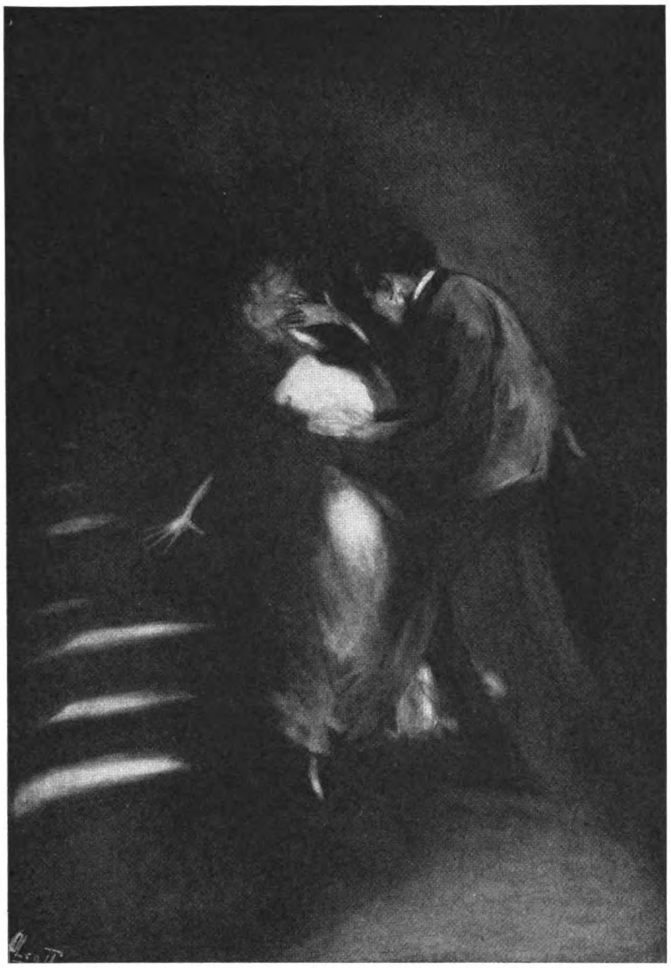






"How is my daughter only twenty-one when we separated twenty-three years ago?" A hardy perennial joke

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"Well I guess not! You little fool!"

St. George and the Dragon

By LAURA L. HINKLEY

Illustrated by Harriet Mead Olcott

HOWARD is a crippled boy, pitied and somewhat despised by the village in which he lives, but through his wide reading and watching of the life about him he becomes the wisest person in the town. He takes an interest in little Clara who is on the edge of a dangerous precipice because the minister of the village church, an evil character, is making love to her. Howard warns her mother and is laughed at, speaks to the minister and is patronized, tries to find a boy lover for Clara, but to no avail. Just as he is giving up in despair, Clara receives a note, written on the margin of a sale-bill, asking her to go to the post-office at two o'clock the next day

IN Clara's eyes all signs and portents from whatever quarter of the heavens inevitably pointed to one person, one terrible, mysterious, tragic, bewildering, cloud-shaped romance. That there was lightning in the cloud she knew, and trembled to know; but that it could by any chance strike blackening corruption through the body of her fame, she had not even dreamed. Was not he the minister? How could he do anything wrong? It was vague terror of herself, of life—the unreasoning protective conventionality of girls—not any distrust of him which had made her beg to give up her organ practice. Now she was so very glad that had not happened. It left the way still open for those incredible, intoxicating, terrifying hints that he—oh marvel!—felt as she did!

Clara was not a practical person; and she was under the spell that makes poets of the most practical. Her only forecast of the future was a dim dream that sometime when she was far advanced in life—twenty-five or thirty, perhaps—he might come to her, a widower, and tell her how he had always loved her. Of course it was wrong to think of it, wrong to feel so. (Everything one liked or wanted was wrong; mamma always said so.) But how could one help it? Meantime life wavered on from one sight of him till the next; life shrank and trembled under his eyes and burned beneath his touch; and at each of those incredible intimations that he too partook of this confounding emotion, life soared in a fiery rush like a rocket and burst in showers of stars. This unbelievable experience had not the faintest relation in her thought to such sordid tragedies of shame as she knew of. It was sheer, dazzling miracle. And now this strange portent of the sale-bill must foretell another wonder. She was dizzy and flushed with anticipation when she passed the Brookfields' a little before two on Friday.

At the post-office they gave her a bulky letter addressed in the same handwriting as the penciled words. As she walked away, Clara pondered where to read it. There was no place at home secure from interruption. The immediate environs of Clearview (aptly named!) afford no brookside dell or bosky nook or rock-hid ledge adapted to romantic retreat. As Clara approached the end of Spring Street, the letter burning against her tremulous, pink palm, the

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buildings of the empty Fair Grounds rose before her. There, at least, lay shelter from observation. It was reported a haunt of tough boys at night, but no one would be there at mid-day. Clara slipped through the gate, and found, as she expected, the door of Art Hall unlocked.

THIS place where yearly were assembled cookery and fancy-work displays, amid the silent but heart-felt jeers of Esther Wilson, was at that season a dim and cobwebby vacancy. Panting with haste and expectation, Clara sat down on an empty pine box overturned in the County Schools section, and tore open her letter with trembling fingers.

At first it dizzied around her in rosy and golden mists; it seemed to hang actual purple draperies on the rough pine boards dividing the booths. Then it absorbed her into itself, and left no world outside it.

"My beautiful Clara," said the letter. "Forgive me for calling you so! The time has come when I must say it; when you must read it! That you are beautiful the sun sees when he rises and tells to everything with eyes. That you are mine, this letter shall prove before you end it.

"And yet, forgive me! Soft maiden eyes, sweet virgin heart, pure soul, forgive me! I would not thrust upon you thus early the bitter-sweet, terrible, heroic knowledge of Love—and yet—it must be! The hour has struck when you must know I love you.

"I love you! I love you! I love you! Clara, Clara, I am your lover predestinate, the man God made to claim and crown your womanhood, your soul's mate, and your body's. You are mine; I am yours. That we shall be each other's is Fate's uttermost fulfilment. The green earth stretches and blossoms to house our meeting. Day and night are a sun-shot, star-spangled bridge flung across the gulf of time till we meet. Time and space, beautiful servants of God, clad in his seamless livery of eternity, wait, obedient on His nod, to unite us.

"I love you, soul of softness and fire, I love you for the radiant gifts you bear like the many-colored sparks concealed in the milk-white gleam of the opal, opal-jewel of girls! I love your white fingers, wonderful weavers of music in magical harmonies. I love your clear eyes, understanding no evil under the sun. Most of all, I love your purity, dawn-dew of the morning, silvery-veiled maid of the mist.

"Wait for me, Clara! Will you wait? You must. Do not let your soul stoop to anyone lower and lesser than I. For I am your soul's true mate, and only mate. I claim and hold you—against a hostile world, if need be. And yet—the waiting may be long. I do not know.

"Love—our Master—is very great. Do not think his service easy, Clara; do not think his unseen crown light to wear; do not think his gifts all roses and delight. His service is stern self-mastery; his crown a flame-circlet girdling the heart; his gifts are barren years stretching desolate to a lonely grave, broken yearnings beaten back upon the empty heart, the soul's high solace of renunciation. Love is bitter as aloes, Clara; clean and cruel as Honor; strong as Death.

"Yet Love is lord—your lord and mine, Clara. In his name I claim you, for you are his—and mine.

"I cannot tell you my name. Some day you shall know it, and wear it, if God wills, adorning it with your proud stainlessness. But for the present you must trust me, Clara. Trust me and Destiny.

"Yet, I will give you a sign. If you meet me anywhere in the world, and would know surely that it is I, speak the first line of the two I write below, and I will surely answer with the second. This will not fail.

"And without speech or language, you made
the feudal sign
That 'pointed soulward' meaneth: 'I take thee.
Thou art mine.'"

"God keep you, Clara, in the perils of the world. Oh, if you could know how you are loved, beloved! If the wind that touches your cheek could tell you how precious you are! If the grass you tread could find a voice to cry your value! At the post-office at two on Tuesday you shall hear from me again.

"Passionately and tenderly,
Your Lover."

Clara wept and trembled and shrank and blushed and paled and rapturously kissed the words of the letter. Before she went home she knew it almost by heart. He loved her, then! Oh, she knew it! His eyes had told her; and the touch of his hand. That terrible time he caught her in his arms had burned it into the marrow of her bones. But he had never said it in words.

She sat on the organ-bench in the church-gallery the next afternoon, shivering with anticipation of his coming. She knew without seeing when he entered the church at the rear. She played on, very badly, following his sauntering progress down the aisle. He mounted the gallery steps and lounged at the end of the organ. Clara's fingers fell numbly from the keys. Her eyelids fluttered up helplessly to his steady, gloating gaze.

"Well?" he said lazily.

"And without speech or language," gasped Clara, "you made the feudal sign—"

"What's that?" said Lovell.

Bewildered, Clara repeated the words.

"What does that rigmarole mean?" demanded Lovell frowning. He did not like to be puzzled.

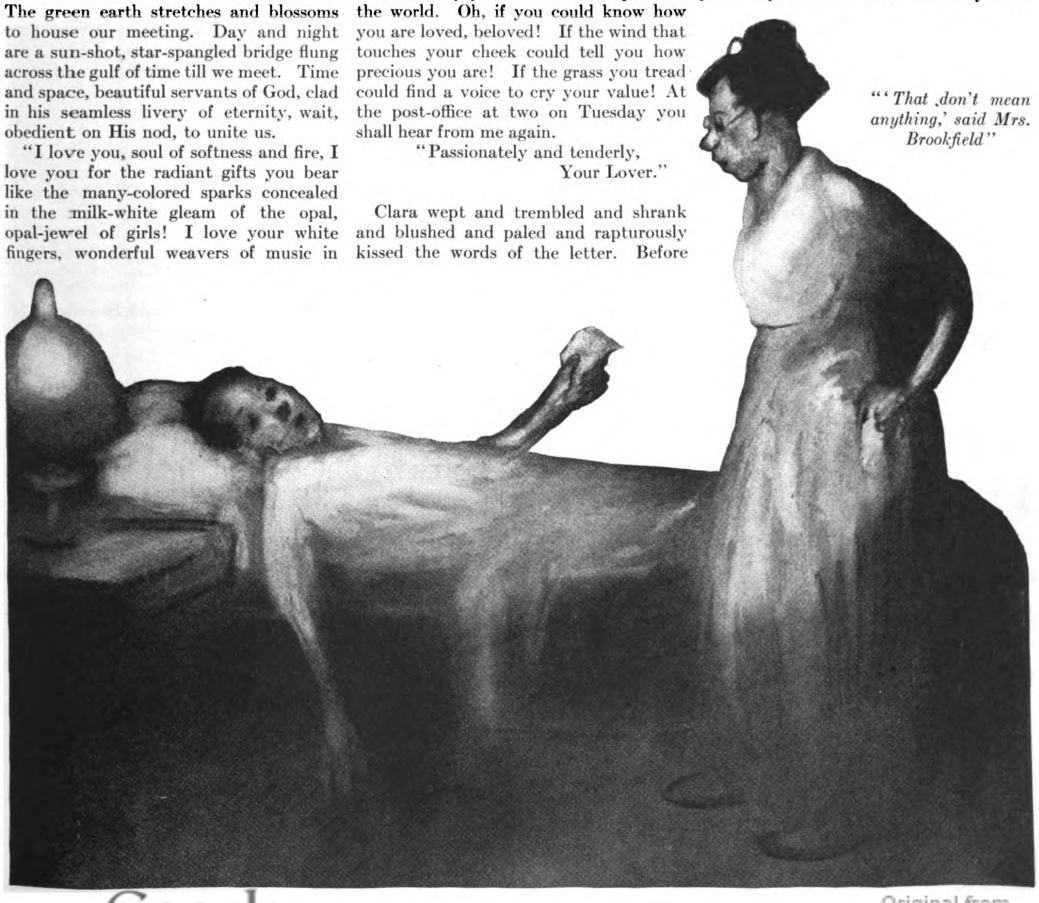
"Oh! Nothing!" faltered Clara.

She began to play again—worse than before—staggering amazement in her brain. He had not answered his own signal! But the letter was plain. He did not even understand! Then how?—who—?

LOVELL sauntered among the singers' seats. There was something queer in the air today, he perceived. He was quick about some things. He went back and stood beside the organ frowning. Clara stopped and looked at him inquiringly.

"Has anybody been talking to you about me?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Why, no," returned Clara, her transparent eyes full on his. But they were



"'That don't mean anything,' said Mrs. Brookfield"

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not the hypnotized eyes he had drawn up from the organ keys; they were eyes of wrestling question.

He went discontentedly down the gallery stair; a little later he left the church. Clara was not long behind him. She was mad to get away to read the letter again.

She did not sleep much that night. It was not Mr. Lovell, then! It was some one else! Her mind struggled with the cloudy mystery of that Other. Twice in the night she lit her lamp to see if the letter were there, if it were real. This was something that simply could not happen. But it had! There *was* another!

Her sensations were not enviable. She felt as if she were being torn in two. The fever in her blood was comparable to that which follows when an antitoxin grapples with the virus in the veins. She felt as scorched and racked and helpless as if two spirits had carried her into the air, like an Arabian Nights heroine, while they fought each other for her possession with flying flames.

The only gleam that lightened her perplexity was the promise of another letter on Tuesday. She looked ill and languid from the mental convulsions she had been going through, when she passed the Brookfields' on Tuesday. The letter was the same sort of stuff as the first, just the stuff to fascinate a young girl—the young girl Clara was. Reeking sentiment, shameless flattery, masterful possession, impenetrable mystery, poetic diction and —somehow, somewhere, wrapped in a flowery metaphor, echoing on an austere line—the arresting, vital accent of love itself.

It promised another letter Friday, and that, when it came, renewed the charm and the promise of Tuesday.

LIKE all imaginative young creatures, Clara had seen in the person who first stirred love in her not so much himself as love's self. And now love was speaking—from the clouds!—in a more authentic voice. Love revealed himself, clothed with reverence, breathing renunciation. Clara was not stupid—although, it must be admitted, her brains do not show to advantage in this story—and, once given a standard of comparison, she could not help perceiving Mr. Lovell's extensive incapacity for poetic or altruistic thought or expression.

Meanwhile Mr. Lovell kept aloof. His idea was to punish Clara for perplexing him, and subdue her by disappointment to the melting and breaking point. Perhaps I do Mr. Lovell an injustice in calling this an idea; it was more of an instinct,—a jungle-creeping dust-wriggling slaver-jawed instinct.

There were five of the letters—Clara kept them in the only secret place she had, an old doll's trunk with a practicable lock, and wore the key on a ribbon around her neck day and night—when Mr. Lovell judged the fruit mellow for the plucking.

Clara stopped playing when he made his velvet-padded entrance. He intercepted her at the foot of the gallery stairs. She had reached the point of being passionately ashamed of having ever imagined that Mr. Lovell could have meant anything at all. He put his own interpretation on her flight and flush. His jungle-pursuit in sharpening his appetite had dulled his perceptions.

He took her hand, his eyes gleaming catlike.

"You're not running away—from me?"

"I must go—please!" Her fingers squirmed helplessly in his grip.

"No, no! Stay a while!—Angry, a little—at me?"

"Oh, no, sir!" panted Clara. "Please let me go!" She wondered if he thought her a fool.

"Not just yet, naughty! Not without a kiss!"

"If you don't let me go," said Clara, suddenly white, "I'll scream!"

"Scream!" Mr. Lovell was so startled that his teeth showed in a perfect snarl. "Well, I guess not! You little fool! After all that's happened, you'd be the one to suffer, my lady, if you made a fuss now!"

Clara began to cry with shame and rage; but Lovell, naturally unaware of the adolescent swiftness of growth in her developing ideal, concluded that his show of masculine brutality had finished her.

"Little kitten through scratching?" he murmured. "There, there, girlie!"

He put his arm about her waist, bending over her a condescending and forgiving smile.

Clara struck it with all the force of her little clenched fist.

There followed a horrible moment of screaming struggle with an infuriated beast. Then abrupt cessation.

"But you ought to be careful," Mr. Lovell was saying severely. "That torn place in the carpet at the head of the stairs is really dangerous. Mr. Adams, look after it at once, please! If I hadn't happened to be here to catch Miss Fisher, she might have injured herself seriously."

Clara darted past the nonplussed janitor and into the open air.

"CLARA FISHER'S goin' to college after all," said Mrs. Blodgett to Mrs. Brookfield. "She's made up her mind all to once, an' Fisher he's always kinda favored it anyway, so Mis' Fisher she's had to give in. Where's Howard?"

"Howard's got another of his bad spells," returned Mrs. Brookfield anxiously. "He's been worryin' over some writin' he was doin'. He's so apt to get all worked up that way. I do wish Howard wouldn't overdo!"

"Howard Brookfield's down again," said Mrs. Blodgett to Mrs. Fisher. "Ain't it too bad?"

"Isn't it strange," responded Mrs. Fisher, out of the high and holy calm in which she was bearing her domestic defeat, "isn't it strange the way the Lord lets poor Howard live on like that—no use to himself or any one else! Seems as if it 'ud be a mercy if he'd be taken."

IT was two years later and Howard, just beginning convalescence from another of his bad spells, was listening while Mrs. Brookfield read his letters aloud.

"Why, there ain't any sense to this one!" exclaimed Mrs. Brookfield. "It ain't got any signature or regular beginning or anything!"

"Read it, please," said Howard languidly.

She read: "I have known a long time that it must have been you—who 'made the feudal sign.' I've wanted to thank you—only I couldn't—I was so ashamed! I know what you meant. You meant I must wait for the Real One. I don't know how you knew—about everything. I don't know why you thought a little fool was worth all that trouble. But I do know what I owe you—oh, I do! And there isn't anything I can say—only, just —thank you!"

"That don't mean anything!" said Mrs. Brookfield.

Howard stretched out a thin hand and took it from her. His eyes in their gaunt sockets dwelt on the little letter with a slowly kindling light, wonderfully kind and glad, a gathering radiance of unhoped-for knowledge of victory.

"That's all right," said Howard. "I understand."

Song of the Oldsters

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

BRING forth the loud victrola
That we once hated sore;
Tune up the pianola,
Wax up the parquet floor;
Throw out the cards and tear the score;
Fly, games of skill and chance!
Not these may charm us anymore,—
We dance and dance and dance.

They mock at joints rheumatic,—
The awesome things we do;
With manners acrobatic,
We skip and leap anew.
With trot and dip and hug, we sue
Revivals of romance;
Though weighty, too, at eighty-two,
We dance and dance and dance.

The old guard leave their rations
To foot it trippingly;
Our most revered relations
Go trotting after tea.
Life is not as it used to be,—
Who tottered now may prance;
Time tangoes with Terpsichore;
We dance and dance and dance.

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Shielding the Officer

By

CHARLES JOHNSON POST

THIS is the last instalment on the abuses in the Army. The series is creating a great stir not only in Army circles but among all kinds of people who have friends in the Army or are interested in the way our country is defended. In this article, Mr. Post has reached his climax in exposing the oppressions in Army life, including the treatment of escaped prisoners, excessive punishments, and the doubling up of a deserter's term of imprisonment by convicting him of synonyms

ONCE let a deserting soldier fall into the control of the Army and its prisons and he can be kept there for the rest of his natural life by a hocus-pocus that is a peculiar Army institution. He may receive a sentence of but six months or a year and yet, by a succession of trials for offenses nowhere recognized as crimes, one sentence after another can be added. I mean if he attempts to escape. An attempt to escape is a crime in the Army eyes—with each component act involving a separate crime and met with an additional trial and sentence that nothing prevents from stretching to the end of his natural life!

There are, of course, in addition, the ordinary routine prison punishments: loss of good conduct time, loss of grade, solitary confinement, and bread and water.

The one right that a prisoner has is the right to escape—if he can—and at the risk of his life. He may be justifiably killed in the attempt according to statute as well as military law. By imprisonment we recognize that a man has no moral obligations; the jailer matches his wits against that of the prisoner. The prisoner's desire to escape is taken for granted and is met with force; it is always imminent; he cannot be prevented from attempting to escape and he may be shot in the act. He may be punished for an infraction of prison discipline—but the Army makes it a separate criminal offense.

The absurdity is apparent when it is borne in mind that a prisoner captured by a force in time of war may attempt to escape—at the risk of being killed—and yet it is prohibited to punish him therefor in the event of capture. A prison is effective only by force and, like a blockade, imposes no moral obligations on its inmates; it is not merely a constructive fiction. There is no such thing as a "constructive blockade", neither is there such a thing as a prisoner morally or constructively bound to remain a prisoner purely as a social obligation. I have not been able to find a statute or law anywhere that makes the escape or attempt to escape from prison a criminal offense—nothing but this Army law.

And even then these Army courts-martial violate the provisions of their own laws in the eagerness for rigorous severity.

A soldier in the Sixth Field Artillery got drunk. It was a queer case involving an alleged felonious assault. It is doubtful if any civil jury could have swallowed the evidence *en bloc* as that court-martial did, or could have found anything more than a simple case of "drunk." The soldier begged for clemency and a chance to let liquor alone for the rest of his service—officers are given these chances even though their previous and repeated drunkenness has been flagrant. Anyway, the soldier was dishonorably discharged and sentenced to two years in prison at hard labor.

A month later he escaped and was promptly recaptured. He was tried by another court-martial for violating the 62nd Article of War. Think of the farce of trying a prisoner—already discharged from the Army with dishonor—for "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." And the court-martial sentenced the prisoner to an additional and separate sentence of two years more of hard labor in prison. Four years in all.

The officers of that court-martial sentenced him to an excess of one year more than is allowed as a maximum by their own law! A copy of that law lay on the table at their elbow while they heard the case.

A private in the Second Battalion of Engineers was drunk. While drunk he "conspired" to steal a pair of shoes, also he was sick from drunkenness, also he went absent without leave for a couple of days. A court-martial sentenced him to be dishonorably discharged and imprisoned for one year at hard labor.

He attempted to escape some months later. He was tried by court-martial for (1) attempting to escape, and (2) assaulting a sentinel by grasping and attempting to gain possession of his rifle. The *limit* prescribed for an attempt to escape is six months' confinement at hard labor; for resisting a sentry, ten months' confinement at hard labor. This is the law.

That court-martial awarded a sentence of three years more in prison at hard labor!

A soldier in the Second Cavalry was absent without leave for four days visiting Juarez, Mexico, in violation of the standing orders. He borrowed a suit of clothes from a comrade and sold or pawned them for $1.50. He had enlisted but three months before. A court-martial dishonorably discharged him and gave him ten months' imprisonment at hard labor.

While a prisoner serving his sentence he conspired with another prisoner to escape. He took from the sentry the bolt of his rifle and his ammunition. Then he escaped. For these three offenses the *maximum* punishment under the law laid down for the Army is two years and four months at hard labor.

The court-martial sentenced him to four years more imprisonment at hard labor.

A soldier in the Fifth Cavalry was dishonorably discharged by a sentence of

These are the officers who sat on the court-martial that tried First Lieutenant Loughry of the Coast Artillery and who reduced him ten numbers in grade for a disobedience of orders that seems to have involved the loss of a soldier's life. See facsimiles on pages 22-23.

This court-martial tried him for the disobedience and placed the date thereof so that it closed *before* the man was killed by the explosion!

What action in the interests of justice or a decent observance of law has Brigadier-General Crowder, Judge-Advocate General, taken in this case, or what does he propose to take?

Colonel Clarence P. Townley, Coast Artillery Corps
Colonel Adelbert Cronkhite, Coast Artillery Corps
Colonel George T. Bartlett, Coast Artillery Corps
Major Frank W. Coe, Coast Artillery Corps
Major Joseph Wheeler, Jr., Coast Artillery Corps
Major Edwin Landon, Coast Artillery Corps
Major Clarence H. McNeil, Coast Artillery Corps
Captain John W. Barker, Third Infantry
Captain Percy P. Bishop, Coast Artillery Corps
Captain Alexander Greig, Jr., Coast Artillery Corps
Captain Jack Hayes, Subsistence Department
Captain Homer B. Grant, Coast Artillery Corps, Judge Advocate

We invite the attention to this remarkable case of the Attorney-General of the United States and of the Federal Grand Jury of the Federal District that includes Fort Greble, Rhode Island.

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court-martial. Six months later he re-enlisted under another name. He was discovered, tried by a court-martial for fraudulent enlistment, found guilty, and thereupon again dishonorably discharged and sentenced to serve one year in prison at hard labor.

Two months later he escaped from Governor's Island, New York, and was arrested by the civil authorities in Brooklyn. Thereupon he was tried by court-martial for (1) escaping; (2) larceny, in that he took a boat tender and abandoned it in his escape; (3) abandoning his prison clothes.

The court-martial found him not guilty of "larceny" on the charge but "guilty" of stealing the boat in the specification.

Now the lawful limit of punishment for abandoning clothing is five months' confinement at hard labor; for escape, one year at hard labor. And only the special Providence that watches over incompetence could tell what kind of crime it is when a man is "guilty" of stealing a boat yet "not guilty" of "larceny" of the same.

Anyway the court-martial sentenced him to *four years additional imprisonment at hard labor.*

In this escape there was a partner, also a prisoner, a young soldier of but three months' service who was under a sentence as a felon for one year at hard labor for desertion. For him his mother begged clemency; she was the mother of a large family of small children whom she was trying to keep in school. It was hard work and this son was needed to help. Clemency was denied.

He, too, was given an additional sentence in excess of the authorized maximum. *Four years imprisonment at hard labor was given him by the court-martial as innocently as though it had never heard of its own laws and limits.*

[G. C. M. 921.]

HEADQUARTERS EASTERN DIVISION

GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL ORDERS, No. 921. } GOVERNORS ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY, August 3, 1912.

Before a general court-martial which convened at Governors Island, N. Y., pursuant to paragraph 1, Special Orders, No. 161, Headquarters Eastern Division, July 15, 1915, and of which Colonel Clarence P. Townsley, C. A. C., was president, and Captain Homer B. Grant, judge advocate: was arraigned and tried:

First Lieutenant *Howard K. Loughry*, Coast Artillery Corps.

CHARGE.—"Neglect of duty, in violation of the 62d Article of War."

Specification 1st—"In that First Lieutenant *Howard K. Loughry*, Coast Artillery Corps, being on duty as Ordnance Officer at Fort Greble, R. I., and it being his duty as Ordnance Officer to supervise personally the assembling of blank metallic ammunition intended for saluting purposes, or to secure the supervision of some other commissioned officer, did fail and neglect to secure the supervision of some other commissioned officer, for or to supervise personally the assembling of a case of blank metallic ammunition issued from the ordnance store-house under his charge and used in firing the reveille salute at Fort Greble, R. I., on April 2, 1912.

This at Fort Greble, R. I., on or about April 1, 1912."

Specification 2d—"In that First Lieutenant *Howard K. Loughry*, Coast Artillery Corps, being on duty as Ordnance Officer at Fort Greble, R. I., and it being his duty as Ordnance Officer to supervise personally the assembling of blank metallic ammunition intended for saluting purposes, or to secure the supervision of some other commissioned officer, and to mark each case of blank metallic ammunition with the initials of his name, or to have some other commissioned officer mark it with the initials of his name, to indicate that it had been properly assembled under the personal supervision of the officer with whose initials it was marked, did give to Post Ordnance Sergeant William F. Gerth slips of paper bearing his (Lieutenant *Loughry's*) initials, which were intended by him (Lieutenant *Loughry*) to be placed upon, and which were placed upon cases of blank ammunition, the preparation of which he (Lieutenant *Loughry*) personally had not supervised or inspected.

This at Fort Greble, R. I., at various times between November 1, 1911, and April 1, 1912."

The 62nd Article of War provides punishment merely for "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." This conduct was specified as ceasing "on or about April 1." Is it not apparent upon a careful reading of this document (the second part being reproduced in facsimile on the opposite page) that this disobedience of orders resulted in the "lamentable result" that occurred on the morning of April 2nd?



Soldiers at their duties

A recruit who was still in a recruit company, learning the rudiments of soldiering, deserted. He was not caught and three years later he enlisted again. He was detected and tried by court-martial for fraudulent enlistment. For this he was sentenced to be dishonorably discharged and imprisoned at hard labor for one year.

He was a good prisoner. They let him work on his parole. Over seven months of his sentence had been served, he had earned the commutation that reduces the sentence. Then, from another soldier he learned that his wife and his father—who was blind—were in destitution down in their Georgia home. He at once broke his parole and went down to the home and took up his trade as blacksmith. Six months later he was caught by some professional man-catcher—it is in such ways you will recall that Colonel Haskell of Missouri made such a splendid living for years—and tried by a court-martial for escape and violation of the parole.

At this trial the counsel for the prisoner offered to establish by evidence that the prisoner's father was blind and that both he and the wife were in destitute circumstances. The officer who was acting as the judge-advocate, the prosecutor, was perfectly willing to admit these as facts. That they had weight was evidenced by the sentence of the court—one of the rare cases of leniency in such matters. It sentenced him to six months imprisonment at hard labor.

But that additional six months did not help the blind father or the destitution—the prisoner would be at least sufficiently fed on prison fare.

He waited his chance. It came. With another prisoner he made a dash. The sentry shot and killed the other prisoner. Only the one escaped. And five months later he was once more captured and back in the same place, Columbus, Georgia.

A court-martial sentenced him to imprisonment at hard labor for three years.

The *maximum* he could possibly receive under the findings of that court was one year at hard labor for escaping and ten months for resisting a sentry.

I have said that a soldier could spend his natural life in prison, after his first conviction, and never commit an offense that is recognized as a crime by any civilized nation. Here is a man who is doing it. That is, he will do it just so long as he

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feels the helpless call of a blind father or thrills to the memories of a wife, in the long prison nights. The only way to keep that man in an Army prison is to kill his wife and father.

I have spoken of the fact that a soldier can be, and is, tried and sentenced on the various component parts of what is essentially but one act complete in itself. You may have noted in various cases I have cited the appearance of this, as for example, the soldier who was charged with drunkenness and also that, while drunk, he kept his hat on in the presence of an officer—separately punishable; the soldier who attempted to escape, one offense, and in the attempt and as proof of it grasped the rifle of the sentry, etc., etc.

It is exactly as if, to assume a criminal case, a burglary were committed and the burglar tried—at the option and ingenuity of the prosecutor solely—for loitering (as he inspected the prospect), for trespass, for malicious mischief (as he scratched a window in entering), for unlawful entry, for malicious mischief with candle grease on the first floor, on the second floor, for theft of a pie and two drinks of liquor and finally for *burglary!* A separate sentence for each, mind you. Its absurdity is apparent, yet this is what the Army does.

It does more. It tries a man *twice* for the same identical act and gives him imprisonment on each set of shuffled words. Think of sending a man to prison for two years on synonyms. And yet that is what an army court-martial did blandly, approving of itself even after urgent appeals and denying rectification or clemency. This is the case:

A trooper in the Fifteenth Cavalry received a discharge by act of favor, and with a record of "Very Good." Later he wanted to come back to the Army again and reenlisted. Eleven days later he deserted. It might have seemed worth while to know why a man who had Army experience—and liked it—should desert eleven days after rejoining. He was no new recruit to whom everything was strange and hard and who fled in a silly burst of homesickness. He *knew* what he was doing. Anyway he deserted. He was two months in the guard house at Fort Jay, New York, awaiting trial by court-martial. He was then sentenced to two years in prison at hard labor and remanded for a second court-martial.

While in the guard-house held as a prisoner this occurred: One day eight prisoners were sent out under charge of an armed sentry as a "caterpillar gang," that is, to scrape and clean the trees of the post. This soldier was in the gang. He watched his chance and slipped into the river to swim to Brooklyn—Fort Jay being on what is best known as Governors Island, New York. The current was too strong and he called for help. This was the first the sentry knew of his getting away, for the gang was split up as it worked on different trees.

The prisoner swam back to shallow water, waded ashore and when the gang of prisoners was turned into the guard-house that night all were present. It is a nice question as to whether he had ever been out of the government's charge. The story of the swim leaked out and additional charges were laid against the prisoner under the 47th Article of War,—desertion. I have said he was tried and convicted on synonyms. Let me be specific, therefore, and give the exact words:



Prisoners under sentence at their tasks

Charge I. Desertion, in violation of the 47th Article of War.

Specification—In that Private ———, 15th Cavalry, a soldier in the service of the United States, while a prisoner awaiting trial by general court-martial, did desert the same at Fort Jay, N. Y., on the —— day of ——, ——, and did remain absent in desertion until he surrendered himself at Fort Jay, N. Y., on the (same day, same month, same year).

Charge II. Conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in violation of the 62nd Article of War.

Specification. — In that Private ———, 15th Cavalry, while a prisoner in confinement awaiting trial by general court-martial, and working under charge of a sentinel of the old guard, did escape from said sentinel.

This at Fort Jay, N. Y., on the (same day, same month, same year as above).

[G. C. M. 921.]

2

Specification 3d—"In that he, First Lieutenant *Howard K. Loughry*, Coast Artillery Corps, being on duty as Ordnance Officer at Fort Greble, R. I., did, through neglect of duty, permit a case of blank metallic ammunition loaded with small arms smokeless powder to be issued for saluting purposes from the ordnance store-house under his charge.

This at Fort Greble, R. I., on April 1, 1912."

PLEA.

To the 1st *Specification*,	"Not Guilty."
To the 2d *Specification*,	"Not Guilty."
To the 3d *Specification*,	"Not Guilty."
To the Charge,	"Not Guilty."

FINDINGS.

Of the 1st *Specification*,	"Guilty."
Of the 2d *Specification*,	"Guilty."
Of the 3d *Specification*,	"Guilty."
Of the Charge,	"Guilty."

SENTENCE.

"To be reprimanded by the reviewing authority and to be reduced in files in the lineal list of first lieutenants, Coast Artillery Corps, so that his name will appear next below that of First Lieutenant Allen Kimberly, Coast Artillery Corps."

The evidence of record clearly sustains the findings of the court and the sentence is very lenient for the offense of which the accused was found guilty.

The sentence is approved and will be duly executed.

The neglect of which the accused was found guilty was more than a neglect of a routine duty and more than a failure to obey an ordinary order. It is within the knowledge of everyone that the orders of the War Department were designed to prevent just such an accident as occurred in this case, and had they been carried out the lamentable result of the explosion of the reveille gun could not have happened. The neglect in this case, therefore, was a neglect of duty to guard against loss of life and was a failure to obey an order intended to safeguard the lives of enlisted men who placed their trust in the knowledge, skill and care of the commissioned officers placed over them. (1996 J. A.)

BY COMMAND OF BRIGADIER GENERAL BLISS:

WM. A. MANN,
Colonel, General Staff
Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

GEO. ANDREWS,
Colonel, Adjutant General.

Read them over; both charges and both specifications describe the same act but each are given a separate meaning and twisted into separate violations with separate punishments. The soldier was found guilty of *both* of the specifications and the charges and sentenced to two years more imprisonment at hard labor. Four years of prison life ahead of him.

How much the officials of the War Department know of their own laws is a matter of speculation; neither civilian officials nor uniformed officers seem to know much about the laws for their own guidance. For in a letter defending this remarkable action it was no less a person than the Assistant Secretary of War, Robert Shaw Oliver, who wrote that "had the term in question (*the two years imprisonment on synonyms*)

"Any homicide caused by gross carelessness or negligence of any person in the discharge of any act or duty is manslaughter. This carelessness or negligence may consist either in the improper or negligent performance of an act or in the omission to perform a prescribed duty." (Am. and Eng. Cyc. of Law)

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been imposed as a penalty for the offense of escape alone, the sentence would not have been illegal."

This is interesting in view of the fact that in an executive order by President Taft, dated November 25, 1908, the punishment for "attempt to escape" is specifically limited to a maximum of "Six months' confinement at hard labor."

Perhaps Mr. Oliver did not personally write this even though he signed it; it may have emanated from the office of the Judge-Advocate General, but whether Mr. Oliver is careless in signing or the Judge-Advocate General innocent of military law and provisions is a matter of departmental hair splitting. The difference between innocence or ignorance is of little importance. The important fact is that a soldier can be tried by an Army court-martial and convicted and sentenced on as many component parts of one act or as many synonyms for one act as the ingenuity of a judge-advocate may devise.



This man is a prisoner

The War Department courts-martial are full of the most astounding perversions, oppressions, stupidities and favoritisms. And among them there is no case of more peculiar interest than that of First Lieutenant Howard K. Loughry of the Coast Artillery.

At the time of this occurrence he was stationed at Fort Greble, Rhode Island, and was on duty as ordnance officer. The duties and the responsibilities of the ordnance officer have, as the title suggests, to do with the care and loading of ammunition and ordnance and all that pertains thereto. A general order of the War Department provides:

"Blank metallic ammunition will be assembled *under the personal supervision of a commissioned officer*, who will be held responsible that the ammunition is prepared and the wads secured as prescribed above, and who will mark each of the assembled rounds with his initials before issuing, to indicate that it has been properly assembled." The italics are mine.

First Lieutenant Loughry, being on duty as ordnance officer, and it being his duty to supervise personally the assembling of blank metallic ammunition intended for saluting purposes, or to secure the supervision of some other commissioned officer, failed and neglected to either supervise the assembling of such ammunition or secure another officer to do it. Further, failing and neglecting the foregoing, he gave to the Post Ordnance Sergeant, William F. Gerth, slips of paper bearng his (Lieutenant Loughry's) initials which were intended by him to be placed upon, and which were placed upon cases of blank ammunition the preparation of which he, the lieutenant, had not personally supervised or inspected. As the result of this a case of blank metallic ammunition loaded with small arms smokeless powder was issued from the magazine under his charge.

A clear and flagrant violation of orders and duties. From the carefully formulated charges and specifications it would seem to be—while a violation, yet merely a violation of routine—of little consequence. Moreover the lieutenant was found guilty, and given the mild punishment of a reprimand and a reduction of ten numbers in the list of first lieutenants in the Artillery Corps. It means a delay of a few months in promotion and a mild delay in the increase of pay. That was all.

There was not a whisper in the charges that a gun burst and the corporal of the guard in charge of the saluting gun, was killed. Yet *that* is what happened.

For a disobedience of orders and a neglect, apparently involving the death of a soldier a mild reprimand and a reduction of ten numbers was considered a sufficient punishment for an officer.

It is interesting to note that, with one exception, all of the officers of that court-martial were officers in the Coast Artillery also.

The Army Register shows that about five first lieutenants are promoted each month. This means two months' delay in promotion and pay for such a disobedience of orders. And the charges did not even call it disobedience of orders, merely "neglect of duty."

But they took the Post Ordnance Sergeant, William F. Gerth, and found him guilty of various neglects and fined him one hundred and fifty dollars. That—by comparison—was the only real substantial punishment awarded, and that was to a non-commissioned officer, a sergeant.

And he was guilty because he "did permit to be assembled without the personal supervision of a commissioned officer" the ammunition. What was he to do—go out and order Lieutenant Loughry to attend to his prescribed duties? Suppose for a moment that he, the sergeant, had *not* loaded the ammunition or pasted on the little slips bearing Lieutenant Loughry's initials, what might have happened to him? Dare a sergeant or a soldier expose an officer's neglect?

This is what the Army shows to-day: Officers softly shielded and sheltered in their drunkenness, abuses, oppressions, and incompetence—sheltered behind the mask of a judicial proceeding, the court-martial, and even the records of these notorious cases still further screened by a rigid secrecy in the office of the Judge-Advocate General. The court-martial is a travesty on justice and a mockery of the decent opinions of this day and generation. On the one hand, for officers, it shelters with a cynical indifference to the decencies of sobriety, of fairness, and of even rudimentary justice; and on the other it is left free to work its slovenly malevolence upon the helpless soldiers in the ranks who are brought before it. Its decisions are without appeal; from its sentence you may only appeal for clemency—and hang on the recommendations of a jailer—while your boy serves a prison apprenticeship for no crime. Its birth, its administration and its forms are as archaic as the laws which it is supposed to administer.



These are regular enlisted men

And yet the army wonders why men desert.

There are splendid officers in the army—it is trite to write it—yet those able and conscientious and efficient officers will, many of them, stand hand-in-hand with the drunken, the malignant and the banal incompetents in denouncing these articles. It is of small matter. These are matters of official record and that cannot be denied.

And yet it is the pathway of the efficient, the just, and the really able officers that is blocked by the retention of unfit officers.



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The Failure of Free Love

By MARY AUSTIN

Sixth instalment of the series on Love

Illustrated by H. T. Dunn

MANY so-called advanced people believe that free love may be the solution of the marriage problem. Mrs. Austin thinks this is an entirely false view based upon lack of knowledge of the fundamental natural instincts. She believes that monogamy is the only possible relation today as in the past

I KNEW what was passing in my friend's mind, because at the back of mine was running, like the stream under the arched woodland, the recollection of a talk I had had with Valda's lover before I had finally surrendered him to whatever use the gods have for men of broken faith. It had been an interview charged with the profound irritation of being brought to book by the consequences of a situation whose primary excuse had been that it was not expected to have consequences, an irritation directed not so much at me as at the whole annoying tendency of human situations to continue to affect our lives long after they have lost interest for us.

His sole contention was that he had loved Valda and now no longer loved her. He had initiated the relation, as I knew, on the assumption that it was to proceed by God's law superiorly to man's, and my disposition to consider the God in the case as something outside of and much more imperative than his personal inclination was the source of considerable impatience. The statement that I couldn't just accept the change in his feelings as an excuse for spoiling my friend's life had been met with the amazed recoil of the reformer, invited to set in operation against his own impulses the strictures he has pronounced upon personal behaviors toward which he has had no disposition. The part which I wished him to play in order that Valda might get out of the situation without irreparable damage involved restraints and repressions the mere idea of which occasioned in him much the same sort of pained astonishment with which the "Business Interests" had received his recent exposures of certain customary procedures of trade. It would have evinced, he was sure, a higher magnanimity in Valda if she had refused to let consideration of her own happiness interfere with his.

Almost as much, I conceded, as if he had refrained letting his happiness interfere with hers. What I really wished to know was, since one of them must be sacrificed, on what ground he had decided that Valda should be the one.

"What it comes to," I insisted, "is that in the failure of any sex relation, you propose to visit all the inconvenience on the faithful, the deeply loving." I was sure that was exactly what he meant because I couldn't get him to agree to it in so many words. He talked instead of the high and sacred nature of passion, and of the impossibility of bringing it under any sort of personal control. Restraint was for emotions like envy or greed of money or love of power; it was indispensable to be put in force against persons of a strongly executive tendency who, by the exercise of such gifts, might become bosses or even capitalists. But restraint of the love impulses! . . . It was plain to be seen that his intolerance of my position was subdued only by a due regard for my limitations. Love, he insisted, is indispensably and eternally "free."

"Yes, but for Valda—how?"

I didn't expect any answer to that. There isn't any. All women know that once a woman has given her heart to love she is never again entirely free. Therefore I was not unprepared for the diversion attempted by insisting that if she truly loved him she would wish to see him happy even at the price of pain, nor I did not think it worth while to explain that he had made this impossible by his attempt to thrust the price upon her. There is a place past all the boundaries of self where love may work the dissolving miracle and make us free indeed, but it is not reached by methods of the Reactionist. If Valda had seen him make a fight for her, if she had found him holding faith in the teeth of reluctant nature, she would have arisen on swift wings. . . . Even if it were worth while hurting yourself very much for one who is willing you should be hurt, it is not often humanly possible. So, instead of explaining that he couldn't logically demand so much nobility without having paid down something of that coin on his own account, I contented myself by asking, if love was so absolutely beyond human management and direction as his theory postulated, what was poor Valda to do. He had an answer for me and it was entirely characteristic.

Said he, "She must learn to have more control over herself."

It was at this point I dropped him, as we must the whole theory of the "free" relation, forever and irrecoverably behind us.

"AND isn't there, then," Valda took up the thought again, "freedom attainable?"

Not in the sense that it can be vested in one party to the adventure. The whole moral conflict of today is epitomized as the struggle for parity of rights between contracting parties; parity of citizens with governors, of employed with employers, of women with men. Unless this is a principle of human conduct, applicable to all varieties of human relations, it becomes a mere social exigency, not worth all the fighting that is being done over it.

The answer then to the question as to what constitutes sex freedom, is that there can be no freedom *within* sex relations until we have achieved a degree of freedom *from* them.

So long as love is so important to us that it disorganizes all our social relations, it has us by the throat.

The idea that there is something rather creditable in being so susceptible that you can't help yourself is a temperamental fallacy—it is just exactly as creditable as being so mad you can't help yourself; and there is no practical difference between the harm done by inordinate loving and that resulting from inordinate envy.

Loving is important, important in degrees and directions not yet fully realized; but a distinguishing species mark of man is that he is a social animal. We are male and female for definite, marked periods of life, but from beginning to end we are members of society. The due proportion of loving in life is exceeded whenever by its importunities we are prevented from sinking the personal issue in the general good.

This is a hard doctrine only to two classes, those at the bottom of life in whom, by whatever misfortune of inheritance or training, the physical propensity exceeds the power of social coördination, and those along the upper fringe in whom an eccentric culture has bred a hypersensitive ego. In the great middle field, marriage does actually serve the main purpose of living. Society is largely held together by the number of persons in whom loving has been partially brought under the control of the intelligence and will.

THIS is a state of things which must be taken into account—the everlasting stumbling block to the opponents of marriage by arrangement. The affections of good women, and less freely of good men, are actually susceptible to the claims of worth and deserving. Women can love the mate; the father of the young becomes an object of solicitous care. No "village of a thousands souls" but can show you several instances of the power of women to gather up and hold, like a strong, steady lamp, all the offices of loving under the direction not of sex inclination but of something which to them spells a higher form of compulsion.

This is the way freedom comes, to be able to walk with love but not be driven by it; to be able to hold sex impulses, as we are learning to hold impulses of trade, subject to considerations of fair play, and sensitive to the general social direction.

This demand for a relation by which the right of discontinuance can be vested in the unloving member, rather than in the faithful as the present usage places it, is, like the modern prevalence of divorce, symptomatic. It appears from time to time in those periods of history characterized by vast accumulations of wealth on one hand and practical or chattel slavery on the other, tending to raise barriers of class which operate against free, mating selection. Clumsy and inefficient marriage modes, induced by such social disequilibrium, produce this inevitable reaction. All great revolutionary periods are preceded by laxity of sex behaviors, and in so far as the revolt tends to re-establish human values, are followed by a return to more austere and simpler methods.

The same reflexes are noticeable in the decay of an existing religion and the rise of another. Not because of any prohibition which religion imposes, but, as will be shown later, because of the attempt to make love-life fill a place which

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can never be legitimately occupied except by the exercise of the personality in its cosmic relations.

The claim, in so far as an ideal supported by so small a minority can constitute itself a claim, for a relation from which one party can withdraw without respect to the wishes of the other, is, by and large, an evidence of imperfect sexualization. I am aware that a statement which appears to controvert a popular supposition that all such demand proceeds from an excessive propensity, requires explication. The notion that the clamor for freedom is cover, merely, for a movement toward self-indulgence, is applicable only in particular cases.

In general it is a confession of inability to maintain the love-life of the individual in the absence of the only one of its elements which the constitutional "free" lover can appreciate—I mean in the absence or suspension of sex-attraction.

For the argument on which the apostle of such freedom rests his case is that sex-attraction constitutes the whole of loving and is the sole criterion of mating.

If this could be established on the evidence of the Soul-Maker, there would be nothing left for us to say. But an examination of the earliest manifestations of the habit of living together shows it to have been able to maintain itself not only in the face of the seasonal fluctuations of sex-attraction, but in long suspensions of the act by which the continuity of the race is established. In the awakening states of consciousness, far from being an emotion superior to obligation, the chief service of love to life appears to have been to establish obligation. The prevalence of long mating periods in the higher species is proof positive that in some way not perfectly clear to us, Nature was served by the association of creatures in pairs, *independently of the procreating crisis*.

Whatever this bond is, how compound of interest and association, it is in the making of man, the object of quite as much pains as the brief period of secondary sex characteristics by which mating is initiated. It bids fair even among the brute species, if anything survives the assaults of dissolution, to prove superior to death itself. Instances of the death of one mate on the taking off of the other, even among lower animals are not exceptional.

Full mating capacity, then, involves the ability to get something out of those phases of mate-love not directly induced by what we call sex-attraction.

The attempt to center marriage only in its active and obvious states, and to limit it to aspects of the relation admittedly and inescapably fluctuant, amounts to a confession of shortage in the other offices of loving. Life laughs at the too fastidious faculty which is at the mercy of an unbecoming hat or a thick ankle, which grows hysterical at the idea of restraint and is unable to maintain itself in any but "ideal" conditions.

BUT supposing that those conditions denominated "ideal" by the advocate of the unregulated relation should prove in harmony with the dimly guessed racial purpose, it would even more defeat his object. If you will talk directly with almost any free lover, you will find that what he really expects of the free alliance is a state of things in which you are to be noble enough to let him go, should his happiness demand it, but he is not required to be noble enough to stay, should your welfare be in question. It is expected to operate only on the one side of the unloving—for where, indeed, would be the freedom in a relation which left both parties free to decide what they would do about it? The only freedom which you retain, supposing you so unfortunate as to have given yourself whole-heartedly, is the freedom to give me up, which you had better do gracefully because in any case I mean to leave you. It is necessary to state this colloquially in order to bring out the absurdity, the utter overthrow of the theory of the "free" relation.

For should this ability to surrender without pain have been attained at the highest spiritual plane, it is impossible that it should be so without a corresponding capacity for self-denial. To have reached a point where passion is so disassociated with the process of living that the object of it can be given away without sensible loss, is to confess one's self at a pitch of being able to dispense with a change of lovers.

POWER over the faculty of loving is undoubtedly to some degree attainable, but there is no evidence that it does or should work only in the direction of unloving. The clear definition of mate-love, and its distinction from all the subsidiary issues ordinarily tied up with it, will operate to raise the plane upon which the personal problem is worked out, but it cannot alter the balance of the equation.

Admitting the general social good as the larger criterion of marriage, we can find but one righteous solution of the particular unhappy instance, and that is that each affair should be charged with its own consequences. And such consequences, of whatever degree, must rest equably on both parties; loving or unloving, control can not justly lie in the hands of one member to the disparagement of the other. Where freedom is desired, they must come free together, for that is a mere travesty of liberty which, in discharging the account of one member, leaves the other bound to grief and humiliation. One may ask for freedom and one bestow it, but neither may demand and neither compel. And this law of equity in loving must hold not only for the public, certificated relation, but for every kind of union between men and women as between men and men. It is not the spirit in which the adventure is undertaken nor the incentive to it which establishes the basis of its dissolution, but the contingencies in which it involves us.

This is the new morality of sex which has been worked out for us in a thousand departments of life which have no apparent bearing on sex—the morality of social consequence. A man is not free to deny his child on the ground that no child was wished, nor exempt himself from the broken life on the ground that no breakage was intended. This is the law of conduct worked out for us in battle where, though the risk is death, it cannot be wholly assumed by the widow and orphan, worked out in trade where the maimed limb or the phossy jaw is not absolutely at the cost of the loser, worked out in labor where the blame of unemployment cannot be entirely imputed to the unemployed—the morality of the shared consequence.

This is the way to the new freedom when freedom is desired, neither to cheat nor to lie nor to compel, but to stand superior to the passions of sex as we are learning to stand free of the passions of trade and industry, and to play fair alike in loving and unloving.

Women—many large-waisted, clear-seeing women, such as men think least about when they think of loving—know this way out; men must learn it. Although they do not know it, their feet are in the paths that lead to it; for love, like empire, no more veiled and apart, must walk openly in the streets of Equality and Fraternity.

IT was after this session under the full-plumaged trees that we ceased to talk of the personal aspects of Valda's case. It had passed the point where speaking brings relief.

From this time forth we talked of the future, and what was to come out of it by the rationalization of sex relations.

"Too much of a readjustment to expect it to come soon or suddenly," Valda was afraid.

On the contrary, what we are in need of most is to realize how close at hand the material for successful mating lies. We are a phrase-ridden people. We are remanded by words into attitudes that have long ceased to have any relation to our activities. If any churchman attempted to induce the women of his congregation to stay "in the home" because of the primary reason which made it a proper place for her, he would be swamped in public indignation, he would have proven the absolute inutility of the institution for which he stands.

Women stayed at home primarily because, encumbered as they were with their young, it was the only place where they were safe from beasts, and they kept on staying because later, when man was advanced a little from his bruteness, it was the only place in which they were safe from men. This necessity of safeguarding women from predatory males made of the home a fortress and a prison. But now, any young pair with a few hundred dollars can make themselves as safe as in a feudal castle, and not only has the actual residence of women ceased to be a subject of attack, but the individual female is, except by a small class and under particular circumstances, no longer open to the possibility of violation.

IT is this loss of the element of fear out of our social life which constitutes the most tremendous modifying influence in marriage modes. The number of places where, and the circumstances under which, women and children are safe, increases daily. In general it may be said that it is eminently proper for women to go anywhere their young go, and that the safety and well-being of the young is proportionate to the extent that the environment is mixed with woman thought.

What is important is to realize that this permeation of all the departments of living with the home element, that is to say the element of safety, is here and now.

In America, the home, as a fenced-off, fortified, inviolable quarter, is practically non-existent. Instead of being a place within which the activities of life are carried on in spite of society, it has become again the nest, the lair, the place of temporary withdrawal from the activities which life demands of us. The moment we cease talking about it in capital letters, we see that this is so.

The extent to which the average citizen concerns himself about the inviolableness of the particular set of rooms which he occupies, is epitomized in a burglar alarm, and a second bolt on the front door. He is vastly more interested in making the street along which his children pass to school danger-proof. It isn't infringements of the rights of private domicile which agitate the working classes; they fought all that out some centuries

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"What I wished to know was, since one of them must be sacrificed, on what ground he had decided that Valda must be the one"

ago. What they are really after is to have the factory and the shop made safe and unassailable. For if the home is no longer the center of attack, neither is it, except on the farm, the center of industry. It is about two hundred years since it has been, for anybody except young children, the center of education.

IN view of all this it is time to stop sentimentalizing about the home, and fairly recognize the fact that the conduct of married life today is more largely conditioned by affairs outside the house than within it. Much of the modern friction of marriage is due to individual inability to realize this as a verdical condition. This ideal of the home as a high wall behind which the conduct of life should go on according to a set pattern, has crumbled more rapidly than the family relation has adjusted itself to the determining nature of the social claim on its individual members. And every department of family life has yielded to this readjustment more readily than that set of activities included under "domestic service." Whether performed by the wife or by salaried "help" these reveal a lack of organization so demoralizing that it has led to the home becoming not the safest, but, in cases where it is not her own home, the least safe place for a woman. It is impossible to ignore the reports of morals courts and vice commissions on this point, namely, that the one occupation which furnishes most recruits to institutionalized vice is the one which offers "a good home" among its inducements. Exposure to the temptation of loose living is one of the "risks of the trade" of domestic service. If this be true it can only be because of the attempt to condition the life of the worker by her relation to the inmates of the house rather than by her value to society.

The moment we have worked out in human conduct the logical conclusion of the present situation, we are face to face with the most tremendous factor determining the future modes of marriage. This "servant question" is a little door but it opens on a wide prospect. To admit, as we are being forced to do, that to prepare food for you under your own roof is in no wise socially or economically to be differentiated from preparing food for you in a factory, is to surrender the last claim to so differentiate domesticity from any other set of conditions. In other words, the mere circumstance of living domestically can have no logical effect on the value or classification of the labor involved.

WE have already progressed so far with this idea that we are attempting to give expression to it in laws which compel the husband's recognition of the labors of the house-mother in the same terms in which the labors of the "hired help" are valued, but its implication is much wider than that.

At its widest it is a recognition of the astonishing truth that the essential relations of men and women to society are not altered by their entering into sex relations with one another. Whatever was owed before marriage, of gift, of self-development, is still collectible and in the same coin. It admits no theory of substitutes. If children are your best, your supreme contribution, let us have them; in any case, children or no children, let us have the best of you.

IT is natural that we should first, here in America, arrive at the necessity of distinguishing between the sexual constituents of successful mating and those which are purely human. It was here, in the exigencies of pioneering, that the posing and posturing of the sexes before one another which made the social mold of the last century in Europe, received their first sensible check. The enormous human activities on which we are embarked, new ground to break, new cities to build, have to a degree removed us from the obsessions of the past. Women have been returned to the community of labor at something like their original and actual value. Absorbed in the struggle with virgin wood and unbroken prairie, we have been obliged to take our eye off the processes of civilization for intervals in which we have amazingly discovered the vital functions of civilization were capable of sustaining themselves whether we kept an eye on them or not.

Marriage has been going on among us as an ardent and productive activity, but by no means the only activity of our women, and the heavens have not

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fallen. There is no force operative in modern life more potent to affect the fashions in which men and women live together than this shuttling to and fro of the thread of labor. It is the one thing that restores to us the advantage which our love-life might reasonably claim from sex-attraction.

Sex-attraction is the natural advertisement of efficiency in certain of the offices of living. It is evidence of the ability to produce in another those high, electrified states of being under which it is desirable that mating take place. We know little of how and why this is so, but one thing experience confirms to us—it is not the advertisement of anything else.

SO much help nature affords us; no more. In our hands is left the business of producing those correspondences of aim and ideal which render tolerable the obligations entailed by any surrender to sex. This is a task for all we have of fortitude and skill. We unnecessarily and stupidly encumber ourselves when we add to it the occasion for matching all our human aptitudes, not the aptitudes of the mate, but to a set pattern.

The more of these artificial compulsions we can eliminate from mating considerations the more room we allow to the natural element of sex-attraction.

We know, as has been admitted, too little of the nature of this reciprocal force, but we know at least that it is an enormous energizer. The impossibility of wholly reconciling it with the conventional requirements of marriage has led to its neglect as a mating factor, has brought it in some quarters into absolute disrepute. No doubt also it has too many times been rendered inutile by the artificial restrictions put upon the labors of the married.

Some of the most notable contributions to world service have been by men under this stimulus. Given the same freedom to all which comes of an equable sharing by the sexes for the economic burden, and the gain should more than compensate us for all the dear conventions we have lost.

"AND the conclusion?—" Valda at last ventured. There isn't any. Humanly to conclude things is to drop them behind us. We of the dominant race have dropped polygamy, we are in a way to drop prostitution as soon as the conviction of its racial inutility becomes a part of our social consciousness. All the other things are problems of today or tomorrow, or at most the week after.

WE are unfortunate in that the most of the writing that is done about it is in the hands of the Futurists, who, with the special case they make of it, are obliged to pitch the mark ahead a thousand years or so, and undertake to skip us into it. Love is now. It is a force as steadily operative in human life, as susceptible to knowledge, as any other of the great natural forces.

"But wouldn't that somehow make it less interesting, knowing about it beforehand?"

Just to the degree that electricity has become less interesting since it has ceased to be a parlor trick. Love is for doing things, not merely for wonderment. It is time now to learn what things, and to leave off playing with it as children play with fear, pretending that it lives in the coal-hole of our physical natures, from whence it may presently appear to devour us. What really is in the coal-hole is the fuel of the flame that warms the world.

In the next and last instalment Mrs. Austin will take up the question which she thinks of most importance in rearranging the relation between man and woman so that happier marriages may result. In better methods of mating she thinks our salvation lies. How to obtain this will be the subject of her article.

The Washington Alley Bill

By CHARLOTTE EVERETT HOPKINS

Chairman, District of Columbia Section, Woman's Department, National Civic Federation

VERY few people know what has led up to the Alley Bill. The alley conditions in Washington have been growing worse and worse ever since the close of the Civil War. Up to that time there were no alleys in the village that Washington was—only a few houses in large squares, with great gardens, in the rear of which were the quarters where the negroes lived. After slavery ceased, the same little houses still continued to be the homes of the free black people, and had to have pathways; hence these rear entrances, known as alleys, became necessary; and little by little property holders, who had deep lots, found they could make a great deal of money out of the building of a most inexpensive type of house which would rent for much more than on the front street.

Alley property has brought from 12 to 40 per cent. interest, for from its very nature—its seclusion—owners were not called upon to make the repairs necessary on a different class of property. The net result of all this was that finally the population grew to be over 16,000, of whom 2,000 were the low class of whites. In these 275 alleys there are some that have but three or four houses, and others that are very densely populated, as was Willow Tree, which numbered between three and four hundred people. And the alleys are so curious in their windings that they can not easily be penetrated and are practically free from police surveillance.

The conditions have grown worse and worse. From these alley homes come the extra help—washerwomen, ashmen, and all labor employed in the best uptown houses and hotels—bringing with them the risk of infection, as in nine out of ten cases the employer of such labor has no idea where the employed person lives. This has resulted, in many instances, in uptown epidemics of all the infantile diseases, and undoubtedly in many cases of other diseases which were apparently untraceable.

FOR years the Associated Charities' visitors and the settlement houses and our civic organizations have done endless work in trying to bring these conditions before the public eye, but with a very small result, because the alley property was so valuable, and the property holders and agents who were all banded against us were so influential that it was almost impossible to get even the press to help. This condition of affairs has gone on for practically forty years. Occasionally the surface would be disturbed by some such person as Mr. Jacob Riis who, summoned by a commission known as the President's Homes Commission, during Mr. Roosevelt's first administration, appeared before a committee of Congress with a stereopticon, both arousing and frightening his hearers by showing and describing conditions down in Willow Tree Alley, where the towels from the barber shop in the Capitol were laundered.

The report of this President's Homes Commission was excellent, but failed to secure adequate legislation. Mr. Charles F. Weller, extremely active in all of this campaign, who was the organizer of Neighborhood House and at the head of the Associated Charities, made, with the help of his wife, a most thorough study of alley conditions, which was published in book form. Still there was no tangible result except the organizing of the Sanitary Improvement Company which built good houses for people of small means, at rents ranging from $7.50 to $15.50, paying five per cent. dividend and reserving a sinking fund of four per cent. for repairs and contingencies. The Sanitary Housing Company was afterward organized along the same line. Both have been very successful, but not enough houses have been built for all the needy population. The Associated Charities has kept up a continual fight; the Health Officer, Dr. Wm. C. Woodward, and many others have given valiant service; the Monday Evening Club, a social-service organization, took up the campaign, and three years ago the Woman's Department of the National Civic Federation appointed a committee to investigate industrial conditions, which found that the first thing to be done along that line was to improve the housing conditions. The two seemed to be so interlocked in effect that when we, the members of the National Civic Federation, began to inquire into the conditions of the employees in the federal departments and the private concerns, we were met everywhere with the question of the housing of employees—rents were so high; houses were so bad. Finally we grasped the situation that the crux of the whole thing lay in improving housing conditions, and thus we were led further and further back until we landed in the alleys.

AFTER a most careful investigation made by an expert, Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, and a study of conditions by Mrs. Ernest P. Bicknell, chairman of our committee on housing, we decided that the interest of the community must be aroused. Just at this moment the new administration came in, and we found in Mrs. Woodrow Wilson a most powerful ally. She was not only interested but brought to bear on the subject intelligence and knowledge, and has proved an invaluable aid.

We held a number of public meetings, and showed with our pictures the actual

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situation and described it in the clearest possible English. Then it occurred to us that before bringing a bill into Congress we should educate the men who would have to consider such a bill. We made up our minds that lack of action on the part of Congress had resulted, in most cases, from ignorance of the subject. For what can you expect from the average Congressman, who knows little of local conditions in Washington, his mind, hands, and heart being filled by the business of his constituents, and is yet called upon not only to satisfy the demands of his home people but to take up, besides, all the great national questions?

So Mrs. Wilson and I as chairman of the Woman's Department, organized an alley-inspection party, asking groups of Congressmen and Senators, irrespective of their party, to make a twenty-three mile trip and see, first hand, exactly what we had been talking about. With Mrs. Wilson as hostess, there was no difficulty in getting the leaders and most prominent men in public affairs, and there was, as we had supposed, no lack of good-will but simply lack of knowledge. Their interest as well as their sympathy and intelligence once aroused, the rest was comparatively simple.

We showed them everything. We took them to places that were unspeakable—into places where it was hardly safe to go, with the rickety staircases and the dark halls, the sights and smells. It was interesting and amusing to see their point of view change, and they were touched by the many pathetic instances we found: people who had lived for forty years in these alleys, who knew no other life, and to whom the idea of moving brought a chill of horror and of loneliness. It had been their only home.

THE first result of our "Alley Summer School"—personally conducted tours—was the hastening of the action in Willow Tree Alley, a notorious den, the terror even of the police, which is now being rapidly converted into an interior park with every modern improvement—green trees, grass, benches, water, gymnasium, playgrounds and municipal wash-houses.

A Committee of Fifty was then organized, with Mrs. Wilson as honorary chairman, representing all the interests in town, among them the Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce, besides the philanthropic organizations. From this an executive committee was chosen which drew the bill as it now stands, which has since received the approval of the Health Officer, the Building Inspector, Commissioners of the District, and finally the President of the United States, who went over it most carefully, making some beneficial changes. The bill, which has now gone to the capitol and is waiting final action by Congress, provides that one tenth of the population of the alleys be moved out each year for ten years and the alleys converted into minor streets or closed to habitation.

We who are interested think the passage of this bill means more to the general improvement of the District than any one other thing that has ever been done; that it will affect, in a decided way, the housing question all over the country. We acknowledge that the conditions here are nothing like as bad as in New York, London, Chicago, and Pittsburgh, but we make the point that the capital city of the United States should never have had these conditions, and we take the stand that preventive are better than corrective measures.

THERE is a real interest in Congress and everybody can help. All over the country, any one who feels a pride in the National Capital, and an interest in the question, can help. We ask this help in the name of the wretched little children who, one out of three, under a year old, die every year in the alleys. We ask it because half the babies born in these alleys are illegitimate, many of these illegitimate children being born to mothers thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years of age. We ask it in the name of the mothers, good mothers, who after a hard day's toil at a wash-tub or over a hot stove, come back to these wretched hovels, in the long summer, to gasp all night, under conditions that none of us could stand for a moment. It is from such miserable homes that men go to the attractive drinking places. It is from such miserable homes that men desert their wives. But it is always on the woman that the heaviest burden falls, and it is for us, the women of the country, to try and lift that burden or at least to lighten it. May we not say to every woman in this country: This is also your work, for is this not also your capital city? Do you not want conditions here which are not only not disgraceful but are inspiring to the rest of the country and to the world? Will you not use your influence with your own Senator and Congressman so that when the final test comes, they will vote for the "Alley Bill"?

Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Answering a Practical Question

A LETTER recently received from a lawyer in one of the large cities in the northern part of this state raises a number of questions which not only can be answered more fully in an article than in a more hastily written letter, but which cannot fail to interest other readers of this department. The lawyer's inquiry was as follows:

> A married woman having thirty or forty thousand dollars to invest, which money is now loaned to an industrial corporation, desires to invest it in a security which is safe and not speculative and which will return an income of not less than five per cent. The following suggestions have been made: Southern Pacific, Pennsylvania, New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Atchison preferred, Northern Pacific, Great Northern, American Telegraph & Telephone Collateral Fours, Southern Pacific Convertible Fours, American Agricultural Chemical Company Bonds.
>
> May I ask which of these, if any, you would recommend, and what other suggestions, if any, you would make under the circumstances?

Naturally all magazines have many readers with smaller sums than $40,000 to invest, but the principles which apply to the larger outlay are for the most part equally applicable to a smaller investment.

Let it be said at the start that nothing would be easier than to make a poorer outlay of the money than is here suggested.



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Just right heating



The heating question must be faced in every home. It is usually easy to tell on bitter cold days by the faces of your neighbors which of them are enduring the ills and paying the bills of old-fashioned heating, and which are in best mental poise because of having begun the preparation for the day's work in rooms genially comforted by AMERICAN Radiators and IDEAL Boilers. The family bread-winners are handicapped in the business competition with others unless they start the day in physical comfort. Then, too, an evening in a cold house is poor place for relaxation, or mental preparation to improve one's position or earnings.

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are no longer called "luxuries," because in thousands of instances they are proving to be an economy for any home, however small. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators provide uniform warmth in all rooms, far and near, and under perfect control. They bring no ashes, dust or coal-gases into the living-rooms. They are noiseless, absolutely safe, and will outlast the house. They require no more caretaking in heating 5 to 15 rooms than to run a stove for one room. Their fuel saving, cleanliness, and protection to family health soon repay the cost of the outfit.

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Worse investments are probably in the majority, and there are several features about this list which are most commendable. But reasonable merit never implies the impossibility of still greater excellence. What do we live for if not to improve?

Where Are the Eggs?

ALMOST any written communication is open to misconstruction. It is stated in the letter that a married woman having from thirty to forty thousand dollars to invest wishes to put it "in a security." Now does this mean that she contemplates placing such a large sum in only one security? If so, she is pursuing a most dangerous course. Or does the fact that ten different securities are mentioned in the letter mean that she, or her adviser, intends to scatter the money about among ten different securities; or does it merely mean that of these ten, one is to be chosen?

The first rule of wise investment is to diversify one's money. In this way the risk is scattered and minimized. This principle cannot be too often repeated or emphasized. Andrew Carnegie is reputed to have said: "Put all your eggs in one basket, and then watch the basket." That is about the most suicidal advice that could be given to the individual investor. Carnegie, of course, put his money into his own business, and not only did he watch it, but he was the business. Not only does the general investor put his money into some one else's business, but usually he has neither the ability, opportunity or inclination to watch it.

Where a variety of securities are purchased, the loss on one is made up by the gain on another. This statement is simplicity itself, but marvelously few investors observe the rule. Even if there are no actual losses or gains there is the insurance against loss. The whole theory of life and fire insurance is based upon wide distribution of risks. Lloyds is based upon the same theory.

How to Prevent Loss

NO insurance company could do business a month if both its policies and its investments were not widely distributed. The investor has this principle before his eyes every day of the week in practical form, but when he comes to put it into practice in his own case he usually forgets or fails to do so. How many widows who rashly invest all their husbands leave them in some one foolish venture stop to think that the insurance company could never have paid over that $10,000 to them if it had put everything into one project.

The man with $1000 to invest often fails to see how he can diversify such a small sum. It is possible to purchase $100 bonds; or a safe rule to follow is to put the first $1000 into a good railroad bond, the second into a public utility bond or a good first mortgage on real estate, and the third into a municipal bond, or a high-class preferred stock. Those with $100 or even $500 have a still harder time to diversify such a small sum. When one gets down to a few hundreds and splits it up to any extent the resultant income from several different sources may be an annoyance and is more or less of an absurdity, so small are the separate items.

But the woman with $35,000 or $40,000 need not be afraid of splitting up this



The Key to Dress-Distinction

"Perfect gowning," an art that seems by right to belong to a favored few, is really at the command of every woman who truly cares.

Time was when a Paris pocketbook was the key. Today, irrespective of the size of a dress-allowance, the "perfect costume" is within the reach of all.

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by showing the most fetching costumes well in advance of the mode, and by helping you adapt them perfectly to your own personality can make your costuming a delight—smart, becoming, distinctive, truly economical. No ill-chosen gowns or hats to regret, if you use Smart Styles.

Beginning with April, with its witching array of hats that charm, through the Summer months with their delightful frocks, right up to early Fall, let us help you with Smart Styles—at a price so low that it is only possible because we know our power to please you well.

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For the June bride—her gown, her gifts, her traveling equipment, her trousseau. Luxuries and necessities for the toilet table.

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The Summer's styles complete, for form and comfort both. Vacation hints, where and how to go, travel clothes and luggage.

JULY - - - - - - - - - - Life in the Open
Sports and sporting garb. How to be correct and at ease for tennis, swimming, motoring, riding, golf and all outdoors.

AUGUST - - - - The Younger Generation
With school days drawing near, juvenile desires and needs are uppermost. Clothes for school, younger society, and Autumn sports.

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sum as much as she pleases. Investment bankers will vie with one another to get her patronage, and will not mind how much she diversifies. The right thing to do in this case is to divide the total amount into seven or eight sums of $5000 each and place each sum, or unit, in different classes of securities.

Too Much Railroad

NOW the trouble with this proposed outlay is that it includes too many railroad common stocks. Of course, stocks have one great advantage over bonds for a person making such a large investment in this state: they are non-taxable, not only for state and local levies but for the Federal Income Tax. But if this woman's advisers fear that she will attract the attention of local tax assessors because of the size of her investment, we suggest other classes of stocks. It would not be a bad plan to place one unit of $5000 in such stocks as Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific, Pennsylvania and possibly New York Central and Baltimore & Ohio, although the earnings of the two last named are hardly large enough to warrant a very heavy outlay in that direction.

Instead of Baltimore & Ohio common we suggest the preferred stock of the same railroad, to yield 5 per cent. Atchison preferred is a most excellent stock. Indeed it would be a good plan to place one $5000 unit in Baltimore & Ohio preferred, Atchison preferred, Union Pacific preferred and Norfolk & Western preferred. The net income would be almost 5 per cent.

Then another $5000 unit could be safely placed in high-grade industrial preferred stocks. Such an investment will net about 6 per cent. A considerable portion might be placed in the preferred issues of the National Biscuit and the American Car & Foundry companies, and possibly the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Of much intrinsic merit are the preferred shares of the United States Steel Corporation, the International Harvester Company and the American Sugar Refining Company. But there are persons afraid of these concerns because the government is suing them under the Sherman Law. For all any one knows, however, the stocks may become more valuable instead of less if the companies are dissolved, and certainly they all possess obvious worth.

A few hundred dollars might be put into such preferred stocks as those of the American Locomotive Company, United States Rubber Company and possibly a share or two of the Central Leather Company. There is a certain element of speculation here, but also much value behind the stocks, and a chance of considerable appreciation in price.

Another $5000 unit should be placed in bonds of strong industrial companies, such as the six per cent. collateral trust bonds of the United States Rubber Co., 4½s of Armour & Co., first mortgage 5s of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co., United States Steel or National Tube 5s, possibly Bethlehem Steel first extension 5s, or Central Leather first 5s, and the first mortgage 5s of the American Agricultural Chemical Co., as suggested in the letter. In this way a net income of 5¼ per cent. or more can be had on this unit.

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It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than to speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor, Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.

bonds based upon them. In the West and South good farm mortgages may be had to yield 6 per cent., and practically the same rate may be had from bonds issued against mortgages on income producing property in such cities as Chicago, Cleveland and even Pittsburgh. In buying this class of security more depends upon the dealer, of course, than when one purchases listed bonds or stocks. Only dealers with an extended experience and reputation should be patronized.

We now have either $10,000 or $15,000 remaining. I suggest that one unit be placed in convertible bonds or equipment trust certificates of the leading railroads. Southern Pacific convertible 4s are all right, and so are numerous other convertibles of the leading railroads. These and the equipment trust certificates can be had to yield almost 5 per cent., in some cases a full 5 per cent. Possibly instead of putting the entire unit into convertibles and equipments, it might be well to place $1000 or $2000 in such a bond as the Southern Railway first consolidated 5s.

The remaining sum, either $5000 or $10,000, should be invested in high-grade public utility bonds, or it might be well to buy fewer railroad and industrial and more public utility securities. In this group might well be included at least one of the American Telephone & Telegraph collateral trust 4s. But we believe that any reliable investment banking firm could suggest a list of desirable public utility bonds of higher yield (traction, electric light and so on), for this class of bonds is specialized in by banking firms with large organizations and a high degree of financial and moral responsibility. By purchasing unlisted bonds quite a high income could be obtained. Any banking firm should be able to suggest a list for an investment of $5,000 or $10,000 to yield about 5½ per cent. and still possess ample safety.

Experts will of course differ as to the suggestions imparted by this article. In view of the information contained in the letter, including the fact that the woman is married, and therefore probably has some other income, I feel that on the whole the suggestions meet the case. Others might prefer a larger ratio of railroad mortgage bonds, mortgages on real estate and equipment bonds, but I have tried to name investments which will be tax exempt as far as possible.

It is impossible to do justice to all securities in making a selection, so many are there to choose from. In certain western states a different selection might be advisable.

Heavy taxation on such bonds as are bought may be avoided by paying the recording tax of ½ of 1 per cent., and it will be found that the Federal Income Tax has already been paid on many of the bonds by the corporations themselves. A higher theoretical degree of safety could be had by adding municipal or state bonds to the list, but the income is lower than on the other classes of securities named, and except on those issued in this state there would be the tax to pay. As it is, such a wide distribution as here outlined would wholly assure safety. Finally, it may be noted that with the single exception of the real estate mortgages all these securities may be purchased from any investment banker possessing an adequate organization.

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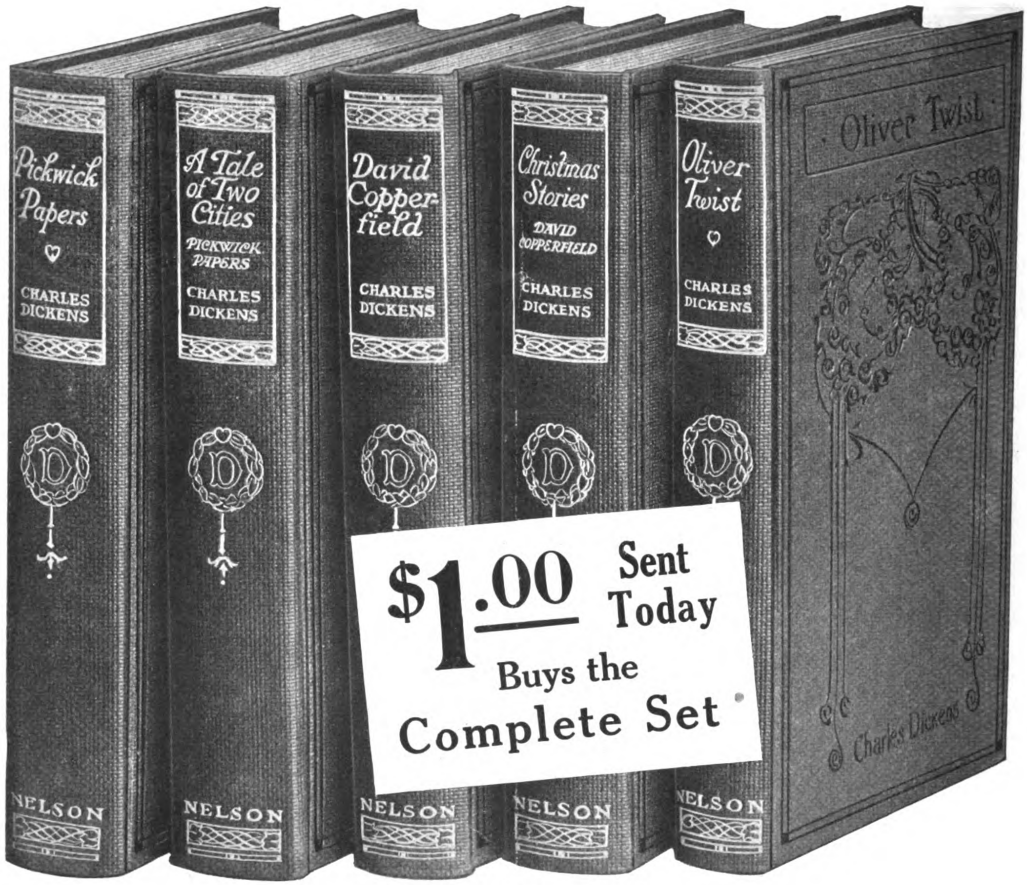
Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

MARCH 28, 1914 PRICE TEN CENTS



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Finishing one of his books is like parting with old and dear friends; you cannot remain away long, because Dickens is one of the few authors you can read over and over again, each time finding new interest and charm.

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Contents for March 28, 1914

NORMAN HAPGOOD, EDITOR

Robert W. Chambers . . . . . James Montgomery Flagg 2
A Drawing

Editorials 3

Pen and Inklings . . . . . Oliver Herford 6

The Romance of Radium . . . . . McGregor 7
Another step into the unknown

Chinese Lyrics . . . . . Pai Ta-Shun 9
Illustration from an ancient Chinese print

What's Wrong with the Associated Press? Will Irwin 10
Are we getting all the news?
Illustrated from photographs

A Cultivated Agitator 13
And his saucy little paper

Labouchere . . . . . Neith Boyce 14
A book by a rogue about a rogue

Our Town 15
In California

Intervention . . . . . O. E. Cesare 16
Cartoon

An Oriental Doctor . . . . . Frederick Peterson, M. D. 18
The rise of occidental science in the East
Illustrated from photographs

Putting Peter into Bankruptcy . . . . . Ethel M. Kelley 20
A Story
Illustrated by L. T. Dresser

Training Children for Happy Marriages . . Mary Austin 24
How love may be taught
Illustrated by H. T. Dunn

Howls 27
Letters from our readers

The Jobless Man and the State . . . . . Gregory Mason 28

Finance . . . . . Albert W. Atwood 29
Upsetting an inverted pyramid

What They Think of Us 32

Good Things to Come

RAY STANNARD BAKER needs no introduction to those of you who stand at the top in business and politics. The subject he has chosen for an article which he has written for HARPER'S WEEKLY is THE SMALL BUSINESS MAN. Mr. Baker has put his heart into this article, and it is a good one. It shows, among other things, what the small business man thinks on important topics of the day.

LABOR, CAPITAL, OPPRESSION, SABOTAGE, and the I. W. W., all meeting in a conflict on the Pacific Coast—which side do you think was fair? Read THE MARYSVILLE STRIKE, by Inez Haines Gillmore.

Locking up our national resources to prevent them from being exploited has been the business of the last decade. Unlocking them is the present business. MCGREGOR will have an article in this issue called UNLOCKING THE WEST, describing the way in which this is being done with the greatest benefit to our national wealth.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG has drawn a cartoon of MR. HOUSTON and MR. LANE, sitting at a table talking over their western policy.

In the same issue there will be a series of cartoons by Richards called ONE YEAR OF HUERTA.

Sports will be covered in this issue by an article on BASEBALL, by G. W. Axelson.

There will also be another CHINESE LYRIC, Oliver Herford's inimitable page, and an article by Edwin Björkman on the new opera, JULIEN.

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Captains of Industry

By James Montgomery Flagg

IV—Robert W. Chambers

He used to be an artist and now he makes more than $60,000 a year

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Good-by

MR. HEARST has about decided to leave the Democratic party because Woodrow Wilson will not fight Mexico. It must have been with reluctance that Mr. Hearst reached this decision. Being a large mine owner in Mexico, and also being proprietor of newspapers which thrive on violent sensations like war, he must have hesitated to urge the country to a course which would mean profit to him but death and poverty to thousands. Only the highest sense of duty could have driven him. He thinks the President no longer represents his party. The greater part of it, he says, "is in open revolt against the futility of his Mexican policy, and the subservience of his attitude toward Great Britain." He then goes on to tell the Progressives not to be quite so progressive, so that they can get together with the Republicans, and form a party satisfactory to Mr. Hearst. This can be done "by abating somewhat the forward march of the Progressives and quickening the stride of Republicans." HARPER'S WEEKLY belongs to no party, but it has the highest admiration for the Administration, now burdened with the heavy duty of steering the United States along the path of progress and morality, in domestic problems and in foreign complications. HARPER'S WEEKLY has indeed such belief in the talents of the President and in the intelligent trust the people have in him, that it is inclined to think the Administration may survive even the defection of Mr. Hearst. In one issue of the Chicago *Examiner*, owned by Mr. Hearst, we notice two articles. The first states that we ought to interfere in Mexico in order to show the Mexicans how to establish a stable government. The other shows how much homicide there is in the United States. Maybe there is plenty to do at home.

Governor Colquitt

AMBITION in moderation is not a vice, but in excess it greatly weakens the moral fiber. There are indications that Governor Colquitt wishes to go to the Senate, and apparently he thinks he would be more likely to get there by playing upon local excitement than by coöperating in the President's efforts to maintain peace. Texas is one of the most valuable and interesting parts of the United States. Not only its resources and its energies, but its progressiveness in city government and in other ways, have attracted widespread attention. It is so large and so strong that it could easily defeat Mexico alone, but this very strength should make it willing to take a generous view. That the United States is so much stronger than Mexico is what enables Woodrow Wilson to handle the situation, not with barbarous and outworn pride, but with modern enlightenment, and with an eye to the ultimate welfare of Mexico herself and of our nation.

Brevity

THE story of creation was told, as Joseph Medill Patterson observed in the *Fourth Estate*, in a few hundred words. Lord Bacon did not require much space to write comprehensive essays on great subjects. Usually a person who wishes to write for HARPER'S WEEKLY would like about eight thousand words for one idea, and sometimes he would prefer a book or even a series of books. What we most want is a large number of very short articles on news of the day and tendencies of the day, running from three hundred to seven hundred words, but if anybody knows where to get these, we don't.

The Case of Tenney

AS a playwright, as an editor, and as an expert student of baseball, Mr. Patterson has our admiration, but as a critic of Woodrow Wilson and foreign affairs we deem him obsolete:

Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY:

Sir: I deplore your selection of Tenney for first base in the All Time American Nine. Tenney was the Woodrow Wilson of baseball—a fine machine with everything but human interest. Why didn't you select Connor, Anson, Brouthers, Chance or Eagle-Eye Jake Beckley, especially Eagle-Eye Jake. Was it because these men all exude masculinity while Tenney was more neutral, and you are the organ of feminism?

Indignantly,
Joseph Medill Patterson.

Mr. Patterson's rage over the Mexican policy which Mr. Wilson is pursuing, and which we are applauding, we treat with genial superiority. Woodrow Wilson, in our opinion, has a good deal more human interest than he would have if he were barking loudly. If Tenney played first base as well as Wilson holds down his job, our selection was no error. We admit, however, we are surer of Wilson than we are of Tenney. We thought of the men named by Patterson and also of Jake Daubert, and in our hearts we are not sure that the whole team should not have been made up of contemporaries. The 100-yard dash record is being continually broken. Why should we not believe that, with the immense attention to baseball, the level of achievement is constantly rising? Possibly Clarkson or Radbourne or any old-time pitcher would be knocked out of the box today.

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Education in the Service

IN connection with Mr. Post's series, we may point out that Mr. Josephus Daniels, in establishing schools on board ship and welfare workers to look after the men, is moving in the Navy in the direction recommended by Mr. Post in the Army—the response to this policy has been a large increase in the number of enlistments.

Pensacola

COMETH the Pensacola Commercial Association and deposeth and saith in a letter to HARPER'S WEEKLY from its president, C. E. Dobson, that Pensacola should be included in the "more important ports of the Gulf with reference to the Panama Canal," rather than with those next in importance. The letter admits that Mobile's exports and imports for the last fiscal year amounted to $31,499,178, while Pensacola's were $21,341,320, but argues that Mobile's commerce since 1880 has increased but 315 per cent., while Pensacola's has increased about 1000 per cent. So it is easy to calculate that unless Mobile mends her pace Pensacola will overtake her. Further it is asserted that while the Mobile harbor is 27 feet in depth, that of Pensacola is from 30 to 32 feet in depth, and is in fact the finest harbor on the Gulf Coast. We should be glad to admit this, except that we should immediately hear from all the other Gulf ports. It would seem that every citizen of New Orleans, Galveston, Mobile, Pensacola, Tampa, and Key West is distinguished for

> "Pride in his Port,
> Defiance in his eye."

Other interesting facts are mentioned in this letter, such as the projected digging of a canal between Mobile and Pensacola bays, in which event Pensacola as well as Mobile will have an all-water route to the Birmingham district. The letter contains no mention of Pensacola's justly celebrated Red Snapper fisheries; and any one who has once tasted a dish of Baked Red Snapper with Chilean Sauce, cooked in Pensacola itself, will willingly elect that fair city to any position of eminence her hospitable citizens may desire.

Trust Policies

FORMER Attorney-General Wickersham has been protesting against the anti-trust program of the present Administration. He has recited the number and the effectiveness of the prosecutions brought by him under Mr. Taft. It is clear that there is an essential difference in policy between him and Mr. McReynolds. When the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company were dissolved, Mr. Wickersham professed himself entirely satisfied. The stock of both companies went up to unprecedented figures and Wall Street is reported to have sung, "Dissolve Us Again." Mr. McReynolds believes that the dissolution of a trust is effectively accomplished only when there are separate owners of the different parts, and he believes also that a few prosecutions carried to the full length will be more effective than many prosecutions with results like those reached in the Oil and Tobacco cases.

A Bad Appointment

GOVERNOR JOHN M. SLATON of Georgia regarded his ambition and not his fame in the appointment of W. S. West to the Senate, to succeed the late Senator Bacon. There could hardly have been chosen a more egregious reactionary or one so little likely to reflect credit upon the state. West will be as effective as Senator Stephenson; he will be able to rise in his seat and make the motions of offering a petition or introducing a bill while the page and the clerks do the rest. The appointment is significant only as an indication that Slaton will become a candidate for the remainder of Senator Bacon's term, instead of contesting with Senator Hoke Smith for the long term. Both Slaton and Smith are from Atlanta, in the northern part of the state, while South Georgia feels that one seat in the Senate belongs to it. If Senator West is the type of progressive Slaton thinks should represent Georgia in the Senate, the people of Georgia may conclude that Slaton has taken his own measure.

Fodder

THE Democrats are doing wonderfully well in Congress, but they are a bit weak on civil service. This is a natural result of hunger, but nevertheless it should be fought by the enlightened friends of the party. The Shields Bill provides for the throwing out of office on June first of all clerks in the various United States courts. Here's hoping the Democratic majority in Congress will have sense enough to beat the bill and not force the President to veto it.

Emancipation

THE spirit of the New Freedom is spreading. Witness the railroads of New Jersey petitioning for the repeal of "all laws that, in effect, require or permit free transportation to public officials, whether state or otherwise, and to enact a law that will prohibit railways from giving any such official free transportation or will permit his soliciting or receiving the same."

This is good, but the prohibition should go even further and prevent any one from riding on passes except employees in the performance of their duties. The courageous policy of "millions for defense but not one cent for tribute" would be economical, and would win support.

A Move Ahead

A PROFOUND problem of the clergy today is how to make itself most useful in the practical problems of the present. The Religious Citizenship League has been organized to extend all over the country. The president is the well-known progressive author, Rev. Walter Rauschenbusch. The General Secretary is Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, 82 Bible House, New York City, to whom inquiries should be sent. The first situation to be studied is unemployment. This movement has vast possibilities ahead of it. If the Church is rightly related to current political and economic difficulties, it will be of immeasurable use in solving them.

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The Girl Question

NO study could be more fruitful than that of the home from which the girl comes, the wages of the father, the breakdown of authority because parents are no longer able to order the goings and comings of the girl who adds to the scanty earnings, the unsupervised hours of leisure in the pleasure resorts with free drinking and unruly dancing, the immense stimulus of modern excitement in its myriad forms of love scenes on films, of racy vaudeville, of lurid drama. The mighty urge toward freedom of all present tendency, the casting off of authority, the leap into the stream of life before maturity—these swift currents have seized the untrained youth of our generation. Can anything short of a strong adult nature, ethically reinforced, withstand the pressure of modern life, where change and hurry have been substituted for orderly development inside protected areas?

Girls, before they are cast adrift in the industrial swirl, need the building up of moral reserve. What vague intuition can be pitted against the pleasant supper and the dance? What undeveloped resource can be summoned against present temptation?

The Answer

THERE is needed the reserve of patient years of belief in a moral order, of trust in the presence of love. The modern girl is widely separated from her mother—separated not only in space, but in love. Just now we are busy devising substitutes for central controls. We are planning and even legislating such "social controls" as public dance halls that shall be supervised. A supervised dance hall is far better than an unsupervised dance hall. But a salaried social worker in charge of many little strangers will never take the place of the mother. In the lives of the workers, it may well be that civic centers, community centers, will replace the single home for the recreation hours of evening. But the power of the home and the presence of the parents must be extended over that community center. The wit of man cannot devise a substitute for the mother and the father. There is no other form of social control equal to that of the home. If our economic conditions are making this home influence impossible, then such change must be made as shall enable homes to be decently maintained, youth to pass its formative years in education and discipline, parents to regain authority, and to possess a margin of leisure for fine relationship with the growing life.

Acceptance

NOTHING short of the life of the mind will lift a man out of the chain of destructive circumstance. Reconciliation is what all philosophy, all religion, all ethics aim at. They aim to reconcile man to what is, his spirit to the nature of things, his pride to the falls that visit it, his work to the tentative and futile results of the work. Not as a broken-spirited dog cowers at the master's feet do they wish him to bow to life, but with such acceptance as a lover gives the wish of his mistress.

The Voting Women of Idaho

THE Idaho women, with the ballot in their hands, have furnished a distinguished example of the right sort of support for a brave and effective public officer, engaged in Public Health and Sanitation. James H. Wallis was given extraordinary powers as Sanitary Inspector, he has waged a relentless war against impure food, unsanitary butcher-shops and dairies, misleading drug labels, misbranded foods and drugs, short weights, and even unsanitary jails and poorhouses. He had condemned much property in the effort to make the state a better and more wholesome place to live in, and he had the good sense to appeal directly to the women voters for support. Right loyally have they responded. He would have been "called down" long ago but for their adherence to his cause, and now he has the pleasure of seeing the recalcitrant manufacturers and dealers falling into line with his program. The average politician is he that desires chiefly to be retained in office or promoted, and when people with votes in their hands manifest their will, he sits up and takes notice. Otherwise, he does not.

Life

IN certain of its essential aspects, a madhouse; in others, a pageant; in still others, a commonplace succession of humdrum incidents. At times you are quite sure it is all a gray monotony; again it begins to arise and spread itself like an Arabian Night. And the unexpected breaks loose—a series of strange encounters, flashes of vivid color, bright eager personalities jostling and strutting in excess of vitality.

Will the Movies Help the Stage?

FOR several years theatrical managers were in deep gloom because of the motion picture houses that swarmed the land like a pest of locusts. Many companies were taken off the road; many small opera houses closed. The loss of patronage was felt even by the two and three dollar houses. But now there are other signs. Unquestionably they have sent to permanent rest that class of soul-fretted, hair-tearing, barnstorming theatrical pedestrians whose only excuse for being in the public eye was to furnish the villagers somewhere to go and something to throw at. But plays that have some merit, acted in a fairly intelligent, third-class way, are beginning to win more favor than ever. Take Chillicothe, Missouri, a typical country town. For ten years the opera house—a fairly creditable one—was managed at a loss. All sorts of shows, good, bad and worse, came and went—some walking, some riding on the proceeds of their trunks. Although the best seats were seldom higher than fifty cents, a full house would have made the manager call for the police, suspecting a mob. Then the movies came. For a year only occasionally a show troupe came. The next year more came. The present season the management has billed an average of two shows a month. Not only is the attendance increasing, but there is improvement in the general public's taste in play and acting.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD



TACT

Gladys: "Isn't it too bad, Mr. Witherspoon?—when I am old enough to be married, you will be as old as Grandpapa."

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The Romance of Radium

By McGREGOR

OUR Washington correspondent, who signs himself "McGregor," has a remarkable amount of inside knowledge, but he also knows what is really important and really interesting. He sees what the radium controversy, for instance, means to humanity, and what it means regarding the proper position of our government. It is a genuine romance in the highest sense

MEDICAL ethics are often mysterious to the layman, yet two of the principles are clear enough, the denial of the right to retain any secret of the art of medicine for the purposes of private gain, to which the whole scheme of "patent medicines" is inimical, and the prohibition of any advertisement of one's wares by a physician, the distinguishing mark of the quack. It was a somewhat rare spectacle, therefore, the appearance on the witness-stand, at the request of a congressional committee, of two such eminent physicians as Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, and Dr. Robert Abbe, of New York City, testifying to the nature of cancer, and to the success in their hands of the radium treatment. For whatever of advertisement they thus received, they are not responsible, and it would be difficult for any public notice to enhance their already great reputations. They were testifying for humanity.

There were four parties involved in the controversy: the physicians mentioned, and others; Mr. Joseph M. Flannery, president of the Standard Chemical Company, of Pittsburgh, stoutly contending for the rights of private enterprise and the injustice of governmental competition in the mining and manufacture of radium; Secretary Lane, the high-minded, big-hearted administrator, great enough to have "swallowed all formulas," whether they go by the name of "private enterprise" or "government ownership"; and the Congress of the United States, as represented by the House and Senate Committees on Mines and Mining, with power to make a new law that may help in time to save hundreds of thousands from death and from the untold agonies inflicted by the Great Red Scourge.

It was as dramatic a situation as has ever been produced before a congressional committee. To have heard the parties to the controversy, and have seen the well-nigh miraculous healings demonstrated by photographs, was an education in science as well as in the philosophy of government. The committee hearings are thrilling in their interest to the reader. And the touch of tragedy was added, especially for the members of Congress, in the knowledge of the fact that one of their colleagues, the beloved Bremner, of New Jersey, lay dying in Baltimore, having consciously chosen, with faintest hope of a cure, the radium method for himself, by way of calling the nation's attention to the true situation.

Dr. Kelly: Mr. Bremner? Mr. Bremner's case is like this (indicating), like a bushel basket on his shoulder. There is a great big hole in here, in which I could put my fist, and there are numerous other little holes. *I have not got enough radium.* If I had more radium—I do not mean to say I am hopeless in that case. But if I had a little more radium I would give it one violent attack, like putting a 12-inch gun at it instead of so many little pistols, and I would have great hope of wiping it out, because it is a sarcoma analogous to this other case.

The other case had just been startlingly illustrated with a photograph. Here was a horrible example of cancer of the head and face, to cure which by the knife, at that stage, would have meant "to cut the man's brains out and cut off three-fourths of his face to save his life." And the next picture showed the face and head clean, like the flesh of a little child. The man had been treated with radium fifty hours. Said Dr. Kelly: "To us it is just as miraculous as if we had just put our hands over the part and said, 'Be well.'"

Cancer is not a germ disease, according to Dr. Kelly. It is "an anarchistic growth of cells, that begins locally. The cells run riot; they choke out the other cells, by robbing them of their pabulum and depriving the other tissues of their source of life." This state of anarchy "permits the cell to go ahead independently of any control and to multiply itself at the expense of the organism without contributing its work to the organism —the most wonderful picture of anarchy that was ever drawn." "Radium," as Dr. Abbe expresses it, "drives the anarchistic cells back into the ranks of the normal cells and makes them do their part," or, to quote from Dr. Kelly once more:

Radium, like the blessed light from heaven above, throws its gamma rays, which are its active rays, into the part, acting on all the myriad microscopic cells, like millions of microscopic knives to destroy them, or like a lash to drive them back.

Kepler, in discovering the laws of motion of the heavenly bodies, cried, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee." Dr. Kelly, studying the laws of the tiny solar system which every point of radium itself is, and their influence upon the cells that go to make the mystery of life, says, with equal reverence, "He healeth all our diseases."

Dr. Abbe, who has more of the precious element than any one else in this country, exhibited numerous models of his patients, showing the same sort of miraculous cures, some of nine years' standing. But he could not spare any radium for Mr. Bremner, because his own patients were in equal need. From the testimony of these two physicians, the fact was brought out that there are some quarter of a million people afflicted with cancer in this country now, with an average life of three or four years after the anarchy of the cells begins, dying at the rate of 200 a day, 75,000 a year. Dr. Kelly possesses a gram of radium, Dr. Abbe a little more. But they needed ten grams for Mr. Bremner. Europe has about thirty grams in all and is eagerly buying the radium-bearing ores of America, and, as was afterward admitted by Mr. Flannery, the radium itself, through contract with him. Dr. Gaylord, of the New York State Institute for the Study of Malignant Diseases, has been unable to secure any radium, but has contracted for the delivery of 50 *milligrams* in April. Dr. Burnham, of Johns Hopkins University, who had been working with Dr. Kelly, confirmed all that had been said. These physicians were unanimous in declaring that the Government of the United States should undertake the task of conserving the supply and of furnishing it to the hospitals and government institutions of the country.

THEN Mr. Flannery took the stand—capable, shrewd, difficult to pin down with an unpleasant question; claiming to have invested $650,000 in radium properties, mills and machinery for extracting the element; who has already succeeded in extracting two grams, for which the market price was $120,000 a gram, from 300 to 1,600 tons of ore being required to produce a gram; claiming to possess the secret of the "only one successful process for the production of radium," with a capacity in his plant now of a gram a month, several grams already contracted for; agreeing to furnish the Government of the United States 200 grams in five years' time at a cost of $80,000 a gram; and hinting at the possession of a mysterious friend who was willing to invest $15,000,000 in the building of twenty institutes in America and equipping each one with five grams of the precious remedy for cancer. But he suggested that for him to disclose his

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secret to the government would be like giving it "a revolver to shoot us with."

Mr. Flannery: Yes; it would destroy our industry.

Mr. Byrnes: How?

Mr. Flannery: Because the government would go in there and buy it up; and you know they are a very strong corporation, as I told you before. They would have the lands in their own hands, and where would we be?"

But, oh! Mr. Flannery, where would thousands of sufferers from cancer be, if, while banishing your dreams of unmeasured wealth, the "strong corporation," the United States Government, should make radium itself comparatively cheap, or supply it free to suffering humanity?

IT was brought out in the testimony that Mr. Flannery has asked the coöperation of the government, through its consular offices, for the sale of radium abroad, promising to produce two grams a month this year, and twenty a month in 1915.

Nor was Mr. Flannery above enlisting the Colorado newspapers in support of his private enterprise, as the following telegram indicates:

Returned today after a trip to Washington and find a great furore there regarding the radium situation and reclaiming of lands. Would suggest that you immediately enlist the support of Denver newspapers and publish immediately articles in opposition to proposed conservation. I understand Secretary Lane's bill will be presented Monday next when Congress convenes. Action regarding newspaper articles must be taken immediately along lines mentioned, together with what other plans you may have. Joseph M. Flannery.

And here is the whole of the Flannery philosophy, though somewhat weakened by his own fear of government competition:

The Chairman: If the government should withdraw lands and see fit to mine those ores in a way that seems to it best, in order to secure this precious metal for the sake of humanity, to help put it where the poor people of the country will get the benefit of it, is there anything particularly wrong in that?

Mr. Flannery: Yes, sir; I do not think the Government of the United States should enter into a business of that kind as long as there is a possibility of getting a private enterprise to do it, because competition will always bring the price down to its normal or equilibrium basis, as I call it.

So much for Flannery, nor is there need to dwell on his Dr. Cameron or his lawyer, Gray. All were vehemently in favor of "private enterprise."

Secretary Lane and his associates of the Bureau of Mines and the Geological Survey represented the people of the United States. The Secretary's proposal was so fair and just that even Taylor of Colorado, who had been loud in his protest against the withdrawal of mineral lands in Colorado, reluctantly gave his assent. How fine a statement of the whole matter is this from Secretary Lane:

Manifestly, it seemed to me that it was my duty to initiate, if necessary, a movement that would reserve for our people a very considerable body of this material, as much as we could get, for their purposes: First, to get the radium for America, because, as I understood it, we could not prohibit its exportation; second, to get it just as cheaply as we could, because this is something that we should not allow to be used by the millionaire only. If there is value in this thing, the poor man and the poor woman need it just as much as the rich man and the rich woman. Therefore we should get it just as cheaply as possible, and we should not be subject to any kind of hold-up price that either those who own the uranium deposits in the United States might fix or those who own secret processes might fix. We were fighting possible monopoly, and were fighting it not merely to protect an economic interest, but to protect our sisters and our mothers and our brothers against the ravages of disease. It is not often that the human interest, human touch, comes into the work that we do in Washington. We have to do with lands and with mines, and with all sorts of industrial and economic questions, and we do not often get an opportunity where we can really be of some direct and personal help to suffering people of the United States. And it was, therefore, with particular pleasure that I attempted to do something in this matter by bringing it to the attention of your chairman.

Then came Charles L. Parsons, Chief of the Division of Mineral Technology of the Bureau of Mines, who testified to the extent of the known deposits of carnotite ore in Colorado and Utah, with the startling conclusion that 200 to 300 grams of radium is the probable amount that can be extracted from these deposits, and many claims have already been filed upon them. Other estimates are larger. But the "half-life" of radium is 1750 years!

AND now what will Congress do? In spite of Taylor of Colorado, and of Mondell of Wyoming, who came forward with a bill granting the government a "preference right" in the purchase of the ores upon its own lands, the House Committee of Mines and Mining reported a bill which gives the right to miners and prospectors to explore, occupy and purchase the lands containing radium-bearing ores, now belonging to the United States, "upon condition that said radium-bearing ores shall be exclusively sold and delivered to the United States," another section making the "sale, gift or other disposition of said radium-bearing ores to any person, association or corporation other than the United States, unlawful." Then the Secretary of the Interior is authorized to erect, maintain and operate a plant or plants for the concentration and treatment of radium-bearing ores and the extraction of the radium, to purchase radium-bearing ores from prospectors on government lands and from any others, "*and he shall make such disposition or use of the radium produced as will best serve the need of the people of the United States.*"

The bill in the Senate is being ably managed by Senator Walsh of Montana, Chairman of the Committee on Mines and Mining. Some of the same advocates and opponents of the measure that appeared before the House Committee were before the Senate Committee, among the opponents being Judge William K. King of Utah, representing another private interest, the Vanadium Company. By his arguments, King rather dampened the ardor of some of his Eastern Democratic friends who supposed that he might be a worthy alternative to Senator Smoot. The bill is being opposed in the Senate by Senator Shafroth of Colorado, and by some of the reactionary Senators who, while having no special interests in the matter, are inimical to any excursion into government ownership, no matter how pressing the need may be for humanity. But the bill will become a law. Technicalities must give way before that death-rate of two hundred a day.

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Chinese Lyrics



By

PAI TA-SHUN

Barcarole

SMALL fingers on the silken strings;
Sunset and rising moon;
Far hills of lapis, whirr of wings
Of homing birds in June;
And thou wert there, the twilight on thy brow—
O bitter is the biwa's music now!

Beneath the scented tamarinds
On some celestial trail
We drifted with the purple winds
That filled our sampan sail;
The purple winds blow once and not again—
O bitter is the biwa's tender strain!

The Heron

BROWN shadows of the camphor,
Gray shadows of the palm,
With flowery moonlight flooding
The pool with silver calm!

All luminous with lotus
Faint ripples lave the sands
Where imaged in the water
A snow-white heron stands!

Other lyrics by Pai Ta-Shun will appear from time to time

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What's Wrong with the Associated Press?

By WILL IRWIN

EVERYBODY reads newspapers. Everybody has to depend on them largely for information about the things in which he is most interested. A considerable part of the most important news is not gathered by the individual newspapers but furnished by the great combination known as "The Associated Press." The effect of this association on the news is an extremely important question. Nobody in the country knows more about it than Will Irwin



Frank B. Noyes, President of the Associated Press. Max Eastman and Art Young have been indicted on a charge of libelling him through a cartoon in the "Masses"

THE country has been feeling recently that there is something wrong with the Associated Press, our great and dominant bureau of general information. At this moment we find it attacked from three sides at once. The *Sun* press bureau, a rival, is urging Washington to proceed against it as a combination in restraint of trade. William R. Hearst is objecting to a ruling whereby his San Francisco newspaper is forbidden to publish Associated Press news in its Oakland edition. Finally, a group of radicals and Socialists in New York are preparing a defense for Max Eastman and Art Young of the *Masses*, arrested and indicted at the instigation of the Associated Press for criminal libel.

Eastman and Young charged, virtually, that there is a "taint" in the great American news bureau; and most of the general, dimly-felt dissatisfaction with the Associated Press has taken the form of whispered charges that it is "fixed"; that it is "crooked"; that it is "tied up to Wall Street." That such a feeling exists, the manager of the Associated Press himself has acknowledged in a recent interview about the *Masses* suit, published in the New York *Evening Post*. This only illustrates an American habit of mind. When we find any institution going wrong, we think first of individual dishonesty. We have not learned, like the more methodical and deeper-thinking Germans, to attribute the unfair working of social forces to faults in the system of things.

The editors of the *Masses*, and the secret detractors of the Associated Press, may be right or they may be wrong. They will have a chance to prove or disprove their case when the *Masses* trial comes. As a matter of fact, the people best informed on the American newspapers well know that the question of purity or impurity in the Associated Press is so small a factor in the general question as to be almost academic. Grant that every employee, from the general manager to the smallest office-boy, is as honest as humanity finds it possible to be, and the danger in the Associated Press remains. And to make that danger clear, I must take risks with boring the reader by stating some facts which every newspaper man of wide vision understands, but which are still uncomprehended by the layman.

TO begin at the very basis of the matter: in news, not in editorial opinion, lies the real power of the press today. Give any earnest and sincere journalist two columns a day for a campaign, and he cares not what the editorial page may say. Now news is, or should be, truth; and truth has no absolute standard of values. No two observers see the same event or series of events alike. To one, this small detail seems important; and to the other, unimportant. Honest and conscientious reporters, writing of the same event, will often differ ridiculously in their reports. They have seen differently not only the external features of the event but also its inner and hidden significance. Indeed, one man's point of view may change radically in his lifetime. If I may draw from my own experience as a reporter: I happened to find recently an account which I wrote twelve years ago of a cooks' and waiters' strike in San Francisco. I find that I looked upon these men as a lot of "kickers," dissatisfied with just conditions, and duped by a corrupt labor leader; and so I wrote of them. My contempt for the strike shines through every paragraph. I still remember vividly the events of those days. I know that now, a dozen years later, I should write a very different report, for since that time I have educated both head and heart a little, and come to an appreciation of what labor wants and needs.

CARRYING the matter further: no two editors have the same point of view on the value of news. Editing a newspaper is a selective process. In any city, ten items arrive at the editorial desk to one which appears in the finished paper. If the reporters on any newspaper wrote from the absolute standard of truth, if they made their reports as colorless as a financial statement, the editor could still powerfully influence public opinion by his selection of the "stories" worthy to print and the "stories" worthy only of the waste-basket.

Now much of the criticism hurled at the capitalist press by radicals, against the "destructive press" by Tories, ignores this factor of the point of view. During our recent labor disturbances, radicals have assumed again and again that because certain reports did not agree with their own picture of the case, the reporter or his editor was "venal." Perhaps this was true in some cases; our press is not all lily-white. But in other cases the reporter was probably honest with himself and with his public. Only he saw differently. My own report of that cooks' and waiters' strike might well have drawn just such criticism; yet I know best of all that I was writing honestly. I am stating here only axioms of journalism, but the public, and even some journalists, are still ignorant of those axioms.

The best that any honest and fair person, radical or Tory, may expect of journalism in the mass is that it shall give both sides a fair hearing. Tory organs reporting events from an honest Tory point of view, Liberal and radical organs reporting events from a Liberal and radical point of view—that is the working ideal of journalism. So shall we have free discussion, which is the only road by which democracy may travel to its destiny.

This being understood, let us consider the life-history of the average American newspaper—a history which, with differing details, describes nine old, established newspapers out of ten in the United States.

A young journalist, full of ability and enterprise, usually poor, grows up with the community, or enters it. His city has already from two to six newspapers. The publishers of these older newspapers are

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middle-aged or elderly men who have grown prosperous in the business. By manifest destiny they have come to associate almost exclusively with the little, upper-class ring which controls the finances of an American city. Long before, these publishers got the point of view of their "crowd." Half the events which the public would consider news, they either refrain from publishing at all, or cause to be treated from a point of view which varies widely from that of the populace. Indeed, the point of view is not the only soft-pedal on their personal organs. Often, they "keep off" with conscious intention. It is embarrassing to meet at the country club a man concerning whose trust company you have published unpleasant news that morning. It is distressing to find a department store withdrawing its advertising because you have "roasted" the bank in which the president of the store is a director. Most of the publishers of the older newspapers have long ceased to take these risks with their social and financial standing. The community is not getting what it considers news. Such a state of affairs exists today in several American cities—Boston and Buffalo, for example.

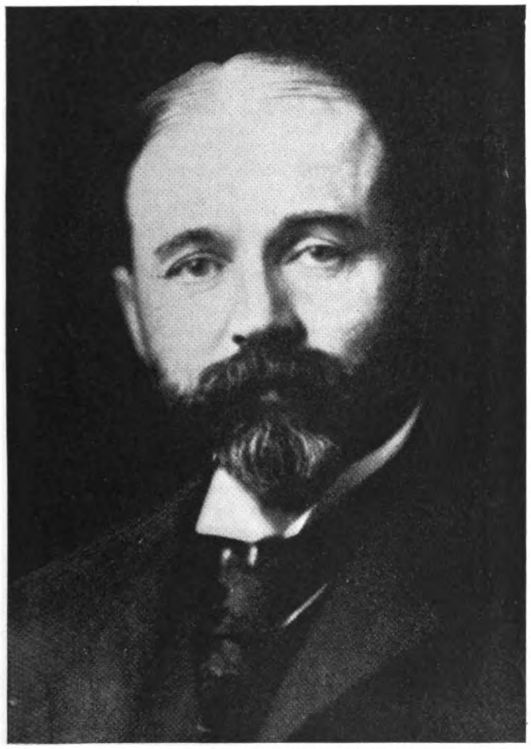


Melville E. Stone, one of the organizers of the present Associated Press and its general manager since the beginning

There is an illuminating story about Joseph Pulitzer which ought to be true, if it is not. Pulitzer had established the *Post-Dispatch* in St. Louis by methods which the populace approved, but which smelled to heaven in the nostrils of the "upper classes." One day, so the legend runs, he read in the New York *Herald* an account of a large reception given by the Vanderbilts. "Among those present" were the owners of every New York newspaper. "If that's so, there's room for me," said Pulitzer. Forthwith, he laid the plans which matured in his purchase of the New York *World*.

THE young journalist, newly-risen in his community, as Pulitzer rose in St. Louis and New York, sees as Pulitzer did, that the older publishers are not giving the news. By hook or crook, he establishes a modest little newspaper. Youth is radical; and since he is young, his point of view stands nearer to that of the working, uncapitalized nine-tenths of the population than to that of the directing, capitalized one-tenth. He begins to print the things which the other men ignore. He is telling the news, and no matter how the Chamber of Commerce may rage, he cannot be overlooked. People have to read his paper.

So he builds up circulation. If he can hold out long enough, advertising is bound to follow. The value of a newspaper as an advertising medium is in direct ratio to the confidence which it inspires in its readers. Much as he may have offended them individually, the advertisers need him in their business. And business always obeys eventually the law of self-interest.



Victor F. Lawson, publisher of the Chicago "News" and an active agent in the promotion of the Associated Press

With his first big advertising contracts comes the young man's first change in point of view. He is no longer wholly the master of his own business. He finds himself making compromises—keeping away from this or that source of news, because he does not care to trifle with ten or twenty or thirty thousand dollars of the revenue which enables him to conduct campaigns for the people. He grows rich; he begins to enjoy first the luxuries and then the associations of wealth. His wife, if she be an ordinary, human woman, develops social ambition. He permits himself to be nominated to the exclusive club. The members of the "financial ring" swallow some old grievances and let him in. He joins the country club. By now, if he be the average able man—not a giant like Pulitzer—he has ceased to be an editor and become a publisher; ceased, in other words, to be a professional man, and become a financier. He no longer cares so much for a "good story" as for a good contract. He no longer regards standing among the fellows in his craft as the highest reward in life. His highest reward is money, and what money will buy him in luxuries and social standing. Above all, he no longer sees the world as he did in former times. The events which seemed important to him then are now unimportant. He develops genuine conscientious scruples about disturbing vested interests. So, in the flow of years, he becomes brother to the old publishers whom he once opposed. His editorial office is a tower of silence. The time has now ripened for a new man to break in, as he once broke in. The arrival of that new man is the only thing which will restore the balance.

HERE, in short, is the heart of the matter: unless the young, new man be free to enter directing journalism, the whole journalistic point of view must swing toward the Tory side. Anything which tends to keep the young man out of directing journalism is an injustice toward the people in general, and a public danger. And that is the real quarrel of the American people with the Associated Press. It

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stands at the gate of journalism, barring the new man.

That, also, needs explaining. In the middle nineties of the last century, Melville Stone, Victor Lawson and others formed from several old and unsuccessful press bureaus the association which we now know as the Associated Press. Being men of great ability in organization, they proceeded within the next few years to make it mightily efficient—perhaps the sharpest, most enterprising press bureau in existence. Being men of the world, they looked out for the interests of their group without much regard to public interests. It is still a question whether the original constitution did not violate the Illinois corporation law. For it established the "power of protest," whereby most of the newspapers holding an Associated Press franchise might prevent new men from obtaining a franchise in their own territories. The effect on American journalism of this rule must be plain to any one, in the light of the principle which I have just stated. In proportion as the Associated Press grew great and powerful and efficient, in proportion as it became indispensable to the conduct of a metropolitan newspaper, in like proportion it became harder and harder for the young, new man to start a newspaper and present the popular point of view.

More than this: the new bureau was at first a doubtful venture—yet the promoters needed money. To secure funds, they had to offer extraordinary inducements. Finally they issued bonds; and they agreed that the newspapers which bought their due share of the bonds should have, as a kind of bonus, one vote in the Association meetings for every twenty-five dollars' worth of bonds purchased. Most of the newspapers concerned in this transaction bought one thousand dollars' worth of bonds, which gave them forty votes apiece. Every member of the Association has one vote for his membership. So most of the the original members hold in perpetuity forty-one votes, and the ones which have entered since, only one vote. Now, in the last years of the nineteenth century we were in a nadir of American democracy. Those were the times when even the enlightened among us held views of privilege which no public-spirited person tolerates today. The newspapers which bought those bonds represented the spirit of the times. Unfortunately, most of them continue to express the spirit of those old days in these newer days. The doors were closed to the young man from without; while within, the "old crowd" held absolute and perpetual control. Nothing has ever so much as shaken that control.

IN the early years of the Association, several newcomers attempted to break in; but the "power of protest" barred them. The inevitable happened; the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, denied a franchise, prepared to prosecute under the law. Suddenly, the Associated Press, hitherto an Illinois corporation, dissolved and reorganized in New York with a new constitution drawn up by expert corporation lawyers. And they framed it wonderfully to keep it within the law. The "right of protest" remained. But it was provided that any man denied a franchise by the right of protest could appeal to the annual meeting of the Association. If four-fifths of the members voted for his application he could receive a franchise in spite of the protest! Of course this was merely a legal subterfuge. To the best of my knowledge, only two or three new franchises have ever been granted over the right of protest—and those after a terrible fight. Few, indeed, have had the hardihood to apply. When such an application comes up in the annual meeting, the members shake with laughter as they shout out a unanimous "No!" For owing to the exclusive terms of the charter, an Associated Press franchise to a metropolitan newspaper is now worth from $50,000 to $200,000. Abolish the exclusive feature, throw the Association open to all, and you wipe out these values. The publishers are taking no chances with a precedent so dangerous.

WHEN the Association reorganized in New York State, the management took advantage of the law in another manner. Their charter was issued not under that section of the corporation law which licenses business associations, but under the section permitting "Mutual Companies"—literary, social and fish and game clubs. A joke at first, this turned out to be a serious matter. A stockholder in a business corporation chartered in the usual form is restrained only by the laws against slander and libel from saying anything he may please against the corporation or its management. His publicly-expressed opinions do not affect his legal standing as a member of the corporation. It is different with a mutual association. A member may be expelled for an act derogatory to the interests of the organization. This completed the "cinch." From that time forth, the old ring of "forty-one vote" papers in control might expel any one who protested publicly against the manner in which things were done. The Directors, I believe, have never exercised this power, but the fear of it hangs like a sword over the heads of all potential insurgents on the Associated Press. Let them appeal to the public and they may lose their franchises. Two or three liberal publishers have expressed to me, after mutual pledges of confidence, their opinion of the "A. P. cinch." And they have all finished by saying something like this:

"But for heaven's sake don't quote me in print, and don't tell any one I've said this. The fine for such an offense runs from fifty thousand dollars up!"

Let us return now to the original question—the point of view. In the smaller cities the Associated Press maintains no special correspondents. The news from these places is furnished by the members, and those members tend characteristically, as I have tried to show, toward the "stand-pat" attitude. That tendency shows almost as strongly in the working force of managers, office editors and working correspondents attached to headquarters, to the divisions and to the local offices. For any directing journalist tends, of course, to gather round him men who look at life and affairs as he does; and the Associated Press has been no exception to the rule. With a ring of old, Tory, "forty-one vote" papers in control, the subordinates have drifted inevitably toward the point of view held by their masters. Sharp, efficient newsgatherers, with the devotion to their organization characteristic of the American reporter, they doubtless believe that they are giving all the important news all the time and giving it unbiased. But by virtue of his training the average Associated Press man is somewhat the kind of reporter that I was when I wrote that story of the cooks' and waiters' strike in San Francisco. A movement in stocks is to him news—big news. Widespread industrial misery in a mining camp is scarcely news at all. The flare and action of a strike in Paterson is news. The weight of vested power crushing down the unions after the strike is not news. A Californian hop-pickers' riot with murder on the side is news. The trial which follows, with its illumination on the methods of Tory interests when they have their own way, is not news. But to such a one as the young Pulitzer, looking on our American world with his fresh eyes, the misery among the miners, the ways of our courts with the humble and unprotected, would be the best and most interesting news of all. And presented as Pulitzer used to have them presented, they would be the best kind of news to a great part of our public.

I DO not deny that the Associated Press now has rivals. Were it not for one of these rivals—the United Press—we never should have accomplished that great political change of 1912, which set our rearguard where ten years ago our vanguard stood. But for reasons which I have no room to consider here, it is still the dominant bureau. The agents of this dominant bureau, owing to their point of view, select from the events of the day such news as squares with their conservative picture of our world; and their organization hinders or prevents the rise of publishers who might present the other side. And, including though it does a few newspapers of most radical tendencies, the Associated Press is in bulk a powerful force of reaction.

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Max Eastman, Editor of the "Masses"

A Cultivated Agitator

A CERTAIN man is now under indictment for libeling the Associated Press. There is a second indictment against him for libeling Mr. Noyes, the president of the Associated Press. This same individual is editor of a violent Socialist publication known as the *Masses*, a publication which in much of its art and in some of its writing combines a strong intellectual appeal with a rough hostility toward the whole existing order of society. One might expect this particular editor to be a more or less unfinished product himself. Instead of that, he comes from a cultivated family. He used to be a professor at Columbia. He writes poetry, and has recently written a book on the enjoyment of poetry. He also makes speeches, and, after hearing an address of his on "Humor," President Wilson observed that it was the most delightful combination of thought and humor he ever listened to. Of the book called "The Enjoyment of Poetry," Mr. Edwin Markham, Jack London, and other well-known persons have spoken in the very highest terms. It shows long pondering on the nature of poetry, and much love of it.

The poems that Mr. Eastman writes deal largely with the progressive thought of the present time and to no small degree with the part of women in our new world. Perhaps the most unusual trait of this literary personage is that he lives his life according to his beliefs. The *Masses* is conducted in an almost wholly coöperative manner. All of the many editors contribute and are responsible. Mr. Eastman's principal task is to get them together and to make them work together without sacrificing their individuality. He never had any particular desire to be an editor, and he became one only because he found no other way in which he could express the results of his own thinking with absolute freedom.

The gray that appears in his hair must be due to cerebration, because he was born in 1883, and therefore is thirty-one this year. His radicalism is not surprising when we know that his mother was a minister at a time when very few women ventured into that profession. She was, indeed, the first woman ordained by the Congregationalist Church. She was Thomas K. Beecher's associate pastor in the largest church in Elmira, in western New York, and after Mr. Beecher's death she and her husband were joint pastors of that church for twelve years. Max Eastman's father is pastor there now.

THAT Max Eastman began as a studious, or at any rate as a quick-witted, youth is shown by the fact that he was graduated from the Mercersburg Academy in 1900 with the highest standing ever achieved in that institution. He seems to have changed his point of view somewhat, within a few years, for when he was graduated in 1905 from Williams College, he stood well down in the class. He taught logic at Columbia for three or four years and imbibed enough philosophy and psychology to pass the requirements for a Ph.D. He refrained from taking that decoration because he thought it a meaningless ornament, having come to believe the title to the aristocracy of learning as pernicious as any other title to aristocracy. In 1911 he was appointed Associate in Philosophy, and gave a course of lectures on the Psychology of Beauty in the Graduate School. He was already active in reform work, having during the preceding year organized the first Men's League for Woman Suffrage in this country. There are now about thirty. His two principal books, the poems and "The Enjoyment of Poetry," were both published last year, and he and many others look upon some of his shorter poems as the best work he has done.

It was in 1912 that he became editor of the *Masses*. He wanted to be part of what he terms the greatest struggle of his time—the struggle between labor and capital for the profits of industry. His sense of the inequalities of the present system was enhanced by a season spent in the far West, his only property being a shirt and overalls. He worked or "bummed" his way for about two thousand miles, earning his way with the pick and shovel. That was not his first experience with real work, however. He spent his early summers as hired man on an up-state farm. He never boasted of his cultivation, but he is tempted sometimes to boast of these experiences that make him believe he knows a little about what labor really is.

That is the gist of it. He is a very interesting figure in our changing civilization, and it will be very interesting to see whether a jury of his peers decides that he ought to be imprisoned or impoverished for expressing somewhat too emphatically his objection to an institution which he thinks constitutionally sympathetic with the property interests in the great struggle with labor.

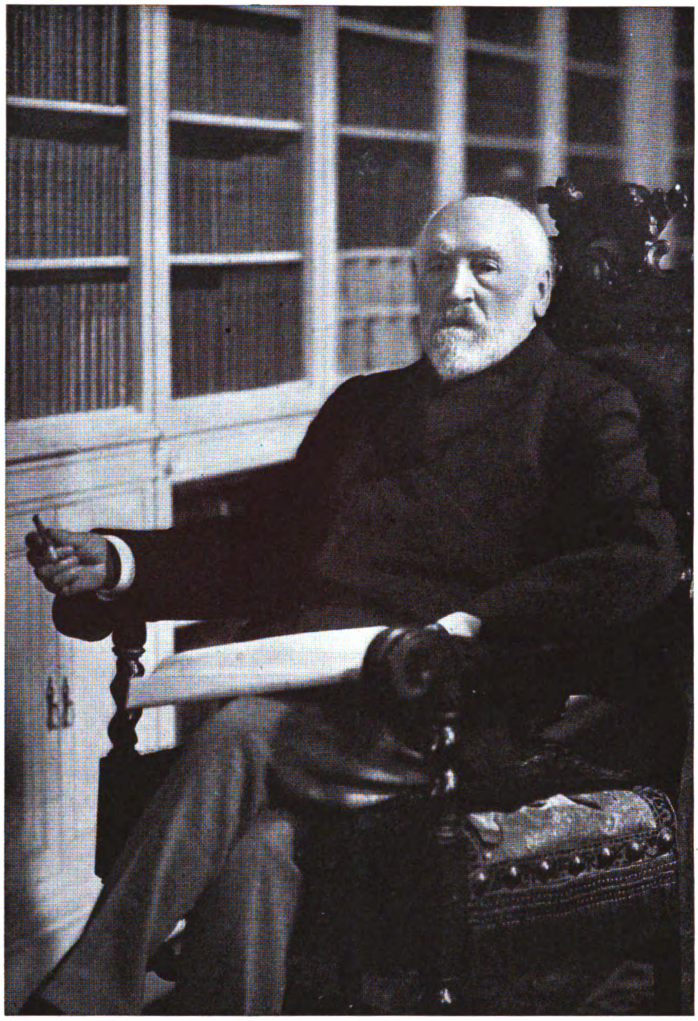
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Labouchere

By NEITH BOYCE

"A BOOK by a rogue about a rogue," is a sympathetic wit's epigram on the life of Henry Labouchere by his nephew Algar Thorold. Certainly uncle and nephew have one quality in common. We may call it roguishness, or we may take Mr. Thorold's characterization of Mr. Labouchere and apply it to both of them:

"The opinions of Englishmen are rarely disinterested, and it should never be forgotten that Henry Labouchere was, in fact, a Frenchman. . . . He remained, to the day of his death, French in his method of formation of opinion, in his outlook on life, in the peculiar quality of his wit. . . . In general habit of mind he was a direct descendant of Voltaire. In character he was more like Fontanelle. He had Fontanelle's moral skepticism, his personal confidence in reason qualified by his distrust of most people's reasoning powers, and his profound sense of the dangers of enthusiasm. . . . His wit . . . consisted largely in a naïve and shameless revelation of the *secret de Polichinelle*. For he said what every one thought but did not dare say, as when he replied to some one who asked him if he liked Mme. X——, 'Oh, yes, I like her well enough, but I shouldn't mind if she dropped down dead in front of me on the carpet.'"



Henry Labouchere

Subject and writer of this biography are both cynics—kindly ones—and genial wits. Mr. Thorold has the sincerest admiration for his distinguished relative, and delights in setting down those stories about him which show "Labby's" playful sharp practise, actual or verbal; hence that remark about "rogues."

HERE are a few more touches:

"Ideals, he held, were only entitled to respect when translated into material currency. 'How much L. s. d. does he believe in what he says,' he would ask concerning some fervid prophet.

"He was constitutionally suspicious of strong feelings or enthusiasm of any kind. All sensible people smoked, he used to say, in order to protect themselves against such disturbing factors. He loathed every kind of humbug. He did not, however, disdain it as a weapon. During the General Election of 1905 the Tories made a party cry of Tariff Reform. He calmly observed one day, throwing down his paper: 'Well, of course I think we are right, but whether we are or not we've got all the bunkum on our side.'"

His famous remark: "I do not mind Mr. Gladstone always having an ace up his sleeve, but I do object to his always saying that Providence put it there," is worthy of "the best English wit since Sheridan."

And this analysis of "Labby's" politics will probably strike both friends and foes as just:

"He had lived an average lifetime before he seriously took up political work, and genuine as his principles undoubtedly were, still politics were never really more to him than a means of self-expression, and, it must be said, amusement. He loved watching the spectacle of life, and he came to find in the game of politics a sort of concentrated version of life as a whole. This feeling, the strongest perhaps that he possessed, combined with a passion to enter as an effective cause into the spectacle he loved, was responsible for his political incarnation. And he had a certain half-perverse, half-childish love of mischief . . . which found in the intrigues of parties and groups abundant scope for exercise."

Mr. Labouchere's "genuine" principles were Radical ones. In a letter to Joseph Chamberlain he wrote: "I was caught young and sent to America; there I imbibed the political views of the country, so that my Radicalism is not a joke, but perfectly earnest. My opinion of most of the institutions of this country is that of Americans—that they are utterly absurd and ridiculous."

Labouchere was a youth of about twenty when he invaded our shores by way of Mexico, but he had already made, at college, debts to the tidy amount of six thousand pounds, and had left without a degree; his father paid his debts and sent him off with a tutor. "Labby" seems to have lost the tutor somewhere in the wilds of Mexico, and then to have spent an adventurous year or so wandering about the country. He fell in love with a circus-performer, joined the circus himself, and appeared as a high-jumper, in pink tights and a fillet, under the title of "the Bounding Buck of Babylon." After this he spent some time with the Chippewa Indians, in the wigwam of the chief, Hole-in-Heaven. Then, settling himself in New York, the young man devoted himself to studying our institutions—with the result stated above. Meantime his relatives at home had decided on a career for him, and he was made an attaché at Washington.

"WHEN I joined the diplomatic service," he wrote later in *Truth*, "I was sent to a legation where a cynic was the minister. Every morning I appeared, eager to be employed, a sort of besom wrapped up in red tape. Said the cynic to me: 'If you fancy that you are likely to get on in the service by hard work you will soon discover your

"The Life of Henry Labouchere," by ALGAR LABOUCHERE THOROLD. G. P. Putnam Sons, New York, 1913.

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error; far better will it be for you if you can prove that some relation of yours is the sixteenth cousin of the porter at the Foreign Office.' It was not long before I discovered that the cynic was right."

It may be said that Labouchere applied this lesson. There are many amusing stories about his later diplomatic experiences on the continent. His connection with the service closed in this manner: He was at Baden-Baden, enjoying a little gambling, when he received notice of his appointment as Second Secretary at Buenos Aires. He replied: "I beg to state that if residing at Baden I can fulfil those duties I shall be pleased to accept the appointment."

Labouchere stood for Parliament and was elected and unseated; managed a theater in London; was in Paris during the siege, and wrote from there the "Letters of a Besieged Resident."

HIS political creed was this: "England should become a democracy, by which was meant the rule of the people by the people and for the people. They would insist on a government not mixed, as now, with an aristocratic element in it. They would deal with the entire Legislature, the Crown, the Lords and the Commons; and, if they were of his mind, they would go in for a much more sweeping franchise. The vote was a right and not a privilege, and every man, not a criminal, ought to possess it. . . . He was opposed to all indirect taxation, and . . . would have a graduated income tax and in no case tax the necessaries of life."

In short he was a Victorian Radical; upholding the general capitalistic system, and incidentally strongly opposing Socialism and woman suffrage—the latter, apparently, mainly on the ground that women cannot fight!

Labouchere is probably most widely known as the founder and editor of *Truth*—so well known, in fact, that comment is superfluous. He made a unique and very successful paper—and he really did write "Voltairean prose." He annoyed a great many people, and amused more.

HE was over seventy years old when he retired to Florence, where he died about two years ago. To a visitor one afternoon at Villa Cristina, the old, keen-eyed, genial man said, smiling:

"You know, when I found my wife wanted to give parties here, I consented on one condition. The Florentines only come to your house to eat, and so I told her to make the house look exactly like a hotel—a lobby, you know, with little tables and all that—so that any one coming in would just naturally ring a bell and order a drink!"

Mr. Thorold records the last words he heard Labouchere speak as he lay dying—a jest, happily enough.

"The spirit-lamp that kept the fumes of eucalyptus in constant movement about his room, was overturned. Mr. Labouchere opened his eyes and perceived the flare-up. 'Flames?' he murmured. 'Not yet, I think.' He laughed quizzically and went off to sleep again."

Our Town

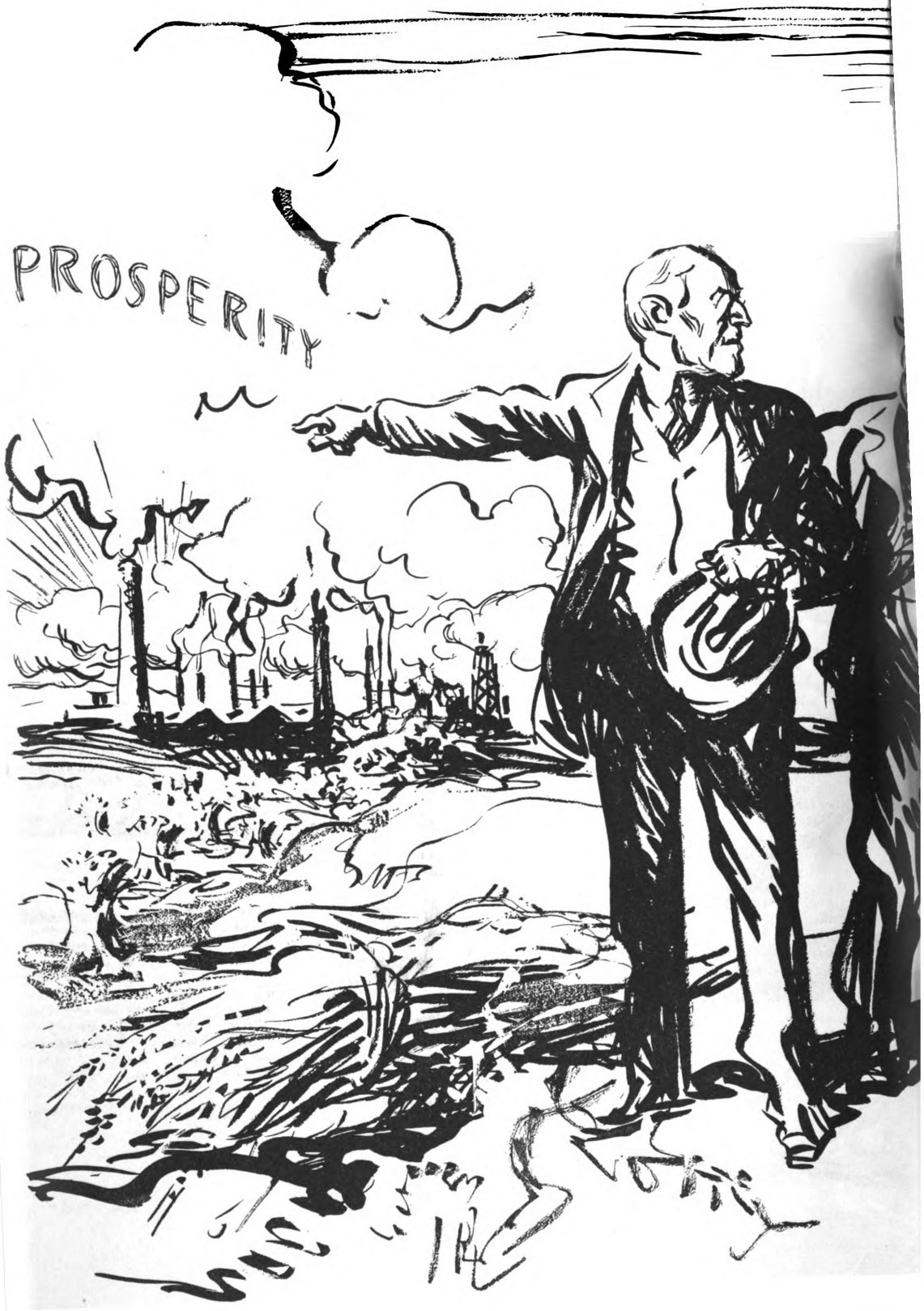
WE have received a letter from a friend who is a sign-painter in California. We share it with our readers, asking them to regard the unconscious but excellent skill of it: how he renders the life about him—first, the night sky and then the busy town. When you have read his couple of hundred works, you know his world.

NO doubt you are observing Orion these evenings. And you have an advantage over us in viewing him—the proximity of snow. I think Orion should be viewed over snow-covered rises and frost-fretted trees. But Sirius is none the less brilliant to us though we observe him over fresh lawns and orange-laden trees—possibly the contrast accentuates his coldness and sharpness and electrical twinkling. And Mars is not far away toward the North—warm, clumsy Mars, traveling like a farm hand among white-shirted city chaps, yet looking back at you with a frank, wholesome, unwinking face. For us these stars are clear of the eastern horizon by eight o'clock while Jupiter is well down in the West by that time. We are fortunate in having clear atmosphere generally, for our cloudiness is not great, the rainfall being six inches on the average.

Behold the day of magic is not past. The good Geni, Humanity, waved his wand the other day and twenty-five carpenters built a house between 9:15 a. m. and sunset. The next day as many painters and plumbers were in each other's way finishing up the magic. That evening the widow with her five children moved out of her squalid tent into a new three-room house with bath, toilet, electric lights and new furniture. All this materialized in forty-eight hours by the gentle magician at the suggestion of the Elks' Committee. Verily, I believe in such magic, especially when it makes a grouchy land company donate lot rental for five years and every union in town try to outdo all others in giving free labor.

SOMEONE who travels much remarked to me the other day that the smaller towns are becoming very forward in progress. I lay this chiefly to commercial activity. Many drummers and demonstrators visit us and each one has a new trick, so that our clerks and window trimmers and store-keepers are rather metropolitan in their accomplishments. And we have our compensations though our town is small. We live in a virile state, the whole population of which is not equal to that of the City of Chicago. When we remember that we have a veritable empire about us we look forward to a very sound and healthy civilization with the natural increase of population. Already they tell us our artists are vigorous and original—and we may scarcely claim to have any art at all. In respect to theaters we develop prodigious appetites between the unfrequent appearances of good shows. You of New York who may see any one of a number of stars of first magnitude any night of the season find a cloyed desire, develop an ultra-critical mind. But we enjoy and healthfully assimilate second-rate operas and even some "vodevil." Thus nature, while she grants some of our desires sparingly, gives us a robust appetite and double enjoyment at our unfrequent feasts."

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INVESTOR: '

WILSON: "

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business ———!"

hat about ours?"

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Dr. Sun Yat Sen

An Oriental Doctor

By

FREDERICK PETERSON, M. D.

THERE is born occasionally somewhere, in one or another country, at periods far apart, some superman who justifies our human racial dream. Out of the many religions, out of the stuff of the philosophers and the visions of the poets we have wrought our ethical ideal. It is a dream of a real and not of an abstract justice for all, of a courage that transcends any danger or disaster, of an unselfishness that partakes of the divine, of a strength and high purpose that triumph over every obstacle. It is the dream of the half-gods and heroes. One of these was born in a village of Kwang-tung province forty-six years ago. His father was a convert to Christianity and was employed as an agent by the London Missionary Society. At the age of eighteen he became attached to the Anglo-American Mission Hospital in Canton and at the age of twenty years went to Hong Kong to study in the College of Medicine which had been newly founded there by the English physicians and surgeons, and which is now a department of the University of Hong Kong. Here he was a diligent student for five years, both in the medical school and in the Alice Memorial Hospital, and took his degree at the age of twenty-five years, being the first graduate of the new college. He then went to Macao to practice medicine. Here there was a large well-built hospital where Chinese patients were treated according to old Chinese methods. He persuaded the Chinese governors of the hospital to allow him to practice there and to introduce new Western methods into the ancient system. His honesty and unselfishness impressed them, and they said "Very well, we will let him have one wing for European methods and the other shall be for our own; later we can judge of the results." He did a great deal of the surgery, and performed many major operations requiring skill and cool judgment. Occasionally he called one of his old teachers, James Cantlie, F. R. C. S., from Hong Kong to assist him.

SURGICAL work in China is less private than in the West, and the surgeon had to perform his operations in the presence of friends and relatives of the patient as well as lay members of the hospital board who came to watch the procedures. They were especially interested in the operations for stone in the bladder (a common ailment in that province) using their fans vigorously on themselves to prevent fainting during the early incisions, and making loud expressions of their astonishment and approbation when the stone was produced before their eyes. There, our young surgeon worked indefatigably and successfully for a considerable time, winning every one to him by his unique and magnetic personality. James Cantlie, the English surgeon at Hong Kong, who has written a book about his old pupil says: "It was a goodly journey to Macao by sea, and took me away a considerable time from my daily routine of work. Why did I go this journey to Macao to help this man? For the reason for which others have fought and died for him—because I loved and respected him. His is a nature that draws men's regard toward him and makes them ready to serve him at the operating-table or on the battle-field; an unexplainable influence, a magnetism which prevails and finds its expression in attracting men to his side."

LATER our young surgeon removed from Macao to Canton to practice his profession. It is but a little step for a medical man with a large mind to compare the disorders and diseases of the human body to those of the body politic, and surely there was pathology enough in the body politic of China. When this larger vision came to him he was transformed. No longer satisfied with the arduous daily duties of a practitioner of medicine, he conceived the regeneration of a vast empire, the introduction of Western civilization, and the giving of liberty and equal opportunity to four hundred millions of his fellow countrymen. From the day he gave up his hospital work to the astonishing time when he was made the first President of the largest republic in the world, his story is a romance of hairbreadth escapes, imprisonment, intrigues, conspiracy, persecution; and through it all he drew men to him by the ardor of his patriotism, by his courage and endurance, by his modesty, wisdom and balance of mind, by his unselfish devotion to the one great cause that filled his whole field of vision. We are not surprised to learn that George Washington was his example and inspiration. For nearly twenty years he was a wanderer throughout China, and in all parts of the world where there were compatriots to teach and arouse, in Japan, the Malay Peninsula, the Straits Settlements, the Hawaiian Islands, many cities of the United States, in London and on the Continent. He taught the need of a bloodless reform, a peaceful rebellion of the whole people against Manchu misrule and despotism. In all sorts of disguises, with a price set upon his head, he wandered about the world as a political missionary, spreading the tenets of a new gospel of hope and liberty for the down-trodden millions of his native land. By removing his cue, allowing his hair and mustache to grow and giving up his Chinese for Japanese or European dress he was often able to pass for a Japanese.

SOMETIMES he travelled in oriental countries as a spectacled pedlar with a pack of knick-knacks. For weeks together living on a little rice and water, journeying many hundreds of miles on foot, lying hidden on river junks, concealing himself for months in fishermen's cabins and on islands—these were some of the hardships he had to endure in his missionary work, from the mouth of the Yangtse to the borders of Thibet, and from the far North to the far South throughout China. Wherever he went he established centers of influence, made converts to his cause among the rich and the poor, and delivered quiet, dispassionate, convincing speeches that held his audiences spell-bound. Spies were after him everywhere. Many a hired assassin was baffled. The long crooked arm of the Manchu dynasty reached over the planet in vain to grasp him. At one time the price set upon his capture amounted to a half-million of dollars. He has told in the *Strand Magazine* for April, 1912, of some of his escapes, and he has described what would have been done with him had he been kidnapped and returned to China, as was tried by both the Chinese minister in Washington and by the Chinese Legation in London. "I well knew the fate that would befall me—first having my ankles crushed in a vise and broken by a hammer, my eyelids cut off, and, finally be chopped to

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small fragments, so that none could claim my mortal remains." The old Chinese code did not err on the side of mercy to political agitators. One story of a narrow escape is too extraordinary to be passed over without a description.

In September, 1896, he sailed for England, and on the eleventh of October he was kidnapped in London by order of the Chinese Ambassador, and confined at the Chinese Legation in Portland Place, ostensibly as a dangerous lunatic who was to be shipped back to his own country. Here he was locked up in a room for twelve days awaiting the arrangements for his transportation to China in some suitable vessel under satisfactory surveillance. How he came to be rescued from this nearly fatal predicament is told by himself and also by Dr. Cantlie, his former medical preceptor. There was an English servant in the Chinese legation who told his wife one day of the piteous plight of this imprisoned Chinaman. This woman wrote an anonymous note to Dr. Cantlie who was then living in London, went to his house near midnight, pushed the note under the door, rang the bell, and disappeared. As Dr. Cantlie says: "Had this humble woman failed in her purpose, the regeneration of China would have been thrown back indefinitely, for the last of the reformers would have lost his life and the Manchus would be still in power." This alludes to many of his revolutionary co-workers who had already been beheaded.

The note of the humble woman read:

"There is a friend of yours imprisoned in the Chinese Legation here since last Sunday; they intend sending him out to China, where it is certain they will hang him. It is very sad for the poor man, and unless something is done at once he will be taken away and no one will know it. I dare not sign my name, but this is the truth, so believe what I say. Whatever you do must be done at once, or it will be too late. His name, I believe, is Sin Yin Sin."

In a fever of anxiety Dr. Cantlie rushed at once to the head of the Marylebone police and thence to Scotland Yard. This was at 1:30 a. m. The police said it was none of their business, that he had done his duty by reporting the matter, and should go home and keep quiet. He called again next morning with Sir Patrick Manson (also a friend of Sun Yat Sen) and they were told that either a drunkard or a lunatic had made the same report during the previous night. The police advised them again to go home and keep quiet about the matter. They said they could do nothing as it did not concern them.

THEN the doctor bethought him of the English Foreign Office, and by getting in touch with a member of the staff there and notifying the newspapers, Sun Yat Sen was saved in the nick of time by the intervention of Lord Salisbury. In another twenty-four hours the dangerous lunatic of the Chinese Legation would have been transhipped to China for decapitation. It would be too long a story to tell of his numerous other miraculous deliverances. He ran the gauntlet of these ever-present perils with imperturbability. He had no thought of himself, only of the welfare of his country. To a friend who remonstrated with him for not taking greater precautions, he once said: "The cause will not be ruined by my death; everything is in order, my death will not affect it; the whole scheme is worked out to the most minute detail; the leader is appointed, the generals are ready, the troops are organized, and nothing that can happen to me will make any difference. A few years ago, my death would have been a misfortune, but not now."

WE can form some further estimate of the character of Sun Yat Sen from the biography written by Dr. Cantlie, as well as from the observations of Frederick McCormick who has lived in China the past twelve years and who has just written a book on "The Flowery Republic." Dr. Cantlie writes that he feels he has failed in the depiction of the character of "this extraordinary man"; that his respect and regard for him may appear to have warped his judgment, but that he has restrained and not exaggerated his feelings toward him. He goes on to say: "I have never known any one like Sun Yat Sen; if I were asked to name the most perfect character I ever knew, I would unhesitatingly name him." He describes how every one, children, servants and masters alike, conceived a deep regard for him. He speaks of his sweetness of disposition, his courtesy, his consideration for others, his interesting conversation, his gracious demeanor, his self-effacement, his seeming to be a being apart, consecrated for the work he had in hand. He had no care for personal honors, place, position, or reward. When the cable message came to him in Dr. Cantlie's home in England asking him to become President of the Chinese Republic he did not mention it for some time, and then only casually. The presidency might come and go—his country's regeneration was before everything.

Mr. McCormick interviewed Sun Yat Sen when he was President of China, and I will condense the description of his visit:

"I was astonished at finding no guards outside, no doorkeeper, and no usher. It was about two minutes before the President came in, attended by a secretary and an aide. We shook hands, he dismissed his attendants, and we sat down alone at the round table before the grate. The fire had gone out. The room was cold and I kept on my overcoat. He was dressed in a military suit of winter khaki without insignia. He was a little diffident, I thought because of his mixture of native reserve and foreign training. He smiled boyishly and somewhat sadly. He is forty-seven. He looked about that age, and I wondered how much or how little he might resemble in appearance, or possess the qualities of, the 'Heavenly Prince' or the founder of the Ming Dynasty and whatever other reformers and invaders in Eastern Asia have worked wonders such as he has worked. A half-sad smile played around his mouth, and his small stature added nothing to his impressiveness. It was somewhat strange, half disappointing, half wonderful. Here was the man who, it appeared, had done the one thing in all the world most needful. Everything about him was simple, and his manners took me off my guard. He was most like a simple boy. He seemed to be dreaming of some yet greater event, perhaps a yet greater fate which he saw dimly and was trying to make out. It was as though he felt a martyrdom, of which he was not fully conscious, hanging over him. I did not wish to leave him. There was no doubt of his magnetism."

At the ceremonies of the resignation of Sun Yat Sen as provisional President and the inauguration of Yuan Shih-Kai as President, the chairman of the Assembly, in a speech of eulogy of Sun Yat Sen, said that his services were an example of self-sacrifice and purity of purpose unparalleled in history, and that it was due solely to his magnanimity and modesty that North China and South China had become united in one great republic.

Shortly after this he retraced his route to Shanghai as an ordinary citizen. Mr. McCormick says of him:

"This man, unschooled in statecraft and having given his life to agitation, conspiracy, and the organization of rebellion, showed conspicuous gifts as the head of the Republic of China. Under the eyes of all mankind he was calm, self-sacrificing, hopeful. He was an extremist among revolutionaries. According to his own words, he would not hesitate to invoke the aid of every engine of warfare to attain the revolutionary aim of freeing his countrymen from the bondage of the past represented by Manchu rule. Yet his ideal was the attainment of this end without bloodshed. He has the best power of the agitator, and he is notably honest, making the kind of impression most likely to remain, that of sincerity and high purpose. He pursued his aim for twenty years undaunted, and then realized it, and his great services were recognized almost unanimously in his election to be the first President of his country. He gave himself a country and his country a government."

SINCE the inauguration of his successor, Yuan Shih-Kai, Chinese affairs have not moved smoothly. There has been further revolution, and it is difficult for outsiders to see clearly the drift of events. It is said that Yuan Shih-Kai thinks the ideal of a republic like that of the United States unattainable in his country and that he condemns Sun Yat Sen and his followers as visionaries to expect so much. On the other hand it is intimated that the present President is entrenching himself as a military despot with the object of founding a dynasty of his own. At any rate the meagre reports that come to us seem to show that he is usurping the functions of congress and taking the power into his own hands. The only news of Sun Yat Sen is that he is a fugitive, that he fled to Japan, that one hundred assassins were sent out from China to seek him out and rid the government of danger from that quarter. Another news item was to the effect that he was to be arrested for embezzlement of funds entrusted to him by patriots. Perhaps that aura of martyrdom of which he seemed to be dimly conscious bespeaks a swift end.

"Chill blow the winds of the world.
There are thorns and bruises for the feet,
And lurking shadows spreading snares;
And there are bitter herbs to eat.
The only home light shining far
Is the cold splendor of a star."

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"To putting Peter into bankruptcy," she pledged

Putting Peter Into Bankruptcy

By ETHEL M. KELLEY

Illustrated by L. T. Dresser

JAMES HUTCHINSON was making the salad dressing. He did not believe in the theory of tossing the salad, he said, until the delicate lettuce leaf was bruised and its finest flavor destroyed. He made a thick, pungent dressing and passed it around, that each expectant guest might help himself.

John Pope, his host, was watching him with itching fingers. *He* liked to make the dressing French fashion over the salad.

The bell rang sharply and almost at the same instant Peter Price pushed his way past Eva, the patient English maid, who jerked out a "Thenk you!" every time he thwarted her intention to leave him behind until she could properly announce him.

"I've got good news for you at last," he cried, saluting his hostess and nodding to each of the others in turn. "Some awfully good news about myself. I'm glad to find you all here together."

"Aunt died, Peter?" Peggy Pope asked.

"Sold a story?" Jane Hutchinson suggested.

"Found a wad?" laconically enquired her husband.

"Oh! I don't mean that I've got any money or that any money is coming to me, as far as I know." The apparent dull gold studs that fastened the immaculate front of Peter's evening shirt were manuscript fasteners, the two pronged kind with a little round head. His real ones were in pawn, but the effect was irreproachable. The Inverness that had belonged to his father was a departure from the prevailing mode and an improvement on it. Peter's blond head, sleek and alluring as many ladies acknowledged, rose uncompromisingly out of the highest and most imperturbable white collar that even Peter was ever guilty of.

"In fact money wouldn't help me unless it was a Hades of a lot," he added a little ruefully. "But I've found a peach of a way out of all my difficulties, and I came round to get you to help me celebrate." He removed the hand he had been holding behind him, and disclosed two carefully wrapped and tied oblong packages.

"I didn't know you'd all be here," he said, beginning to undo the wrappers. "If there isn't enough, I can run out and get some more, you know."

"Pol Roger—ninety-four," murmured his host; "let us not be extravagant."

"Oh! I don't have to pay for this stuff," Peter cried cheerfully. "I'm still solid with the Associated Wine Growers. I don't know why I am, but I am."

A NEW portion of the Hutchinson salad was being segregated, and Eva had been sent for champagne glasses. Peter sank into the chair that Peggy placed for him at her right.

"What's your luck, Peter?" she besought him; "we're consumed with curiosity."

"I don't know that you'd call it luck exactly. It's just a plan of action I've mapped out. But Lord! I'm happy over it. I've been hounded by my infernal creditors till I'm developing homicidal mania. But killing's too good for 'em. They ought to be *ate*, or inoculated with a leprosy germ or something. They can't get any money out of me," he continued plaintively. "I can't get any money out of myself. If I could I'd do it."

"Poor Peter!" Jane Hutchinson said.

"But all that's shoved be'ind me, long ago—and fur away." Peter continued, delivering the lines with much pathos. "You see before you a man who is about to shake himself loose from the shackles of debt. With one fell swoop I strike the blow that makes me a free man. My metaphors may be a little mixed, but that's what I do."

"How are you going to do it, Peter?" John Pope asked.

PETER waited till four pairs of eyes were soberly focused on him. Then he rose, and made his announcement standing.

"I'm going into bankruptcy!" he announced impressively.

"Bankruptcy?" Peggy Pope cried blankly.

"Bankruptcy?" Jane Hutchinson echoed.

"I'm not sure that it isn't a good scheme for you, Peter," John Pope said thoughtfully.

"Of course it's a good scheme, a damn good scheme ," Peter cried; "and so simple! A little child could do it. I make a list of all my liabilities. Then I make a list of all my properties—that's easy! Then a kind judge pronounces me incapable of further effort in the direction of my creditors—and there I am."

"Wouldn't it be a rather public affair?" Peggy asked. "Don't you have to be posted in the papers or something?"

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"While I am getting myself adjudicated"—Peter lingered on the technicality with pride—"I have to put a neat little notice in the papers where my creditors can see it; but nobody else will. Did you ever read a bankruptcy notice in your life, Peggy Pope? I never did. There'll be about as much publicity about it as there is in the probating of a two-thousand dollar will. Whereas every time anybody starts a suit against me, or gets thrown downstairs for his pains, I'm on the front page of every leading daily. As a bankrupt I shall spare my friends the strain of seeing my name lightly bandied about by an ubiquitous press."

"I never heard of such a thing," Jane Hutchinson declared. "If it's as easy as that, why doesn't everybody always go into bankruptcy? Why don't you, Jimmie? Why do *we* have to pay every one everything we owe all the time, if there is a perfectly simple way of easing up the strain?"

"You mightn't like parting with all your personal property, Jane; but Peter hasn't any, you know. That's why he can get away with it. Have you got the price, Peter?" John Pope asked.

"The price?" Peter stared blankly.

"It'll cost you something."

"Cost me something? The devil it will!"

"You have to pay your lawyer, you know. And there are fees. The newspapers won't print your bankruptcy notice as news. It'll cost you about seventy-five dollars I should say. Fifty down to your lawyer at your first interview."

"Do I have to *pay* for the privilege of being a bankrupt?"

"Why, of course! The bankruptcy courts are not public charities."

"My God!" cried Peter limply, sinking into the chair over which he had been leaning as he talked.

Eva was opening a bottle, about the throat of which she had wrapped a loving napkin. Peter extended his glass.

"Never mind any one else, Eva," he said hoarsely, "attend to me first. I need it."

"Borrow it of John," Peggy suggested, when the laughter had subsided, "or James,"—she waved her glass in the direction of her friend's husband—"or both. They'd like it."

"You can have it, you know," John growled. Peter smiled at him affectionately.

"I know I can," he said in a manner that closed the incident.

"Will you let us make up a purse for you, Peter?" Peggy suggested. "All the bunch asked to contribute five or ten dollars."

"They'd all be crazy about it when they knew."

"No, thank you, Peggy."

"Would you let us *make* it for you?"

"How do you mean—make it?"

"Raise it the way they do at a church fair. Everybody start, say with a nickel, and make ten dollars out of it."

"How?"

"Oh! by buying a nickel's worth of raw material, sugar or flour, and making cake or candy. Investing a nickel, and keeping on turning it over. It's perfectly simple. We can say we are doing it for our favorite charity, Peter, and that will be true."

"Great!" cried Peter warmly. "Who can say it *won't* be your pet charity before you are done? 'Society for the Promulgation of Bankruptcy among Deserving Young Men.' Who can tell how far the little seed I have dropped today may scatter?"

Peggy sighed. "I was afraid you'd take me up, Peter," she said. "We'll get the Ainlie's to help. It means a lot of work for every one of us. It would be very much easier if you would only—" but she caught her husband's eye, and did not finish.

Jane stood up and raised her glass. Then she climbed into a chair and set one dainty foot upon the table. The others followed.

"To putting Peter in bankruptcy!" she pledged, and they drank solemnly.

UNTIL his twenty-sixth birthday, Peter Price had been allowed upwards of twenty thousand dollars a year, on condition that he keep out of Wall Street, where he indeed had no desire to begin a career, but where his father's aspirations for an artistic life had been submerged years before. Peter Price Senior always believed that if *he* had been endowed through the lean years of his burning youth, when the pressure was brought to bear that finally landed him in a broker's office, he would have set New York on fire with his pictures of it. Therefore when Peter at a very tender age began to show signs of a reach that exceeded his grasp, his delighted parent had picked him for the career that he, himself, had foregone.

As Peter grew older, however, he bewildered his indulgent parent with the many talents he shook out of his napkin. Peter Price Senior had been born with a passion for paint, and paint only, while his son's enthusiasm for the brush was only exceeded by his devotion to the pianoforte, and his predilection for the pen.

Nevertheless, his father had trustingly provided the wherewithal for Peter's extensive development in all the arts, and he was still waiting with pathetic eagerness for the boy's greatest gift to manifest itself when he was stricken with paralysis during an inopportune panic in the street, and died at the exact moment to leave his son penniless.

In the four years that had succeeded the loss of his father, and his fortune—his mother had died when he was a baby



"From that time on he had gone buoyantly from bad to worse; from first-class hotels to second-class hotels, from boarding-houses to hall bedrooms"

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—Peter had succeeded in existing, his friends scarcely knew how. He began with the theory that he would turn his art—his dry point etching to account. But since he could not draw at all, though he had a wonderful color sense, he was unable to realize immediately upon his father's investment in art school education. Nevertheless, he procured a set of most elaborate studios, and proceeded to make himself and his friends very comfortable in them.

He claimed that the best work was always done under pressure, that the way for a man of his temperament to increase his income was to begin by increasing his expenditure. He provided himself confidingly with the pressure, but the best work did not come, for the simple reason that he did not know how to work at all. Peter's weaning from the paternal pocket-book was accomplished without undue discomfort, but when it came to the matter of procuring sustenance for himself he found he was quite incapable of doing so.

His writing went as badly as his etching. He started to paper the walls of his dressing-room with rejection slips from the leading magazines, but he failed in industry even in the task of accumulating these.

MEANTIME he got further and further in debt, to the tune of his own delicate improvisation on his unpaid for grand piano. One by one they took his pretty instalment plan toys away. One of the first suits brought against him was by the agent of the studio building with whom he had a five years' lease. From that time on, he had gone buoyantly from bad to worse: from first- to second-class hotels: from boarding-house to hall bedroom, leaving behind him an almost incredible trail of debt.

He owed large department stores, and small select haberdasheries. He owed doctors, and lawyers, and dentists. He owed café owners, and hotel keepers, and cigar men. A large amount was due to a Hindoo who had rendered him picturesque service in the first days of the studio.

Notes were always falling due, which he renewed again at exorbitant rates of interest. How he existed at all under this pressure was a mystery to his friends, from whom he refused to borrow.

He acted as agent in sub-letting an apartment for a sister who was traveling, and collected twenty-five dollars a month commission: that they knew. He sold jingles to a comic weekly. He wrote an occasional moving picture scenario. Someway he managed to live, and to present himself immaculate and imperturbable at frequent intervals. Just how he did it was a mystery. Peter had that deceptive appearance of seeming to communicate everything he knew which concealed his depths as naïvely as he displayed his surfaces. But money difficulties were not among the things he took seriously.

His little group of intimates, however, were all perfectly responsible people. For that reason they worked hard at their self-appointed task of raising the money to put him out of his misery.

Peggy and John Pope earned their ten dollars apiece conscientiously. Peggy bought eggs and flour with her nickel, and went into the cake-baking business. She worked up to angel cakes, and sold them at an immense profit. She enjoyed the industry so much that she earned fifteen dollars before Peter came round, caught her burning her fingers and stopped her.

John bought a blue poker chip with his nickel, and punctiliously counted out ten dollars out of the hundred he claimed he had made from that simple investment.

The Hutchinsons shamelessly collected money from each other. Jane bought a five-cent cigar, and sold it to Jimmie for twenty-five cents, and moreover made him smoke it in her presence. Jimmie took base advantage of one of his wife's peculiar weaknesses—a constant shortage of hairpins—invested his nickel in a paper of the "common or kitchen variety"—and waited. Then whenever Jane was in despair for a machine to hold up her shining locks, he sold her one at an exorbitant rate. Jane was sport enough to let her disheveled condition become more than usually acute until Peter's fund was well under way.

Peggy, being constrained by her New England conscience, was distressed and disgusted by the Hutchinsons' moral laxity and took occasion—nay several occasions—to tell them so. Whereat they jeered. But in due course of time, with the help of the Ainlies', two sisters, and a brother—"all very bony and bright" as Peter characterized them—the bankruptcy fund was raised.

They gave a party at the Hutchinsons' to celebrate, Peggy making the presentation speech, after which touching event Peter was solemnly congratulated and kissed by all the ladies present, except Greta Ainlie, who came last and pronounced him too mussy by that time.

It was a great relief to them all to have Peter out of his troubles, "beyond the dreams of avarice" as he himself expressed it; and the seven rescuers congratulated themselves severally and collectively on their achievement.

But the bankruptcy petition was not filed. At least his anxious friends could find no record of it. No modest account of Peter's immoderate indiscretions appeared under "Business Troubles" in the morning papers. The "Discharges in Bankruptcy" column filed Popes and Hutchinsons with impartial regularity, but no Prices. And still there was no word from Peter.

IT was not until the third week after the presentation party that he arrived. He presented himself to Peggy and Jane one afternoon in the Pope's library, where they were having their tea, and told his tale.

"It isn't that I don't hate children with white eyebrows, or that I couldn't have choked the life out of him cheerfully every time he called me 'Popper,' but when I heard him cussing out the doctor that came to take account of the damage, and he only about the size of the doctor's thumb, why I thought the little brute ought to have his chance, and I knew you girls would agree with me. They had to have seventy-five dollars to put it through. I don't know why they had to have it, but they did. Oh, come now, Peggy, supposing it was Margaretta, and one of her legs was longer than it really ought to be!"

"Was the child's mother pretty?" Jane asked suspiciously.

"Every other tooth out," Peter grinned, "and her hair was mostly done up in curling sticks when I saw her, but otherwise she was a striking blonde."

"What a terrible place you must live in, Peter." Peggy shuddered.

"Oh, I do! I do!" Peter agreed cheerfully.

"Aren't you in a worse mess than ever?" Jane ventured.

"Much worse."

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing at the present moment, Mrs. Hutchinson," Peter bowed over her hand, "but discuss your very charming self." And this he proceeded to do. Then he began asking Peggy questions about John, and kept the conversation under his own control until he left them. After all, no one ever talked to Peter of his own affairs an instant longer than he wished them to.

AFTER this they gave him up. They didn't give up yearning over him, or fearing for him, but they gave up the idea that they could help him, or that he would accept any help from them.

A month later Peter Price's name was among those listed in the morning newspapers as a petitioner in bankruptcy, and in the course of events his discharge was duly chronicled, but Peter himself did not appear to them. Jimmie learned indirectly that somebody who owed Peter a hundred dollars had come back from the ends of the earth and paid it.

This explained how he had been able to accomplish the coveted goal of bankruptcy, but it only enhanced the mystery of his present manner of existence. He had moved from his last address, and their letters came back to them unopened. He was avoiding, evidently, all the places where Jimmie or John might possibly have run into him.

Finally the four friends ran into the object of their search quite unexpectedly on Sixth Avenue. They had been to a luncheon at the Civil club, a special lady's luncheon, and were drifting toward the Knickerbocker for a liqueur together—they always hated to separate—when in the frankly Tenderloin section of Sixth Avenue that intervenes between the politer purlieus of Fifth Avenue and Broadway they met Peter with a loaf of bread and a bottle under his arm, both guiltless of wrapping. He looked shabbier than they had ever seen him. But he met them without embarrassment. He waved his purchases at them, gayly. "And thou beside me—all thou—" he indicated the ladies with the special grace of smile and gesture he always had for them. "*Feeding* in this wilderness. Come home with me, and have some. We're just having lunch," he explained engagingly. "Bread and cheese, and Chianti à la Italienne."

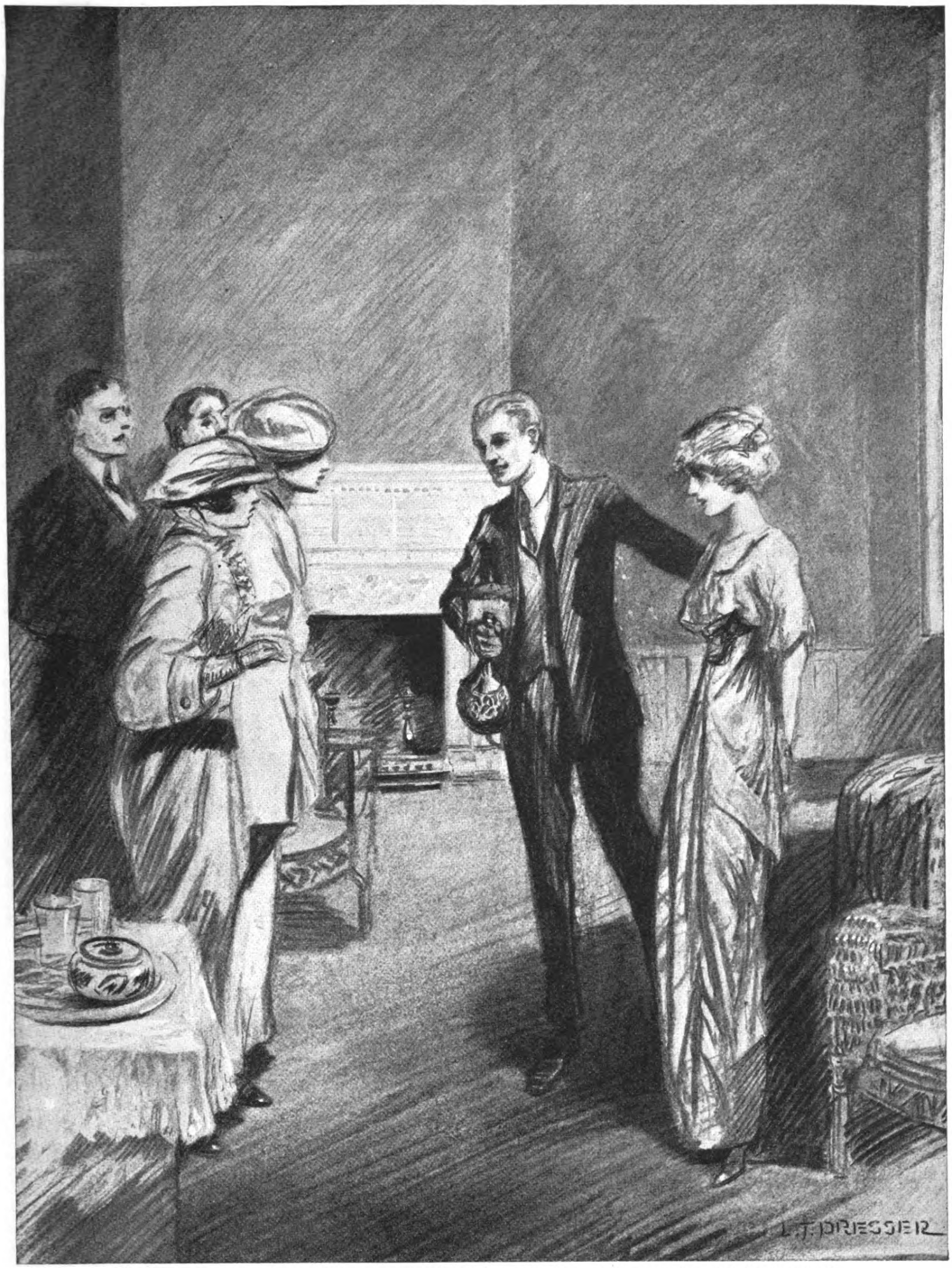
He led the way swiftly through the nearest cross street, half way to Broadway, and then through a narrow door in an old building seemingly entirely given over to offices. It was decorated in front like a circus wagon, and was next door to one of the stateliest skyscrapers in New York. Inside it was Dutch and immaculate, and the stairs were carpeted in crimson. Evidently Peter had discovered one of the few old-time mansions in downtown New York where it is still possible to rent a studio or office that has atmosphere—and dinginess.

He ignored the front stairway, and led them quickly to the rear.

"Our own private flight," he announced and led them upward through the gloom.

The huge dim room two stories up into which he ushered them proudly was furnished simply with two large wicker chairs, a packing box and a couch, but on the box was a Bruges lace cloth and an old brass tray with two glasses on it, and the cheese that Peter had promised them in a little Royal Worcester pot. The room itself was old and dingy, but beautifully proportioned and gracious. The walls

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"I've been wanting to meet you ever since I heard how you all worked to put Peter into bankruptcy"

were a soft stained yellow, and there was a carved wooden mantel, white like old ivory, and a big log still burning in the fireplace beneath it.

The curious, affectionate eyes of Peter's best friends took in these details—and one other. Perched on the window-sill, looking down into the court, was the slim figure of a woman—a girl.

As she heard Peter's voice, she gave a little joyous cry and rushed forward—a young, delicately featured creature, sunny-haired and radiant and tender. The eyes of the two women took in the unmistakable Parisian cut of the soft blue gown as Peter presented them.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Pope—I want you to know my wife," said Peter. Then he set his loaf and jug upon the table.

"I'VE been wanting to meet you-all," the voice of trailing sweetness with its unmistakable accents of Virginia assured them when they were all grouped comfortably around the amazing collation, the men cross-legged on the floor, and Mrs. Peter perched confidingly on the arm of Peggy's chair. Peter smiled inclusively over his Chianti, which he was drinking from one of the odd jelly tumblers the pantry of the studio had disclosed when they all went foraging.

"I've been wanting to meet you ever since I heard how you-all worked to put Peter into bankruptcy. I think it was just lovely of you."

Peter held up his glass. Then he got to his feet and stood looking down at them. His face was one that the four friends had never seen before, for now his mask was down, but it was radiant with a kind of tender camaraderie and a reverent affection for them. His voice shook a little as he pledged them. "To my cares and responsibilities," he said, and he bowed in his old courtly manner. "And my very good friends."

And in the moment that followed the little southern bride on the arm of Peggy's chair bent over and kissed her.

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Training Children for Happy Marriages

By MARY AUSTIN

Seventh in the series on Love

THERE is nothing so important in a man's or woman's life as marriage. A happy love life is absolutely essential to the full development of any individual. Mrs. Austin has given a complete argument for a marriage form that will be perfect enough to insure monogamous relations and exclude any relations outside of marriage. In this article she gives some practical suggestions as to the best way to train young people to make the kind of a marriage that can be permanent

WE have to return from time to time to realizations of passion as a form of energy. It is set up within us and our brother the beast at the appointed time, without leave or knowledge. The procreant urge of the Wild, what time the sun climbs up the zodiac, is not understood, it is probably not remembered; it is obeyed. It wakes, irrespective of the presence of the mate, and waking sets each ranging far afield to find the other. This is a fact the whole bearing of which must be clearly grasped. The beasts which mate anew with each season, before the oncoming of their time are running singly or in the flock, the young males usually by themselves, the females with the brood mother, and they set out to find one another. They go seeking and calling. They make a call they have not made before and they answer to a cry they have not before heard. Traces of this linger in all the lore of early man. I know a little theme of four notes, played upon a flute of cane by an Indian lying out in the long grass at twilight. . . . It is known as the "Love Call" . . . by and by the maid comes out to him. . . .

This is as a thin line of light under a door behind which full understanding waits. Subtlest of the intimations of the approach of the crisis of sex is the Sense of Presence. Man or beast, the lover wakes to Expectancy. At the set time of the year he walks in the trails and feels it following at his back; he turns and it is not behind him.

There is a phase of adolescence when all the world is in love without in the least knowing whom it is in love with. Romeo thought it Rosaline until Juliet passed. For the man as well as for the race there is a period of passionate personification of star and moon and glancing water, to satisfy this active suggestion of something alive, intimate, personal. . . out there beyond the rosy bush, at the next turn of the trail, within that shadow of high, wind-shaken boughs. If you have any better explanation you are welcome to it, so long as you keep it in mind that the pairing of the superior species is not an accident of propinquity, but a business that requires effort and attention. The inexperienced and unremembering brute tracks the invisible Presence until it brings him to the mate. Man going further, finds God.

LET us agree to call that God which, unattainable by the sense, informs us from within of Power and Purpose. It is a convenient term and has the advantage of being widely received. We have seen how love passes in man from the identification of the source of Well-Being with the person of the Beloved, through the dramatization of her worth in surpassing acts, to possession, to the establishment of permanence by withdrawal, and to the witness of the supernal quality of the experience in the offices of religion. This is the normal reaction of mate-love race-ward. But there is another set of reactions which must now be taken into account.

"I worship you," says the lad to his first love. Exactly. There is no difference between the opening movement of right passion and the fullness of the heart which makes men to know that there is God, no difference between the initial awe and mystery with which he approaches an altar and the person of the Beloved. He can kiss the place where she has stood as reverently and get as much good from it as though it were the holy stone of Mecca.

THE appreciations of sex awaken in adolescence, and so far as we can judge in early man, about the same time as the sense of communion with—whatever it is out there beyond the end of Knowing. They borrow phrases one from the other, not only in their initiative but for their highest, consummating moments. St. Catharine could find no better name for herself than Spouse of Christ, and the mystics pass in all their ecstatic states through the extended scale of passion. It is one of the evidences of the reality of both mysticism and passion that, in whatever lands and tongues, these states are identical. Youth is prone to both mate-love and religion and both are great spiritual adventurers. It is well known that in the lopping off of one or the other of these characteristic personal aptitudes of adolescence, the other is intensified, may usurp the whole field of psychic activity. Your great religieuse might always have been a great lover. Pure passion of the heart in women tends naturally to express itself in the forms of spiritual communion and in young men it produces impulses toward rectitude, toward courage and altruism identical with those experienced at conversion.

There is a third member of the triad which does not receive due attention, failing to manifest itself frequently in the determining quality. I refer to the creative impulse. This is likely to be ignored except where it occurs in a distinguishing degree, and then mistrusted because not understood. At its most universal it informs the nest-making activities; at its highest it gave us *Il Purgatorio*. It is probably present in all forms of extra-mating activity—the execrable verse we write to our young love, the twenty unnecessary nests of the tule-wren.

Although science has not yet agreed upon the service of such activities to sex selection, it has conceded their continuity with the forms we know as Art, and artists themselves have witnessed to their binding up with all the elements of devotion.

In the hands of its devotees, the practice of any art tends to become a religion, formative and sustaining. Its revelations, as profound as those of the prophets, have the same quality of providing their own justification. Its unformulated, self-enforced demands are as imperative as martyrdoms; it has the same tendency as religious feeling to present itself in terms of Personality, to get itself addressed as Mistress, Goddess, the Nine Muses, the Much-Desired—"Terrible as an army with banners!"

An inherited Anglo-Saxon prejudice in respect to the interlocking of sex and art, puts us out of touch with essential processes. We would grant to the artist as an indulgence what we are wholly unwilling to allow him as a means of extending his capacity. I speak, however, of definite related phenomena, as reducible by study as the evidences of will and attention—not only psychic states but pulse beats, temperatures, more intimate and definite associative processes undergone in the realization of a great novel or a great symphony.

Not only have we the evidence of history for the identification of the creative impulses of mind and body, but there are Great Ones living, who, supposing you were in a position to put them to the question, would tell you more than you have the courage ordinarily to know. It is not, however, necessary to enlarge on the psychic points of alikeness between great love and great art nor to identify the trails taken by the artist on the way to achievement, with the path of the soul seeking the Most High. All this has been done for us in a dozen books, and though science has still some points to settle of interdependence and priority, at least that is an exploited theory which makes of any of them debased or perverted forms of the other. We are free to deal with love and art and religion as concurrent manifestation of augmented vitality, tending to raise the plane of human activity, expressible in terms and shapes of one another.

THERE is still another phase of similarity in those activities of love and religion and creative power which come in at the door of adolescence which must not be overlooked. They are susceptible of being played upon in the same degree by all the sense perceptions and by rhythm and by auto-suggestion.

Mating in the Wild is accompanied, perhaps accelerated, by beatings of the earth, by whirlings, flights, wing dances. In man these things are the accompaniment of awakening religious perceptions; we snatch at points of resemblance in Bacchic frenzies, in those white figures which flee forever around the red ground of an Etruscan vase. For the drumming of the partridge in the woods we have the drumming of the Soul-Maker at the doors of consciousness. It is not always easy to determine what music is the food of love and what of religious ecstasy, and it is a matter of temperament whether the consciousness sensitized by line and color leads to God or the mate. All old myth-making is full of this confusion of states

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and identities. In the earliest stages the god became familiar as the lover, later the lover appeared divine, rendered unapproachable by a touch of Christian grace. It was a matter of individual gift whether creative power grew out of one or the other of them.

We have periods of great progress in the arts of prayer and communion, periods of saint-making, and then a sudden florescence of art, the columns of Milan, the Sistine Chapel, the bright, hundred-eyed peacock-tail of Power.

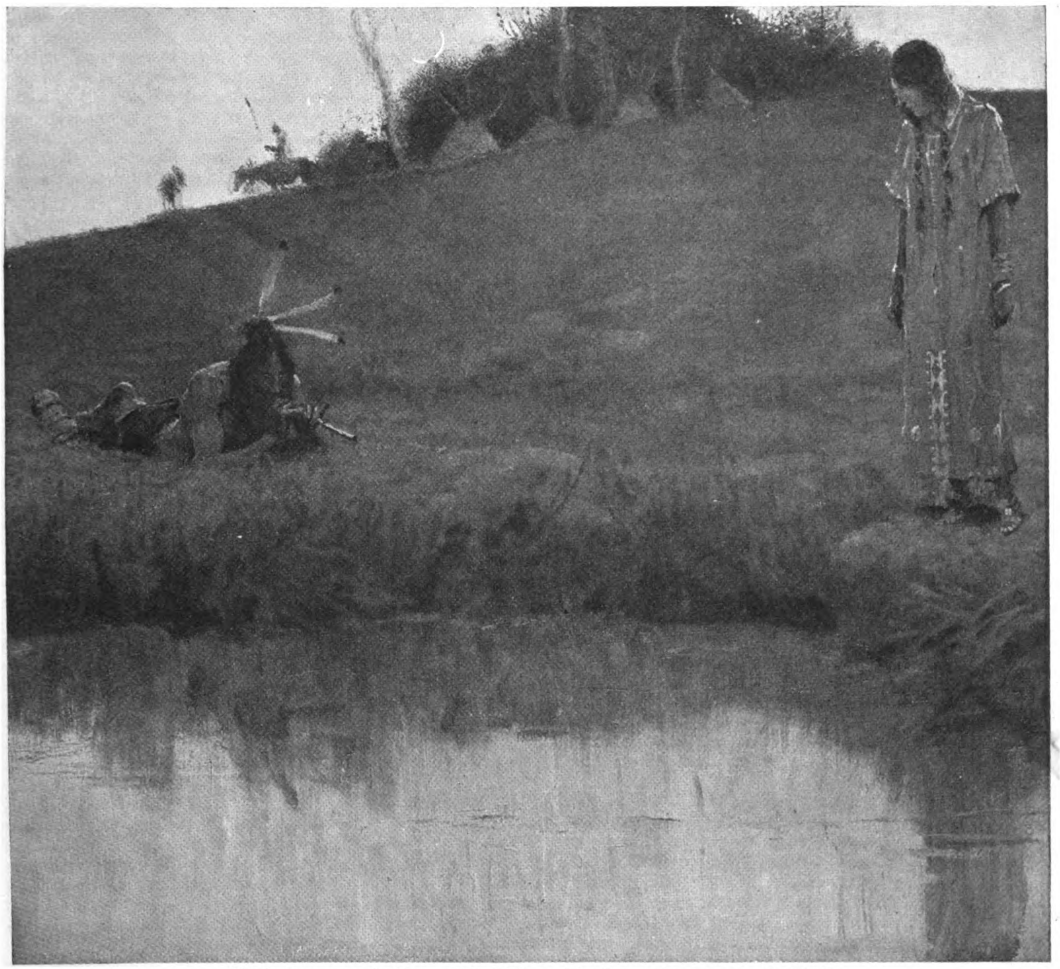
adolescence, however, and at the climacteric, sexual energy is naturally convertible into other forms, passes easily and without volition into creative processes such as have to do with the higher manifestations of consciousness.

IN any wounding of its more usual function, the love-life of the individual tends to retreat into one or the other of these interchangeable phases, is capable of becoming fixed in them past the likelihood of return. Conversely, morbid states of

in supposing that, having done everything to render the young cautious, we have done anything to raise the plane of sex morality.

We afford no help whatever to the realization of sex as an active principle. We have merely changed the argument but not the fact of suppression.

I mean that we still offer nothing toward the achievement of higher standards of love-living except the denial of particular acts under the extenuating term of self-control. But there is really no element



"It is known as the 'love call' and by-and-by the maiden comes out to him"

So intimately are all these things connected that it needs but the suggestion for them to fall into order in your mind; but the point is most persistently missed. The interdependence of sex and art and religion is acknowledged across the field of human history, but on our realization of it in the processes of individual living depends the right conduct of the love-life of the world.

IT was the way of our fathers to attempt to regulate sex by relegating it to the back room of living.

But we shall get very little relief from the new fashion of setting it up at the front window, so long as we continue to regard it as a thing to be considered in itself without regard to its derivations and directions. Sex is a form of activity; it has for its object reproduction and the raising of the human plane. This is commonly best accomplished by marrying and having a family. In the states of

religious emotionalism, and many futile and discommoding artistic aspirations, are resolved by a suitable marriage and the normal exercise of loving. Perfectly obvious conclusions all of these, and yet, singularly, seldom admitted to discussions of sex morality.

The difficulty with all our solutions is that we are attempting to determine the problem of sex within itself. Like the lady of the Zenana, when we have tried sitting on one side of the room we sit a while on the other. We shuttle between Spartan denial and the unregulated relation; debate wavers over the ground of guarded experimentation—but it is seldom distracted from the personal issue to the two doors on either side. Attention and reprobation are centered on an act. We recognize the importance of the pre-marital period to the extent of admitting youth to knowledge, but it is knowledge bounded by the pathologist. We give them sex-hygiene—of a sort. The mistake lies

of control in our present method, for the whole idea and the object of control is direction. The very use of the word implies, or should imply to any one with a conscience about words, something in motion or about to move. Applied to the education of the young in this particular phase, it means stoppage, complete inhibition.

This is a method which exposes the young to two dangers: first, the danger of accumulated repression, breaking out finally in excesses beyond all bounds, or the stoppage also of certain correlated impulses of adolescence important to preserve. Thus we come to marriage handicapped by habits of looseness or with appreciations dulled by long, unintelligent restraints.

THE situation is still further stultified by the sort of assistance which has formerly been rendered to the individual struggling for such misprised "control,"

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which ordinarily takes the form of repressing the secondary characteristics of adolescence, the gaieties, self-dramatizations, swift explosions of energy common to youth. The success of the moralists has been too frequently the evidence of anaemia.

AND all this while Nature has provided two safe and productive shifts by which the developing consciousness may resist the importunities of the mating impulse. I mean by the transmutation of the energies of adolescence into religious exercises and creative art. The only aid which self-control can afford is in making possible such redirection.

Observe that there is a difference between religion and religious exercises. Except in the case of one church which by ritual and symbol and the constantly recurring exercise of confession and communion manages to keep alive in its youth some active spirituality, the help that is afforded by established religion is slight. In most of our educational institutions it is confined to a perfunctory public service of prayer and song, and some denominational activities of a palely altruistic cast. It is possible to find ministers charged with the religious instruction of the young, who do not know clearly what is meant by a "spiritual exercise" and would be wholly incompetent to guide their charges to those high states of being wherein things otherwise unattainable come to pass. I have talked with such men and I have also talked with Indian medicine men, who, when they go to prepare their young braves for the ordeals of chastity and endurance incident to their assumption of tribal responsibility, are far better acquainted with the psychic path by which the serviceable state of mind is reached. It is part of the immemorial knowledge of mankind that there are such states; savages seemed to have found their way to them as deer to old salt licks, by an instinct of self-preservation. The Christian Fathers found the path through obedience and prayer, the individual artist has each his little stair by which he climbs to power.

In youth the way lies close at hand. That is why youth is the time for visions, heroisms, for crusades, for the impossible, the patently absurd. The young heart fully exercised in these has little time for ranging in the Streets of Offence.

Not only have we lost the use of religion in our educational life, but we have never had the practical use of artistry. The Will to Create begins to awake with the procreative powers of the body, but never since book-learning began has it been legitimately satisfied. This is one of the sources of that reaction against schooling which is characteristic of adolescence. Young things turn from the assimilation of facts to the Making of Things, in the shop, at the spinning-wheel and the loom.

But by degrees we have bent them, we have widened the capacity to assimilate and stunted the power to do.

We surround our young with everything which tends to arouse and stimulate the correlated activities of sex; we wish them to know the best music, see the best pictures, to hear the most "inspiring" plays. The nest-making is astir, creative impulse is at work . . . and the end is futility. What graduate of our high schools can make any really useful or beautiful thing? For all their "inspiration," they lead no forlorn hopes, serve no shrines, create nothing, dare nothing.

There is but one form of activity left for them; they can still have "affairs." The way out into creative work and the realization of high ethical enthusiasms is hard for the young to find; we hedge it about with too many careful restrictions. But the way the body points is near at hand. All the books and the plays and the operas blaze that trail for them.

It appears then that for all the strain that the burgeoning love-life puts upon our youth, nature has provided refuge and relief.

INCIDENTALLY, from time to time we have stumbled into these and afterward lost them. Women found it in the linen chest and the loom, in the making of fit and beautiful things. In the beginning of the Christian era when the splendor of chastity flamed upon the imaginations of men, they went upon crusades; Galahad was pure because he followed the Grail . . . . He *followed* it. Part of the business of being young is to struggle with angels; the more we release the youth of the land to their proper encounters, the less we shall hear of their struggles with the flesh.

It is on this redirection of the energies indissolubly associated with sex, that the regeneration of our love-life must largely depend. And not only for the young, but for all of us.

In a world of machine-made things, where religion is reduced to a formula, lovers turn and rend one another, demanding what it was never meant Love should pay. We seek wholly in passion an expression of what was originally intended as a prompting toward Things Made; we attempt to get out of one another what is only obtainable by the personality in the exercise of its cosmic relation. And we know no better method, when one love fails to answer all these demands upon it, than to deny love altogether, or to snatch at as many others as possible. It is probable that we do not make enough of Love in life, of its relation to all our activities and its power to affect them, but it is certain we make too much of loving.

COMPLETE sexualization should mean the power to range with some freedom through all the correlated and interchangeable activities, recouping in each the possibility of especial disaster. Such power should enable us to wait without capitulation the coming of the proper mate, or in any failure of the adventure, it would mitigate against the use of violence in unavoidable partitions. And should no mate be forthcoming it would enable us to return to society something like our full sex potentiality in other and acceptable terms. I go so far, indeed, as to wonder if, aside from its relation to reproductivity, the perception of Unrealized Good—the base of all religion—is not the root and stock of sex, and love and art sprung out of it, a red rose and a white. Now and then some soul comes up among us, a tall and lovely shoot, like the prophet of Nazareth, with no branching. That is why I am inclined to name the Unrealized Good as the middle growth; it is the only one which, unaided of the others, produces for us a symmetrical, fruitful tree. Art must still borrow of both love and religion, and to live wholly in personal love is to incline toward decay, but religion of itself is capable of producing a full, rounded personality. You rob youth of its most potent reagent when you attempt to smother its altruistic enthusiasms with the gray film of middle years. For sex *is* an active principle. It must work—forward into the field of life, or secretly corroding. The best love-life is not necessarily the most loving, but the one which has the best use of love's activities.

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Howls

ARMY officers in large numbers object to the Post series just finished. But they say little. They just complain. The human mind, a curious instrument always, acquires added peculiarity when imbued with class consciousness. The direct-action Socialist sees only pure nobility in the worker who labors with his hands, and sweeps into the category of powers of darkness what he is pleased to call the "capitalist class," including the woman at the head of her own typewriting bureau as well as the multi-millionaire fox. At the other end, when modern piracy is discussed, the foxes gather and raise their voices about "rights of property," as if monopoly were the cornerstone of society. Men have thought by classes as trade guilds, as barons, as gentry, as serfs.

These remarks are called forth by a certain line of hostility to Mr. Post's studies of archaic abuses in the Army. Social and administrative diseases, like those of the body, develop from neglect. Administrative diseases do not cure themselves by being let alone. Disease cannot be permitted to huddle itself in dark corners. Publicity is the first step in the cure. The material that Mr. Post used in his series was drawn direct from official records, from stenographic reports of the courts-martial. These records are recent. They would have been continued through 1913, but Brigadier-General Crowder, Judge-Advocate General of the Army, stopped further access to the records. This action was arbitrary, for records of public trials publicly held are in essence public records. There was no such thing as a "rumor" in this series of studies of the Army, nor is there any ancient history. Mr. Post believes in an efficient army. He believes that officers should reach high rank because of ability and not merely because they live long. He does not believe in favoritism, oppression, or injustice. Class consciousness that merely makes for hostility to criticism works against progress. As the New York *World* has stated editorially in commenting upon Mr. Post's series of studies and the fact that over 46,000 soldiers have deserted in ten years:

"Whatever the cause, the rate of desertions indicates clearly that something is radically wrong with the Army. To consider that in one year—1912—150,000 young Americans applied for enlistment and only 26,000 were accepted, and that the number of desertions that year was nine per cent of the men enlisted, is to deal with a state of facts in no wise creditable to the system."

In 1913, the percentage of desertion to the number of enlistments was over seventeen per cent.

Fairly Faint Praise

There appears in your issue of Feb. 1, an article called "The Honor of the Army," by a person signing himself Charles Johnson Post. As an example of calculated deceit and intentional misrepresentation it is a masterpiece. As an example of journalistic truth and honor it does no credit to any publication, let alone a paper with the supposed high standards of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

H. L. GILLESPIE.

A Curious Argument

If Mr. Post would devote his pen toward popularizing the Army with the masses, he would be doing a more noteworthy thing for his country. The bone over which the average soldier worries most and is most bitter against is not his ill-treatment by the officer, as Mr. Post would have us believe, but the social war waged against him. The American soldier comes from our middle class, is used to being treated with consideration and as a social equal; many have been taught that it is an honor to wear the uniform and serve with the colors but after being socially ostracised and treated with so much disrespect by the average citizen, it cannot be wondered at just why a soldier suffers disillusionment.

The average age of the soldier ranges about twenty-two years, just the age where impressions are formed and molded. He comes into the service and is treated with so much disrespect because of the uniform, and, being sociable by nature, wishing to have a good time and not having his wish gratified, he becomes disgusted. He is not barred from public places because of the uniform. The law provides against that, but it would be better if he were. The average soldier, soon finding out he is not wanted by respectable people, if we must call them that, goes where he is wanted. And that where is most always a dive. From then on he does not care. He figures if he is to be called a beast, he had better live up to his reputation because no one would believe him if he did not. Eventually the rotten booze and his associates cause him to commit military sins and he is punished. And still reformers say a man receives unjust punishment from the government and ill-treatment from his superiors.

The soldier does not want to enter the society of the ultra-fashionable, but he does want respect shown the uniform he wears, and he will reciprocate by showing self-respect, and after being weighed in the balance will not be found wanting.

G. L. PATTERSON,
Serg. Machine Gun Platoon, 2nd Cavalry,
Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.

But We Can't Imprison Them

Mr. Post's articles are unfair and unjust. I warrant you that should I question each one of the disgruntled and worthless employees that your paper has had to dismiss from your employ I could write something equally startling concerning the way you mistreat your employees.

GEORGE R. GUILD,
1st-Lieut., 11th U. S. Infantry,
Texas City, Tex.

Poor Things

A more malicious and inexcusable piece of slander than the article in question, I have never known or imagined. It consists of a number of half-truths, cleverly selected and combined with deprecatory comment, all malicious and mostly false or indefinite. The opinion of any man, well-informed on Army matters, will not be influenced in the slightest by the rubbish. But, unfortunately, not all of the citizens of our republic belong to this well-informed class. This article is, in consequence, an instrument of great harm. We officers are striving to get good men into the Army and to make it efficient and valuable. It is not fair that our efforts should be hindered by such false representations, so inexcusable and malicious.

The attack of Mr. Post on our general court-martial is, to those who know, amusing. Any unbiased research will show that our military system of jurisprudence is conspicuously superior to the various civil courts.

R. E. JONES,
2d-Lieut., 17th Infantry,
Fort McPherson, Ga.

Unassimilated

Now, Mr. Post says things that attract a mob. He says them to attract the mob. He bolsters up his argument with transcripts of court-martial records, or originals, it does not matter, but fragmentary in so far as they relate to the conduct of the military. They are little things in a little Army made large by the lens which Mr. Post holds over them for us to look through. The fact that there is an Army has been enlarged by him in order for him to get his setting. The fact that there is a national legislature escaped his notice. Mr. Post has had the great originality to present "The Honor of the Army" in this amazing fashion. The fact that honor has kept the Army from such men as Mr. Post in the past is in evidence.

CHARLES GARDNER,
Pres. Library Association, 5th Infantry,
Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y.

Seen from a Limousine

The officers in our Army today, I am sure, are just as considerate of the enlisted man as their long line of illustrious predecessors were. I have seen our Army at Galveston recently, and I was impressed with the splendid appearance of both soldiers and officers, and the generally happy and contented appearance of the soldiers, and I am sure that your article is wrong throughout. I am also sure that our country has ample confidence in its Army, both officers and soldiers, and that that confidence is not at all misplaced. We are proud of what the officers today have done in the Philippines, in Cuba, Porto Rico, etc., but we are not at all proud of a lot of our muckraking magazines and a lot of their contributors. The Army at least fights in the open and fights fairly, and has regard for the truth, whether an enlisted man or an officer.

GEORGE M. BROWN,
Pres. Gen. Roofing Manufacturing Co.,
East St. Louis, Ill.

Was It?

I see that you have omitted your column of criticism in your last issue. Was that because there were too many "brickbats"?

Hoping that HARPER'S will, in the future, regain its place among the decent magazines, I remain,

HARRIS F. SCHERER.

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The Jobless Man and the State

By GREGORY MASON

MANKIND has been job-hunting since the fall from grace in Eden, but the hunters have been more numerous than usual this winter. Even in normal times, say statisticians, from three to ten per cent. of the laboring population is out of work, but this winter unemployment has been so widespread that society has been forced to extraordinary measures to combat it. In San Francisco and Duluth the city authorities have provided work for thousands of starving men, while elsewhere municipal lodging houses have been overcrowded and bread lines extended. Bills have been introduced in state legislatures demanding that the states find work for their citizens, and as a climax to the widespread agitation came the National Conference on Unemployment, in New York City, on the last two days of February, when governors and mayors from Seattle to New Orleans and from Bangor to Los Angeles met in the realization that the problem of unemployment is a national one and must be met by united action.

None but the wildest theorists think all unemployment will be done away with this side of the millennium, but more and more people are coming to feel that the number of jobless men and women in the United States can be greatly reduced by the injection of a little system into the situation. This feeling is justified by the fact that no matter how hard times may be there is always a number of jobs waiting to be filled. Unemployment will be reduced to a minimum when every job is filled as soon as it becomes vacant—in other words, when the labor market is organized.

AT present in this country men and women find jobs through four mediums: newspapers, private employment agencies, charitable organizations, and undirected search. None of these mediums is satisfactory, because none of them is broad enough to be in touch with the whole demand and the whole supply. Thus in a city there may be ten employers looking for bookkeepers and a hundred bookkeepers looking for work but under the hit-or-miss system now in general use, like as not ninety of the bookkeepers will apply for the same position while the other ten scatter on the remaining nine jobs—one job, perhaps, getting no applicants until the others have been filled. A commission reported not long ago that "a surprising amount of unemployment within our own state, over the country as a whole and even within one city is due to mere failure of the demand for labor and the supply to connect up."

In other words, a good deal of the unemployment in the United States is due to the absence, in most states, of a centralized labor market. Labor is as much a commodity as cotton, steel or oil, and these commodities all have their central markets. When a man wants to buy cotton he goes to a cotton exchange. No one ever saw advertised "cotton wanted," or "oil wanted," or "steel wanted," yet the "help wanted" sign is in a hundred thousand windows in the country, a symbol of inefficiency and waste.

Sixty years ago the Germans, whose social instinct is deeper than ours, decided that the bringing together of work and workers was a proper function for a State which understood that production is wealth and that idle labor is a cancer in the side of a nation. Then was begun the great system of public labor exchanges which now fills annually more than a million jobs and makes the lot of the jobless man easier in Germany than in any other country.

Ohio, in 1890, was the first American state to follow the lead of the Germans. Employment offices were opened in five large cities in the state, where employers and laborers were free to meet and bargain. The experiment was a success and other states began to try it, timidly at first, but more boldly and in increasing numbers during the last decade, until there are now nineteen states with sixty-one public employment bureaus in the United States.

These state labor bureaus charge no fees for their services, allot jobs impartially—usually distributing them in the order in which applications are made, and undertake not to give work to any one but merely to introduce laborers looking for work to employers looking for labor. They have won the approval of the trades unions by maintaining a neutral attitude in strikes, and inasmuch as the stamp of the state on each job is a virtual guaranty the confidence of the individual workmen is theirs. Their most important function consists in regulating the distribution of labor over an entire state. Where the outlook of a private employment bureau is essentially cramped and local, a state bureau has a bird's-eye view of the entire state, and beyond. For instance, in Wisconsin, where the system is more highly developed than elsewhere in this country, a workingman can tell by a glance at the monthly labor bulletin whether the demand for lumberjacks exceeds that for farm hands and in what part of Wisconsin the lumberjack demand is the strongest. As soon as a man is out of work he goes to one of the state employment agencies and learns in what locality he is most apt to find a purchaser for his labor.

ONE of the most flagrant defects of the situation that permits jobs to be filled by private employment agencies without proper public supervision lies in the opening for fraud left to these private bureaus. The majority of states that have labor bureaus of their own not only guarantee that a job is just as represented but pay the laborer's way to the job as well, when it is at a distance, arranging with the employer to deduct the traveling expenses of the worker from his first wages. To guard against a man's taking advantage of this generous provision to get a free ride out of town—a dodge frequently adopted by resourceful hoboes and "blanket stiffs" in the West—Wisconsin has taken unique precautions. When a lumberjack comes into the employment office at Milwaukee, and signs up for a berth in a camp fifty miles away in the timber country, an agent of the exchange buys him a ticket to his destination, gives the ticket to the conductor of his train, and checks the traveler's baggage ahead to his employer as security. Then the employer deducts the amount of the railroad fare from the first week's wages of the man, who must work long enough to pay off his passage, or lose his belongings.

IN America we need a system of free public labor exchanges in every state as well conducted as those in Wisconsin, and coördinated by a central bureau at Washington. This does not mean the abolition of all private employment agencies, but it does mean that they must coöperate with the state offices so that at any time an applicant for work can go to one of those offices and learn offhand the extent of the demand in the state for the commodity he has to sell, and it also means that the defrauding of workingmen and workingwomen by private agencies in league with crafty padroni and gang-bosses must stop, as well as the supplying of girls to houses of prostitution. The central bureau at Washington is needed because unemployment, like the white slave traffic and woman suffrage, is essentially a national question, and the power of the state in directing the stream of labor stops at the state boundaries. Such a central labor office, keeping an all-embracing eye on the labor-market in America and moving the supply of labor from one state to meet the demand in another, was advocated recently at a conference in Chicago of the labor commissioners of a number of the states which already supply free labor brokerage to their inhabitants.

It would be the task of such a central bureau to keep labor evenly distributed, removing the usual surplus of large cities to the labor-hungry districts of the country. Such a central bureau could also minimize the evil effects of seasonal employment, for example, by shifting the labor that is left idle in agricultural states after the harvest to localities where there is ice or timber to be cut or other winter work to be done.

The strongest argument for the adoption of such a plan is an economic one. Not mentioning the discouragement, heartache and pecuniary loss suffered by men needlessly out of work, the actual cost of getting a job is inordinate under the bungling arrangement commonly in vogue. Mr. Morris L. Ernst, chairman of a committee of the City Club of New York, which has endorsed the establishment of public labor bureaus in New York State, has estimated that for each job filled in New York $3 is spent for newspaper advertising alone. That is to say, in the State of New York it costs a man a full day's work to get a job. In Wisconsin to fill a job costs only thirty-five cents, and in Washington only four cents, and in both cases the state bears the immediate expense and the individual pays only indirectly through taxation.

Surely it is not revolutionary to propose that a government that dispenses to its citizens information on subjects ranging from crops to first aid to the injured should take a hand in bringing together the man and the job.

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JOHN GALSWORTHY

Mr. Galsworthy has written ten sketches on extravagance. He is the author of "The Dark Flower," "Fraternity," "The Inner Tranquillity," "Justice," "Pigeon," "Strife," "A Motley," and others. There is no writer of to-day who represents what we are trying to do in Harper's Weekly more fully than John Galsworthy. His stories of modern life combine knowledge of his neighbors with the most delightful and penetrating humor. These sketches will appear shortly in Harper's Weekly.

Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Upsetting an Inverted Pyramid

THE Rock Island system of railroads, which once comprised nearly fifteen thousand miles, is about to be reorganized. The occasion justifies, indeed demands, much sermonizing, but such is not the primary purpose of this article. Nor is it here possible to predict the exact course which reorganization will take, or recount the daily rumors of details upon which Wall Street feeds. So extraordinarily complicated is this curious corporate structure that only experts can follow its fate in detail. Even the stock and bond holders, of whom there are many thousand, must for the most part find recent developments quite enigmatical to them, and welcome any simple explanation.

Until 1901 the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway, operating extensively in the Middle West, had long been a most conservative and prosperous property. From 1875 to 1897 there had been only two presidents. Several railroads now rolling in wealth went bankrupt in 1893, but the old Rock Island did not even suspend dividends. Although the stock had been as low as 67 it usually ranged between 100 and 125 to 150, and was rarely speculated in. No New York banking or capitalistic group "controlled" the company.

Only one possible criticism lay against the company: there was not quite enough enterprise in extending its lines. But capitalization was low, $50,000,000 of stock for many thousand miles of rich railroad, and stockholders naturally did not complain.

Along came "Judge" William H. Moore, now one of the world's best-known horse show exhibitors, and in his time the country's foremost promoter. He had promoted the Diamond Match and National Biscuit companies, making great fortunes, losing them and making them again. There also was his brother, James Hobart, and two other princely promoters, Daniel G. Reid and William B. Leeds, the four being known collectively as the "Tin Plate Crowd." Moore and Reid, however, had promoted several huge steel companies besides the American Tin Plate Co., and at the beginning of 1901 had just turned all of them into the United States Steel Corporation at profits far beyond the dreams of avarice. Indeed, their combination of cash and optimism had almost reached the bursting point, and while looking about for other worlds to conquer they began, probably early in 1901, to buy control of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway, the prices which they paid probably ranging from 116 to 140 or 150.

How the Deed Was Done

HAVING acquired control they promptly raised the stock from $50,000,000 to $60,000,000 and then in June, 1902, to $75,000,000, these increases being justified by the purchase of needed extensions. But they were merely preliminary to the great flood, the most astounding piece of stock watering the world has ever seen.

Assuming that the Tin Plate Crowd paid an average of 140 for their stock, the estimates which most conservative

A heating appeal



A great writer says that "the civilization of any people can be measured by the amount of sugar and soap they consume, ***and the way they treat their women.***" Woman, like man, wants to progress in her home life, as man does in his work. The increasing use of

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

is strong proof of the higher civilization of the American people. Their use of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators is rapidly emancipating women from the drudgery caused by old-fashioned heating methods—which taxes woman's time, strength and patience, making daily life a never-ending struggle—not to mention the dollar-eating damage to carpets and furnishings by soot, ash-dust and coal gases.

In use of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators none of these damaging elements enters the rooms—an immense amount of cleaning is thus prevented. Genial warmth is sent to each room, day and night, as wanted—to the bays, halls, and along outer walls, where other methods do not reach.

The heating is not done by scorching-hot metal in the room or cellar (burning the vitality of the air), but is distributed steadily through AMERICAN Radiators which softly radiate large volumes of warmth at healthful temperature uniformly through *all* rooms and halls.



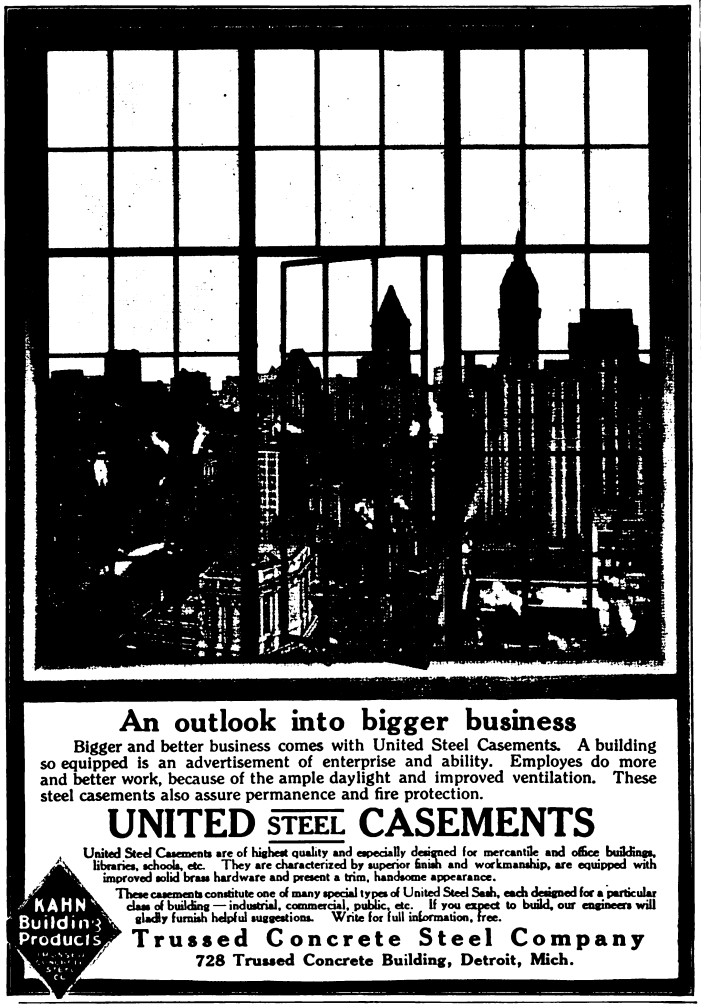
A No. 3015 IDEAL Boiler and 175 sq. ft. of 38 in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $125, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are now quickly and easily put into *old* buildings, as in new—country or city—without disturbing old heating equipment until ready to start fire in the new.

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It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than to speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor, Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.

authorities make (exact facts being known only to the gentlemen themselves), the total cost of a large controlling interest was perhaps almost $50,000,000. Under the magic wand of their familiarity with the higher realms of finance and Wall Street banking, this once quiet and sedate stock, which in its best days had never sold above 150, surged upward month by month until in October, 1902, it had reached 200, although the property was no better than before. Then came the deluge.

Instead of one company it was decided to have three, of which one was to operate the railway, one was to hold the stock of the operating company and the third was to hold the stock of the company which held the stock of the operating company. In Iowa was organized the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific *Railroad* Company to hold the stock of the old *Railway* company, which remained undisturbed in every particular; and in New Jersey was organized another holding company, the Rock Island Company, to hold the stock of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific *Railroad* Company, and any other railroads which might be acquired.

To the owner of each $100 face value share in the old company, including of course the Tin Plate Crowd who were now the majority owners, this astonishing offer was made:

$100 common stock of the Rock Island Company.

$70 preferred stock of the Rock Island Company.

$100 collateral trust bonds of the *Railroad* Company.

Total: $270 face value for $100 face value.

These bonds of the railroad company were merely collateral trust bonds secured by such of the stock of the old railway company as was turned in. Naturally every one accepted this generous offer, with the result that the fixed capitalization of this railroad system was increased 270 per cent. without adding one single cent to the real capital. Two huge holding companies with heavy expenses for administration and taxes were added to the railway company without benefiting it an iota, without giving it a dollar. Moreover, the stock, dividends upon which can be reduced if necessary, were exchanged for bonds, which are fixed interest bearing, all without the investment of a dollar.

Leeds is dead, although his widow has enjoyed many millions. But Moore and Reid are very much alive, each worth between $40,000,000 and $100,000,000. They are directors in our most powerful and dignified banks and trust and insurance companies, being much feared and respected in financial circles. Moreover, they have bought their way into such fine old conservative railroad properties as the Lehigh Valley and Lackawanna.

Murder Will Out

UP to about 1905 the three classes of Rock Island securities exchanged for the old stock sold at such high prices that those who made the exchange had many opportunities to cash in at huge profits. But in the last eight or nine years, they have become so deflated that now every one realizes that the stock market, that wonderful barometer, has long been forecasting a reorganization. Several forces have contributed to this end.

Shortly after the big deluge of 1902 the Rock Island bought the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad by paying for each

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$100 share $60 in Rock Island common stock and $60 in C. R. I. & P. *Railroad* collateral trust bonds. So bad did this venture prove that in 1909 the Frisco was turned back to its original owners at a $20,000,000 loss to the Rock Island, the Frisco having since gone wholly broke on its own account with its stock now quoted at 3½.

In its early heyday the Rock Island Company also bought the much tossed about Alton and had to turn that property back in 1907 at a loss. When it owned the Frisco that property had in turn bought the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, another expensive venture which in turn had bought the Evansville & Terre Haute.

Bad as was the Frisco loss it is possible the Tin Plate Crowd and their First National Bank associates really thought that this and the Alton might prove profitable. What they never can be forgiven for is that their double holding company scheme effectually prevented the old *Railway* from safe future financing and thus from keeping itself in good condition. This has been shown recently in detail by Representative William R. Green of Iowa, who wants Congress to investigate the Rock Island. Owing to the peculiar holding company device with the old stock locked up as security for the collateral trust bonds, it has been impossible to do any financing for twelve entire years by stock issue. All financing for that long period has been done by means of bonds, which even a first-year student in a business school would know was absolutely unwise, although the multi-millionaire promoters and their even richer banker friends in New York have not appeared to know or act upon this simple fact until the last few months when actual starvation faces the railway.

The 4 per cent. collateral trust bonds, which have declined so steadily in the last few years, are secured, as before explained, by the old *Railway* stock. These bonds have been widely distributed around as investment securities. On May 1 the interest on them probably will not be paid, as the *Railway* Company has paid dividends so much longer than it should have done in order to keep the *Railroad* bonds going that it can no longer stand the strain. Default on the bonds means a breakdown in the whole absurd structure, and a paring away of the two holding companies which have sapped the *Railway's* vitality.

Two influences have hastened the pending reorganization, despite its inevitableness due to fundamental principles of sound finance. Fear of President Wilson's efforts to have a law forbidding holding companies has been one factor, the other being the increasing interest in the property of leading men connected with Phelps, Dodge & Co., the rich old copper concern.

Reorganized to the bone the property in a few years will be a paying one again. The Phelps-Dodge people made money by sticking to the Great Northern and Northern Pacific and they may well repeat their success with the Rock Island.

I do not know whether this article will enlighten any bewildered owner of Rock Island stock and collateral trust bonds as to why he is having his investment taken away from him, but I do know that even this short review of the case shows why certain Wall Street banks and bankers, as well, of course, as promoters like Moore and Reid, no longer stand upon the pinnacle of public esteem which they once enjoyed.

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These are some of the big authors and artists whose latest work is featured in - - - - - - - - -

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What They Think of Us

New York World

In a series of articles on "The Honor of the Army," in HARPER'S WEEKLY, Charles Johnson Post attributes the readiness of so many soldiers to bear a criminal record for life, even though they escape capture and imprisonment, to the abuses of the court-martial system.

Whatever the cause, the rate of desertions indicates clearly that something is radically wrong with the army. To consider that in one year—1912—150,000 young Americans applied for enlistment and only 26,000 were accepted, and that the number of desertions that year was nine per cent. of the men enlisted, is to deal with a state of facts in no wise creditable to the system.

Muskogee (Okla.) *Democrat*

HARPER'S WEEKLY goes after the United States Government for its false and misleading method of obtaining recruits. It very truthfully points out that if any newspaper or magazine in the country should carry such a false and misleading advertisement for a private concern it would be barred from the mails under the fraud order. Some member of Congress would do this country a great service if he would start a movement to compel the army and navy to keep within the bounds of truth in advertising for recruits.

Ralph W. Westcott, Camden (N.J.)

At the end of yesterday's office work I found myself overwhelmed with the fatigue, boredom and loneliness that usually tempt a young bachelor into the oblivion of gay company. It happened that all the requisites of a good time that I could think of were physically out of reach. I came, therefore, reluctantly home to face a dull and aimless evening.

I had reckoned without my HARPER'S, however. Its tasteful cover invited me and I found a companionship within sufficient to evoke this little outburst of appreciation. Refinement, seriousness, good sense, fun;—stimulating and deepening one's interest in the great game we all play together—I looked up from the well-printed pages and found fresh meanings in the old home things about me.

The Providence (R. I.) *Journal*

Naturally, the versatile editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY may derive some gratification from blushingly placing himself in the class with Macaulay, Carlyle, and Longfellow, but he can scarcely justify his own structural errors by citing others of greater distinction.

Havana (Neb.) *Bee*

The *St. Paul Pioneer-Press* does Mr. Norman Hapgood the gross injustice of saying that he is "one of the leaders" of the feminist movement, when, as a matter of fact, he is "the" leader. Why not be fair to the fair?

John Graham Brooks, Cambridge (Mass.)

You are lighting up the way for all of us.

Robert Herrick, Chicago Sunday Tribune

The Emersonian right-mindedness of the new HARPER'S.

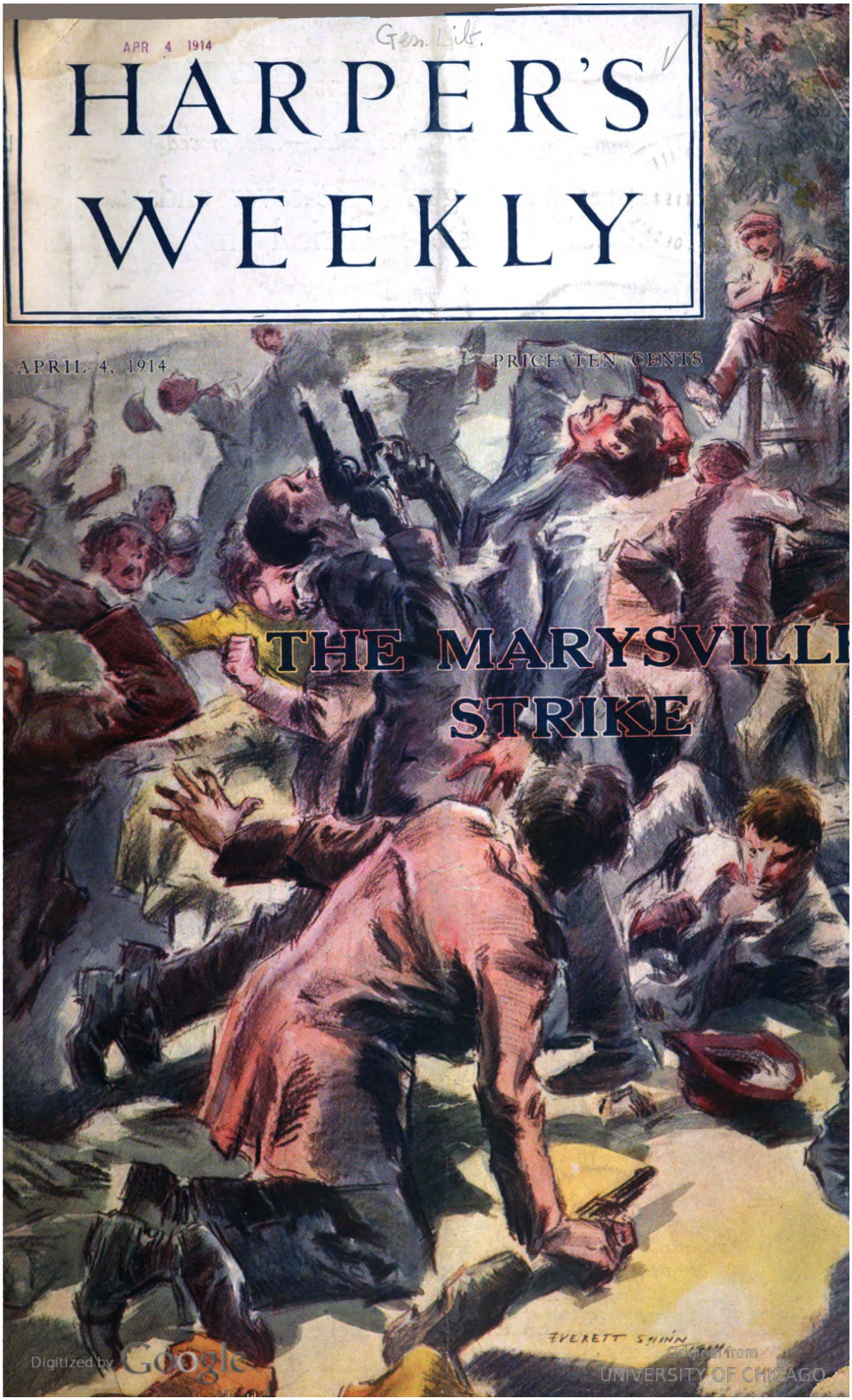
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

APRIL 4, 1914

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* * * *

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Hereafter, every moment spent in footing bills will be a sheer waste of clerical time.

This machine does *your* work *your* way.

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The Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter puts the old methods of footing bills and statements into a past business age.

A booklet, "The New Remington Idea," gives more details. Write for it today. It is much easier to *keep up* with the times than to *catch up.*

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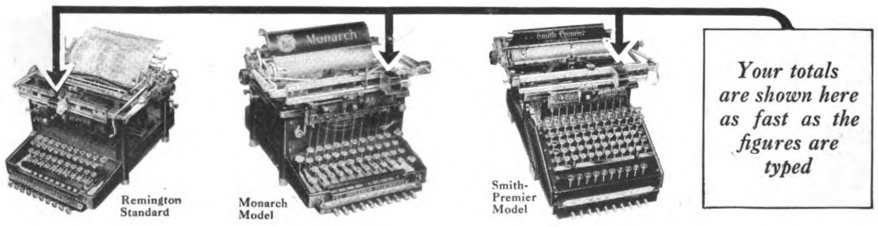
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Contents for April 4, 1914

NORMAN HAPGOOD, EDITOR

One Year of Huerta.....F. T. Richards 2
A series of Mexican cartoons

Editorials 3

A Chinese Lyric.....Pai Ta-shun 6
The Artist's Precept
Illustration from an old Chinese print

The Rise of the Small Business Man....
Ray Stannard Baker 7

Pen and Inklings.....Oliver Herford 9

Lieutenant Becker and the Courts.....
Raymond B. Fosdick 10
How the criminal appeal works out

The Murder of M. Calmette.....
Robert W. Sneddon 11
Causes for the shooting of the editor of *Le Figaro*

The Decline and Fall of Mr. Munn.....
Louis Weadock 12
A story
Illustrated by Peter Newell

A Woman.....Marion Ethel Hamilton 15
Verse

Unlocking the Far West.....McGregor 15
The Aftermath of Conservation

Two of Our Statesmen.....
James Montgomery Flagg 16
Cartoon

The Marysville Strike.....
Inez Haynes Gillmore 18
An outrage upon peaceful labor
Illustrated from a photograph

The Inn o' Love.....Willard A. Wattles 20
Verse

How to Stop Government Ownership....
W. W. Cook 21
New work for the Interstate Commerce Commission

A Reply to Mr. Brandeis.....
Lawrence Chamberlain 22
The Investment Bankers' side of it

"Julien": An Opera Saved from Itself...
Edwin Bjorkman 23
Illustration from a photograph

Enlightening the World with Baseball...
G. W. Axelson 24
What foreigners thought of our national game

Finance.....Albert W. Atwood 27
Buying stocks on margin

What They Think of Us. 30

The Chicago Election and Jane Addams...
Katharine Buell 32

In Next Week's Issue

H. G. WELLS, the most original thinker in England today, has written, in his usual trenchant style, an essay "Russia and England." It is a striking portrayal of the characteristics of two great nations.

Berlin was the first city to see George Bernard Shaw's new play "Pygmalion." GRANVILLE BARKER, who writes and produces plays himself, tells what he thought of the first performance in Berlin.

Education, LINCOLN STEFFENS contends, is the affair of students, not of faculties. "HOW TO GET AN EDUCATION EVEN IN COLLEGE" is the title he gives to the discussion of the opportunities that students everywhere are letting slip past them.

"Tranarossan" by JOHN MASEFIELD is a poem of distinction.

"Fixing the Responsibility" by CURT HANSEN, is not a solemn arraignment of anything. It is a very clever comedy about an imaginative east-side Irish boy who put his Celtic temperament into practice. George Bellows has illustrated the story.

"Music: Oriental and Occidental," by RABINDRANATH TAGORE, one of the Nobel prize winners, points out in an entertaining way some differences between the music of Europe and that of the East.

The issue will also contain EVERETT SHINN'S picture of the crowds outside of a Cathedral after the "Easter Service," ERNEST FUHR'S cartoon "Egg-Rolling," a drawing by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, and OLIVER HERFORD'S delightfully humorous page "Pen and Inklings."

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GEN. HUERTA PREDICTS THE END OF THE REVOLUTION.



GEN. HUERTA MAKES A FEW STATEMENTS.



GEN. HUERTA INSISTS HIS GOVERNMENT IS NOT VENGEFUL.



GEN. HUERTA RESTORES RETIRED GENERALS TO ACTIVE SERVICE.



GEN. HUERTA CONGRATULATES HIS OFFICERS ON THEIR LOYALTY.



GEN. HUERTA INVITES AMERICAN NEWSPAPER REPORTERS TO VISIT MEXICO AT HIS EXPENSE.



GEN. HUERTA LIFTS THE LID.

One Year of Huerta

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII No. 2989 | Week ending Saturday, April 4, 1914 | 10 Cents a Copy $5.00 a year

Amazing

A MAN left a bottle of milk at the door. A boy threw a morning paper on the steps. And in quite the same familiar way, a dispatch was flung by wireless or cable to the newspaper. This dispatch, if true to its implication, *is the most important news item of its kind since the invention of gunpowder.* It reads:

"Florence, Feb. 13.—Signor Ulivi, with an ultra-violet ray apparatus, exploded two torpedoes charged with black gunpowder and two torpedoes charged with smokeless powder which were placed in the river Arno by Admiral Pietro Fornari of the Italian Navy. The ultra-violet ray apparatus was about two miles distant from the torpedoes."

We know of rays having a wave length of a few inches. We know of rays having a wave length of several miles. A few groups of these wave lengths have been named and can be used as electricity, heat, light, wireless communication, etc. It would be astonishing if the gap between waves of a few inches in length and those of several miles were not filled with countless other waves, each group of which would have reactions differing from those of the other groups. Some day we shall discover and use these.

Certain groups of waves produce known chemical reactions, as in ordinary and X-ray photography. Explosives are so delicately balanced chemically, that only certain vibrations are needed to make them let go. While it is probable that these Italian torpedoes were "prepared" for the particular ray known to Signor Ulivi, it hardly amounts to a prophecy to say that explosives will be detonated by some one of the thousands of rays that we are just beginning to discover.

What, then, of the ten-million-dollar dreadnoughts, whose magazines can be exploded by a ray machine a hundred or a thousand miles distant—or of the soldier who carries in his cartridge belt his own annihilation?

Imperialism

LORD MORLEY, in his Notes on Politics and History, speaks of the "fashionable idolatry of great States," and brings forward, to prove that it *is* idolatry, the fact that self-government "was saved by three small communities so little in imperialistic scope and ideals as Holland, Switzerland and Scotland." What happened four centuries ago might well happen again. Most minds accept whatever ideas are fashionable at the time. It is now fashionable to confuse size with greatness. Once when Florence was as big as one of our smaller cities, she was intellectually greater than the whole United States. It is also frequently believed that if a State is small it may be wiped out. The three States mentioned by Lord Morley do something to quiet that dread. The United States is so large within its own borders that the question for us is academic. No one of President Wilson's domestic services is greater than his firm stand for intellectual and moral principles in foreign affairs. None of his services has a better chance of contributing to our actual creative greatness in the future.

Behold Us Proud

BEING praised by the best publication in the United States would not please us as much as being attacked by the Los Angeles *Daily Times*, owned by Harrison Gray Otis. When that sheet devotes nearly two columns to telling us how wicked and ignorant and hopeless we are, the world looks worth while. The Los Angeles *Tribune* knew its contemporary when, on March 9, it printed a cartoon of Harry Otis as an organ-grinder, grinding out the words: "The saloon is a fine institution; drink freely; never mind wife and children." The instrument was labeled "Times Booze Organ," and the penny-catcher on top of it was marked "For Revenue Only." One of his monkeys was saying: "We are out for the stuff." Emma Goldman in talking about him awhile ago said he was her ideal man; the only man in America who was really satisfactory to her. She said that if her crowd, the Anarchists, would conduct themselves in the way that Otis conducts himself, their victory would soon be won.

Safety First

THE Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad has just made a five-year loan for thirty-three million dollars. One of the terms was that the road, must put aside from the profits a certain amount to go into the improvement of the property—these amounts to aggregate seventeen million dollars in the five years. This arrangement, made by the Chairman of the Board of Directors, Frank Trumbull, reflects credit on him and on the bankers with whom it was made. It is the exact reverse of the story of the New York, New Haven & Hartford and of the Boston & Maine, where, instead of putting part of the profits into the road, those in control borrowed money to pay dividends. Such constructive management of the Chesapeake and Ohio will increase the value of the stock as well as of the bonds. Whatever the immediate market results, the ultimate outcome must be good.

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Bookkeeping

SOMETIMES it seems as if New York newspapers were hopeless on their financial side, so incorrigibly do they seem swayed by the ticker. False bookkeeping by concerns of which the securities are put out to the community, ought to be treated as seriously as counterfeiting. Otherwise we can have no proper basis for credit. The thing that the financial world ought to demand with unrelenting rigor, is truthful accounting. The one thing a banker ought not to stand for is dishonesty in accounting. Strictness on that subject is a necessary foundation of soundness in his business and his usefulness to the public, and the immediate effect on the stock market should be to him as nothing in comparison. The financial papers almost solidly undertook to minimize the Saint Paul delinquency, and devoted themselves to scolding the Commission for putting the information out at a time when the market was so sensitive. There was not an iota of indignation over the delinquency. The same papers acted in the same way when Mr. Brandeis was pointing out similar conditions in the New Haven Road, and that experience does not seem to have taught them a thing. They talk about confidence, but do not seem to understand that we can never have confidence until such newspapers, instead of complaining whenever there is any demand for honest accounting, pounce on any one who insists upon it..

The Spirit of Advance

SOME months before the last big blizzard, Mr. Truesdale installed wireless on the Lackawanna Limited, and erected a wireless station at Scranton, Pa., to test the sending radius of a moving train. After the snow had fallen for twelve hours and the last telegraph line had snapped, the railroad operators were at a loss to know what had become of their trains. Up in Scranton, the Lackawanna wireless man flashed a message into the sky, and a wireless station on the roof of a great department store got it one hundred and fifty miles away. From that moment the task of digging out lost trains was simplified by the knowledge of their approximate locations. The Erie and the Jersey Central offices on the western side of the blizzard telegraphed news to Scranton, and Scranton wirelessed the news to New York. Mr. Truesdale's road was restored to service forty-eight hours earlier than it would have been without the wireless. The first train over the road reported by wireless the exact condition as it went along. Three new wireless stations have already been ordered by the Lackawanna, and by the end of the year wireless may be the standard method of train operation.

Courtesy

THE Pennsylvania Railroad, which trained Thornton for the big job in England, found itself on a Monday morning during the blizzard with a thousand would-be passengers on waiting room benches at the New York terminal. The officials knew that the thousand, and other thousands sure to join them, would be in a distracted mood. Every official in the station was ordered to remain on duty, just as if trains were operating, and to spend his time helping the passengers. They told the whole truth about the tie-up, and urged the passengers to go home or to their hotels, with a promise of calling up by telephone two hours before the first train could leave. By six o'clock in the evening enough telephone numbers had been taken to keep the force of operators busy for two hours, recalling passengers at the first opportunity to leave the station. The first train pulled out at eight-thirty, to the accompaniment of cheers. Thornton has the reputation of being the one of all the bosses who has known most about his men and has been most approachable. The blizzard episode shows that the Pennsylvania is training up more Thorntons.

No Doubt About This

SENATOR REED SMOOT stands at the head of a bi-partisan machine in Utah whose first rule is that any man who has not the machine's O. K. cannot thrive. The machine has quietly at its service the columns of the Deseret *Evening News*, the official organ of the Mormon Church, and openly has the support of the *Herald-Republican*, a paper founded by Senator Smoot and his close political subordinates. That there was a combination between the two papers was suspected by many, but this could never be proved until a short time ago when the name of Presiding Bishop Nibley of the Mormon Church appeared on an executive committee named to dominate the editorial policy of the *Herald-Republican*. A new pamphleteering weekly, the *Progressive*, says:

"Smootism and the methods used in perpetuating Smootism are incompatible with a republican form of government."

Utah politics are complicated and many aspects of them might be disputed. About the necessity of defeating Smoot, there is no doubt whatever, if Utah is to be a progressive state.

Freedom and Teaching

PROFESSOR LEWINSOHN, who has resigned from the faculty of the University of North Dakota, states that he was compelled to resign because he took an active part in conferences of the Progressive party. Professor Lewinsohn states that the two men who dominate the Board of Trustees of the University of North Dakota are attorneys, one for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and the other for the Bell Telephone Company, and that two members of the faculty have recently been warned, one for criticizing a decision of the United States Supreme Court, and the other for criticizing the management of a penitentiary; that, on the other hand, President McVey has spent much of his time lecturing in favor of the Aldrich Bill, that Professor Birdzell, a Democrat, is on a two years' leave of absence while holding a political office, and that Mr. Bronson, another colleague and a Republican, has been for two years past a state senator.

Professor Lewinsohn says: "Judge Burke of the state supreme court offered an annual prize of $25 for the best essay on how so to cheapen and

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expedite litigation that the opportunities of the rich and poor might be more nearly equalized. This prize was accepted by the law faculty, whereupon the board passed a by-law prohibiting students from participating and requiring the prize to be withdrawn. Mr. Bangs stated that the subject was Socialistic."

If these statements are accurate, the action of the university is archaic.

The Banker Superfluous Again

THE ability of the people to buy and sell securities without paying the vast rake-off that the bankers charge, has been shown again in the success of the four-million-dollar Third Avenue 4s, which Mr. Whitridge has just put out. Likewise the Massachusetts sale over the counter, referred to by us a few weeks ago, has been completed. Since HARPER'S WEEKLY went under its present editorship we have probably not published any one article more important than Mr. Brandeis' article called "Where the Banker Is Superfluous," in which he points out that public service corporations might wisely apply directly to their stockholders for financing, and also points out the importance of not calling for too much money at a time. By the way, the Brandeis series on The Money Trust, published in HARPER'S WEEKLY from November 22 to January 17 past, is now published as a book by the Frederick A. Stokes Co., thus putting this powerful creative treatise in a form where it can be permanently and easily accessible.

Success and Friendliness

THE number of business men who are establishing just and rational relations with their employees increases rapidly. Hart, Schaffner & Marx feel a justified satisfaction in what they have accomplished in the last three years. After the great garment workers' strike, they took up the idea of collective bargaining with their employees. After a time they adopted the preferential union shop, which began in New York and represents the ideal combination of the closed and open shop. In this work they were aided by Charles H. Winslow, who was making a specific study of the New York protocol for the United States Government. The result of his investigation can be found in the United States Bureau of Labor Bulletin 98, 1912. The success of the experiment of Hart, Schaffner & Marx is still more noticeable in view of the fact that the attitude of trade unionism and of employers has been less reasonable in Chicago than it has been in the East.

A City from a Roof

IT is a mist-laden night, when the buildings thrust through the blue vaporish air, and shreds of the mist are caught on their cornices. The city of skyscrapers seems like the creation of a magician in one of those incantations where first there comes a puff of smoke out of the ground at your feet and then, while the smoke is still heavy on the air, a figure has sprung into life with wisps of the vapor still eddying around its shoulders.

Getting It Out of the Doctors

IN April, 1912, suit was brought against two noted surgeons of the German Hospital in New York City for leaving, after operation, two sponges in the plaintiff's abdomen. What actually happened was that the family physician later did a minor operation during which he used two pieces of absorbent cotton. It was those two pieces which the plaintiff assumed had been abiding in his abdomen since his first operation. Newspapers all over the country printed headlines telling how the fellow-bunglers had sewed up those two sponges within their victim—first-class copy. When the case came up for trial, it was proved that one of these alleged miscreants had not even been present at the hospital operation; that absorbent cotton is never used in the German Hospital for abdominal sponges; that the family physician had positively assured the plaintiff the cotton he had used had never been inside the latter's abdomen, which he had, furthermore, never opened. The jury ended the suit of that G. P. (in medical parlance, grateful patient). Those surgeons have been harassed through two years and have had to engage counsel at loss to themselves; when their sole crime was having devoted their consideration and skill to a patient who was shown to have had not only one but four serious diseases—hernia, Bright's, diabetes and a heart lesion—and who, through their ministrations, nevertheless still lives. They were sued by that patient for ten thousand dollars. Medical history teems with accounts of such suits, almost always instituted by charity patients. Are there headlines telling of the issue of this suit? Hardly; where would be the news value?

Western Athletics

SOME of the friends of the Western athlete do him injustice by boasting too much about him. He himself is sociable and modest. Among those of his friends who do him justice without overstating the case is N. H. Bowen, of the Detroit *Saturday Night*, a careful, just and constructive critic. There has been a fine struggle to build up athletics in the less-settled parts of the country: long journeys taken, difficulties in equipment and coaching overcome. The young men are fine physical specimens and frequently fine mental specimens. Washington University sends a baseball team to Japan practically every year, without asserting that anything remarkable is being done. Indeed, the Far Western teams themselves are on the whole more diffident than the teams in the Middle West. Over-enthusiasm among business men resulted in a disastrous visit of the Stanford Eight to the East, which was not caused by any overestimate of their abilities by the members of the crew itself. A man closely connected with Washington University said in a recent letter to a friend: "We hope to have as good a crew as last year, and if we win the Coast Regatta, we shall have another try at Poughkeepsie. We realize that we have a lot to learn, but feel that last year's showing was sufficiently encouraging to warrant another trip if we can make it." That is the way to talk. It shows determination without bombast.

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A Chinese Lyric

By PAI TA-SHUN



黃 瀛 弧 畫 東 坡 得 硯 圖 （吳 昌 碩 山 方 伯 藏）

The Artist's Precept

I WOULD not paint a face
Or rocks or streams or trees—
Mere semblances of things—
But something more than these.

I would not play a tune
Upon the sheng or lute,
Which did not also sing
Meanings that else were mute.

That art is best which gives
To the soul's range no bound;
Something beside the form,
Something beyond the sound.

We like these lyrics of Pai Ta-shun, and shall publish them frequently. Some are pure lyric quality, others have a deep philosophy.

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The Rise of the Small Business Man

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

RAY STANNARD BAKER is one of our most notable students of public affairs. In this article he describes a movement which he has very much at heart. In the course of his discussion, he shows what the small business man in America thinks of various questions now under discussion

IF you stop a moment and look out across this big country of ours you will see few things more interesting—or important—than the stir which is now going on in the business world. For the business world is plunged in similar confusion and is undergoing a similar process of readjustment to the political world.

For fifty years the ideal worshipped by American business men was Bigness; it was Quantity rather than Quality.

Something of the same change is now taking place in business that has been going on in agriculture. For a long time the passion of the American farmer was for "more land." Big farms, superficially cultivated, and vast ranches, wastefully pastured, were the rule in agriculture.

Within the last few years the ideal has been changing. We have had books with such symbolical titles as "Three Acres and Liberty," "Ten Acres Enough." Scientists of the agricultural colleges have been demonstrating the fact that a small area of land thoughtfully and efficiently cultivated was more profitable to the individual farmer and far better for the country than larger areas hastily and poorly cultivated.

The idea of intensive cultivation in business is likewise succeeding the idea of extensive cultivation. We now hear in business the key-words so long familiar to the new agriculture: Analysis, experimentation, intensive development. Scientific agriculture is analyzing soils, testing fertilizers and seeds, applying new machinery; scientific business is making motion-studies, analyzing cost accounts, applying new methods of management, developing a science of salesmanship. In each there is a growing passion for thoroughness, efficiency.

Government long ago began to stimulate the practice of the intensive cultivation of the land by establishing experiment stations and colleges, and by organizing a great national Department of Agriculture which a distinguished German visitor has called "the greatest scientific institution in the world." And now government has organized a new national Department of Commerce and for the first time Business sits in the President's Cabinet along with Agriculture and Labor, the two other great economic elements in our life. The time will soon arrive, no doubt, when we shall have extensive industrial and commercial experiment stations to build up new standards, to set new ideals, and to assist manufacturers, traders, shippers and other business men, as the agricultural experiment stations now assist the farmer. In the Bureau of Standards at Washington we already have the germ of this important work: and what is the National Bureau of Chemistry, which under Dr. Wiley became such a power for good, but an experiment station to develop the best and most scientific methods for the production of pure food products?

In the educational field we find a similar parallel. Exactly as the great universities have developed colleges for scientific instruction in agriculture, they are now also establishing courses in commerce, industry, business. For the first time in America, business is approaching the standard of true professionalism.

IN brief, Bonanza Business is going the way of Bonanza Farming; and for the time being, at least, the tendency in America is toward *smaller business, more intensively cultivated.* And whatever may be the future of industry in America—whether it remain competitive or become more coöperative, whether it remain in private hands or pass more and more into the control of government—the present effort of business men to apply scientific methods, to become better educated, to master every department of their work more completely, is in every respect to be encouraged and commended. Could we realize a Utopian socialist state, for example, we may be sure that it would not survive save as it was founded upon scientific knowledge, a passion for efficiency, and the desire to serve the public which now marks the best type of professionalism.

I have given a brief outline of this remarkable movement among business men as an introduction for the story I have to tell of some very interesting new things I have been seeing at Washington. I knew, in general, that these readjustments were going on—as who does not?—but I had no idea that the movement was becoming so self-conscious as it is. I knew that a number of the prophets of scientific business, men like Mr. Brandeis and Mr. Taylor (and indeed the whole group of efficiency experts both in the colleges and outside), had been prophesying and exhorting, but I did not know that the movement, in one of its aspects at least, was reaching the point of vigorous and effective organization.

And this was what I learned first from Mr. Edward A. Filene of Boston, one of the early movers in the work, and afterward saw in actual operation at Washington.

IT is a noteworthy fact that Business, as distinguished from Big Business, has never until recently succeeded in organizing itself on a national scale in America. Labor has for many years been organized on a national scale with headquarters at Washington, and so, to a far lesser extent, has agriculture—with its National Grange and other national or semi-national associations. But business, until recently, has contented itself with local organizations like chambers of commerce and boards of trade or with national organizations in specific industries, like the National Tanners' Association. Even the much-abused National Manufacturers' Association was in no sense representative of the mass of business men in America, and it committed the grave mistake of trying to play the political game of Big Business.

Attempts have been made for the last thirty years to draw together the industrial and commercial interests of the country on a truly national scale, but it was not until President Roosevelt's Administration, when it became plain, at length, that the popular attacks upon Big Business might injure all business, that the great mass of smaller business men in America began to stir. Of the many new movements that took root in the fertile soil of the Roosevelt regime few are likely to have a more umbrageous growth than the effort on the part of certain local chambers of commerce, working with Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Straus, to bring about a national association of business men. A conference called at that time resulted in the formation of a National Council of Commerce. It began, however, without sufficient preparation, and did not thrive. Early in 1912, President Taft and Secretary Nagel, also coöperating with certain energetic committees of chambers of commerce, issued a call for a national commercial conference at Washington.

About 600 selected business men, none of them connected directly with what might be called Big Business, but representing nearly 400 local chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and trade associations, came together, and here was born the United States Chamber of Commerce. It has had a promising growth. In 1912 it spent $42,000 in organization and in promotion, in 1913 it spent $82,000 and its budget for 1914 is $100,000. It now has 530 local and trade organizations in its membership, representing about a quarter of a million individual business men. It has also 1400 individual dues-paying

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members. It is represented in every state in the union except New Mexico.

But these statistics of size do not explain the vitality of the organization. It is the first great commercial association which seeks a real control by its membership. Taking a lesson from labor organizations and from radical political programs, the United States Chamber of Commerce has adopted the referendum for deciding all important questions. It has already sent out six elaborate referenda to discover the view on certain vital public questions of its membership. But it has gone even further than this in the desire to secure real democratic control. It has limited the voting power of the great and wealthy organizations of the East—like the chambers of commerce of New York and Boston. No one of them is allowed more than ten votes or ten delegates at the conventions. Nor are the great trusts represented in the organization save as their individual directors or managers may be members of local chambers of commerce. The Standard Oil Company and the United States Steel Company has thus no more power in the organization than the small individual member. Indeed, there have been radical disagreements, as at Boston, between the element in the local chamber representing Big Business (like the New Haven Railroad interests and the banks behind them) and the smaller business men.

In short, and this is the important point, the United States Chamber of Commerce represents, and is controlled by, the smaller and more diversified industrial and commercial interests of the country.

NOW the purpose of the United States Chamber of Commerce is not to lobby in Congress by the old, underhanded, secret methods employed by the so-called special interests. Its purpose is to discover and organize the business sentiment of America on all questions: not alone the sentiment of New York, or of the protected industries of New England, but the sentiment of all America. It is as much concerned to know what its fourteen commercial organizations in Montana want as any fourteen organizations elsewhere. It plans to do for business what the American Federation of Labor is attempting to do for labor. Its activities are all open and public.

Now, an organization like this, should become more effective in getting advantages for business than the secret lobbyists of special interests. It rests upon a wider base, commands the coöperative power of hundreds of thousands of business men, and bases its action upon knowledge and the frank expression of its desires. Though it has not yet appeared much in the public eye, it has already begun to marshal the business interests of the nation to the support or to the defeat of legislation which affects business interests. From now on, instead of being less effective in politics, business will probably be far more effective.

Six important questions have already been referred to the membership for decision. A pamphlet, similar to but not modeled after that sent out by the progressive State of Oregon in its referendum elections, was prepared in each case, stating the question clearly and presenting arguments for and against with entire impartiality. I have seen no better digests of the arguments on the questions involved than those contained in the Chamber's pamphlets. They have been sent to every part of the country, and the results of the vote furnish interesting evidence of the business sentiment of America. Here is a list of the questions so far considered, with the vote in each case:

	FOR	AGAINST
First—Shall the United States Government introduce a more businesslike system of handling its finances by adopting the budget system in making its expenditure?	510	10
Second—Shall the government maintain a tariff commission?	715	9
Third—On the question of exempting labor and agricultural combinations from prosecution under the Sherman Law	9	669
Fourth—On the question of the adoption of the Chamber's Committee report favoring the Glass-Owen Currency Bill with recommended amendments	303	17
Fifth—On increasing government support of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce—meaning increased government encouragement of commerce	624	3
Sixth—On establishing by Congress of a Bureau of Legislative Reference and Bill Drafting like that of Wisconsin	625	16

Two of these referenda are of especial importance. The fourth shows that the smaller business interests of the country were and are in favor of the currency legislation passed by Congress and the result of this referendum, spread before the committees of Congress, was one element, certainly, in easing the way of that bill through Congress. The big interests and the big banks were generally against the legislation, but the small business interests favored it. The third referendum shows plainly that the entire weight of business sentiment is against exempting labor and agricultural combinations from prosecution under the Sherman law. It also marks the alignment, which may become plainer as time passes, between the united business interests of the country and the united workers and farmers.

The offices of the organization occupy part of a floor of the new Riggs building at Washington. The president of the Chamber is John H. Fahey of Boston, and the secretary is Elliot H. Goodwin, who has served faithfully for many years as the secretary of the National Civil Service Reform League. A monthly journal called "The Nation's Business" is issued by the organization, and valuable reports and bulletins regarding the business condition of the country are issued periodically.

In this way, just as Big Business influences are passing out of politics, a new organization of the business interests of the nation appears as a new influence upon legislation. And it is likely, symbolizing as it does a deep-seated change of attitude in America toward business, to be far more effective and powerful than the old lobbying interests, which often sought political favors by underhanded and secret methods.

Another interesting article by Ray Stannard Baker, entitled "The Signs of the Times" as seen by Mr. Taft, will be published in the near future

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

Musings of Hafiz

(*The Persian Kitten*)



THE human world is in a state of catniption fits and all because the Lady Humans have suddenly taken to dyeing their fur pink and green and blue, instead of red and brown and mouse color, which everybody knows are the proper colors to dye one's fur. But why all this fuss about a mere question of tint?

Surely if you can't dye your own fur pink, whose fur *can* you dye pink?

The detachable skins (woven or spun from the bodies of their fellow animals) with which human ladies have from the beginning of time covered themselves are dyed every color of the rainbow (and some colors that even the rainbow has never heard of); why then may not a lady dye her head to match the rest of her?

While I do not believe in loud fur (I have always deplored the use by a branch of my own family of the vulgar Tammany pattern), I can not see why the birds should have a monopoly of the swell tints.

AFTER all are not birds the one link of sympathy between my family and that of the human lady? Do we not divide the bird between us?

A bird consists of three things, Feathers, Insides and Song. The human lady wears the feathers, and we eat the insides. As for the song? Well, I have always wondered what becomes of the song. Some say the bird note is merged in the color note and passing through the hat-feathers into the human lady's head is transmuted to the squawk or warble (as the case may be) of the human lady's voice. Others say the warble does not affect the lady at all but is assimilated by *us* in the process of digestion, eventually finding musical expression in the technique of a Joachim or a Kubelik.

Soothing as it is to me, this thought of posthumous harmony (not unlike the human's hope of heavenly harps) is but a pleasing delusion. If it were true that the gift of song could be absorbed in the form of food, then the people of England would be the most heavenly of human singers, for greater even than their love of quoting poetry about the skylark is their passion for eating lark pie —Skylark Pie!



John Bull reciting Shelley's ode to the Skylark

If I were a human and pretended to think as humans do I would as soon think of eating a baked Liszt Rhapsody, or a fried Chopin Mazurka.



John Bull eating the national dish, skylark pie

NAITHLESS—(I think my Ibsen coiffure entitles me to the use of a word like "Naithless")—the new fashion in Female Human Hair will be a boon to the best-seller novelist. Now he can write about *the curl of her ruby hair*, and *the flash of her sapphire (or emerald) locks*, and give the dear girl's lips and eyes a much needed vacation.

THE following letter from Mr. Wilfred Buckland, the famous manager and the inventor of David Belasco, purrs for itself:

TULLY AND BUCKLAND
1482 Broadway, New York

PRESENTING
GUY BATES POST
in
"OMAR THE TENTMAKER"

Friday, February 6, 1914.

My dear Hafiz:

Selamun aeli kum. My gratitude to you, O friend, for I have come into great honor. These many moons I have labored inaudibly in the latest method of the New School of acting—thanks for the phrase—but my labors were never rewarded until now. My name has been placed on the program. In the cast it says: "Majnun" . . . then a pause for emphasis, just like a regular actor. . . . "Majnun himself." That's your relative.



Portrait of my Persian relative Majnun—now supporting Mr. Guy Bates Post in "Omar the Tentmaker." The background of the picture consist of Miss Jane Salisbury and Mr. Forrest Macomber

And all the credit is due to you, friend Hafiz. When your scathing rebuke in HARPER'S WEEKLY appeared, Richard Walton Tully and Wilfred Buckland retired in great consternation, and when they emerged from the darknesses of the stage, I heard them give directions to Miss Catherine Lee, Mr. Ames's press representative—reports say that she is charming—to give me full credit in the program. Now my name is there, and the Arab prances with envy.

May I send you a photograph in remembrance? I am having some new ones taken—again just like an actor,—and I should take pleasure in the thought—that you should have one.

But, friend Hafiz, never refer to your relative on the stage as a "common" showman and a disorderly person. "Common" is the word that hurts. Don't forget that the scion of an aristocratic family—Mr. Tully chose me for the cast more because of my pedigree than my good looks—loses none of his pride when he goes on the stage. If you don't agree with me, wait until you have tried to sleep in the dressing room of a "society" actress.

Once more my thanks, friend Hafiz. A critic in Montreal referred to me as of unimpeachable lineage, and said that I was a good actor, but that never touched my heart like your kind words.

O generous patron, may thy whiskers never grow less!

MAJNUN.

Also I wish to offer my sincerest purrs to Miss Agnes E. Van Slyck of Cincinnati, Ohio, for her kind gift of most enjoyable catnip.

HAFIZ.

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Lieutenant Becker and the Courts

By RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

Formerly Commissioner of Accounts of the City of New York

CRIMINAL appeals are a grotesque failure among American institutions. Mr. Fosdick, who writes this article, is an acute student of affairs. He has recently been in Europe studying the police system there, and is about to publish a very important book on the subject. He is the kind of public man whose views on the Becker case are especially worth having

THE decision of the New York Court of Appeals ordering a new trial in the case of ex-Lieutenant Becker gives fresh point to the remark of ex-President Taft that American criminal procedure is a disgrace to our civilization. One year, three months and twenty-five days elapsed between the death sentence by the trial judge for murder in the first degree and the ruling of the Court of Appeals. During this period Becker occupied a cell in the "Death House" at Sing Sing. If Becker is innocent and his conviction is the result of fundamental judicial errors and a prejudiced court, a monstrous injustice has been done for which society can never adequately atone to the injured man. If, on the other hand, Becker is guilty, the action of the Court of Appeals in reversing the considered verdict of a jury a year and a half after it was found and prolonging a painful and uncertain procedure indefinitely into the future is a circumstance which makes of our legalized conception of justice a mockery and a sham.

Either way we look at it the picture is dark and ominous. Following hard upon the heels of the scandal of the Thaw proceedings, it leaves New York little to be proud of in her courts and her system of criminal procedure. "American justice" (*Amerikanische Gerechtigkeit*) they call it in Germany and the remark will lose nothing of its derisiveness in the light of this new incident. For the Becker case was eagerly followed throughout Europe. Shortly after the trial, the writer of this article spent several months in England and on the continent studying police systems, an errand which brought him into touch with many of the higher municipal and state officials. In every city he visited in Germany, in Hungary, in Austria, even in the out of the way places in Bavaria and Württemburg, he was greeted with one question: "What about Becker? Will the 'system' save him?" To the thousands of Europeans who followed the case with eager interest the decision of the Court of Appeals will come with no surprise. Unacquainted with the intricacies of our criminal procedure, unable to conceive of justice as a wavering laggard, there will be for them but one interpretation: the "system" saved him.

OUR slow, laborious method of executing justice, with its network of intricacy and uncertainty, is in marked contrast with the procedure of Germany and England. Justice in those countries is swift and sure. In Germany an appeal may be taken from convictions in the matter of important crimes to the Imperial Court of the Empire at Leipsic (*Reichsgericht*). As a matter of fact, however, convictions are seldom overturned and the number of appeals in capital cases is few. In capital cases the papers of appeal must be submitted to the Supreme Court a fortnight after the verdict, and it is very seldom that the court neglects to hand down its opinion within four weeks.

It is to England, however, that we may look with even greater profit, for from her we borrowed the foundations of our criminal system. The elaborate defenses with which we surround the accused, the assumption of innocence until guilt is proved, our jury system, in fact, our whole attitude and point of view in regard to the man on trial are of English origin and were handed down from generation to generation for centuries before they were carried to America. How does this system —*our* system—work out in England?

A NEW YORK lawyer in a London criminal court is a stranger in a strange land. For two days I sat in the King's Bench Division of the Central Criminal Court listening to a murder trial. I noticed a dozen points which in an American court would constitute reversible error. The judge took an astonishingly prominent part in the proceeding in a way that a New York judge would scarcely dare do, examining witnesses, instructing counsel, and openly exerting his influence to guide the jury. He even commented upon the failure of the defendant to take the stand in his own behalf. The unrestrained flow of objections to questions by opposing counsel on the grounds of irrelevancy, incompetency and immateriality, which forms so conspicuous a part of an American trial, was surprisingly absent. The proceedings were direct, simple, and even colloquial. They would have been intelligible to a layman. There were no hypothetical questions, no haggling over the admission of evidence. Counsel on both sides* gave the appearance of striving to arrive at the truth by the quickest and most direct route. On direct examination the questions of the attorneys were often "leading" questions and were put without objection. Thus they did not hesitate to ask their witnesses such questions as this: "Did you look through the door and see the defendant speaking with Williams and after a few seconds did you see him fire the shot?" In an American trial it would take a dozen questions and answers to elicit this information, and each of them would likely involve objection and argument.

The writer of this article is an attorney with some experience with juries. The jury at that trial was made up of men of average intelligence such as compose panels in the United States, no better and no worse. Under the guidance of the judge its verdict was swift and unerring, and the trial which in America would have lasted from one to two weeks was brought to an end in two days. Three weeks later the defendant was hanged. In the United States there would have been absolutely no difficulty in securing a reversal on any one of a dozen technical points. The record was bristling with "reversible errors"; and as an attorney I should have been willing to guarantee not only an order for a new trial by the upper court, but an opinion that would contain some rather strong language as to the conduct of the trial judge.

With us a verdict of guilty by the jury is often the first step in a long legal fight; in England it is practically the last step. Up until 1908 there was no such thing as a Court of Criminal Appeal in England, unless the occasionally employed powers of the House of Lords be taken into consideration. The verdict of the jury was final and conclusive. But in 1908, as a result of the remarkable series of official mistakes which culminated in the wrongful conviction of one Adolf Beck, a regularly constituted Court of Criminal Appeal was established by Act of Parliament, consisting of the Lord Chief Justice and eight judges of the King's Bench Division of the High Court. To this court appeals may be taken on points of law or upon the certificate of the trial judge or with the approval of the Court of Criminal Appeal. When the idea was first suggested, it was prophesied that the establishment of this court would result not only in delay but in a double trial for every defendant, and our American experience was dragged forth as a gloomy warning. This foreboding has not been realized. The fact that the court has power to increase the penalty, a power which it occasionally exercises, and the well-founded knowledge that reversals will be ordered only in cases of glaring error, which vitiate the justice of the entire proceeding, act as deterrents to taking useless appeals; and it is estimated that but seven per cent. of those entitled to appeal actually avail themselves of it. In 1911, out of a total number of 623 applications for leave to appeal, only 109 were granted. Altogether there were 165 appeals considered by the court; of this number 104 were dismissed as groundless, in 35 cases the conviction or the sentence was altered, in 25 the appellant was discharged. Seven appeals were heard by the court against conviction of murder; in six cases the conviction was affirmed, in one case it was quashed.

UNDER the English law appeals to the Court of Criminal Appeal must be taken within ten days after conviction. Ordinarily the court renders its decision in from seventeen to twenty-one days, although in murder cases involving the death penalty this period is often shortened. Thus, Edward H. Palmer was sentenced to death for murder at the Bristol Assizes on February 19, 1913; his appeal was filed with the Court of Criminal Appeal on February 25; on March 10 the court sustained the conviction. John Williams was sentenced to death for murder at the Lewes Assizes on December 14, 1912; appeal was filed on December 17; the court dismissed the appeal on January 13, 1913, and the man

*There are no "district attorneys" in England in the American sense of the word.

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was executed on January 29. In this case, the Registrar of the Court of Criminal Appeal explained to the writer that the intervention of the Christmas holidays had unfortunately lengthened the case! Similarly Tom Mason was convicted of murder at the Manchester Assizes on December 5, 1912; his appeal was filed on the 14th and was dismissed on the 20th. In this case the Home Secretary commuted the sentence to life imprisonment.

IN this fashion it would be possible to quote case after case from the records which the Registrar of the Court of Criminal Appeal kindly placed at the writer's disposal. In the event of an unsuccessful appeal, it is seldom that a death penalty imposed by the trial court has to be postponed more than a week. In looking over the work of this court one gets the impression of a swiftly moving, silent machine—the embodiment of the certainty of justice in England, and in sorrowful contrast is our dilatory, uncertain system. Our criminal procedure not only makes delay possible but actually encourages it. Our "certificates of reasonable doubt" are granted with scandalous frequency. The magnified conception of the function of appellate courts which exists in this country both increases the length and complexity of the proceedings and produces spineless, timid trial judges whose cases are conducted in perpetual dread of reversal. Our methods are formal, diffuse, and inflexible; we are enmeshed in technicalities which we revere as the attributes of justice, confusing them with the essentials of our criminal system; we do not see as the English see it, that simplicity, directness, and a moderate degree of speed are consistent with fair, impartial trials.

I WAS talking with one of the Under-Secretaries of the British Home Office who has traveled far and wide in America and Europe. "You Americans are so wonderful in your industrial organization," he said, "and show such level-headed common-sense and effectiveness in the practical affairs of life that I cannot understand why you tolerate such an inefficient judicial system." How much longer are we going to tolerate it? How much longer will the unintelligent and unenlightened conservatism of our bench and bar stand in the way of a thorough reorganization of our criminal procedure?

The Murder of M. Calmette

By ROBERT W. SNEDDON

A CRIME has been committed. It is nothing new in Paris. Each day sees the familiar phrase "A drama of passion disclosed" captioning sordid romances of infidelity or jealousy cut short by murder or suicide. But add to crime the rumor of political significance, as in the Calmette-Caillaux tragedy, and Paris draws in its breath sharply.

A milliner shoots her lover. The case excites a morning's thrill, and passes into the obscurity of the law courts. The wife of a cabinet minister shoots an editor who has been guilty of a breach in the code of honor of a gentleman—and immediately all Paris is in a turmoil. The air is full of scandal, revelations and threats. Madame has fired the first shot in the revolution that is to come some day. Down with the government! Down with the decadent rich! An entire city wants to see some thing or some one up or down without delay.

And the facts. Here they are so far as we know:

Two months ago, Calmette, editor-in-chief of *Le Figaro*, started a fierce newspaper campaign against Caillaux, ex-premier, Minister of Finance in the cabinet of Doumergue, leader of the radicals in the Chamber of Deputies, and bitter antagonist of France's imperial policy. Caillaux was accused of political and patriotic crimes, assailed as liar, turncoat, traitor, bribe-taker and frustrator of the ends of justice. A short time ago there appeared in *Figaro* a quotation from a private letter dated several years back, in which he expressed himself as strongly in favor of the income tax measure of which he is the chief opponent. This letter, obtained from some secret source, had been sent by Caillaux to his present wife, who at the date of its writing was the wife of Leo Claretie, literary critic of *Figaro*, from whom she was divorced in 1911. It had been matter of gossip in Parisian society for some time that the married life of the Caillaux has been rendered unhappy by the Minister's reputation for gallantry. A short, red-faced, bald man with a heavy jaw, he is reported to have been the hero of more than one amorous adventure. No suggestion of scandal crept into print, however. Whatever his wife may have known of his affairs, she was not publicly affronted by the unbaring of her private shame. The chivalry of the French press conspired to preserve a discreet silence on matters which concerned none but husband and wife. One man alone seemed on the point of breaking that silence. It was Calmette.

The unhappy man was sitting in his office when a visitor was announced. It was Madame Caillaux. "Show her in," he said, "she is a woman." No sooner was she admitted than she fired a revolver several times at him. She was disarmed but it was too late. Calmette is dead; Madame Caillaux is in prison; Caillaux has resigned; the cabinet has reorganized, and the mob of Paris has found an excuse for an outburst.

Madame Caillaux, it seems, is the last person in the world from whom one would have anticipated murder. She is a typical middle-class Frenchwoman, with all that prudence and practicality which is the saving grace of France among the Latin nations. She claims that her intention was merely to wound Calmette as punishment for his attacks on her husband, and the crowd sees in her a heroine, the victim of her love for her husband. It is said, however, that Calmette was in possession of other letters, and that fear of their publication drove her to a last desperate resort.

THERE are other threads in the tangle; the woman from whom Calmette may have received the letters, said to be Caillaux's divorced wife, and a third woman, who is rumored to have formed the real cause of rivalry between the two men. It may well be that passion not politics prompted Calmette's enmity to Caillaux.

Calmette may have been maintaining the traditions of the Parisian press's opposition to the government. There has always been war. All parties who aspire to power advocate the liberty of the press, all who attain to it suppress it, was almost a proverb in the early days of French journalism. One writer complains: "Under the Revolution they beheaded the editors, under the first revolution they were gagged, under the restoration imprisoned, under the government of July accused of moral complicity, during the second empire a deputy demanded their deportation in a body. Today—a deputy has declared—a minister sends his wife to shoot the editor. Calmette was only carrying on the work of Rochefort, Cassagnac, who used pen and sword equally well, and Schœll of his own paper, who maintained his reputation at the sword point. He may have adopted Lamartine's 'La vérité, c'est mon pays' as his motto. He is not alive to tell us."

What is clear to us in the whole affair is that again we perceive that politics in France wears petticoats. It is well known that woman plays the rôle of guiding goddess to those who are in power. More than one highly inconvenient exposure has proved its truth, but without affecting the public standing of the man. It is no affair of the people. A minister is after all a man—that is, a Frenchman. Besides, it must be remembered that the profession of minister is very select. No outsider is allowed to penetrate the charmed circle. Since 1870 there have been exactly one hundred and three ministers, though the cabinet has fallen many times during that period.

AND the good people are content. They preserve an admirable spirit of *je m'enfichisme*—an "I should worry" attitude. They are patient under administrative malpractices and petty annoyances which would drive an American crazy. To live an undisturbed life, enough to eat and drink with a little coin for the stocking, suffices them. They have not yet recovered from the despairing struggle of the Revolution. That victory left France a thing of nerves. They desire to remain tranquil, but at intervals, roused by political revelations, they throw off their apathy and become angry fanatics.

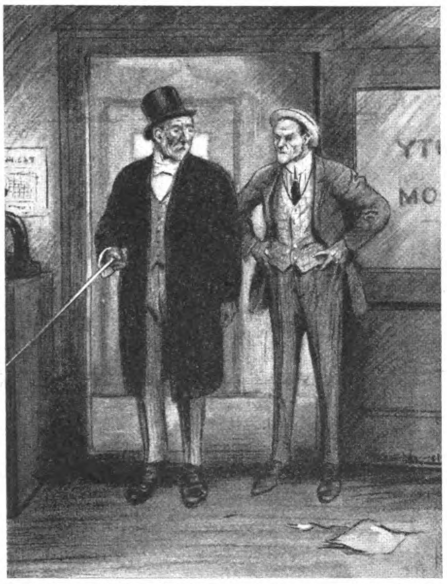
Such a revelation as that of the Calmette murder might have dangerous consequences. The occasion is one for every party to use as a text. The Royalists see in it argument for a new restoration. The Socialists, headed by Jaurès, a persuasive orator, make it an excuse for pushing the investigation of the trial of Rochette, a fraudulent company promoter, which was postponed, as they charge, at the instance of Caillaux. On the other hand the radical Socialists and radical Republicans have adopted a vote of confidence in the ex-minister. His fellows have had to sacrifice him.

As to revolution—No. Paris is a pretty woman. She hates to get her petticoats soiled in the mud. A shower makes her tremble for her hat. When the sun shines she is alert, her brain is working, she might do anything unexpected. She might revolt. But when it rains, Paris is busy within doors, in the home, the theater, the café. She has other things to think of besides politics.

And it is cold and wet in Paris just now.

There will be no *coup d'état*.

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"A gleam of dissatisfied appraisal sprang into the dynamic eye of the efficiency expert"

The Decline and Fall of Mr. Munn

By

LOUIS WEADOCK

Illustrated by Peter Newell

THE managing editor of the *Evening Despatch* was an efficiency fiend. He was hired because the circulation and the advertising which were dying by inches had only a few more inches to go. His was a fierce eye, a fiercer voice, and a still fiercer ability for getting the greatest possible amount of work out of the smallest possible number of men.

The owner, a kindly old man who had fought under Grant and still cut his beard in honor of the memory of his commander, brought the new managing editor to the door of the dusty and disorderly city room. Indicating the middle-aged occupants he explained:

"The gentlemen of the staff."

A gleam of dissatisfied appraisal sprang into the dynamic eye of the efficiency expert. He gave voice to his feelings:

"Looks like the graduating class at an old men's home. I'm going to get out a bright, snappy paper. I can't do it with a collection of antiques."

The owner coughed mildly. He said: "I'd hate to see any of them go. I've known most of them for years."

The new managing editor was not impressed. He had restored many sinking newspapers to active service by making the ancient mariners in their crews walk the plank. No sentiment of excessive pity was aroused in him by workmen whose futures had been swallowed up in their pasts.

"You can't get out a bright, snappy paper with octogenarians," he said impatiently. "Look at that old party over near the window. He doesn't seem to know that typewriters have been invented."

He pointed to a placid old gentleman with shaggy gray hair. The placid old gentleman was writing slowly and importantly with a lead pencil.

"That," said the owner, "is Mr. Munn. He's been a reporter with us for twenty-five years."

"That's almost long enough to be on a paper without buying a typewriter. It takes too long to write and edit lead-pencil copy."

THEY passed to the identification of other culprits guilty of long service or old age or both. Mr. Munn continued to construct lengthy sentences with a lead pencil. He carefully loaded them with phrases and clauses, being of the opinion that the new managing editor from New York would be likely to appreciate an ornamental style.

The next day Mr. Munn's literary labors were interrupted by the janitor, who placed another desk beside the window. There came to occupy this desk Russell, who had just been deposed from the city editorship. Russell, who was about Mr. Munn's age, had lived long enough to learn that life sometimes reserves the bitterest lessons for the later years. His most recent discovery in confirmation of this theory was that although it had taken him twelve years as a reporter to become a city editor, the process of making a reporter out of a city editor had required less than twelve seconds. Mr. Munn provided paper, paste pot and shears for his unhappy colleague. He shrank from inquiring into the details of the declension. Russell of his own volition disclosed the fact that as city editor he had been succeeded by a "noisy pinhead from New York who dresses like a gambler."

The young man thus uncharitably described had transferred his objectionable wardrobe to the *Evening Despatch* in response to a telegram from the new managing editor. Together they began to wake up the town. The awakening process began in the office of the *Despatch*.

DURING the twenty-five years Mr. Munn had worked in that office he had never seen such an earthquake. Several of his oldest friends were discharged for no graver crimes than coming to work late, spelling names incorrectly, and being beaten on stories by the *Despatch's* rival, the *Express*. The new bosses added two hours to each working day. They installed extension telephones, pneumatic tubes, and a fire-gong which rang in the office simultaneously with those in the engine-houses. These innovations were made that seconds might be saved; and this in an office in which the hour rather than the minute had theretofore been the standard of value of time. They moved the telegraph instruments into the big room in which everybody worked. They got the telegraph companies and the telephone company to give them their swiftest operators. Nobody strolled in to work or sauntered out upon an assignment any more. Everybody moved on the jump. Everybody yelled into the telephones and into the less sensitive ears of the copy-boys.

THE new managing editor and the new city editor, coatless and collarless, sniffing the new atmosphere as charges sniff the smoke of battle, said to each other:

"This is the stuff. This is more like the real thing."

The new free information bureau was a success. So was the new electric bulletin board. So was the new financial department bringing brokers' advertising; the new attitude toward the mayor's administration, bringing city advertising. In fact, everything and everybody seemed to be a success except Mr. Munn.

His failure to become a cog of value in this machinery for the production of a bright, snappy paper was due to no lack of interest on his part. He studied the noisy, rushing monster, trying to discover what sort of work his new masters wanted. He had less difficulty discovering what they did not want. It was the sort of work he had been doing for twenty-five years. They broke in two his carefully-modeled paragraphs using, in the short, jerky substitutes they built on the ruins, only a little of his original material. As they dispensed with his ceremonious diction they dispensed with ceremony in talking to him. They called him "Munn" whereas the owner and the old city editor had always called him "Mr. Munn." The young man with the offending clothes said:

"Munn, buy a typewriter."

Munn bought a typewriter. It was as hard to conquer as a piano. Mr. Munn persisted until finally he attained such proficiency that he could write upon it almost as legibly if not so rapidly as with a pencil.

One day the managing editor lit in the city room with a wild light in his eye. In his hand he had an Associated Press cable from Japan. He had been a war correspondent in Japan. His opinion of the value of his knowledge of Japan was high. He wanted to slap the cable into an edition just going to press but he intended to

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enhance its worth, to put it, as it were, in a suitable frame by accompanying it with some illuminating comment. He said to Mr. Munn:

"Here. Take this on your machine."

He dictated his views on the subject matter of the cable. Had he printed the stuff as Mr. Munn typed it his readers would have regarded his communication not so much as a Japanese enlightenment as a Chinese puzzle. He told Mr. Munn sharply to get up and let him sit down. With fingers which once had evidently been at home on a keyboard he wrote his own story. As he ripped it from the roller he said to Mr. Munn:

"You'll have to be faster than that on a typewriter for an afternoon paper."

Mr. Munn felt his voice tremble as he answered:

"I'm trying hard, sir."

He stared at the typewriter as if that instrument and not he had been at fault, but in his heart he knew that he was older than the typewriter and was wearing out first.

SHORTLY after that day he came down one morning prepared to go to the Court House to cover a sensational trial upon which he had begun working the day before. In a voice meant to be kind the young city editor told him another reporter had been assigned to the trial. Mr. Munn's request that he be told why his work the preceding day was unsatisfactory was made in no effort to vindicate himself. He was already too badly beaten to attempt that. His request was a confession that he who was probably more than twice as old as this boy with the monogram on his silk shirt was not only willing but eager to go to school to him. The young city editor lighted a cigarette before he answered.

"There's no use beating about the bush," he said, "your story wasn't bright and snappy enough."

"Thank you," said Mr. Munn.

He turned to his desk. Beside him sat his old city editor writing paragraphs which were most unlikely to be printed.

"They tell me," said Mr. Munn, a little resentfully, "that my story yesterday wasn't bright and snappy enough."

Russell looked at him with that keen interest one old man has in another.

"The truth is," he said, "that we're getting too old."

"Maybe you're right," answered Mr. Munn, "but I don't feel old."

They fell to comparing the *Despatch* office to a boiler shop and a mad-house, looking about furtively lest they should be observed. Yet each of these old men had given his life to the *Despatch*. They wished they had saved enough money so they could quit working. They reminded each other of their friends in other businesses, men no older than they, but who had worked for themselves and not for others and who had been able to retire from their stores or factories or offices. They knew many such men.

It was not long before Mr. Munn's salary was reduced. Had he any resources aside from his salary he would have resigned. He did not resign.

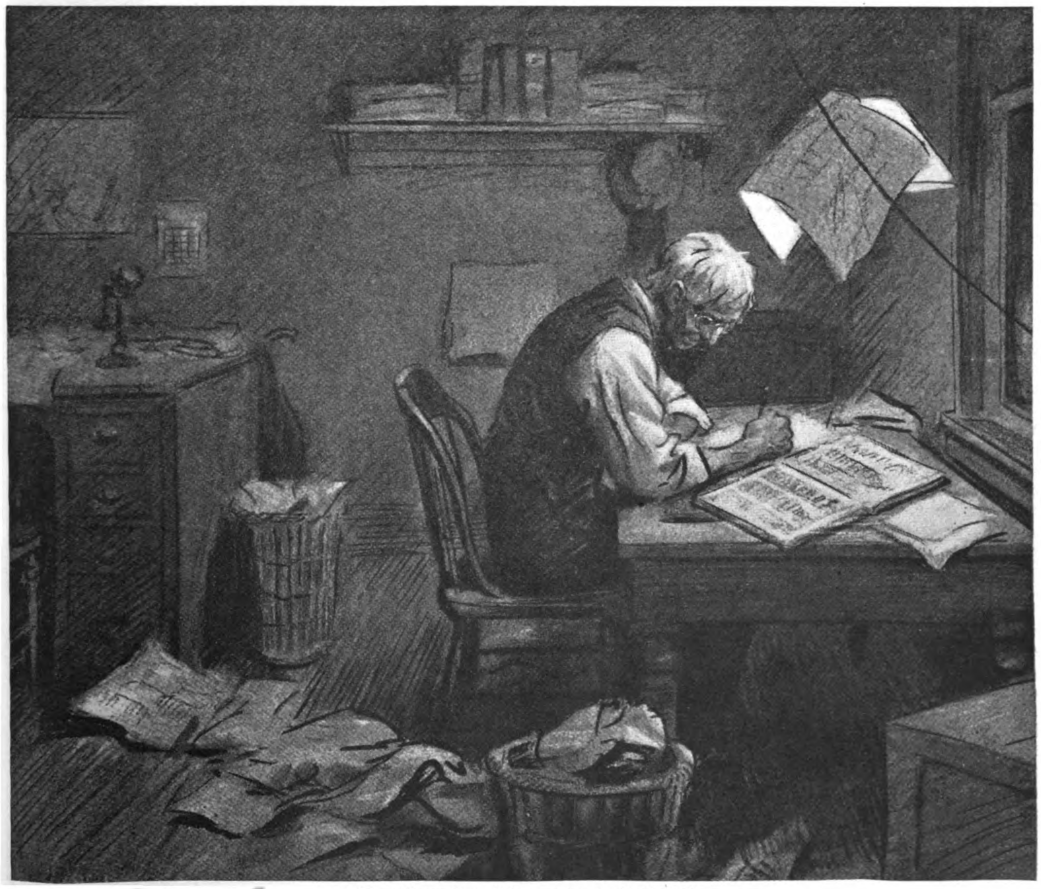
STILL his superiors on the bright, snappy paper did not discharge him. In that he knew everybody in town he had some value. Even this value lessened as the acquaintance of the two pushing strangers grew. He heard one of them was buying real estate. He regretted he had not bought real estate long ago. He could not afford to buy any now. The new men used him to write obituaries of prominent citizens, recollections of pioneer days and the like. The old dead days and the old dead friends were closer to him than the new raw days and the new raw strangers.

THE editors putting it as if they were doing him a favor gave him a column in the paper each day, telling him to fill it with reminiscences. They let him sign it. He was proud again. For a while the feature attracted some attention. Old residents wrote approving letters to the paper. The cynical managing editor believed old Mr. Munn wrote some of these appreciative letters himself. He was right, as cynics sometimes are. So low had poor Mr. Munn fallen in his attempt to prove he was not yet ready for the scrap-heap. His chiefs would not even let him rest in peace with his memories. They kept after him, coaxing, bullying him into trying to make his column bright and snappy. As well try to make a graveyard bright and snappy.

In a despairing effort to arouse the loyalty of his old patron, the owner, Mr. Munn wrote eulogies of General Grant. He got out his old scrap-book and rewrote clippings about other dead leaders whom he knew the owner admired. In his column he made some of these leaders more brilliant than less prejudiced historians had made them. The managing editor stopped this, saying:

"The war was over in '65. Try politics."

Mr. Munn was in the office at dusk



"Mr. Munn then did an unforgivable thing"

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when the managing editor reminded him the war was over in '65.

"Make your old-time politics bright and snappy," the managing editor said, "or we'll have to drop the column altogether. If we do, I don't know just how we could use you."

The managing editor and the young city editor left the office together. They looked happy and important. Mr. Munn watching them strike out, their heads high, their walking sticks thrust under their arms, could not help remembering that once he had walked as proudly and happily, and under that roof too. Now if he did not succeed in doing work which was as good as he did when these men were children they did not know just how they could use him.

TURNING again to his obstinate typewriter he tried his best in the deserted office—the battlefield where none of his many victories was remembered, but where all his defeats were counted against him.

The words would not come. He got out his scrap-book. He read again some of the articles he had written in the days of his power. As he read he felt a little glow of pride. No matter what was thought of his writing now there had been a time when he wrote well. His work in the scrap-book was just as good as other men's work which had pleased him so much that he had cut it out and pasted it with his.

He especially liked some writing he had done at a national political convention. When he bent his old head close to the page to make sure about the date he was unreasonably glad to find it was not so long ago as he had thought. He remembered the convention. The best newspaper writers in the country had been there. The work of some of them was in his scrap-book. He stopped to read an article which he remembered had charmed him at the time. It had appeared in a paper not so important then as the *Despatch* then was. It described the entrance into the convention hall of a certain statesman now dead and forgotten, but in those days a choice target for humorous writers. Mr. Munn remembered with regret that he had not written about this statesman. As he read the other man's work he chuckled.

"This," he thought, "is what they mean by bright and snappy writing."

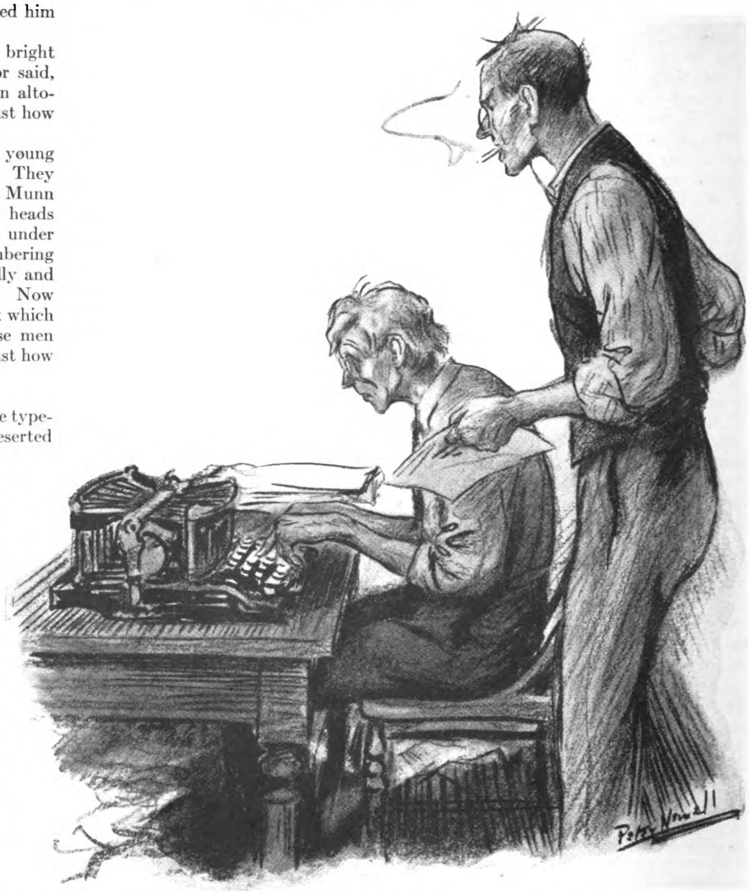
Mr. Munn then did an unforgivable thing. Still chuckling as an old gravedigger might in discreet mirth he forgot the disadvantages of his profession, he copied word for word this description of the dead and forgotten statesman, a description written by some anonymous reporter who by this time might be dead and forgotten.

HE prefaced it with a line reading:

"I remember when I saw—"

And then came the other man's work to which Mr. Munn boldly signed his own name.

"This is theft," he said to himself, "but it is better to steal than starve. It is certainly bright and snappy enough for anybody. I'll likely hold on here quite awhile longer."



"He said to Mr. Munn, 'Here. Take this on your machine'"

He left the stolen goods for the foreman of the composing room to put in type for his column on the morrow.

When the first edition reached the city room the next morning the young city editor was seen to laugh as he read Mr. Munn's department. He was then seen to do what was even more remarkable, which was to go to Mr. Munn and put his hand respectfully on Mr. Munn's shoulder.

"You rang the bell today," he said heartily. "That description of how you saw the senator enter the convention hall is a little classic. Give us more stuff like that."

With the paper in his hand the young city editor went into the managing editor's room.

"Bill," he said, "read this. Old man Munn's struck his gait again. This is a corker."

The managing editor took the paper.

The city editor who watched him as he read hoped, not only for Mr. Munn's sake as a writer but for his own as a judge of writing, that the managing editor would confirm his approval.

The chief gulped down Mr. Munn's story swiftly as it was his custom to gulp down all printed matter. Then he turned back and read it again, this time slowly as if he were tasting each line, almost each word. When he put down the paper he said:

"That is a very good piece of work. Ask Mr. Munn to step in."

Quickly the city editor brought Mr. Munn. Delicately he left the two men together. There was a faint flush on Mr. Munn's cheek. His eyes were shining.

"Mr. Munn," began the managing editor.

THE other's shoulders straightened. Seldom lately had he been called "Mr. Munn."

"I have sent for you," the managing editor went on, "to tell you that was a very good piece of work you have in your column today and to tell you not to let it happen again."

The old man's chin quivered.

"I don't understand," he said, wondering not only at this contradictory statement but at a new gentleness in his superior's voice.

"Perhaps you'll understand," said the managing editor, "when I tell you that I wrote it myself."

He clasped his hands behind his head and leaned back in his chair.

"It was my first convention," he said.

"I was there too, sir," said Mr. Munn pitifully, "it was my last."

The managing editor, looking dreamily out of the window, said more to himself than to Mr. Munn:

"How long ago it seems. How fast we get old in this business—how fast we get old."

And then he discharged Mr. Munn.

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The Woman

By MARION ETHEL HAMILTON

A WOMAN yearned for Fame and Work and Life;
A man's rough world she wanted, and his strife.
But God was wiser, and He softly smiled,
And sent to her, a little, helpless child.

Unlocking the Far West

By McGREGOR

THE West had a good deal of legitimate worry during the great fight over conservation, for fear its resources were going to be locked up instead of merely protected. Our correspondent McGregor understands the attitude of the present Administration in regard to Western lands extremely well, and makes it clear in this article

IT was one of the misfortunes of the unlucky Taft Administration that after the Ballinger-Pinchot episode, whatever Ballinger advocated was under suspicion, while Secretary Fisher had to appeal to a Congress composed of a Republican Senate and a Democratic House. Therefore any constructive measures for opening up the resources of the West and of Alaska were impossible for that Administration. Pinchot and Glavis did an immense service in calling national attention to the value of these resources and the danger of their exploitation by monopolistic interests. They may now be safely unlocked. Those extra-intelligent gentlemen who succeeded in putting Ballinger over as Secretary of the Interior, with the hope of a speedy exploitation of the national wealth in the West, including Alaska, only delayed the development of that region while closing the door in their own faces for all time.

The way in which the Administration is handling this great problem is another tribute to the coöperation between the executive and legislative departments. The President has a Secretary of the Interior who enjoys his absolute confidence, and also the confidence of Congress, of the Conservationists, and of the people of the West. Secretary of War Garrison, a great lawyer, has worked out a scheme by which the apparently interminable controversy between national and state *rights*, on the water-power question, has suddenly ceased, and the thought has been quietly turned in consideration of state and national *functions*. Secretary Lane's first noteworthy triumph was the passage of the Alaskan Railroad Bill. Then he suggested to the Committees on Mines and Mining the opening up of the radium-bearing lands to prospectors, with the government as the sole purchaser of the ores. Next in order comes the Alaskan Coal Bill. But the whole vast scheme is under way for the codification of the mining and water-power laws: so that coal lands in the Western states may be opened up for development; so that great phosphate deposits in Montana can be mined; so that oil and gas lands cannot be seized by the powerful after they have been really discovered by the "hardy prospector"; so that the precious white coal of the roaring mountain torrents may be utilized for the electrification of railroads, for the establishing of industrial plants, and for the irrigation of lands in mountain regions, the water producing electrical power and thereby pumping itself up hundreds of feet above the level where it flowed. The scheme is being worked out through joint conferences between the Public Lands committees of both houses, and the committees on Mines and Mining, with Secretary Lane; and by Secretary Garrison in conjunction with the House Committee on Interstate Commerce. It is hoped that the measures thus carefully threshed out can be passed at this session of Congress.

The Administration has an especially able ally in Senator Walsh, one of the new Senators of the vintage of 1913. He is expert on all questions relating to mines and water-powers, from both the legal and practical points of view. His Alaskan Coal Bill contemplates the survey by the Secretary of the Interior of coal lands in Alaska, the Bering River and Matanuska coal fields first, reserving for government use some five thousand acres in the former and about eight thousand acres in the latter, to be mined, at the discretion of the President, for government works, government railroads, or for the use of the Navy. The remainder is to be divided into tracts of 40 acres or multiples thereof, in no case exceeding 2,560 acres, which shall be leased under liberal terms, under government regulations, at the rate of twenty-five cents an acre the first year, fifty cents for the next four years, and one dollar an acre thereafter, with royalties of not less than two cents a ton, as shipped from the mine. Rents and royalties go toward paying for the Alaskan Railroads. In addition, for local domestic fuel, coal lands of not more than ten acres in extent may be leased to individuals or associations without the payment of rent or royalty.

UNDER Secretary Garrison's water-power plan, water-powers on navigable streams are to be leased by the federal government, for a term not exceeding fifty years, in the states having public utility commissions, which will have control of the rates to consumers. The royalties go to the states, since it is seldom that a water-power, especially in the West, can be used for transmitting electrical energy beyond state lines. Under this plan the immense water-power of Montana, for example, with its towering mountains and rapid rivers can immediately be made available. The Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad is already proceeding to electrify four hundred miles of its lines through Montana. By the use of two famous water-powers on government lands, the Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific, under the new plan, will be able to do the same thing. In the more arid region east of the Rockies, electrical power can be used successfully to pump the water from the streams to the lands upon the hillsides, opening thousands of acres to cultivation.

THE codification and rewriting of the mining laws is to be placed in the hands of a commission, which must report to the President the result of its labors not later than January 1, 1915. This bill was offered by Senator Smoot, but for some mysterious reason, perhaps the interest in coal mines now held by the Mormon Church, the bill had the proviso that the new code should not deal with lands containing deposits of coal, oil, gas, phosphates or soluble potassium salts. The committee struck out this proviso.

Some of the abuses inherent in the present system of laws, to be corrected in the new code, are:

Coal mining on government lands has all but ceased in the West on account of the antiquated provision that no person or association could acquire more than 320 acres of coal lands. It costs $200,000 to procure the equipment for mining coal on a commercially profitable basis and the amount of land allotted is not enough. It is proposed to allow one person or association to acquire not more than two sections, instead of a half-section, though this amount may be limited, at the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior, for coal-bearing lands where the veins are of extraordinary richness and thickness. The principles of the Alaskan Coal Bill can be applied in part to coal mining in the states on government lands. In Montana the sulphuric acid that is now wasted in the smoke of the great copper plants, to the destruction of vegetation, can be utilized, as it is in the Ducktown plants in Tennessee, for combining with the otherwise insoluble phosphates in the manufacture of fertilizers.

Great will be the rejoicing in the West if the Administration succeeds in solving these problems and opening its rich resources.

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TWO OF

By JAMES M

TWO men, Secretary Lane (on the right) and Secretary Ho Mr. Lane's biggest job just now is opening up the west work. Mr. Houston's work includes the important task of when they were talking everything over in that geni

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STATESMEN

OMERY FLAGG

on the left) have a great deal to do with our natural resources. safest way. McGregor, on the preceding page, tells about this our soil more productive. Mr. Flagg caught the two secretaries friendly spirit which marks their relation to each other.

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The Marysville Strike

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

NOTHING is more important than the industrial situation, and yet on no subject is it more difficult to get real news than on the big conflict between capital and labor. Mrs. Gillmore was present during the Marysville strike. She tells different aspects of it, but tells it all as a human drama

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

ON August 3, 1913, the strike of the hop-pickers on the Durst ranch in Wheatland, California, culminated in a riot in which four men were killed: two officers of the law—District-Attorney Ed Manwell, Deputy Sheriff Reardon—and two of the striking hop-pickers—an unknown Englishman and an unknown Porto Rican.

Later two hop-pickers, Richard Ford and Herman Suhr, were indicted on the charge of the murder of District-Attorney Manwell. A complaint to the same effect against Walter Bagan and William Beck was lodged by the District-Attorney.

On January 31, 1914, the jury acquitted Walter Bagan and William Beck of the charge of murder, and convicted Richard Ford and Herman Suhr of murder in the second degree.

On February 5, Judge McDaniel sentenced Richard Ford and Herman Suhr to imprisonment for life.

These are in brief the steps of a trial unique in the history of California, a trial which aroused a great deal of public interest, a trial whose results are of incalculable importance to the millions of migratory workers in America and to the labor movement at large.

To understand the situation it is necessary to know something about those conditions on the Durst ranch which precipitated the strike.

There were gathered on that ranch at that time twenty-three hundred hop-pickers, men, women and children, speaking among them twenty-seven different languages. These hop-pickers seemed to be paid as well as the hop-pickers on other ranches, but in reality they were not, for Durst required of them a cleaner picking. Working conditions on the ranch were difficult, living conditions abominable. There were no high pole-men to assist the women in pulling down the high vines. The women were expected to load the heavy bundles of hops on the wagons. The temperature of the hop-fields rose as high as one hundred and twenty-two degrees; and yet, to many, drinking water was almost inaccessible. That is to say, to get a drink they had to walk varying distances, the longest a mile and a quarter. And it was piece work.

AT noon a lunch-wagon appeared. This wagon carried ice-water. But by a clever arrangement nobody could get water without also buying lunch. On the witness-stand Durst admitted that he owned an interest in this lunch-arrangement and that he did not permit goods from the town-stores to be delivered on the ranch. The sanitary arrangements were unspeakable. Durst himself testified that, to these twenty-three hundred people, there were only eight toilets. Others testified that women and children stood in line at these toilets for half an hour. Partially filled irrigation-ditches naturally developed into dumping-grounds—with the result that the stench of decaying food became unbearable, and pestilential flies filled the air. Dysentery appeared. Typhoid developed later.

These twenty-three hundred hop-pickers started to work on Thursday. The riot occurred on the following Sunday. Richard Ford, an ex-member of the I. W. W. who organized the strike, had had some previous experience as an organizer. But there is no better testimony to the horrors of the conditions of the Durst ranch than the fact that, within three days, he had produced among twenty-three hundred people and twenty-seven languages a condition of perfect solidarity. In this he was assisted by Herman Suhr.

MANY things happened on that fatal Sunday. The following, as far as can be translated from the testimony, is a faithful record of the main events: In the morning a committee of hop-pickers, headed by Ford, presented Durst, at the latter's request, with a list of demands. By this time the list included a demand for increased pay. The strikers told Durst that they would give him an hour to consider the matter. In the course of this conversation, Durst struck Ford across the face with his gloves. At the close Durst immediately sent for a sheriff. It had been his custom, in case of trouble, to order the offending persons off the ranch, and to threaten them with arrest. A constable came at Durst's request and reached out to arrest Ford. Ford demanded a warrant. The constable had no warrant, and, for the time, the matter dropped.

That afternoon, the hop-pickers gathered about their dance platform. Not only were the men there, but the women and children. Everything was quiet. There had been speaking. There had been singing of some of the I. W. W. songs—for instance "Mr. Block," a bit of satire. Suddenly two automobiles appeared on the road. From them alighted eight men—District-Attorney Manwell, and a company of sheriffs and deputies, the latter all armed. Sheriff Voss and Deputy Sheriff Reardon advanced toward the hop-pickers. Sheriff Voss said in effect, "I order this meeting to disperse." Then the two, Voss and Reardon, drew their clubs and striking right and left, pushed their way through the crowd to the dance-platform. "There's your man," said Reardon to Voss. He pointed his gun at Ford. Immediately a Swedish girl in the crowd leaped at Reardon, and clutched his throat. Reardon turned his gun on her.

Then occurred the splendid episode of the Porto Rican.

This nameless hero of the hop-pickers was a gigantic brown negro. Nobody knows anything about him. It is likely that all we shall ever know is the magnificent revolt of the last fifteen seconds of his life. In that quarter of a minute, however, he flared to blood-red prominence. When Reardon pointed his gun at the Swedish girl's breast, the Porto Rican became a whirlwind. He grappled with Reardon, tore the club from his hand, cracked him over the head, seized Reardon's gun, shot him dead, swung about, shot District-Attorney Manwell dead, and the next instant himself dropped dead from a charge of buckshot from Deputy Sheriff Daken's gun.

There followed shots estimated by witnesses to range from ten to twenty. An English lad, the possessor of a beautiful tenor voice, song-leader of the hop-pickers, was walking along, carrying a bucket of water. A deputy sheriff shot him down. All this took only a few seconds. But when the smoke cleared away, there were four dead men on the ground.

There followed the complications usual to such a situation: the flight in all directions of the terrified hop-pickers, the slow sifting of evidence. There followed other complications of a more sinister nature. One important witness disappeared as though by magic and could not be found during the trial. He reappeared the instant the trial was over. Detectives played a hideous part in torturing some of the witnesses for the defence to extort confessions. The result of this was that one witness attempted suicide, a second accomplished suicide, and one detective went to prison for a year.

Finally, out of the twenty-three hundred hop-pickers, two were indicted for murder—Richard Ford and Herman Suhr—and a complaint to the same effect was lodged against Walter Bagan and William Beck. The new District-Attorney, E. S. Stanwood, successor to the deceased Ed Manwell, was assisted in the prosecution by J. J. Carlin, formerly attorney for the Durst interests and family. Austin Lewis and R. M. Royce undertook the defence. The State Federation of Labor rallied to the support of the defendants, and appealed to all the American Federation of Labor unions of the state for funds.

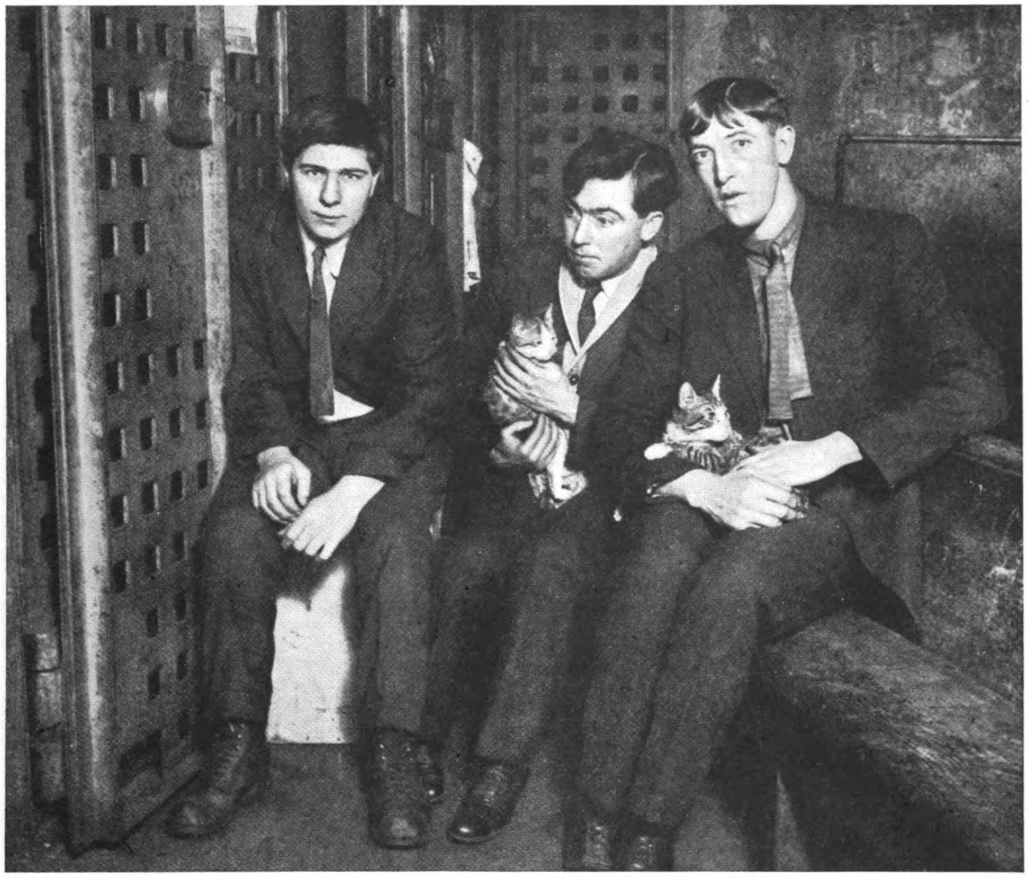
I will say here that nothing has ever been done about the killing of the English lad.

The trial was an exceedingly interesting event. It resulted in a flagrant miscarriage of justice—one of those things that we can never quite believe until we see them ourselves. To understand what happened, it is necessary to know something about Marysville.

MARYSVILLE, situated near the foothills of the Sierras, is one of the oldest of the interior towns of California, a fruit center, the modern translation of a prosperous mining camp of '49. Ordinarily, it is a quiet place, but on Saturdays it fills with farmers from all the country round. It is charming from many points of view. On one side you look over a huge dike, which guards the town from the spring floods, to a long rippling line of snow-capped mountains. On the other side, grim, stark, unmitigated by any green, rises a line of buttes. Many of the houses show in their architecture the Spanish influence of single and double balconies. You walk in consequence for long spaces over sheltered sidewalks; it is as carefully arcaded as some of the small Italian towns. Here and there are houses that look much older than their possible fifty years—a century at least. Of wood, of red brick, of gray stone, trimmed attractively with white wooden lace, they hide behind cascades of filmy vines and are barricaded by

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orange trees. There is a subtle semi-mediaeval quality about Marysville. And, certainly, Marysville is not modern. According to its spokesman, Mr. Carlin, it is very far from modern. Marysville hates new ideas. It hates strange new phrases—"mob-psychology" for instance, and "mass action." It distrusts such words as "philosophy," "socialism," "sociology," "solidarity," "eugenics." Above all, Marysville hates an I. W. W. It is not strange in view of all this that Marysville has a delicious air of drowsiness; for Marysville has been asleep for a long time. But Marysville waked up during the month of January. Only can I compare its sensations to those of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, when, a few years ago, the Russian-Japanese Peace Conference roused it from a nap centuries long. Marysville woke up because as soon as these four hop-pickers—worthless, Marysville would have called them—were tried for murder, a veritable horde of people—queer, according to Marysville standards—filed into the town and took up their abode there.



William Beck *Richard Ford* *Walter Bagan*

Three of the men arrested in the Marysville case. Beck and Bagan were acquitted, but Ford was convicted of murder in the second degree

FIRST, of course, came the newspaper people—before the end of the trial in sympathy with the defence almost to a man. Followed a group of women influential socially and politically in California, among them Mrs. Fremont Older, wife of the editor of one of the most able reform papers in the country, herself a writer; and Miss Maude Younger, whose work in the cause of labor and suffrage is too well known to demand comment.

I cannot forbear saying in passing that to me the most interesting development of equal suffrage in California is the fact that the women go everywhere. They flood the courts; they inundate the legislature; they wander at will through institutions of all kinds. They happen in, so to speak, at embarrassingly-unexpected moments. These women-visitors in Marysville spent their days in visiting its two prisons—and foul, dark, damp, ill-smelling, verminous holes they found them—in talking with the prisoners, in talking with the sheriffs, in talking with the attorneys on both sides. They even talked with the judge. They spent many of the evenings in the "Jungle" of the I. W. W.'s.

To Marysville, the most paralyzing feature of the whole invasion was the sudden appearance in town of that "Jungle." This is a story in itself.

Sixty I. W. W.'s hired an old house on the outskirts of the town and established a "Jungle," as their camps are called. They elected officers to keep order, bound themselves not to drink, to hold themselves to their best behavior—in short, voluntarily submitted to a complete despotism. They pooled their finances, fed and took care of themselves. They spent their evenings washing and mending, playing cards, chess, solitaire, reading, and singing their I. W. W. songs. Every morning at ten, however, and every afternoon at two—first removing from their coats the buttons inscribed JUSTICE FOR THE HOP-PICKERS—they filed into court, and, sitting quiet and attentive, gave their comrades on trial the moral support of their sympathetic presence and their impressive numbers.

Now Marysville, as I have said, has held the lowest possible opinion of the I. W. W. I wonder if it has changed its opinion since its experience with the Jungle. For instance: In Marysville there is a tiny Chinatown. Carefully concealed in the heart of this Chinatown is a tinier segregated area; two rows of cribs, discreetly veiled by canvas screens from the street—a place which, because of Oriental colors and odors, displays an alluring, a piquant picturesqueness. During the trial, this segregated area had its usual number of visitors—perhaps an unusual number. But according to all testimony the I. W. W. boys were not among them. The Marysville library, on the other hand, has never experienced such a run as the one to which they submitted it. I find it a touching evidence of the spirit in this Jungle that one of their number, a tailor, spent most of his day and much of his night in pressing the clothes of his comrades that they might present a good appearance in court.

THE trial lasted about three weeks. The conditions under which it was conducted are illuminating. Wheatland, where the riot occurred, is a short distance from Marysville. Ed Manwell, the dead district-attorney, was a Wheatland man. He was exceedingly popular. It is obvious that a change of venue was desirable. The judge refused to grant this. The result was that the four hop-pickers were tried before a judge who had been a friend of the dead man, before jurymen who had, many of them, known him. They were prosecuted by two men who had known and loved Manwell, and who, in addition, were assisted by the dead man's son.

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The testimony did not prove that any one of the four defendants killed Manwell. The defence even established an alibi for Bagan. Two men testified that he was playing cards with them in a barn when the riot occurred. Carlin, one of the prosecuting attorneys, said that he did not believe Bagan's alibi, that it was "too good." One wonders how much "too good" the alibi of a man on trial for his life can be. Nobody saw Ford with a gun. Nobody saw Suhr with a gun. The most important evidence against Ford was that he organized the strike, and that he was reported by two of the Durst employes to have said in effect: "If they come after us, we'll make mince-meat of them." On the other hand, witnesses testified that he said in effect: "Don't mind if they take me, boys; there are plenty more to fill my place."

The prosecution introduced certain weak admissions said to have been made by Suhr *to jail officials*. Otherwise, the most important evidence against him was that he sent telegrams to the I. W. W. organization, asking for organizers, literature, due-stamps and "wobblies." On the other hand, he telegraphed to a San Francisco paper, asking for a reporter. It is obvious that men conspiring to murder always ask for reporters. Fortunately, Suhr did not think to send for a moving-picture machine, else they would undoubtedly have hanged him.

Nobody saw Suhr in the meeting at which the riot occurred.

The accused were defended most ably by their attorneys, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Royce. Mr. Lewis' speech lasted five hours. He began with a plea for the right—inalienable to labor—to organize and strike. He ended with a discussion of the principle of solidarity. That part of the speech which is propaganda deserves to be preserved separately. But this in no wise weakened the defence which he built up, mainly from the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution. Mr. Lewis not only proved that no one of the four men had shot Manwell, but he showed how directly the evidence pointed to the Porto Rican as the slayer.

BUT the Porto Rican was dead. And Marysville wanted blood. Marysville wanted an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. And Marysville wanted something else. It wanted to teach the I. W. W. to keep away from Yuba County. It wanted to strike a blow at organized labor.

It is not an exaggeration to say that Mr. Carlin, one of the prosecuting attorneys, almost ignored testimony in his speech to the jury. That speech was brief. He began by saying in effect: "I knew Ed Manwell. I taught him when he was a child. I taught the lovely girl who became his wife. Many of you knew him. The blood of Ed Manwell calls from the ground for vengeance." This was the note on which he played longest. The other note is illustrated best by this sentence: "District-Attorney Stanwood reached down into that *nest of vipers* and pulled out *the arch-conspirators*."

There were doubtless men on that jury who rendered their verdict conscientiously, and in every way kept with the law. Nevertheless, we noticed some curious facts concerning the jury as a whole. Notwithstanding this was a murder trial, it was not locked up. It went home at night. The judge, of course, charged the jury whenever it left the court to read no newspaper accounts of the trial and to discuss it with nobody. The jury went out at five o'clock on Friday. I reiterate that the jurymen had been going home of nights.

NOW as the trial drew to an end an extraordinary condition manifested itself in the town. *Everybody in Marysville knew what the verdict was going to be.* Strangers made varying prophecies. Two Easterners, trusting to the flimsy evidence, insisted that there would be an acquittal for all four men. But Marysville said: "No. Two will be acquitted and two will be convicted." Marysville added that the jury would stay out all night at least, as the jurors liked to get a dinner at the expense of the county. It happened that one of the jurors had been seen often in earnest conversation with a certain citizen of Marysville. The Friday night that the jury went out, that citizen told our party, many of whom wanted to get back to San Francisco, that the jury would deliver its verdict at twenty minutes past one on the next day. One of us stayed over on the strength of that promise. That Friday evening a group of us went to the court-house to get the news. The judge invited us into his office. At a quarter to nine a messenger informed the judge that the jury had gone to bed. Apparently there was not much disagreement there. A divided jury argues far into the night and sometimes into the morning. The two Easterners still maintained that all four men would be acquitted. But Marysville continued to say, with even greater emphasis: "No, two will be acquitted and two will be convicted." Our informant still insisted that the jury would come in at twenty minutes past one. He was right—within five minutes. The jury came in at twenty-five minutes past one. Marysville was right—two men, Bagan and Beck, were acquitted; two men, Ford and Suhr, were convicted of murder in the second degree.

Those of us who looked for an acquittal were appalled. But at least, we said, the convicted men will get a minimum sentence of twenty years. On the following Thursday, Judge McDaniel sentenced them to the penitentiary for life.

In my own opinion the verdict in this case was not what it seemed on the surface—vengeance for the death of Manwell. It was only partly that. It was only twenty-five per cent. that. The rest was vengeance, too. And that seventy-five per cent. of vengeance was directed against an idea—the idea that labor has the right to organize and strike. It is true that Marysville had determined to avenge Ed Manwell's death. But it had determined also to punish the leaders of the strike. Here was a chance to kill two birds with one stone. Of the four men, one was seen to have a gun—William Beck. If Marysville wanted only to avenge the death of Manwell, why did the jury acquit Beck? The day after the sentence was passed, three other men whom the prosecution had been holding on a murder charge all this time were released from jail. A statement was issued that the prosecution had evidence enough to connect these three men with the shooting, but that the trial had already cost Yuba County so much money that they preferred to drop the charges.

AGAIN, if Marysville wanted only to avenge the death of Ed Manwell, why did it not try to convict these three men? No. Marysville's orders were: "Avenge Ed Manwell, but pick for punishment the two men who also organized the hop-pickers,"—according to Mr. Carlin, "the arch-conspirators" from a "nest of vipers." In other words, two men who organized a strike which accidentally ended in violence are convicted of a conspiracy to murder.

And so Richard Ford, who tried to mend matters for the twenty-three hundred wretched hop-pickers on the Durst ranch and who had no gun on him at the time of the ensuing riot, goes to San Quentin prison for life. And Herman Suhr, quiet, hard-working, sober Suhr, who was not even seen at the meeting, whose only connection with the riot is that he telegraphed for organizers, due-stamps, books, literature and "wobblies," and who had no gun on him at the time of the riot, goes to Folsom prison, also for life.

For life! Think of it! For *life!*

This is a very important decision. It establishes a dangerous precedent. Now any man who organizes a strike from which killings accidentally result may expect to face a charge of murder. That is, if this decision is allowed to stand.

It is not necessary to say, perhaps, that the decision must not stand, that steps are being taken to obtain a new trial, that the sympathizers with the defence, by means of speeches, interviews, articles and mass meetings, are losing no time in arousing public opinion—in making of this second trial a national affair.

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be——"

What? *As happy as kings?*

Not yet.

The Inn o' Love

By WILLARD A. WATTLES

I HAVE slept my night in the Inn o' Love
Where the ingle-nook is warm,
And the house-cat blinks by the open fire;
There I dreamed all night that my Heart's Desire
Lay sheltered on my arm.

It is good to lodge in the Inn o' Love,
Foot-weary and heart-sore,
For an ingle-nook to those who roam
Afoot and friendless and far from home
Shines sweet through an open door.

But ashen morning pitiless slips
To the hearth where the embers glowed,
And love lies white on her scarlet lips
Till I shudder in touching her finger-tips,
—Then it's, "Ho for the Open Road!"

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How to Stop Government Ownership

By W. W. COOK

THE writer of this article is a conservative Wall Street corporation lawyer. He is the author of a standard work on corporation law, now in its seventh edition. He is general counsel of the Mackay companies. He states that his object is to prevent government ownership by proposing something which he believes is safer, easier and better

COMMODORE VANDERBILT was the first railroad king. He built railroads; consolidated them; ruled them as his own. He was not a banker, nor a Wall Street financier. He raised the money by selling bonds in Europe and America. The bankers were his tools. Huntington, Crocker, Hopkins and Stanford were men of the same type. They built to the Pacific Coast. Hill did the same in the Northwest. Gould did the same in the Southwest. These men dominated their respective systems of railroads and took their profit in stock, representing the surplus profits. They paid Wall Street only a commission for selling securities. They were the dictators of their roads.

Then hard times came and created a new dynasty of railroad kings. The panic of 1893 swept away the watered stock. Great railroad systems were foreclosed. Bankers were the representatives of the bondholders and the bankers bought in the railroads at foreclosure sales, using the bonds in payment. Bankers then reorganized the railroads and kept the stock, giving the old bondholders new bonds, with perhaps a sprinkling of stock. Even the old railroads which survived had to have vast sums of money and had to go to the bankers to get that money. Gradually the bankers acquired control of nearly all of the great systems of railroads in the country. The bankers dictated who should be the railroad presidents and who should be on the railroad boards of directors. The bankers controlled the policy as well as the finances of the railroads. The bankers sold the bonds and notes and new stock of the railroads. The bankers held the cash deposits of the railroads. Wall Street was the home of the bankers and Wall Street dominated the railroads.

This second dynasty, however, has become decidedly unpopular. The bankers have brought about great consolidations which the public do not approve. The bankers caused purchases of railroads, trolleys and steamship lines to be made in order that the bankers might get large commissions. The bankers were guilty of improvidence, waste, extravagance, and some crookedness in their control of the railroads. As pointed out by Mr. Brandeis, we had a right to expect prudence and reasonably good financing from the bankers, but they were guilty of financial recklessness, and, further, it is not the proper function of a banker to construct or purchase or operate a railroad, or to engage in industrial enterprises, and when he does so there arises a conflict between his duty to the corporation and his interest as a banker. The public has become alarmed at the power of the "Money Trust" in controlling the railroads. The public insists that that control shall cease.

That is well and proper, but who is to control and direct the railroads in the future? Somebody has got to assume control and direct the policy and finances of the railroads.

Theoretically the stockholders elect the directors, but that has broken down as applied to railroad and other great corporations. The stockholders still have that power but do not and cannot exercise it. They are multitudinous, widely scattered, many of them women and estates. They give their proxies to whomsoever is in control—blindly and automatically. Even when their confidence is disturbed they are helpless and take their losses.

Of course, there is government ownership. But the American people don't want government ownership.

THERE is another and better way. The bill now pending in Congress for an Interstate Trade Commission should provide that the Commission shall solicit and vote proxies at all elections of railroad corporations engaged in interstate commerce in the United States. There are three reasons why it should be done.

(1) It is necessary. You may turn out the bankers and the money changers, but they will come back again unless you substitute something better.

(2) It is a duty. Already the Interstate Commerce Commission controls railroad income by controlling railroad rates. Already the government largely controls railroad expenditures by increasing railroad wages through arbitrations. The government appoints a receiver upon corporate insolvency. All this is power without responsibility. The government should now assume the moral responsibility of representing the stockholders at corporate elections, it having taken control of corporate finances.

(3) It is a wise policy. We are traveling fast and far on the road to government ownership. Already the government is about to build railroads in Alaska. In default of some better plan such ownership will be extended to railroads throughout the country. The above proposed plan of representing stockholders by their proxies would lead gradually to complete control, because public sentiment and the stockholders would soon recognize the necessity of lodging the responsibility in the hands of the government. If at any time the Interestate Trade Commission should be unfair in voting proxies, the proxies would no longer be given, or the Commission would be changed. The whole plan could be put into effect by inserting in the bill now pending in Congress, for the creation of an Interstate Trade Commission to take the place of the present Bureau of Corporations, an additional provision reading as follows:

> The Commission is hereby authorized and directed to solicit and vote proxies at all elections of railroad corporations engaged in interstate commerce in the United States, and each and every member of the Commission is hereby authorized to qualify and serve, if elected, as a director in any of said corporations.

This would be a step towards final unity of control—the practical consolidation of all the railroads, if you will. The underlying tendency in America is towards unity of control. Whether such unity of control be by the old railroad kings or by bankers or by the government or by investors or by a combination of all such as practically now exists in the reserve national banks is merely a question of detail and policy.

THEN would naturally follow a great central corporation controlling all the railroads of several central great railroad corporations, similar to the present eight Regional banks. A change became necessary in regard to the banks and the control of money and credit. Did the government go into the banking business and accept deposits and extend credit? No. On the contrary, it organized eight great banking corporations, to carry on the banking business. There is no reason why a similar policy should not be pursued with the railroads, at present adrift.

Congress could incorporate four "Regional railroad companies" similar to the eight "Regional banks." These four Regional railroad corporations could gradually take over either the railroads themselves or a part or all of the capital stock. The stockholders of those railroads would be very glad to exchange their present stocks for the stock of a Regional railroad corporation on a reasonable basis. This would finally result in the four Regional railroad companies controlling all the railroads of the country without government ownership. Then the control of these four Regional railroad companies could be by directors consisting of the Interstate Trade Commission, together with representatives elected by the officers of the railroad corporations. They are brainy and brave, these railroad men. Their methods at times are open to criticism, but they have been under the harrow for the past few years, and they may be trusted to name directors who will coöperate with directors from the Commission. The Regional railroad companies would then select responsible, reliable directors for the various railroad companies themselves, far superior to the board of directors that hitherto has controlled. That would practically be government control without government ownership. It would take the railroads out of the hands of the bankers and at the same time not set them adrift.

The very presence of a member of the Interstate Trade Commission at a corporate meeting with a few proxies would quicken the moral perceptions, mental activities, and business ethics of those already in control. There would be preliminary conferences and agreements, and the net result would be that one member, at least, of the Commission would be elected a director of every railroad corporation.

The fundamental facts are that bankers are being driven out and no one substituted; that the stockholders are helpless; that the government has real control and should be compelled to take responsible control; that this can be done without expense or trouble; that without it there will be chaos, leading straight to government ownership.

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A Reply to Mr. Brandeis

By LAWRENCE CHAMBERLAIN

THE Investment Bankers' Association of America felt very much grieved by Mr. Brandeis' observations on the functions of the banker in our general business. HARPER'S WEEKLY *does not think the Investment Bankers made any case against Mr. Brandeis, but it always prefers to err on the side of allowing people who think they have a complaint to express it. Mr. Chamberlain speaks with authority for the Investment Bankers' Association*

INVESTMENT merchants feel that the articles by Mr. Louis D. Brandeis recently published in HARPER'S WEEKLY essentially misrepresent the nature and conduct of the business they are engaged in. The ex-parte nature of the articles, on their face purporting not to be ex-parte, incites reply. It would be hard to remain silent in these noisy days when silence under attack presumes guilt. Yet it is also hard to answer in one page an ex-parte statement running through nine long articles. Nevertheless we are glad of this opportunity that HARPER'S WEEKLY extends to us.

This short reply can barely indicate three of a number of respects in which Mr. Brandeis seems, to a man engaged in merchandising securities and proud of his occupation, to give an untrue appearance to the business.

He wrongly conveys the impression that a very few people control the business.

Some 4000 offices in the United States are engaged in security selling. The Investment Bankers' Association of America has about 400 members. Each must have at least $50,000 of capital invested in the business, and must be a merchant, actually owning securities he offers for sale. Competition is keen. Every ambitious employee looks forward to organizing his own house. If a man can win the confidence of investors he can more readily embark in the bond business than in almost any other occupation requiring an initial capital. The negotiability of the collateral he has to offer enables him to borrow a large part of his funds. The process of organizing new houses goes on all the time.

Without argument or evidence Mr. Brandeis declares that bankers make improper profits in handling securities.

To state that a given profit is made, even if true, does not show that it is excessive. A druggist or other retailer may commonly make profits of 40 per cent. or more, and perhaps not be making an excessive gain. Pointing to a difference of 2½ per cent. or 5 per cent. between buying and selling prices without saying anything about the cost of doing business gets nowhere in a discussion of the fairness of profits.

Mr. Brandeis indulges freely in a fallacy of large totals. When he says a profit of two and a half per cent. was made we have no quarrel with his form of statement. The question for the reader then resolves itself simply to this: Is it unfair to charge $25 for raising $1000 that some one wants to borrow? It often takes a deal of time in hunting to find a man with a thousand dollars in cash which he does not need for business or other expenses, and is free to do with as he pleases.

When such a man is found it may take a great deal more time to persuade him to lend his $1000 to this particular borrower. Add to this situation the fact that the investment dealer has already advanced the $1000. Does the dealer make too much when he gets $25 for all this? Mr. Brandeis, I have no doubt, has enough capital to engage in the business himself. I invite him to try his abilities, and enjoy some of the alleged profits.

No matter how many millions there may be in an issue essentially this transaction must be gone through for every thousand or so dollars of it. The great mass of people with occasional sums to invest absorbs most of the securities put out by our corporations, cities, and towns. An issue of great magnitude requires that many dealers bend to the burden. Though a few houses frequently act as syndicate heads this does not mean that they are the only people involved, nor that all the so-called profits go to them. When there is a joining of hands it means not that competition is suppressed, but that no single pair of arms is strong enough to perform the labor of so heavy a task.

BECAUSE some of the transactions are of great magnitude, and the total profits large, does not mean that profits are excessive. One might as well compare the billions received for agricultural produce with the relatively few dollars paid out for seed, and exclaim on the gross overpayment of the farmers. The fact that the nature of the farming business permits it to be done by many people acting independently, and the nature of the banking business requires some measure of concentration, does not make it any less true that both businesses handle large aggregate amounts and make total charges in proportion to work done.

Mr. Brandeis gives no account of the cost of forming business connections and building up a clientele. Just learning who the capitalists are in a community is expensive work. It has been frequently and truly stated that the bare clients' list of a well-known investment house (but not a large international concern) is estimated as worth $1,000,000. This value represents simply the work in gathering it, and none of the good-will cultivated in the process. Good-will is no mere figure of speech to the investment merchant. It counts for more than capital. Some part of his price is justly charged for his labor in making it grow. When Mr. Brandeis fixes his fees he makes his charge cover the unremunerated years in the law school.

Mr. Brandeis gives no suggestion of the amount of business investment merchants do at smaller profits than he indicates. I have, when acting simply as broker, finding a purchaser without myself assuming any risk, sold bonds for so low a profit as one-thirty-second of one per cent. or thirty-one and a quarter cents for a $1000 bond. Every dealer does some business of this kind. When no risk is assumed and we are disposing of railroad securities which enjoy an active market, we regularly charge only one-eighth per cent., or $1.25 for selling a $1000 bond.

When we are merchants buying municipal issue to retail, we ordinarily expect to make from about one to one and a half per cent. In this case we are assuming the risk of the business as well as doing the work of finding a purchaser. Bonds of this character usually require just a little more work in the selling than the active railroad issues.

As the labor involved and the risk assumed grow greater, so the charge grows correspondingly. Mr. Brandeis is nowhere fair enough to indicate that it is a more difficult task for each $1000 to sell $10,000,000 of bonds at a given price than to sell a single $1000 bond. It might well cost more per pint to sell a thousand bushels of peanuts at a corner store for five cents a pint, than it would cost per pint to sell one bushel off a push cart at five cents per pint. The simple principle of demand and supply shifts the balance of work done in each case.

Mr. Brandeis nowhere suggests a significance in the fact that investment dealers are willing to sell a single railroad bond for one-eighth of one per cent. and at the same time may expect to make two and a half per cent. or even more for underwriting an entire large issue. Those are very happy occasions when the merchants gauge conditions just right and investors at once buy all the bonds. As well as being agreeable, it pays to celebrate success. People seldom know when investors buy only a few of the bonds and leave the rest on the hands of the underwriters. To publish the failure would increase the loss for everybody. The investment merchant must then go through the expensive process of working off the bonds in a bad market, and in the end very likely takes a loss in addition to the cost of selling. Successful sales must reimburse him for those in which he loses. It is significant that of the many big fortunes in the United States only two or three have been made in the investment business. Of these none was made in a single generation.

Mr. Brandeis says that the state should compel investment merchants to make their profits public.

Certainly it should—as soon as it compels every other merchant to disclose his profits and other business matters, and no sooner. In a recent decision declaring the Michigan Blue Sky law unconstitutional the United States District court for the Eastern District of Michigan says:

> The issuing of commercial paper, stocks or bonds by a private company to get money for its own business, no one can suppose is a public or quasi-public enterprise; *the business of buying and selling stocks and bonds and other securities is no more affected by a public interest than is the business of buying and selling groceries.*

It is one of the vices of the American investor that he has not been, and is only just beginning to be, interested in any facts about or analysis of the securities he buys. He wants to shirk responsibility. He wants to rely on the assurance of the seller. When American buyers demand more facts about the securities they purchase, they will be given all they ask for. It will not cost so much to merchandise securities because the purchaser will buy more on his own judgment, and it will not cost so much to win his confidence. He will not be able to thrust on the dealer such an undue burden of responsibility, far heavier than other merchants assume.

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"Julien": An Opera Saved from Itself

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

IN his new opera, recently given for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House, Gustave Charpentier has tried—just as did Wagner—to philosophize in music. And he has failed just as Wagner did. In other words, his failure is qualified, and his "Julien" is—considered apart from his intentions—a fascinating work full of daring experiments.

Furthermore, in so far as he has failed, Charpentier has done so because he is trying to keep abreast of his own day. In all the arts the trend is distinctly toward an intellectualizing of the contents. And the thought he has tried to express is that doubt and reason are enemies of art. Thus the opera might well be called Bergsonian in its spirit. But that is something one need not even suspect unless one is hampered by inordinate curiosity. It is perfectly possible, as I did, to surrender oneself to the potent charm of the music itself in complete forgetfulness of all joy-menacing philosophies.

Charpentier combines a scrupulous respect for the rightful limits of pure music with an innocent faith in the efficacy of words. But although words are sometimes distinguishable in operatic performances (even when the language used is English), one dares hardly rely on them to convey an argument. Having relied on the libretto written by himself to make clear what he wanted to say, Charpentier permitted the music to spring spontaneously from his fertile fancy. And to me at least the result proved eminently satisfactory. Throughout the opera I remained blissfully ignorant of any ultimate intentions behind the poignantly beautiful outbursts of Julien. I saw him visit the Temple of Beauty; I heard him uttering blasphemies against God and Beauty alike; I guessed that, in the end, he died from a complication of drink and despair: but of the reasons for all this I learned nothing. There was, in a word, nothing to interfere with my whole-hearted enjoyment of a music that was sometimes quaint and sometimes commanding, but always exquisite.

A detailed description of that music is beyond me. All that I can say is that it seemed to me not only charming, but highly significant—both on account of its originality and its moving power. During the prologue and the first two scenes of the first act I remained a little reserved. But the first note of Julien's exultant declaration of faith in the Temple of Beauty swept me along, and from that moment to the end I found myself listening with breathless, unprotesting attention. One of the chief causes of my enchantment lay probably in a feeling that what I heard was music of my own day, of my own heart's craving, and not one dictated by dead or dying conventions. I experienced a similar sensation once at a Kneisel Quartette recital, when a concerto by Franck followed one by Schubert and my heart expanded like that of a man catching a first glimpse of the home shore.

MANY details out of the music in "Julien" cling, nevertheless, to my memory as so many promises of new musical possibilities—as, for instance, the mystical, fitful mutterings of a deep bass voice barely heard through the high-pitched choruses before the altar of Beauty; or the distant crooning of the peasants off-stage during the scene between Julien and the Peasant Girl, in the second act.

Near me I heard somebody remark that it was "all head and no heart—not a single melody." One of the things that impressed me most about the opera was the manner in which its composer has understood to combine strong melodic qualities with the richness and variety of orchestration deemed so essential to a modern musical art work. Of course, his melodies are not symmetrical. They are not built on the regular recurrence of musical phrases. But we must not forget that, in the last instance, melody is nothing more than a rhythmical sequence of tones pleasing to the ear. Arbitrarily constricted definitions will no more dispose of Charpentier than, in poetry, they have disposed of Whitman. And the entire part of Julien, for example, is an almost unbroken stream of exquisite melody.

Caruso sang that part as angels ought to sing if they are to keep their reputations. His acting troubled me, I must confess, though I suppose it will be counted a heresy to say so.

As a musical instrument pure and simple the voice of Geraldine Farrar does not appeal strongly to me; as an instrument trained for dramatic expression it commands my sincere admiration. The combined effect of Miss Farrar's singing and acting in the last act cannot be forgotten easily. To achieve such closeness to actual life without breaking through the conventional frame of the opera is a triumph indeed.

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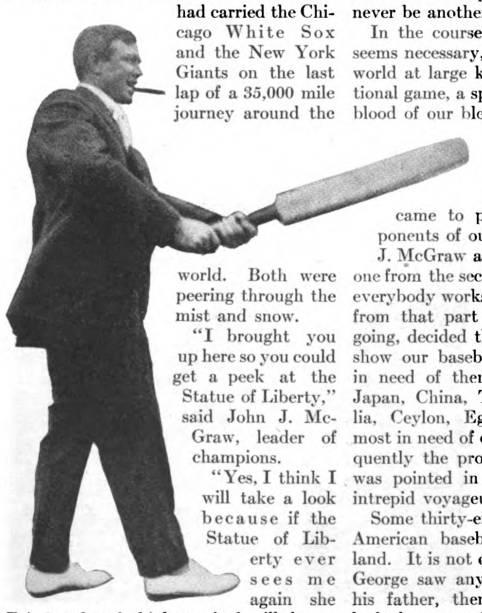
The baseball tourists in Egypt

Enlightening the World with Baseball

By G. W. AXELSON

SO many of our baseball readers were interested in the trip of the Giants and the White Sox around the world and wondered what happened to them, without being able to get the real story, that we desired particularly to present a narrative by a man who was on the trip and able to tell the things that our kind of readers would want to know

SANDY HOOK had been passed in the night. In the distance could be heard the booming of the surf against the shore. Through flurries of snow uncertain rays were heralding a new day. Two men were leaning over the starboard rail of the ocean liner, which had carried the Chicago White Sox and the New York Giants on the last lap of a 35,000 mile journey around the world. Both were peering through the mist and snow.



Tris Speaker, the highest priced player in the world, as a cricketer at Sydney, Australia

"I brought you up here so you could get a peek at the Statue of Liberty," said John J. McGraw, leader of champions.

"Yes, I think I will take a look because if the Statue of Liberty ever sees me again she will have to turn around."

came from the husky throat of Charles A. Comiskey, master of the White Sox.

A note of disappointment in that? Not at all. It simply voiced the conviction that for himself there would never be another world's baseball tour and it carried with it a prophecy that there will never be another one like it.

In the course of baseball endeavor it seems necessary, every so often, to let the world at large know that we have a national game, a sport backed by the bluest blood of our bleacher democracy as well as by those who have reached the swivel-chair stage in White House and forum. Thus it came to pass that two great exponents of our national pastime, John J. McGraw and Charles A. Comiskey, one from the section of the country where everybody works in a bank and the other from that part which keeps the banks going, decided that it was about time to show our baseball wares to those most in need of them. It was figured that Japan, China, The Philippines, Australia, Ceylon, Egypt and Europe stood most in need of enlightenment and consequently the prow of many a good ship was pointed in those directions by our intrepid voyageurs.

Some thirty-eight years ago a band of American baseball stars invaded England. It is not on record that one Prince George saw any of the games although his father, then the Prince of Wales, looked on, was interested but refused to comment—probably knowing that it would be undiplomatic to speak adversely and much more so in complimentary terms, with cricket as much of a national institution as the Magna Charta. In the year of our Lord, 1914, Prince George, holding down the throne of his fathers as king and emperor, sent this message to two commoners, John J. McGraw and Charles A. Comiskey:

"Tell Mr. McGraw and Mr. Comiskey that I have enjoyed the game immensely."

The message was sent on the spur of the moment, without the advice or consent of his cabinet. It was not only considered a diplomatic stroke but it put the stamp of approval on a game which Englishmen still insist on calling "rounders." The king had seen two great baseball teams in action. He had been favored by all the thrills that characterized that immortal Mudville combat, but instead of a Casey at bat in the ninth inning it was one Daly who set the finishing touch to an eleven inning battle by knocking out a home run.

The first Briton would have been no sportsman had he not laid aside kingly dignity and become one of the boys for a day. But King George is not only the First Briton, he is also the first sport in his country. He attended the game practically on his own initiative. He did not have to be coaxed. He came as any American might come without pomp or ceremony, a real fan in a country where fans are few. He entered into the spirit of the occasion by applauding the plays he understood and asking questions about others. For the first time in his life he sat at the feet of the true American

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bleacher wit and, though he might not have imbibed much wisdom, he certainly was entertained, as the royal smile never faded, from the first inning to the last.

Any sport receiving royal approbation is considered to be on firm footing. There had been much satire and some levity expended on America's national game before the two teams had had a chance to show what they could do. There was much less of this after the king had experienced all the emotions which an eleven inning game can produce. After all, possibly there was something to the game. By the same token possibly the cricketers could learn something from the skill displayed by the visitors. The accurate throwing, the catches in the outfield, marvelous to the average Briton, the speed on the bases, the snappy practice before the game and the all-around speed shown—possibly these were pointers which might be turned to profit.

Also, possibly, the game might be adopted as a sort of a curtain raiser for cricket. All this and more was discussed by the learned critics. Of course there was one serious drawback. There was no intermission; consequently there could be no time for tea. This phase of the pastime did not get into print but the tragedy of the omission was illustrated when the contractor who furnished refreshments at the Chelsea Football grounds tried to collect damages from Messrs. McGraw and Comiskey because an unfeeling umpire had failed to call time for the hungry and thirsty and there were 26,000 of these.

THERE were many other impressions gathered at this, the climax of the world tour. There were expressions of disappointment that professional athletes could act as gentlemen even in the heat of battle. Also, that these professional athletes should be allowed to stop at the same hotel with Mr. Comiskey and Mr. McGraw and the rest of the globe-trotters caused amazement, as did the fact that the knife was not used as an exclusive instrument at the table.

It took some time for the English to thaw and they were different in this respect from all other peoples visited by the White Sox and Giants. Even in Japan the greeting was cordial and at banquets and receptions native speakers pointed out how a visit of this kind did more to cement the friendship than battleship fleets or diplomatic missions, and yet there was an innate desire on part of the Nipponese to whip the Yankees out of their boots.

Before the first game had been staged, which happened to be between the two visiting teams, hints had come to the managers that the Japs were going out on the field to do or die. They did both in that first real international game on record between a picked American team and Keio University. They did better than any of the visitors had looked for and they died with their boots on. They were game to the core—those Japs, and they had able support from stands and bleachers. No more violent scenes had been witnessed at any world's series games than when the Japs scored the first run, and the ancient Samurai could not have exhibited more fortitude than did the last three native batters when they faced Jim Scott in the final inning to be mowed down on strikes, three in a row, on nine pitched balls.



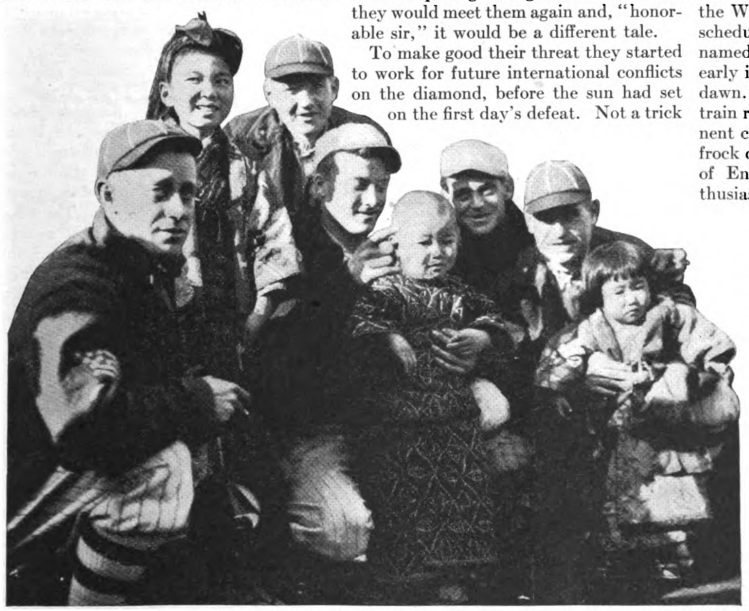
Jim Scott and Captain Sugasi, opposing pitchers in the game with the Keio University team

This, to the Japanese, unexpected, wind-up hurt, but they were sportsmen willing to admit that Uncle Sam had indeed sent over Giants, both in size and prowess. They promised, in polite terms, but with wounded pride gnawing at their vitals, that they would meet them again and, "honorable sir," it would be a different tale.

To make good their threat they started to work for future international conflicts on the diamond, before the sun had set on the first day's defeat. Not a trick had been sprung by the visitors which was not immediately indelibly engraved on memory's scroll by those marvelously imitative brown men. Every bit of "inside ball," and there was plenty of it, was noted down for future reference, and the prophecy is made that when the subjects of the Mikado meet a professional team from Uncle Sam's dominion again it will be "some" game.

Regardless of the nine-inning strife between the Orient and the Occident the visiting players could not help to take a liking to their sportsmanlike adversaries. Thus, immediately after the contest Mr. Callahan, Mr. McGraw and others spent more than an hour going over the fine points of the game with the Japanese players. And apt pupils they were. It was not necessary to repeat. One lesson was enough.

There is no question about Japan being a great baseball country. America's national game already has a great hold on the people and it will get stronger as the years roll by. Every town of importance asked the globe-trotters to visit it. A dozen games could have been played in the land of the chrysanthemum without any danger of the visitors wearing out their welcome. Thus, as an illustration of a touching bit of tribute from some real fans. A disarranged schedule having cut the visit short it became necessary to make haste. Going from Tokio to Kobe the train on which the White Sox and Giants traveled was scheduled for a five-minute stop at Osaka, named the "Chicago of Japan." It was early in the morning, in fact shortly after dawn. There on the station platform, as the train rolled in, was a committee of prominent citizens decked out in high hats and frock coats and all with a limited amount of English at their command but enthusiastic fans just the same With many a bow, the spokesman presented to the members of the party, who had rushed out of their berths, an elaborate address of welcome. With the greetings went two enormous floral wreaths, appropriately labeled for the White Sox and the Giants. The gist of the address was to the effect that, although the citizens of Osaka were disappointed in not having a game, they were honored by the presence of the Americans if only for a few minutes. This same committee had also sent a radiogram to the party while still three days out at sea welcoming them to Japan.



Players getting acquainted with some of the Mikado's hopefuls. Left to right—Walter Leverenz, Andy Slight, Lee Magee, Mike Donlin and Steve Evans

FROM the few hints already given it might be guessed that the trip around the world, through nine different countries, was much

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in the nature of a triumphal journey. The ayes have it, but the most populous country on the face of the globe had no hand in this. China, or rather the Celestials themselves, were left out in the cold. The sons of heaven, of the common, as well as of the more exalted variety, have as yet not been admitted to baseball society. The Flowery Kingdom was paid a visit and the smells of Shanghai and Hongkong duly investigated. Still it was "Hamlet" without the melancholy Dane. A handful of whites are still lording it over the descendants of Confucius and as far as sports are concerned the sign "no admittance" stares the Celestial in the face.

Still, there were several thousands who fringed the Happy Valley field at Hongkong when the Giants wiped up the earth with the Sox on that Sunday afternoon in January. They looked on but spoke not.

FROM whatever people the Igorrotes, the Bantocs and others have sprung, their ancestors must have been red-hot sports, for here are tribes who have taken to baseball and other pastimes with as great an enthusiasm as formerly they went after their neighbors' topknots. To the brown men of the Philippines the visit of the baseball globe trotters was as great an event as the appearance of Dewey's fleet in Manila Bay. They flocked to the games by the thousands—those who had the price. Others preempted convenient knotholes or shinned up the lonesome palm or took their chances on the telegraph poles. They wanted to measure their skill against the visitors but unkind elements prevented the battle.

They are progressive, these brownies. The majority are civilized enough to play Uncle Sam's games. In fact they are so busy with it that they have almost become nuisances, but he indeed would be shortsighted who would put any hurdles in the way of the Filipino. Two hundred teams were at play in Manila the Sunday previous to the arrival of the Sox and Giants, according to the chief of police. This moved Major-General Bell, in command of the military forces of the Philippines, to remark at the banquet tendered the visitors at the Army and Navy Club, that baseball has done more to civilize the Filipinos than any other agency at the command of the Government. This was agreed to by the director of education for the island possessions, although he included general athletics.

Marvelously apt at the game are these natives. They are as sharp and imitative as are the Japanese. Thus, for instance, the day following the first game it was noticed that scores of prospective "Ty" Cobbs and "Tris" Speakers were practicing the behind-the-back throw of "Germany" Schaefer, a throw that no one in the major leagues has so far mastered. They apparently figured that the throw was one of the tricks of the game and they were not going to let it escape without a trial.

It is needless to mention what effect the visit of the teams had on the Americans in the Philippines. The fact that every reserved seat was sold, two weeks in advance, at $3.50 per is enough.

Within the limits set it is impossible even to touch the "high spots" on the journey around the world. It would require much space to explain why Australia is ready to adopt the American game. That the sport has been introduced into the public schools of New South Wales is, perhaps, the most important factor. Still, they have cricket and soccer and other sports, and even a transplanted Englishman with a lot of new ideas is not going to drop the sport of his fathers in a day. At the same time those who crowded into the grounds at Sydney and Melbourne went well above the five figures in totals.

The Indians of Ceylon, the Hindus, Singhalese, Tamils and others have not yet "arrived." They have a long journey ahead before they can become enthusiasts in sport. They are too close to the "bread line" at present but their curiosity is as strong as it is in other races. Thus some five thousands, chaperoned by Sir Thomas Lipton, crowded the field at Colombo to see the world tourists in action. The athletic build and great speed seemingly impressed them more than the fine points of a game which they had never before even heard of.

The Bedouin of the desert squatted on his haunches in the shadow of the pyramids, heard the yells of delight and excitement when Weaver and Daly pulled off a triple play, gathered the loose folds of his garments around and was prepared for whatever Allah had in store for him. His was a negligible contribution to the national pastime.

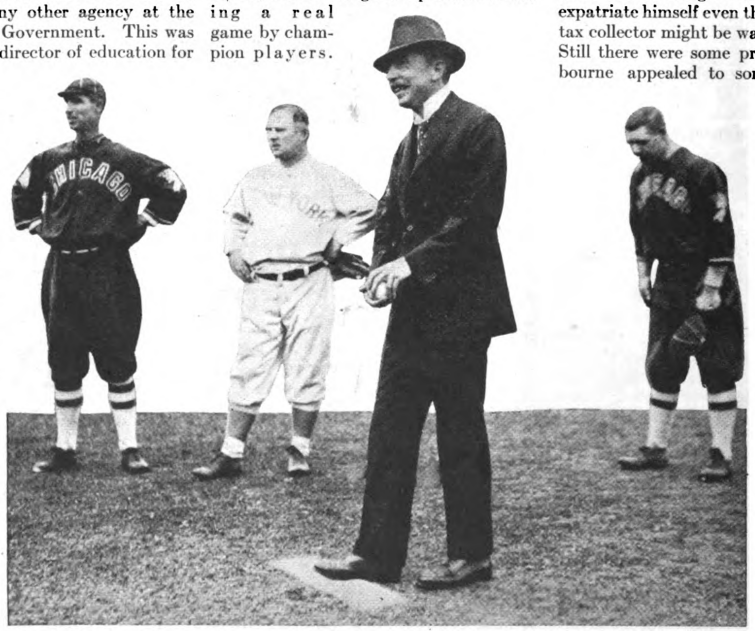
Italy had no opportunity to pass judgment on the game, as unkind elements kept the athletes indoors. Only a corner of France was favored with the *basehit terrific* and the *slide magnifique*. Paris, which threatens to become a baseball center, had to forego the pleasure of seeing a real game by champion players. Seven hundred crowded into the grounds on the appointed day in pouring rain, wondering why the players did not appear, as rain never stops soccer.

Diplomatically it was probably quite important as to what the people of foreign lands thought about the game and the men who played it, still, impressions gained by the players were as illuminating. In the grand wind-up there were as many different ideas as there were individuals in the party.

THERE is no question but that the players learned much in the circumnavigation of the globe. They discovered that the Nipponese did not wear horns or live in caves; that Filipinos were not all head-hunters, even though they unanimously distrusted the experiment of self-government; that the Frenchman did not confine his efforts to absinthe and that there was not much in the theory of "hands across the sea" on the other side of the channel, yet that the Britons were men having the same shortcomings and virtues as themselves.

It was a classy bunch of ball-players who started on the long journey. It was more than a college education to many, but what impressed one did not necessarily impress the other. Thus the greatest thing on the trip to "Buck" Weaver, the White Sox shortstop, was the eruption of Stromboli. To Umpire Klem nothing stood out, at the end of the trip, as much as the ruins of Pompeii. The rickshas of Japan impressed Captain Doyle of the Giants, while Manager McGraw saw nothing more impressive than the audience with the Pope. The king and the game in London was the most important event to President C. A. Comiskey. To the majority, however, the audience with the Pope was not only the one great event of the trip but of a lifetime. In this category came Manager Callahan of the White Sox, Mike Donlin, Mike Doolan, Herman Schaefer, Thomas Daly and Steve Evans. To others, the dirt in China, the children of Japan, the beauties of Colombo, the Sphinx and the Pyramids and the ruins in Rome were remembered as nothing else.

After almost five months of weary travel there was no danger that any one would expatriate himself even though the income tax collector might be waiting at the pier. Still there were some preferences. Melbourne appealed to some and Nice to others. Should exile become necessary London and Paris, however, would get the majority of the travelers. Thursday Island would get one, but that one would not be Jim Thorpe, the noble redskin. It was all a blur to Jim, not that he did not enjoy the trip as much as any of the others, but this child of the forest always looked beyond the horizon to the tepee, now, perhaps, grown into brownstone, of the Sac and the Foxes.



Lord Denman, Governor-General of Australia, ready to pitch the first ball in the Sox-Giants game at Melbourne, Australia

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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Buying Stocks on Margin

MANY readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY are familiar with the operation known as buying stocks on margin. That many more readers are not familiar with this important subject is evident from letters received by the writer. From the far-away Canal Zone comes a brief note enclosing a clipping from a New York newspaper, in which it is alleged that Fritz Kreisler, while en tour through St. Louis, played a more profitable tune on the telephone wires than on his violin, making $18,000 on an $82,000 margin. Asks the gentleman from Panama:

> "Can you explain how it is possible to buy 8200 shares of stock on margin, and sell to realize $18,000? I am not thinking of duplicating this feat, but would like to know if there is any possible way by which this can be accomplished."

Stock market machinery and processes are being overhauled today as never before. Thomas W. Lawson and Samuel Untermyer with the Pujo and Owen investigations of the stock exchanges have stirred up widespread interest. The New York Stock Exchange itself is busily engaged in explaining its functions. Writers are turning out books almost weekly on the value and abuse of speculation, brokerage law, and market practices. The entire subject of speculation is burning red-hot, and organized stock markets would not exist if the marginal operation were impossible. Even persons who suppose they understand this particular transaction are often hazy enough on the fundamental principles involved.

Glittering Profits

LET it be said at once for benefit of the uninitiated that large profits may often be made by the marginal operator, and that the process is simplicity itself. On the New York Stock Exchange, to illustrate, it is customary for brokers (there is no law or rule) to buy for clients middle priced and fairly active stocks at a margin of 10 per cent. of par value, high priced, erratic, or inactive stocks at 20 per cent. and very low priced stocks or high grade bonds at 5 per cent. Margins may be much lower or higher. I merely refer to the ordinary practice.

Now this means that the customer (buyer or short seller) makes a deposit of money to bind the bargain and secure its performance. It is a payment down, as when one buys furniture on instalment, or books by subscription. It is the same as when one purchases real estate and mortgages it. The margin in stocks is the same as the equity in real estate.

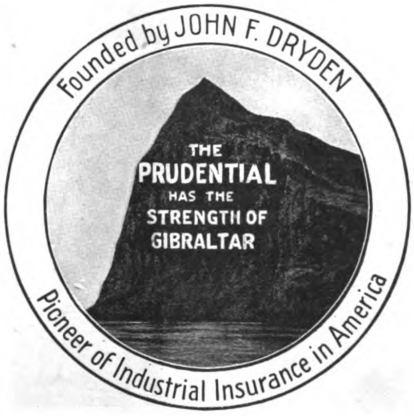
The broker has to buy (or sell) the stock and make or receive payment in full, so he usually supplies some money himself, but borrows most of it at a bank, using the stock purchased as collateral for a loan. The customer being the general owner is credited with any dividends which may be paid on the stock, and is debited monthly with interest on the purchase price minus interest on any moneys deposited by him as margin. He of course is debited with the regular ⅛ of 1 per cent. commission charged by

The Prudential

A National Institution of Public Usefulness

Assets, over	323 Million Dollars
Liabilities, (Including Policy Reserve $260,000,000) .	297 Million Dollars
Capital and Surplus, over .	25 Million Dollars
Amount Set Aside for Holders of Deferred Dividend Policies, over . . .	31 Million Dollars
Dividends Payable to Policyholders in 1914, over .	6½ Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders during 1913, nearly	34 Million Dollars
Total payments to Policyholders, since organization, over	300 Million Dollars
Number of Policies in Force,	12 Million
Real Estate Mortgages and Farm Loans, over . .	92 Million Dollars
Voluntary Concessions Paid Policyholders to date, nearly	18½ Million Dollars

New Business Paid for During 1913, over 481 Million Dollars



LOWEST EXPENSE RATE IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMPANY

Over Two Billion 406 Million Dollars Life Insurance in Force

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the broker. The interest which he is debited with is usually about 1 per cent. a year more than the average rate paid by the broker on his loans during the month.

The *risk* of the venture is entirely upon the customer and also *all the profits*. He agrees to take the shares so purchased, whenever required by the broker, and to pay the difference between the percentage advanced by him and the amount actually paid by the broker. He also agrees, provided the broker gives him reasonable notice, to keep the margin intact; if not, the broker can sell the stock for what it will bring, and then the customer loses all. In actual practice the amount of margin required before selling out a customer, as well as other details, are subjects of arrangement. They vary with the broker, and with the customer. The credit and responsibility of the individual is the essential factor. The margin question is largely a personal one, wholly dependent upon the resources of the broker and the customer, precisely like the extension of credit in any other field. If a poor, ignorant clerk buys stock on say a 5 point margin, and the price goes down one or one and a half points, he would probably be sold out. But if a man like Mr. John D. Rockefeller bought stocks on five points he would probably not be sold out if the price declined four points, merely because the broker would know the customer's credit to be so good as to preclude danger of loss.

Where the Evil Lies

THE large profits which may be made by dealing on a margin are due to the simplest of arithmetical processes. All the profits of the venture belong to the operator. Consequently the smaller his investment the greater the ratio of profits. Conversely the smaller his investment, the more he is at the mercy of the gusts and eddies which sweep over speculative markets.

Now it is a well known fact that most marginal operators lose. This fact has been established by evidence all too overwhelming. Consequently a committee appointed by former Governor Hughes of New York urged the Stock Exchange to use its influence to persuade brokers to take no less than a 20 per cent. margin in any case, and the Pujo committee of Congress urged the passage of a law compelling brokers to take not less than 20 per cent. The Stock Exchange has voluntarily appointed a Business Conduct Committee to prevent brokers from taking dangerously small margins, but it opposes laws which set a hard and fast limit.

It is sometimes said that buying stocks for a small cash payment, *i. e.*, on margin, is in essence the same as buying groceries on credit, or furniture, or pianos, or clothing. How does it differ, the argument runs, from the purchase of a consignment of shoes by a dealer, who usually pays only a little cash down, and gives his note for the rest, hoping to meet his note as he sells the shoes. Surely buying shares of stock on margin is no worse than buying real estate on an equity? But there *are* vital differences. Let us note them:

1. There is danger in any business for the equity which the proprietor owns above his debts to become too small. But in stock trading it is customary for this equity to be far smaller than in other lines.

2. It is not fair to compare the man who buys a suit of clothes or a week's supply of groceries on credit, even if it is 100 per cent. credit, with the marginal stock buyer, because the price of a suit of clothes or groceries is fixed ahead, and does not fluctuate every hour in the day as do stocks. Prices of clothes and groceries are

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fixed largely by custom, known to all. Not so with stocks.

3. In general, prices on an organized market, such as the Stock Exchange, are affected by a thousand influences constantly shifting, so that the equity trader is always in danger. This is not anything like as true of the shoe merchant who buys on margin, or even of the margin trader in real estate, although possibly as much or even more money is lost in real estate as in stocks, quite aside from the question of the greater mobility of the stock market.*

4. Most business men who operate on margins (practically all storekeepers are in this class) expect to liquidate their goods gradually, and thus pay off their loans. There can be no such automatic paying off of loans on shares of stock, and in practice there is practically none.

5. Most business men who operate on margin are trained in their particular line. They are professionals. Most stock market operators are amateurs, "lambs" in the parlance of the Street. Rarely do they know what they are about. Therefore they lose.

It is the last point which vitally concerns the readers of this magazine. To quote from the book which won the Hart, Schaffner & Marx $1000 economic prize in 1913: "The evils of organized speculation center about the vast mass of amateur speculators whose operations constitute such a large proportion of the trading; while the reckless manner in which these amateurs risk their money supplies the temptation which causes the market leaders to resort to manipulation and other discreditable tactics. Organized speculation suffers from amateurism as does no other trade or profession."†

Speculation is necessary in this country, and margins are necessary to speculation. If forbidden by law on the Stock Exchange, speculators would buy stocks outright and then borrow on them from the banks, as they did in Germany. Such a law would result in unregulated, outside markets, breeding places for sharp practice. The Stock Exchange furnishes a broad, open, public market, where the ethics of carrying on business are the highest known to the business world. Kill the Stock Exchange, because stopping all margins would kill it, and miserable gambling dens would spring up, and probably the whole financial, and possibly the business, system of the country would be disarranged.

Enlightened self-interest, with a little prodding from public opinion, is best. Customers with large margins do not lose, other things being equal. Thus brokers do not constantly have to seek a new clientele. Brokers are becoming more and more careful; whether from enlightened self-interest or from better ethics, the result is all the same. The evil is slowly retreating, and if speculation slowly diminishes that is to be expected in a country no longer crudely new. From the economic point of view it is to be both expected and hoped that professional speculation will continue. But from the view-point of the welfare of readers of this department, and countless others, it is to be hoped that present educational efforts will continue, the main lesson to be taught being that "persons with small capital should not undertake commercial enterprises except on a moderate scale; and speculation is the form of business in which the danger of attempting to work on insufficient capital is the greatest."

*Persons who make bad real estate speculations or investments seldom have any market quotations to go by, and often have to "sit tight" for years, whereas the stock speculator usually knows at once whether he has lost or won. The extreme rapidity and accuracy with which stock prices reflect changing values of property and capital often serve as danger signals or the reverse. But this profoundly great service rendered by the Stock Exchange does not alter the fact that huge sums are lost by weak and incompetent margin operators.

†The Value of Organized Speculation. By Harrison H. Brace.

In an early article Mr. Atwood will discuss buying stocks on the instalment plan, a subject closely related to margin trading.



Look at These Tempting Grains

These toasted, steam-exploded grains — crisp, brown, inviting—puffed to eight times normal size.

Shaped as they grew, but changed, by this strange process, into thin-walled, airy bubbles.

The very sight of Puffed Grains is enticing.

One wants to taste them. Then these fragile morsels, with their almond flavor, reveal an unforgetable delight. The taste is like toasted nuts.

Mark Their History

Then think that each grain was puffed in this way by a hundred million steam explosions.

Inside of each granule a trifle of moisture was turned to super-heated steam. This was done in huge guns, then the guns were shot. And every food granule was thus blasted to pieces.

Not to create these myriad cells. Not to make grains which fairly melt in the mouth. But to make every atom digestible. That never was done before. And that is the sole object of this curious process invented by Prof. Anderson.

Beyond all their fascinations lies the fact that these are the best-cooked cereal foods ever created.

Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in Extreme West*
Puffed Rice, 15c

Note the facts which make these foods unique.

They are whole grains made wholly digestible. One may eat them any hour without tax on the stomach.

Served with sugar and cream, or mixed with fruit, they have delicious crispness and a nut-like taste.

Served in bowls of milk, like bread or crackers, they are dainty wafers, toasted, porous, thin.

And they are used like nut-meats in a dozen ways —in candy making, in frosting cake and as garnish to ice cream. Or, crisped in butter, children eat them dry like peanuts.

Every day, in some way, let your folks enjoy one of these two delightful foods.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(549)

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Unseen Forces Behind Your Telephone

THE telephone instrument is a common sight, but it affords no idea of the magnitude of the mechanical equipment by which it is made effective.

To give you some conception of the great number of persons and the enormous quantity of materials required to maintain an always-efficient service, various comparisons are here presented.

The cost of these materials unassembled is only 45% of the cost of constructing the telephone plant.



Poles
enough to build a stockade around California—12,480,000 of them, worth in the lumber yard about $40,000,000.



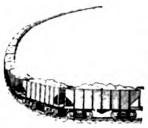
Telephones
enough to string around Lake Erie—8,000,000 of them, 5,000,000 Bell-owned, which, with equipment, cost at the factory $45,000,000.



Wire
to coil around the earth 621 times—15,460,000 miles of it, worth about $100,000,000, including 260,000 tons of copper, worth $88,000,000.



Switchboards
in a line would extend thirty-six miles—55,000 of them, which cost, unassembled, $90,000,000.



Lead and Tin
to load 6,600 coal cars—being 659,960,000 pounds, worth more than $37,000,000.



Buildings
sufficient to house a city of 150,000—more than a thousand buildings, which, unfurnished, and without land, cost $44,000,000.



Conduits
to go five times through the earth from pole to pole—225,778,000 feet, worth in the warehouse $9,000,000.



People
equal in numbers to the entire population of Wyoming—150,000 Bell System employes, not including those of connecting companies.

The poles are set all over this country, and strung with wires and cables; the conduits are buried under the great cities; the telephones are installed in separate homes and offices; the switchboards housed, connected and supplemented with other machinery, and the whole Bell System kept in running order so that each subscriber may talk at any time, anywhere.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

JOHN GALSWORTHY

Mr. Galsworthy has written ten sketches on extravagance. He is the author of "The Dark Flower," "Fraternity," "The Inn of Tranquillity," "Justice," "Pigeon," "Strife," "A Motley," and others. There is no writer of today who represents what we are trying to do in Harper's Weekly more fully than John Galsworthy. His stories of modern life combine knowledge of his neighbors with the most delightful and penetrating humor. The first of these sketches will appear in the

April 18th Issue
of
HARPER'S WEEKLY

TANGO Hesitation, Argentine, & All New Dances

You can now quickly, easily learn, in your own home, to dance the **Tango, Argentine, Castle Walk, Hesitation Waltz, Dream Waltz,** and other popular new dances. The new book, **"The Modern Dances,"** by Caroline Walker, gives authentic, plain instructions, correct diagrams and beautiful illustrations, especially posed by experts. **Anyone can learn.**

The Only Successful Method of Home-Instruction

recognized by Society and Professionals superior to ordinary class or private instruction. Chicago Tribune says: "In 'The Modern Dances,' the movements are clearly set forth and are aided with photographs so that **anyone** can easily master the steps." First two editions exhausted in one month. Third edition now ready. Better than ten dollars worth of private lessons, and costs

Only One Dollar On Sale at best book and music stores everywhere; or send dollar direct to publishers for beautifully bound copy, postpaid. **Money-back guarantee. Order today.**

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A powerful novel on a theme new in magazine fiction

The Last Christian

By
GEORGE KIBBE TURNER
Who wrote the famous short-story series
"Memories of a Doctor"
Begins in
MAY McCLURE'S

What They Think of Us

Savannah (Ga.) *Press*

HARPER'S WEEKLY is printing at this time an interesting and most illuminating series of articles upon the life of the men in the rank and file of the United States Army. The articles are entitled, "The Honor of the Army," and they bid fair to be far-reaching in their effect.

Certainly they present a new side of life in the Army to the uninitiated. From the records of the Army itself, the writer convicts the officers who try men by court-martial of pronouncing the most unjust sentences against the enlisted man. . . .

It is hoped that HARPER'S WEEKLY will be able to bring about some reform in the circles of the national Army. It seems to have proven its case so far that there is room for it.

Dr. J. B. Cranfill, Literary Editor, Texas Christian Advocate, Dallas (Texas.)

You have done much for HARPER'S WEEKLY in an editorial and literary way, but you have horrified me and I doubt not multitudes of your friends and readers with the atrocious illustrations you carry in the WEEKLY from week to week. I wonder if there is any way for your readers to be protected from this abortional and aboriginal art. Nothing like it, I think, has ever appeared in any high-class weekly publication. It is grotesque, uncanny, untrue, inartistic, and murderous. I would like to continue reading your publication, but I do not think that I can unless in some way you can veil these Flagg and other libelous artistic productions. Can you help me?

Lyman P. Powell, President, Hobart College, Geneva (N. Y.)

I would like to express the great admiration I have for the marvelous effectiveness Mrs. Austin is showing in dealing with her difficult problem in the pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY. Several years ago I wrote the opening article for a series on somewhat the same subject for *Good Housekeeping* when it was under the editorship of James E. Tower, and had some editorial supervision of the contributors to succeeding numbers. But no one, so far as I know, has ever put the case with the same clearness and delicacy of touch that Mrs. Austin has given to it in her series, especially last week's number. With all good wishes to you in your new and tremendously inspiring work of making HARPER'S WEEKLY indispensable to everybody thinking in terms of today.

The Springfield (Ohio) *Sun*

Many persons who are old enough to recall the events of the Tweed ring exposures in New York City will remember an almost historic cartoon by Thomas Nast, representing the "ring" standing in a circle, every member of the gang pointing to the one next to him, and intimating that it was the other fellow who was responsible for the rascality.

We seem to have come to the same predicament in the case of the Mexican trouble. It is the assertion of HARPER'S WEEKLY, in a recent editorial, that not Woodrow Wilson but William H. Taft is responsible for our present international pickle.

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Army and Navy Journal

Since it passed out of the hands of Harpers the WEEKLY bearing the name of that ancient and honorable publishing firm has come under the control of men who appear to have more regard for sensation than for truth.

Chicago (Ill.) *News*

So long as Norman Hapgood and Louis D. Brandeis travel in the same direction Uncle Sam is personally conducted with considerable comfort, but when those two guides shall come to the parting of the ways, sadly we fear that uncle is going to lose a leg.

Reverend Mitchell Bronk, Pastor Second Baptist Church, Troy (N. Y.)

I think that HARPER'S WEEKLY under your direction has been giving us a whole lot of fine things, but Lincoln Steffens' dissection of the up-to-date American college seems to me particularly, outstandingly good.

William L. Holmes, Detroit (Mich.)

Your editorials on Lincoln and Washington, in HARPER'S WEEKLY of February 14th and 21st, are among the best examples of virile writing and sturdy English that I have ever read, and are worth the price of the paper for the whole year. I have two daughters in Elmhurst School, a paradise in the hills of central Indiana, and I am sending these editorials to the principals of the school with the request that they be read to the scholars there; for they are educational and inspirational, and should be read by every boy and girl in America.

Eleanor S. Coit, Corresponding Secretary Montana Equal Suffrage State Central Committee, Big Timber (Montana)

The Montana Equal Suffrage State Central Committee, assembled in conference at Butte, Montana, on Saturday, February fourteenth, nineteen-fourteen, cast a unanimous vote of appreciation and thanks to you for the stand you have taken on woman suffrage through the medium of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

During the discussion it developed that many suffragists present at the conference consider the publication among the very best suffrage propaganda to be found.

Los Angeles (Cal.) *Tribune*

Editor Hapgood says this:

"The most agreeable way for a lazy man to make a living is to express his own opinions, emotions, and impressions."

With this is the allegation that writers, actors, and artists are lazy.

Unless Mr. Hapgood, after thoughtful introspection, has based this purely on the personal equation, he owes himself an apology.

If he is naturally lazy, and yet attends to his duties in the manner his pages indicate, then he has overcome laziness, to do which is the climax of industry, and in the nature of a triumph.

Gerald Van Schaick, Chicago (Ill.)

You, sir, the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, are fighting for my country, for your country, for our country. Your WEEKLY rings with patriotism, with inspiration, with high resolve. God grant that your devotion to our President may sound a clarion to the people,—that your message may reach them in their homes, becomes my prayer.

Long life to you, editor! You, too, have heard the call to arms, and you are fighting,—you will win.



"Don't disturb yourself!"



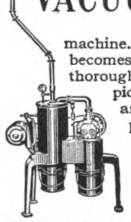
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Quick, complete cleaning!

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The Chicago Election and Jane Addams

By KATHARINE BUELL

THE most picturesque aspect of the election to be held in Chicago on April 7 is the fight going on in the first ward between Bathhouse John and Miss Drake. The first ward is the toughest in Chicago, including the worst slums and the red-light district. Bathhouse John and his running mate, Hinky Dink, have long bossed this district with ease. Recently a few more respectable streets were added to the ward.

When the women were enfranchised they put up a candidate of their own against the boss. Miss Drake is employed in a downtown lawyer's office, and lives in the first ward to be near her work. She is running for alderman. The chance of her being elected is not very good. The Bathhouse is still too powerful, but it will be interesting to see how many votes she can get away from John's machine.

The women of the red-light district are not as powerful an electorate as John might wish. It is hard to make them vote, partly because they do not want to register their names and addresses, and partly because, like many other women who live by their feminine charms, they are opposed to woman suffrage. They have their vanities like other people, and they consider voting unladylike. There is every indication that the good citizens, working women and mothers, will take a large part in the election. This is indicated not only by the fact that 218,000 women out of a possible 420,000 did actually register, but that they will serve in large numbers as clerks and judges of election. At each polling place one woman is permitted to be present either as a clerk or a judge. There are 1400 such places and a very large proportion of them are filled. Many women, acting in this capacity, were present for fourteen hours on registration day with very brief intervals for meals. One thing that kept a number of women from voting at the primaries was that the present primary law requires that the voter voting with a given party cannot vote at the primary of another party for two years. Many women having no special party sympathies refused to commit themselves so far ahead.

Miss Jane Addams, when I asked her opinion about the registration, said: "The large registration and prospect of a large vote is especially helpful and encouraging just at this time on account of the debate going on before the supreme court as to the constitutionality of woman suffrage. In the first place it answered once and for all the question of whether women want to vote or not. And in the second place it is one thing to conduct an academic argument on the franchise and quite another to decide whether 218,000 women who obviously intend to vote on April 7 have a right to do so or not. I think that the success of the movement so far has been largely due to the excellent work done by the various women's organizations. These clubs, of all nationalities, denominations, and political views, showed a power for concentrated effort and coöperation that surprised even the hopeful. A 'city club' was formed which was a clearing house for the work done by the various organizations. Many clubs that were not suffrage clubs in any respect took up the work on the ground that since women had been given this responsibility it should be properly assumed. The church clubs of all denominations were very active, some even giving up their time-honored fairs and bazaars to do this more pressing work.

"The clubs of foreign women are very active and showed a surprisingly large membership. There is one club of Polish women which has six thousand paid memberships, and this among poor people. The best showing was made by the Scandinavians, Finns, Poles, and Bohemians, the last three, I think, because they come from countries where the right to vote has been the object of bloody revolutions and great sacrifice. They are eager to grasp a privilege which they have been taught from childhood to be worth great suffering to attain. The Scandinavians are, of course, used to having women vote in their own country.

"BUT the Italians were by no means indifferent to the question; large numbers turned out for registration. Many came with babies in their arms. The women clerks and judges were especially useful in the Italian districts, as these women would not go to a polling place where there was not a woman official. Women of the Latin races are very careful about these matters of social contact with men, as their husbands have such excitable dispositions and are so prone to jealousy.

"Public-spirited women were very useful, too, in inspecting polling places before they were used. Those which were in questionable spots, such as saloons and stables, were moved to near-by schools and public buildings on the ground that women would find it unpleasant to visit such places. This helped to prevent dishonesty and underhand methods of voting.

"THE best work done in getting the women to the polls was in the twenty-fifth ward. This ward is made up of well-to-do women, not the most wealthy, but perhaps the most intelligent in the city. The ward was divided into sub-wards and sub-divided into blocks with one woman in charge of each block. She was responsible for seeing that the largest possible number of women in her block registered. In one block every single woman registered except one old lady who was too sick to go out even in an automobile. The inmates of the old ladies' home and the nurses from the hospital all registered.

"Of course few wards in the city even approximated this one in the results obtained, but it has the organization, the efficiency of which other wards will try to equal in future elections.

"It is very fortunate that the elections, the first in which women have taken part, is for aldermen only, for an alderman is a local official, well-known in his district. Women, even the most ignorant, can understand perfectly what they are doing in voting for Miss Drake or Bathhouse John, or any other local celebrity. This is a good elementary lesson in politics and will be an excellent foundation for more complicated elections. Next fall six judges are to be elected. This will be more difficult to understand but still an easy step toward state and national 'voting.'"

The first district and the twenty-fifth are the two most worth watching in the coming election. One because it shows what women at their best can do in politics, and one because it will show how women at their worst will act in city elections. Also because we shall see what her sisters will be able to do for one woman running against all the forces of corruption and Bathhouse John.

Do not miss the chance to know what H. G. Wells thinks of the Russians
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

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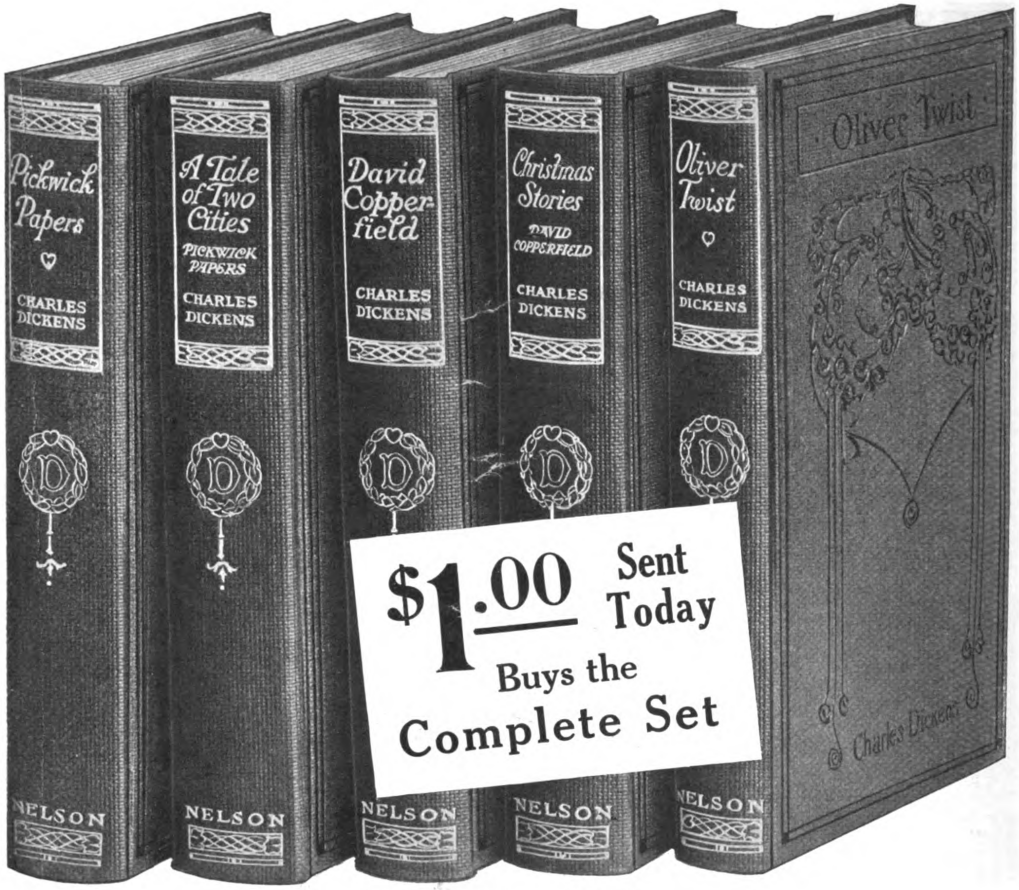
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Contents for April 11, 1914

NORMAN HAPGOOD, EDITOR

April ..... Oliver Herford 2
A drawing

Editorials 3

Russia and England ..... H. G. Wells 6
Illustrated from a photograph

Lincoln Steffens ..... James Montgomery Flagg 8
A drawing

How to Get an Education Even in College ..... Lincoln Steffens 9
The opportunities that students neglect
Illustrated by Herb Roth

What Easter Means to Them .. Ernest Fuhr 12
A drawing

Oriental and Occidental Music ..... Rabindranath Tagore 13
Asia and Europe as opposed in music

"Pygmalion" in Berlin .. Granville Barker 14
A new play by G. B. Shaw in German

Tranarossan ..... John Masefield 15
A poem

Women's Organized Work in Norway ... Jane A. Stewart 15

In Front of St. Patrick's Cathedral ..... Everett Shinn 16
Cartoon

Fixing the Responsibility ... Curt Hansen 18
A story
Illustrated by George Bellows

Food Research Laboratory for the People ..... Winnifred Harper Cooley 20
Illustrated from photographs

My Day ..... Willard A. Wattles 22
Verse

News as Is News ..... Lincoln Steffens 23

Stage Notes 23

A Woman in the Wilderness .. Dora Keen 24
A story from life
Illustrated from photographs

Baseball—a Business, a Sport, a Gamble ..... N. B. Beasley 27

Local Pride 28
Letters from our readers

What They Think of Us 29

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 30
Value of St. Paul Securities

In Next Week's Issue

Will begin the series by JOHN GALSWORTHY. There is no more distinguished man of letters alive today. These sketches of modern life are as penetrating as they are short and vivid.

WILLIAM JAMES is the idol of the American people. We have the true story of how this wise philosopher made over one woman's life, illustrated with facsimiles of the letters he wrote her.

Another article on education by LINCOLN STEFFENS tells the student how to help himself to learning and efficiency.

A series of silhouettes showing the DEVELOPMENT OF THE DANCE make a picturesque and amusing feature, as well as an instructive one. Silhouettes are all the style just now. So is dancing.

A BASEBALL story by Eric Palmer is sure to please the fans, and another Chinese lyric by PAI TA-SHUN, with an ancient print, the highbrows.

SAMUEL GOMPERS will reply to an editorial and McGREGOR will have an article on the President and Congress.

Besides all this, there will be Albert W. Atwood, Oliver Herford and some amusing letters.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD



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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Mr. Wilson's Strength

AMONG the reasons that give the country such confidence in President Wilson, there is one great underlying reason. The plain, progressive citizen all over the land believes that Mr. Wilson is the radical leader of the time, well educated and thoughtful, but irrevocably set upon constant and decided progress toward a more just world. The best proof that Mr. Wilson is that kind of man lies in his acts, but he has also gracefully expressed his conviction in words:

> I am accused of being a Radical. If to seek to go to the root is to be a Radical, a Radical I am. After all, everything that flowers in beauty in the air of heaven draws its fairness, its vigor from its roots; nothing living can blossom into fruitage unless through nourishing stalks deep-planted in the common soil. Up from that soil, up from the silent bosom of the earth, rise the currents of life and energy. Up from the common soil, up from the great heart of the people, rise joyously today streams of hope and determination that are bound to renew the face of the earth in glory. I tell you that the so-called Radicalism of our time is simply the effort of nature to release the generous energies of our people.

This reputation must not be lost. As long as the country believes that he is the radical leader, it matters little that he may have touches of bad luck; that the reactionary interests may fill their newspapers with shrewd talk about not giving us more legislation than we can assimilate; that the President's enemies, headed by Mr. Hearst, may seize upon the canal tolls, upon the death of some individual in Mexico, or upon some other pretext, to marshal their forces against the President. But once let there be faltering on his part, or let any faltering in Congress seem to be acquiesced in by him, and his great weapon will be gone. His factional enemies in the party, his natural opponents in the other two parties, and the widespread conservative "system" in finance, society and the press will pounce upon him. His triumph will be at an end.

Honor, Tolls, and History

SOMETIMES it would profit our national honor if we would take account of American lapses of ethics as well as of American military victories. After the Saratoga surrender General Gates agreed that the royal troops should march out of their camp with all the honors of war, and that the whole army should be granted a free passage to Great Britain from the port of Boston, upon the condition of not serving again in North America "during the then existing contest." The troops were first taken to Cambridge and then to a remote inland town of Virginia; none but officers were restored until the war was over. The breach of national faith was attributed to the politicians in Congress. The Treaty of Paris with Great Britain of 1783 contained among the few terms which were favorable to Great Britain a stipulation that there should be no legislation in the Colonies against the collection of debts due by Americans to British creditors. As soon as the troops had withdrawn from the port of New York the Colonial legislatures, almost without exception, set themselves to enacting measures in complete repudiation of this provision. Of the first of these acts of national bad faith, a dispassionate writer says: "To come off second best in a bargain has never been to the taste of Americans—the violation of the Saratoga treaty remains as a blot in the luster of the American Revolution." The second act is characterized by a friendly critic as "the knavery of a people without previous international relations."

How do you, O American patriot, like that?

The Human Touch

PRESIDENT WILSON'S address before the National Press Club, sketching intimately his private feelings, has won him much applause. Doubtless he showed his usual wisdom when he put such emphasis on his human side. His address, like all his addresses, contained much of interest. Yet, at the risk of seeming entirely "inhuman" ourselves, we confess that we would rather by far have his little speech to Congress on Panama Tolls than this address to the newspaper men. We object somewhat bitterly to the American habit of trying to judge a statesman by his personal temperament and its suitability to general mixing. President Wilson has a large ability and a large and distinguished mind. He is doing a work of immeasurable value. It seems to us irritating that so many people should bother their heads about exactly what qualities he has from the point of view of private sociability. The President is far wiser than we, and doubtless took the right course, but our own impulse, in a similar situation, would have been to tell the public to chase itself.

Harmony

THE New York *Herald* editorially attacks HARPER'S WEEKLY bitterly for its crusade against abuses in the Army. The *Herald* favored Tammany in the last election. It favors privilege everywhere. Therefore, its conduct is consistent and we do not object to its vindictive hostility to ourselves. If the Army is to be made a great training school, a poor man's college, it is a task too great to be accomplished without howls, many and unhappy from those who belong to the outworn system.

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"HARPER'S WEEKLY has been banished from the Army and Navy Club of New York."

We hereby offer the reward of one year's free subscription to HARPER'S WEEKLY to the person who sends us the funniest caption for this article of news.

Guess Again

IT was a long time ago that Thoreau said:

> It is impossible to give the soldier a good education without making him a deserter. His natural foe is the government that controls him.

What was true in Thoreau's time ought not to be true in ours.

It Looks Simple

THE Army ought to be such a fine school of discipline and education that the young men of the country would compete for the privilege of serving in it. A man who had been in it two or three years ought to come out more efficient in his chosen trade, better equipped with an all-around education, developed physically and intellectually. This transformation of the Army into a splendid modern school, much sought after, will not take place until certain remnants of feudalism are removed. Mr. Post's series, taken entirely from the records, pointed out those survivals. Hence the furious barking from officers who have not sufficient imagination to see that those who wish to bring the Army up to date may be the best friends the Army has.

Tired Out

ALL the minor injustices rush to the front. All that is discouraging and petty leaves its proper place in the background, and comes tugging at one's attention. The neglect of a friend, the discourtesy of a busy employer, the indifference of a child or a stranger, then have most weight, and look doleful.

Unemployment

ONE of the most difficult and most terrible of all industrial conditions is the frequent unemployment that prevails in many trades. This distressing hardship is being studied diligently and no doubt many devices will be found for lessening it, but there is one condition that causes it. There can be no such thing as general over-production, and, therefore, there can be no general excess of labor supply. There can, however, be temporary over-production of any given article, and here is where the extreme modern specialization in industry makes trouble. A man or woman who can do one thing only and is thrown out of employment, must wait until conditions pick up in that particular industry. To think out a system by which, with all our extreme specialization, there shall never be even a temporary failure of adjustment between demand and supply, is a task with which we must struggle but in which frankly the hopes of complete success seem slight.

Courage by Railroad Presidents

IN the fight to repeal the Full Crew Bill being carried on at Albany, the railroads deserve hearty support. The question of a full crew is a technical one, and the railroads are quite right in demanding that such a question should be considered on its merits, and not through public agitation. The officials are saying frankly that they mean to fight any unreasonable expense put upon them by labor. A full crew should be required where it is necessary for safety and health, and only there; and in every case the question is more fit for the Public Service Commission of the several states than for the legislatures acting in response to worked-up public excitement.

Old Age

EX-PRESIDENT TAFT remarked recently, perhaps in jest, that sixty was the best age. Dr. Osler's extreme statement in the opposite direction is still widely remembered. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to generalize on this subject. Many are happiest in age, with peace and observation of others; many are happiest in youth; many in active middle life. A famous surgeon was talking the other day about the growth of tissues outside of the body in laboratories, one of the great experiments now being carried on. He remarked that one of the advantages of this work might be that it would enable us to tell how old a person is. "Now," he said, "we have no method, except how many years ago he was born, which is most rough and inaccurate, as a man of forty may be older than a man of sixty. Some of the tissues which we now have growing outside of the body are younger than they were when we started them." Youth and age to him were measured by the relative rapidity with which the tissues grew, and he used those words with perfect simplicity in that sense.

Edward E. McCall

THROUGHOUT his futile fight to be Mayor he cursed the newspapers for their assaults upon him and at the end he retreated into the consolations of his public service commissionership. But his wounds, it seems, refuse to heal; the complaint he formerly made against the newspapers he now makes against his daily mail. The letters from cranks are "mountain high." He is sure the newspapers stir them up, for on each day that some fresh journalistic attack is made, the pile of mail doubles or triples its usual mountainous proportions. To cure this evil Mr. McCall would suppress the papers, or bring them under a rigid censorship. We can suggest an easier cure. It would be for McCall to read over the returns of the last election and then resign.

Ulster

THE preposterous performance of the British army officers in regard to service in Ulster suggests that England might be safer if she had something like our West Point, instead of a system which confines her officers to younger sons of the nobility and others who are able to pay for their own military education.

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Tom Johnson

CLEVELAND, Ohio, has yet to raise a suitable memorial to Tom L. Johnson, who died three years ago, April 10. Perhaps, though, it is raising one unconsciously in the new habits of thinking. Chief of these is the tendency to value men for what they are, rather than for what they have. Tom found it a money-worshiping city and left it a worshiper of ideals. The change has gone far enough to produce a peculiar atmosphere. In street cars (which still carry you 15 miles for 3 cents), at curb assemblages, wherever men meet, you hear them talking of *their* city. The man on the street in Cleveland has a civic sense and some kind of civic vision. The struggle which brought this forth was a travail of tragedy for Mayor Tom; but few lives have been spent to better advantage.

A Good Citizen

DAVID O. IVES was a man whom we had hoped to see on the Interstate Commerce Commission. He was a man who had taken a leading and very valuable part in railroad progress in New England at much cost to himself. He was sensitive, and it hurt his feelings to be on the firing line and have society attacking his motives. His conscience, however, was even greater than his sensitiveness. He went ahead with the great railroad reform fight and did a strong man's work. His integrity and his courage were fully appreciated by those who best understand. When he was suggested for the Interstate Commerce Commission, he was enthusiastically backed by the New England Boards of Trade. His death was a loss, national in scope. His example will live.

Almost a Victory

THE movement for a coördinate college for women in the University of Virginia won by a majority of nine in the Senate, but was defeated by six votes in the House. A dozen men who had promised to support the measure went back on their word at the last afternoon session. *What influences changed their views is not yet history.* The fight was a brilliant one and did much to educate the state. It developed in the women of Virginia team work, courage and devotion. Next time, they ought to win. Meantime, a little tired, they are reforming their lines for a fresh attack. Credit, by the way, ought to be given to the one newspaper in Richmond that gave earnest support. Without the *Journal*, those who favored the college would have been practically voiceless in Richmond. These changes cannot be brought about in a night, and a defeat as close as this one is almost equivalent to a victory.

A Dog Story

THE attitude of some people toward progress reminds us of the point of view of a dog of our acquaintance. He was a sheep dog, and had acquired the habit of running toward flocks of sheep, up toward the front of the group, and steering them in the direction he wanted them to go. The automobile came in, and he acquired the same habit of attacking the automobile in front. The consequence was he did not last very long.

The Future of War

LAST week we pointed out how future warfare is likely to be affected by our increasing knowledge of light rays used to touch off explosives at a great distance. Here is another thought for those of military trend. Suppose submarines should develop to two or three thousand tons and carry a corresponding equipment, and aeroplanes and balloons should show a corresponding development. The battleship then would have no chance against the coast defence. Indeed, it probably has far less now than is appreciated. Therefore, we do not think residents of the United States ought to sit up all night fearing attacks from Germany or Japan.

Who Dominate?

GO up to a news-stand, look over all the periodicals displayed, and decide whose taste in the main they are aimed to meet, and perhaps you will decide that it is the taste of the idle or half-idle women, many of whom live in flats, or in houses in which they have so much service that they need to do but little themselves. Doubtless you also will decide that this taste which dominates our current literature is not a high taste. Possibly you will reach the conclusion that it is poetic justice; that in establishing a system of society in which women are not called upon to exercise all their faculties and all their strength, we have brought upon ourselves punishment, causing their influence to make for the commonplace.

The Ahasuerans

WE learn from the ancient book of Esther that King Ahasuerus made a great feast to his princes and servants, Queen Vashti at the same time giving a party to the ladies of the Court, and that on the seventh day of the feast, the king being "merry with wine", sent for the queen "to show the people and the princes her beauty: for she was fair to look upon." The queen refused to become a spectacle at the bidding of her drunken lord, and her refusal produced a cataclysm in the Empire. The king was "very wroth", the matter became an affair of State, and the Cabinet was called together—"the wise men which knew the times." These seven princes deliberated and concluded thus:

> This deed of the queen shall come abroad unto all women, so that they shall despise their husbands in their eyes, when it shall be reported. . . . If it please the king, let there go a royal commandment from him, That Vashti come no more before King Ahasuerus; and let the king give her royal estate unto another that is better than she. And when the king's decree which he shall make shall be published throughout all his empire, all the wives shall give to their husbands honor, both to great and small. And the king . . . sent letters into all the king's provinces, that every man should bear rule in his own house.

Possibly there were "contempt and wrath" in spite of the royal decree, and every man bore rule in his own house thereafter to exactly the same extent as before, and the wives gave honor to their husbands who were great, and not to those who were small; but the heart of masculine opposition to woman's fuller life is often the fear that "the women shall despise their husbands in their eyes."

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"All my town impressions of Russia have a peculiar tone, quite unlike my memories of other countries"

Russia and England

By H. G. WELLS

MR. WELLS has a faculty for observation, among the best possessed by a modern writer. He has just been to Russia for the first time. He sees there a striking similarity in outward appearances between the English and the Russians, a similarity that America usually does not think of as existing between these races. But when it comes to essentials of character and thought he believes the Russians are very different from the English, simpler and more direct. And they care more for spiritual things

I HAVE just spent two weeks in Russia and I find my mental arms full of such a jumble of impressions and ideas as no other country has ever thrust into them. I stagger under the load and it will take me months of reflection before I can begin to sort out this indiscriminate loot, this magnificent confusion of gifts. I will tell now just a few things haphazard. There are a multitude of pictures left upon my mind and some of them among the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen; there is the Kremlin's clustering domes and cupolas and crosses glowing in the soft sunlight of a mild winter's afternoon and beyond it all Moscow with every cross aflame; there is the darkly glittering gold inside the cathedral of the Assumption and there is a view of sunset upon the river Volhovo when I was driving in a sledge upon the ice of the river. For the week-end that bisected my visit I spent at a country house about ten miles from the station of Volhovo and on the bank of the river, and the journey to and from the station was made in a sledge. It thawed on Sunday and the surface of the ice was covered with inch-deep lakes of water and so rotten with snowy slush that always we seemed near upsetting and once we upset altogether. This water rippled a little under a chilly breeze and except for that it might have been an under-sky; the sledges that followed us hung low between clear sky and clear water, they were black against the serene levels of sunset color, pink and gold and mauve, and their high-arched yokes nodded over the heads of the horses; all the land of Russia was a low black bank to the left and a low black bank to the right with only a few clumps of stunted trees to break their horizontal line and, very small and far off, the bulbs and roofs of a monastery. . . .

All my town impressions of Russia have a peculiar tone quite unlike my memories of other countries. It is I think because of the dominance of black and gold in the picture; nearly all the shop names and hotel names and such-like inscriptions are done black and gold, the two intensest strokes of vision, and this gives the town effects a vigor I have never seen before. But England is the land of half-tones; one finds gray and blue-gray and soft gold even in her greenery; the colors of Russian landscape and the colors of Russian art—real Russian art that is to say—are among the most manifest of our differences. I have only seen Russia in winter but I am sure that the spring greens of Russia must be emerald and sharp and emphatic; even in mid-winter the fire and the birch stems contrive emphatic effects.

AND about our differences, that naturally is a large part of my armful, for the first interest of the foreign visitor to any country is the making of comparisons. Are the English and Russians remarkably alike or remarkably dissimilar? So far as the look of things goes, it is the likeness surprises me. Russians certainly look more like Englishmen than any other people I have ever been among. They not only look like Englishmen but they move like Englishmen, they hold their hands and arms and sit in chairs like Englishmen and their disposition in costume is English. And the Russian women are English too, with a kind of natural freshness and an inattention to smartness that contrasts vividly with the French or American woman. They are far more English than the Americans in style and carriage and intonation. You can tell whether people talking in the next room are English or American, but not whether they are English or Russian. Coming to Russia as I did by way of Berlin this similarity of Russian and English was the more striking. In Berlin one could distinguish English people thirty yards off. In Russia they are indistinguishable. The audiences at the performances of the "Three Sisters" and "Hamlet" that I watched at the Moscow Art Theater might have been the younger and brighter half of the London Fabian Society; the people that poured out into the corridors from the Ballet might have poured out of the Albert Hall. The crowd in the streets, more particularly in the evenings after the shops are lit, is exactly like an English crowd except that most of the men wear fur hats and caps instead of bowlers and that there are no soft felt hats at all. Only once or twice have I been struck by an un-English physiognomy in the population. One of these occasions was when I visited the St. Petersburg People's Palace. At that popular assembly there were many Finns and also a number of Great Russian soldiers who had a peculiar broad facial type that is rarely seen in England. They reminded me of Gorky and like him they were tall men and they moved slowly and thoughtfully. But the mass of the gathering in its physique and manners was exactly like what one would see at a festival in the People's Palace at Whitechapel

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except that there were far fewer Semitic faces. And the distinctive beards and caps of the cabmen in St. Petersburg and Moscow bring out the fact that many of them have pointed noses with incurved bridges, a sort of nose that is uncommon in Britain. But it is just the universal likeness that throws up peculiar individuals and peculiar little features of this sort. I find I sit easily with Russians even when we cannot exchange a word of comprehensible speech, I feel I know what their motives and what their movements are going to be and why they look at me and what they are going to think. Our English sources of information about Russia come from a peculiar people who suffer from peculiar grievances. They had left me quite unprepared for this intimate resemblance.

SUBSEQUENT experiences have not removed this first impression of an astonishing resemblance and sympathy; they have only added to it something else. And that something else is a realization of a profound difference. I perceive now more clearly than I did at first that not only are the Russians and the English as alike as two gloves, but that they are as different as left and right. They are as different as east and west, as positive and negative, as midday and midnight, albeit the figures are the same. Or perhaps, to take a better image, they are as different as a wood engraving and a color print of exactly the same thing.

I do not discover any explanation for this difference, I cannot even say whether it is something in the training and tradition or something in the race. It comes to me in a variety of aspects and all I can do is to tell just one or two of the chief of these. And quite the chief is that the Russian is profoundly religious. Italy abounds in noble churches because the Italians are artists and architects; a church is an essential part of the old English social system; but Moscow glitters with two thousand crosses because the people are organically Christian. I feel in Russia that for the first time in my life I am in a country where Christianity is *alive*. The people I saw crossing themselves whenever they passed a church, the bearded men who kissed the relics in the church of the Assumption, the unkempt grave-eyed pilgrim, with his ragged bundle on his back and his little tin tea-kettle slung in front of him, who was standing quite still beside a pillar in the same church, have no parallels in England. In comparison England is altogether irreligious. The English churches in our city streets stand, as it were, apart and forgotten; Saint Paul's cathedral floats over London like a neglected ornament in a busy house; if you go in you will find the most beautiful music, the most appreciative of audiences—for it is an audience, not a congregation—and no sense of worship. Visibly as invisibly Saint Paul's cathedral in London and all it symbolizes is made up of shadowy grays and delicate lines and soft indistinctnesses, in supreme contrast with the wrought brass, the burnished gold, the chanting and the smell of incense of Russia.

Now it is remarkable that when I turn from the Russian altars to what I suppose is the opposite pole of Russian life, to the intelliganza and to the life of the skeptical classes as I find it represented in plays and novels and the stories that are told to me, I still find exactly the same contrast with England. It is not therefore a mere difference of creed that we are dealing with. I still find the Russian earnest and simple and warm and religious. He still believes in a real presence. In the crises of life the "emancipated" Russian stops to talk philosophy and weigh moral values as his orthodox brother prays or goes upon a pilgrimage. These things are more real to them than action. For both of them there is a tribunal where verdicts matter more than the bare facts, the practicalities of life, the superficialities of life. They may give that tribunal different names or no name at all, but it is there, inside them. "But what is the good of talking now?" asks the Englishman in an extremity, confessing himself entirely engaged by practicality. In an extremity the Russian always talks.

FROM plays and books I could, if I had the industry, extract a hundred instances to point this comparison. It is manifest even in suicide. The Englishman kills himself on practical grounds, because the game is up, because he is disgraced, because there is nothing else to be done. He kills himself, I admit, rarely. Russians will tolerate misfortunes and ignominies and their own misbehavior to an extent that Englishmen would declare intolerable and on the other hand kill themselves on a high theoretical score, because life is imperfect or will inadequate or love has gone astray. It is not that they are less realist than the English but because their sense of reality goes deeper. That I think, if I must generalize, is the key to very many of the contrasts between us. The English seem to have no real beliefs, their church is a phantom, their monarchy a constitutional influence, their lives ruled by appearances and uncontrolled by conscience and heart searchings. No man talks of his religion or discusses his aims in life; it may be that Englishmen have no religion and no aims in life. In default there is respectability. In Russia things are taken seriously. The Russian's soul, just as much as his churches and his pictures and his children's toys, is done in stronger, simpler, more emphatic colors. His religion is real, his monarchy is real, his life is a business of passionate self-examination, because he has faith. Russia is full of faith, overflowing with faith, the ointment runs down upon the beard; and I who am an Englishman and have thought much of England all my life, do not know whether England has any faith at all or if only it is very subtly and deeply hidden.

Doctor Allyn has gained a national reputation as a food expert. From his laboratory at Westfield he has set a new standard for prepared food. It is not only his ability, integrity, and reliability which have caused his reputation to grow so rapidly. It is also the fact that he has invented a new method of attacking adulteration. Instead of confining his efforts to condemning malefactors, he has laid his emphasis on praising the best products. He shows up poison and adulterations incidentally only. He spends most of his time advising people to buy the products that are purest. The consequence is that manufacturers all over the country are falling over themselves in an effort to live up to his standards, which are higher than the standards required by law.

Doctor Allyn is about to begin a Department in HARPER'S WEEKLY, *made up of short notes and comments on questions of pure food, as they come up, from week to week. He will also comment upon related phases of hygiene, such as what kind of a man needs a great deal of exercise, what kind of a man ought to eat a hearty meal, and who ought to live on breakfast foods. His comments will be based upon the latest and best medical opinion. His Department will start at a near date.*

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LINCOLN STEFFENS

By James Montgomery Flagg

THIS drawing by Mr. Flagg is not printed merely because the editor is pleased with the series of articles that Mr. Steffens is running in the Weekly. *It is printed partly for old time's sake. We were once the worst reporter in New York City. At that time, Mr. Steffens was the best. Largely through his personal influence we reached a position where the city editor gave us the most important assignments instead of merely letting us go down to the dock to see whether the ships came in on time. Mr. Steffens became city editor. We worked on his paper and learned a lot*

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"It is the boys and girls who should tackle the problem of reforming the world"

How to Get an Education Even in College

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

Illustrated by Herb Roth

MR. STEFFENS' *article on "Culture and Agriculture" was so successful that we urged him to go ahead along similar lines. When he suggested "How to Get an Education Even in College," we thought that was a great subject. Here is the result*

COLLEGE students are forever asking how they can get into the democratic movement they see going on all about them. It's romance in them; it's youth; it's natural. It is right. They ought to get into the swim, and they shouldn't have to wait till they grow up and graduate. They should go right in now, head over heels; literally; and there's a way in for them. And it's a college way; an undergraduate way. But they don't take it, or won't. They prefer the way of the world. I find, when I sound their eagerness, that they are thinking of getting "out" into politics or a reform fight they have read about, or on a newspaper in the city or into a social settlement in the slums. There's a philanthropic strain in their strain to do good. So they miss the mark.

Students don't see that they are the persons and that their schools and colleges are the places to go to work on.

"But there's nothing doing here," they say, when I suggest that.

"True," I answer, "but isn't that a reason for starting something?"

Their faces go blank. They are like poets who are inspired by poetry: they don't see life. They are imitators, scholars. They can't take the inspiration of the democratic movement and, applying it to themselves in their environment, start something democratic in college.

"But what—" they ask, when I put it to them in conversation, "what can we start in college?"

"Oh," I answer, "if you are not afraid of being too radical, you might start a movement for education in college; self-education; or, if that is too radical, work for representative government, for the representation of the student body in the election of professors, officers and the president, and in the drawing-up of the curriculum."

And while their eyes and mouths are open, I throw in a reminder that even women are doing that much. They are ahead of college-men. They are demanding a voice in government. Then I add that labor, especially the lowest, most troublesome class of least "educated" labor, the I. W. W., are educating themselves for self-government, not only in politics, but in the very shops and mills where they work. They are 'way ahead of college-men.

Everybody's ahead of college-students.

Why? They stick their heads out of the dormitory windows and watch us going off to the strike in the next town; they see we are interested, excited, even anxious, and they want to go to our strike. Sometimes they join the militia to get to the scene of the "fun"; nay, they have been known to become "scab" motormen and conductors to be "in it." It never seems to occur to them to start a strike of their own in college. Why not?

They have the chance of their sweet, young, foolish lives right at home in Cambridge, Princeton, Madison, Berkeley. Suppose they should rise up and demand an education. And think of New Haven! A Brandeis at Yale would have a greater opportunity for service, and courage, and work, and fun there than the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad ever was! He'd find the same sort of men in control, with the same ideas and—well, similar results. Why should the students of today put up with the faculties and the ideas and the methods by which their fathers were taught to wreck banks, railroads and insurance companies; corrupt states, cities and the nation; and—and "patronize" colleges?

It seems to me that the idea of democratizing education can be so plainly, so simply, so—rudely stated that even a college-student can be taught to see it. And that's what is going on in the world. Everything is being democratized. That's what all these movements mean in politics, business, industry, and labor; in science, art, journalism and feminism. They are not "reform" movements; they are only called that. What they all mean at bottom is that mankind is making towards self-control.

THAT'S what democracy means: self-government, and so democracy should begin, like charity, at home. Even in education. I must be a self-made man or I'm not made at all—only born and bred and "finished," which too often means ended. Or, to put it another way, since I happen to be a journalist, my part is not to join the army as a soldier, but to follow it as a journalist; not to reform other men and cities, but myself and my newspapers; not to join a party or a union and so help democratize government and business; that's only my part as a citizen. As a man and a reporter my part in the great world-movement should be to turn first myself, then journalism and finally literature yellow.

And so the student's job, as a student, is to democratize education and, as a man, to educate himself.

To show what I mean, let me abandon the literary line of my logical argument and in a perfectly yellow way respond to the reader's demand for an

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example. I was loafing in Vienna once with a group of American medical students. It must have been about 1891–2. To kill time and develop a thirst, I went with them to a lecture. The professor was a famous eye specialist, with a big practice. He was late, and the students looked at one another, impatiently, till at the end of five minutes they became indignant. They scraped their feet back and forward on the floor—a German custom—and both the Germans and the foreigners did it. It made a loud noise and raised the dust, but it brought the professor to time. He came running in, all out of breath, and he apologized. He apologized very humbly, and at length; so long indeed, that the students made that scraping noise again. He stopped his apology and began the lecture. He stuck to his subject for awhile, but by and by he shot off pleasantly upon an historical excursion which interested me. Not those students, however. They ceased note-taking; they looked at one another and they gave him about three minutes for his trip. Then they scraped the floor as before. The professor quit that story as if it were hot. He got back to his subject, and he kept his eye on the eye for the rest of the hour.

THIS was new to me; it wasn't to my American friends, but over the beer they told me about it. I wasn't a reporter then, so I didn't verify it, and as a student among students, I may not have got the facts exactly right. But this was the story as they gave it to me. They said that before their day, when American students first went to Vienna, they used to take the ordinary German courses. Each course would take a semester or two. But they were post-graduates, those students, from American medical schools and impatient to get what they had come for and return home to practice. So they lost all patience with the way medicine was taught at the University of Vienna. It often happened that a specialist, like the eye-man I had heard, who had mastered his subject and added by discovery to its science, would give a course the title of which indicated that he would tell just what he best of all men knew: all about his own contribution to his subject. But he would start the semester with what the Egyptians may have known, give his opinion, with reasons, of what the Greeks learned about it; prove what the Romans didn't know, and then grope through its history during the Middle Ages. Toward the end of the term he would get down to modern discoveries and finally, as he reached himself and what he really knew, the bell rang and he wished the meek, disciplined, hard-working German students a pleasant vacation.

WELL, said my aggressive, insubordinate, offensive American doctors, "this didn't go." There was a lot of kicking about it, and at last some reformer among them proposed a scheme. They took the college-book, listed the professors they wanted to hear and agreed upon the particular knowledge which they suspected them of having and which they coveted. Then they called on the said professors, one by one, and, in brief, asked each one how much money and how few hours he would take to tell all he knew about that particular point; and that only. The professors named a price, high for Austria, low for the United States; agreed to do the business in, say, six lectures or ten or twenty, and the bargains were struck. The students were to organize the classes, do all the business and the professor was to be on hand at certain hours and tell certain things and—nothing else. No recitations; no marks; no examinations; no degrees and (except of the professors by the students' feet) no discipline.

And that's right; it is democratic; and it is education. Those Viennese professors were not educators. They had nothing to do with education in those short, special courses. Education was the students' affair. And education is the students' affair. Madame Montessori sees that, even for babies, and those students at Vienna had it. Those lecturers were specialists hired by the students themselves to tell the students what the students wanted to know; not what the president and faculty thought they ought to know. There were other courses for that: "cultural" courses; managed from above; managed wrong, as those first impudent Americans saw.

College professors have no more business giving us an education or even a "lesson" than a mayor has to "give" us good government, or a millionaire has to give us or our colleges or our churches money. Labor sees that; democratic workingmen don't want their employer to be good to them; they hate all welfare work; and they are right. So are the women who are beginning to object to kind husbands and chivalrous gentlemen and puerile, effeminate government by manhood suffrage.

It's only students (and teachers and other educated people) and the pauperized poor who approve nowadays of philanthropy, and even the pauperized poor are ahead of our boys and girls. The pauperized poor take as much as they can get; the poor students take as little.

BUT the students are astir. Out at Seattle, last fall, the students of the University of Washington struck against the acceptance of a gift of chimes from Col. Blethen, the proprietor of a "successful newspaper." The reason they gave was bad: it was the tainted money idea. They said that Col. Blethen was a "bad man," ran a "bad paper," backed "bad politics" and "bad business," so his money was "bad money." That's silly; it sounds like the grown-up logic of my generation and is unworthy of a coming generation; and their conduct was moral and cruel. When the trustees and part of the faculty accepted the bells and squelched the students, they set about raising money to pay back the price of them to the "bad" rich man! Col. Blethen isn't a bad man. He's only a man; a product of Seattle and the young State of Washington, just as the state university is and as those students are—with their immoral passion to punish individuals. But no matter about that. The chimes are good, and the students' strike was good. It was a start. It was a protest against gifts and patronage and philanthropy; and some day may serve as a precedent for that student body to object to taking good money from good men; to the acceptance of any money from anybody but themselves and their state. And this and similar incidents elsewhere may be the beginnings of a more general student movement against taking anything—even an education, even good discipline—from above down.



"It's only students (and teachers and other educated people) and the pauperized poor who approve nowadays of philanthropy"

This would mean a revolution in education.

Yes. But that's what we want or, to be more precise, it's what we need. Certainly that's what we educated people lack, unless we got it in life after we took our degrees. And I think it's a shame to leave culture out in the street with religion and politics and business. Why

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shouldn't the colleges have it? I ask it in all seriousness.

Education is very important. Education is often suggested as a prerequisite to reform; any kind of essential reform. It's a good suggestion; not so good as some others; but it's well meant. There are difficulties in the way of acting upon it. One is that the suggestion comes from too many educated people with the thought in their heads that everybody ought to have the kind of education they have, so that we'd all see things alike and—as they do. The other difficulty is akin to this one. It is that the kind of education which produces this suggestion is a system, and so bad, and so essentially a part of the whole wrong system of our civilized life that we might be nearer the practical truth if we should turn our statement hindside in front, and meekly say that reform—all sorts of fundamental reform—is a prerequisite to education.



"You'll decide that the way to begin is by killing off everybody alive, and taking some monkeys, begin again to breed a race of men who will go to school and college desiring to learn"

BUT it takes too much real culture to say that sincerely, so I'll not say it. For I don't believe it, not sincerely. I believe that reform must begin, as it is actually beginning, everywhere at once. We have it in politics and government; in business and finance; in labor and industry; we see it among men, among women, among the clergy, even, and now the teachers at their conventions and in their publications are showing a disposition to look for the need of reforms in the schools and colleges. They have been a bit slow, but so have the poets, the writers and the painters, the artists generally and the scientists; the doctors and the lawyers. All the cultured trades and classes have held back; no doubt because they were cultured; and prosperous; and bent too much upon reforming others. Philanthropy again. And, then, too, the system's system of education has had a tendency to produce men with minds so filled to the brim with what was known and so sealed with convictions about what wasn't known, that they had no room for the world's news and opinions.

That is all coming right, however. It was of a piece with the wrong start reform made everywhere; with the tendency to begin with the reform of the other fellow. And we all made it. I tried to reform cities before I tackled journalism and myself. And some of us still are in that stage. You see business men trying to reform politics; politicians trying to reform convicts in prison; the clergy preaching, not to their congregations, but against prostitution, moving pictures and the beautiful tango; women breaking man-made laws to legalize their right to make woman-made laws and so improve men. And here am I, for a bad example again, busying myself with the reform of colleges and college-students with HARPER'S WEEKLY still in need of improvement. Everybody is for the reform of everybody else. And so we have the teachers sitting down solemnly around the problem of educating boys and girls, while the boys (and girls) are panting to get out of college to be at the problem of reforming the world.

And—and—this is the comedy of it all—the educated world, and part of the uneducated, regard the problem of education as the nub of the problem of world-reform!

PUT that way, it makes my proposition sound absurd. For my proposition is that it is the boys and girls who should tackle the problem of reforming the world by tackling the problem of education. But I don't care. I have three good reasons for my course. One is scientific; it is based upon the psychological observation that young students prefer hard, big jobs, like municipal reform, to easy little jobs like a proposition in trigonometry. The second is yellow journalistic; I want to interest my readers. The third is democratic; I am right.

The first question that arises in a consideration (from the outside) of the problem of educating mankind for self-government is like the first poser in the general reform proposition. It is, Where shall we begin? Shall we, for example, begin with the teachers? That would be the typical procedure of reform—from above. Let us say then that we will reform the teachers, and let the teachers reform education and the students. But the teachers are taught. They went through the same (or as bad) schools and colleges as they now teach in, and they learned what those schools had to teach, and they learned their methods of teaching. And they were well taught, too; they were usually picked students, picked for grinding. So they are ground; they can't think any more; can't learn. We'd better begin with the college students, and prepare them to teach new things in a new way. But we can't. We have no teachers to teach them new things and new ways. We'll have to begin lower down, with the children. And that's beginning to be done; the Montessori and other systems are starting reforms in the primary schools and the homes. But it's on a small scale, and it is up against the mothers and fathers who were produced and reduced by the same old schools. They can not learn new things and new ways; not easily. If you think it out thus as a cultured mind should, you will get all tangled up in the ring of logic and the circle of reason. You'll decide that the way to begin is by killing off everybody alive, and taking some monkeys, begin again to breed a race of men who will go to school and college desiring to learn. For that's all we really need.

But I'll stick to my own circle, and answer the profound first question in education as I did that of reform:

Educational reform should begin everywhere at once, with the mother and the child; with the teacher and the pupil; with the professor and the student. That is reform. That will begin the reform of the whole system of education and finally may help reform the whole system of life. But democracy—which is the real thing under and back of and ahead of reform—democracy should begin in education with the students themselves. They have got to get of themselves, for themselves, by themselves—a desire to know and to understand. And, if they'll give me another hearing and the editor will give me the space, say next week,* I'll give those idiots that hang out of the windows and wish they could run with me to a fire or a strike a hint as to how to start a fire and a strike not only in college, but in their own souls, which, as they now know, are the centers of the universe.

*All right. It is a go. [Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

If you liked the article that you have just read, you will want to get next week's paper to see what Mr. Steffens says about "How to Get an Education Out of Your Own Soul."

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WHAT EASTER MEANS TO THEM

By Ernest Fuhr

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JOHN GALSWORTHY'S series of ten stories illustrated by Guy Pène Du Bois begins in the next number

Oriental and Occidental Music

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Translated from the original Bengalee by Basanta Koomar Roy

IN the West Mr. Tagore is known as a poet, but he is primarily famous as a writer, singer, and composer of songs. His poems are read by the thousands, but his songs are sung by the millions. Millions of Indian peasants who are deliberately kept in illiteracy and ignorance by the ruling power, and who do not know even by reputation the great poet, sing his songs morning, noon and night

ONCE during my stay in Brighton I went to a concert to hear a famous singer. Her name just escapes my memory,-but I guess it was Madame Nilsson or Madame Albani. I never before had heard such a powerfully rich voice. Even the great singers in my own country cannot resist the temptation of singing for singing's sake. Men whose voices are quite incapable of using high and low notes properly feel no hesitancy in singing rather indifferently. There is a reason for this. In our country the connoisseurs of music do not mind the defects in presentations, for they create in their imagination the ideal as they listen to a song, and in this creation find perfect joy. It is for this that they look with disdain upon the supposed perfection of a song sung only in a sweet voice. The real nature of the thing finds its fullest expression in its original beauty through outward harshness and comparative imperfection. This is like the outward poverty of *Shiva*—a poverty that is glorified in its utter nakedness.

The spirit of this philosophy is altogether absent in Europe. There the outward finish must be flawless to make any favorable impression on the audience. The least defect makes the performance a total failure. We here do not mind a bit if we have to wait half an hour watching the players turning the pegs of *tanpura* or tuning the *tobla* with a hammer. In Europe these preliminaries are attended to behind the curtain; there everything before the public gaze must be the very acme of perfection. It is for this reason that the voice of a singer must be without the least trace of any weakness.

In India our best thoughts are engrossed in the devotion to song, and we have to overcome the difficulties mainly in the song; in Europe devotion to voice is their first concern, and they perform most complicatedly wonderful feats with it. An appreciative audience in India is content to listen to the beauty of the song alone; but in Europe they listen to the singing of the song. In Brighton I noticed the same thing—that lady's technique of singing was phenomenally wonderful. It seemed to me that she with ease was driving a circus horse in her voice. The ripples of transparent melody that were playing on her vocal chords were expressing themselves without the least obstruction. However wonder-struck I might have been that day, I must confess that I was not moved in the least by those songs. Especially those places where she tried to imitate the singing of birds appeared exceedingly ridiculous to me. On the whole I felt that her voice was transcending the normal limitations of the human voice. Afterwards I was much relieved at listening to the songs of male singers, particularly the tenors. For it was not like the lamentation of a storm wind without any form—in it could be traced the emanation of voice from vocal chords made of human blood and muscles.

EVENTUALLY, by repeated hearing and constant study I began to appreciate European music. But still I hold that the provinces of Western and Eastern music are distinctly separate. They do not lead through the same gates into the same chambers of the heart. European music is, as it were, strangely entwined with the actualities of life, so it becomes easy to connect the air or a song with the multiform experiences of life. An attempt to do the same without music would be fatuous, and the result most unwelcome. Our music transcends the precincts of every-day life, so there is to be found so much of tenderness and indifference to worldly joys and sorrows—as if it is ordained to reveal the glory of the innermost and inexplicable mystery that surrounds the soul of man and of the universe. That mystery world is very quiet and solitary with its bowers of delight for lovers and hermitages for worshippers of God, but there is no provision made for the world-wrapped pragmatists.

It would be impudent on my part to say that I have been able to enter into the very heart of European music; but I must confess that judging as a layman it has made a profound impression on only one side of my nature. It is romantic. It is hard to explain what the word romantic really means, but broadly speaking, it represents the spirit of variety and exuberance—the spirit of the dashing waves of the ocean of life—the spirit of the reflection of light and shade over things that are in incessant motion. And there is still another aspect of the romantic: it is that of vastness which reflects the calm blue sky suggesting the presence of the infinite in the dim, distant horizon. It may be that I have failed to express my idea, but it is certain, nevertheless, that every time I listen to Western music I think within myself—"it is romantic, it is exquisitely romantic indeed." It practically translates the various experiences of human life into musical notes. It cannot be denied that there are attempts in our music towards the achievement of the same thing, but they have not yet ripened into robust fruition. Our songs sing of the starlit night and the radiant glow of the gold-embroidered dawn; as they also sing of the universal pangs of separation felt in rainy July, and the consuming ecstasy of the spring in its youth.

OUR music differs from the European in being a single strain of melody, not the harmony of various voices and instruments. Also we have numerous scales, and the melodies written in each scale are appropriate to a certain range of emotions. For example, certain airs are always sung in the morning, others at twilight, others at night; so that their strains are associated in our minds with those hours.

In the same way a certain range of melodies is consecrated to the emotion of love, another to that of heroic valor, another to repose, and so on.

Music, on the whole, is not dependent on words. It is majestically grand in its own glory. Why should it condescend to be subservient to words? When it is inexpressible, then music is at its best. What words fail to convey to human mind music does with perfect ease. So the less there is of verbosity in a song, the better it is for the song itself. Music begins when words end.

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"Pygmalion" in Berlin

By GRANVILLE BARKER

MR. BARKER is known to all lovers and students of the drama as the most distinguished producer in England. The play "Pygmalion," by George Bernard Shaw, has not yet been produced in England. The Germans are Shaw's best audience, and it is they who have brought out this play. Mr. Barker went to Germany on purpose to study the production of "Pygmalion," and he is the best person to pass on its merits, as he himself has brought out most of Shaw's plays in England. What he says about a German audience is interesting to those of us who would like to see more intellectual comedies produced in America

WHO would not be a playgoer in Berlin? In the next seven days I can choose between eight plays of Shakespeare, an Ibsen (that understates it: "Peer Gynt" is announced at two houses and at one of them, the Schauspielhaus, they play it over two evenings, uncut), two Strindbergs, a Björnson, a new Hauptmann, a Shaw, a Hermann Bahr; while if I venture further afield to the cheap-priced popular houses I shall find Schiller, Hebbel, Grillparzer and more Shakespeare.

At the Lessing Theater—where Brahm made Hauptmann and Hauptmann, Brahm, Bernard Shaw's new play "Pygmalion" is a great success. It has been played sixty-two times this season and still draws crowded houses once or twice a week. Note what a true repertory in being means, how plays like this are made and kept successful. Director Barnowsky's hand is on his public's pulse, he can give a play to the extent it is wanted, that and no more; there are no wasted performances. Tilli Durieux, the original Eliza, is either too bored with the success or too busy with something else to be playing it still; the play survives her absence. The audience is no longer a fashionable one (Society has found other things to chatter about); it is perhaps the keener for that. I must confess that, whatever the play, at a first re-visiting it is the German audience that will most impress me. The play will begin, as it is announced to begin, on the stroke of eight. Two minutes before every-one seems in place; if there are late comers they must sneak shamefacedly to the backs of boxes—certainly I was not conscious of a single fidget after the curtain rose. This audience applauds but little, it chuckles rather than laughs but, having in mind Mr. Shaw's late appeals in England for an uninterrupted hearing, it was interesting to note that, as the play went on and the chuckles tended to become guffaws, the actors naturally not pausing for silence, there were not wanting an equal number of suppressedly indignant "Hushes." Here in Berlin it is not thought good manners to stop the progress of the play while you loudly exhaust your enjoyment of a joke.

THERE is a story of a well-known English actor playing one of his best-known parts at a flying matinée at—Eastbourne, I think it was. The company had to catch its train and in three acts twenty minutes was gained upon all previous records for celerity of that performance. I wonder if the company at the Lessing always has a train to catch. It is true that the audience was listening keenly and one must not measure their powers of absorption by my gross ignorance of German, which would toil painfully after the slowest speaker. It is true that "pace" is the greatest of virtues. Not a producer but begs it from his company, prays for it. But never a slack moment, never a change of tempo, hardly a change of tone! Wyndham in "Brighton" was a Macready to it! There is a "train-catching" tendency in some German acting and producing of which one may well beware. I suspect it, though, to be but the natural protest, still needed perhaps, against the tiresome "classic" school. Do I not remember suffering through one performance of "Emilia Galotti" which lost every train in the time-table? In nineteen minutes by my watch did they spring through the first act of "Pygmalion." I should dearly like to know if even the expertest listener and looker-on could have followed it all. And the difficulty was deepened by the rather childishly realistic methods of the production. A wonderfully wet night they made of it, sopping unbrellas, the steps and pillars of the church all glistening, and the very best rain I ever heard (I must ask them how they do that rain). But the constant motor-hooting and the sliding past of profile taxicabs and omnibuses was mere distraction, while the compressing of the church porch to one side muddled and crowded the characters, so that the act was half through before I could distinguish them. This comes of an author amusing himself with stage-directions; the conscientious producer tries to get them all in at once.



Granville Barker

The second act was better both in setting and playing. In the first Eliza had been nothing much and I had had grave doubts about Higgins. But now in his study with its queer apparatus, its gramophones and its grand piano, Heinz Saffner blossomed forth indeed. He is (to speak technically) that most valuable of actors, a sympathetic comedian. Looking like a heavyweight Tommy Traddles he carried through that second act with an amount of vigor and charm that won me completely.

WHEN Shaw's plays are concerned I am naturally a prejudiced person, but really this is one of the best of them. The German theater has well deserved a first fling at it: Germany is his best market, he is easily the most popular dramatist here today, and bitter had been the complaints that the whole-hearted abuse or—worse—the patronizing toleration of each new work by the English press would prejudice its production here for at least a year. So when there came a play, with its heroine a coster girl, its hero a professor of phonetics (named Higgins at that), a serious study in five acts, though with comic illustrations, of the breaking down of class distinction, it seemed better that Germany should be the country of its origin. And now, no doubt, we who worship Russian Ballet and yearn over Italian Opera may welcome with more respect a translation from the German of a "Komodie in fünf akten von Bernard Shaw."

The third act was as good as the second in its playing, less good in its staging, which was marred by some quite pointless eccentricities of arrangement. The fourth act was misunderstood and must have been entirely spoiled in any case by one stupid lapse of taste. Higgins is not meant to be drunk, not even childishly and charmingly drunk. To make him so is to miss the meaning of the best scene in the play, *the* scene of the play in fact, the scene which another dramatist would not have written. The last act improved matters a little though, they had better have left the end as the author wrote it; an author does so often know best.

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An interesting performance though, and to be forgiven many imperfections because of one great quality. It is a common one here but none the less precious for that. I should say that the whole modern art of German acting rests upon this quality of self-surrender. An actor thinks of himself and his work but as a means, and as but one means to the right understanding of the play. That the play can be thought of as a vehicle, worthless except to exploit his art—did such a heresy get whispered at the Lessing Theater even now I think the mighty spirit of Brahm could still shake it to its foundations. Yet there is much good acting here, some perfect acting, and (which is as important) less bad acting, I think, than anywhere else. Judgment is sometimes lacking; a man is apt to rush at his part like a bull at a gate, to give you his best in one gasp, to disappoint you later. Taste may not be perfect, style may be to seek, but in virtue of that spirit of devotion, that contentment to be—if need be—an imperfect part of a more perfect whole, the art of the theater in Germany is a fine and a serious one.

Tranarossan

By JOHN MASEFIELD

I HEARD the wind all day
And what it was trying to say;
I heard the wind all night
Rave as it ran to fight.
After the wind the rain
And then the wind again
Running across the hill
As it runs still.

AND all day long the sea
Would not let the land be,
But all night heaped her sand
Onto the land.
I saw her glimmer white
All through the night,
Tossing the horrid hair
Still tossing there.

AND all day long the stone
Felt how the wind was blown,
And all night long the rock
Stood the sea's shock
While, from the window, I
Looked out and wondered why—
Why at such length
Such force should fight such strength.

Women's Organized Work in Norway

By JANE A. STEWART

THE beginning of women's organized work in Norway dates back to medieval times.

It began in the last half of the eleventh century when King Olaf, called *Kyrre* ("the Quiet"), occupied the throne. He was a zealous Christian, a church builder, social worker and publicist. With a view to softening the rude manners of the people, and preventing the bloody riots and frays which constantly disturbed the peace, he instituted clubs and associations. These were at first social; but as they grew more powerful, they took on a mutual protection and semi-political character.

The king and his cabinet belonged to these early organizations. The clergy supervised them. Weapons were not permitted in the guild-halls; and all disputes had to be settled when both parties had had time to cool off. To place a restraint upon the behavior of the men and to prevent brawls, brief religious ceremonies opened the meeting; and the women in the community were made eligible to membership. Thus early in the history of Norway was the need recognized of woman's participation in public welfare and political organizations.

The first Norwegian clubwomen were peacemakers. Their aid was called in, as guild-members, to help end the era of heathen idolatry, and of bloody warfare which for long centuries had sapped the vitality of the Norsemen and completely prevented the growth of the nation in the lines of civilization.

Development was slow in the barren northland. Norway's national spirit and stubborn sense of independence have often lain dormant and apparently dead. But they have never been entirely eradicated. Social progress, held back by the tyranny and oppression of centuries of foreign rule, sprang into new life with the new era of national independence begun in May, 1814. For a century the Norwegian people have forged forward. Men and women now stand side by side, equal in responsibility under the law, for the welfare of the home and of the nation.

PREPARATIONS for this new twentieth century era of citizenship began in Norway, many years ago. With the granting of that constitution of independence in 1814, popular education ideals soon became real in Norway. Women were educated, became teachers, and formed teachers' unions. Women's Liberal Unions (Kvindesegs-foreningen) were formed. The Woman's Suffrage Union (the Landskvindestemmerets-foreningen) came into being. Women's Missionary societies were organized. Women's voices were heard in some of the churches at mission meetings. The temperance workers got together and formed the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

It was not, however, until September, 1893, that any organized woman's body in Norway ventured to hold a woman's convention in which women only were assembled. The white ribbon women were the pioneers in this respect. And the historic initial meeting of women was fittingly held in the grand old historic Cathedral of Trondhjem, Norway's greatest ecclesiastical structure. Great amazement at woman's power to conduct their own meetings was shown by the curious who flocked to mother's meetings later held in Christiania.

Organizations sprang up through the years and became affiliated in the National Council of Women. These affiliated women's societies duplicate those in other lands standing for peace, social progress, better health, homes, legislation and education, parent training, child welfare and many other good things.

The working plans of the Woman's Suffrage Union are typical of the way in which Norwegian women work together for a common purpose.

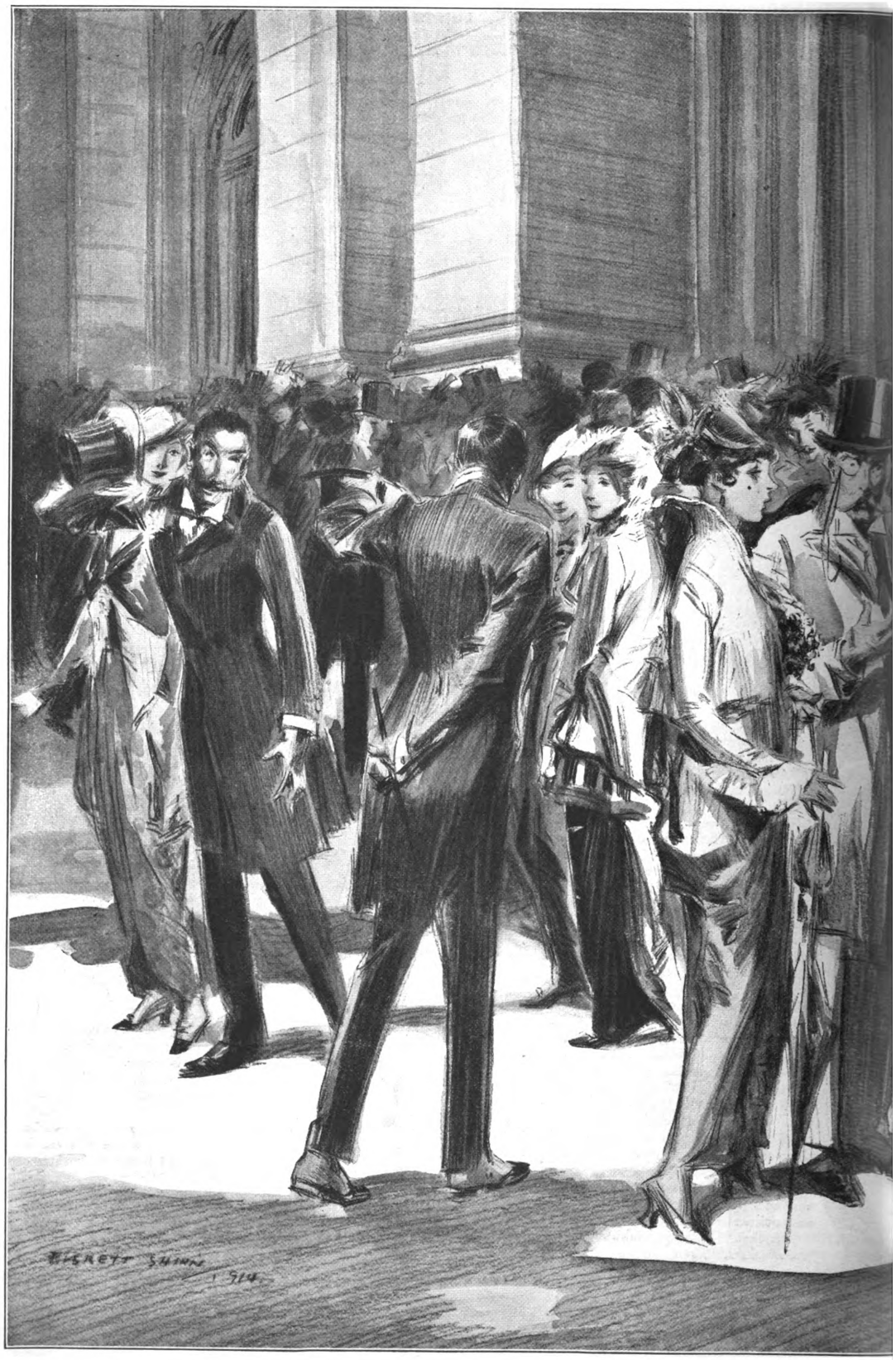
"The object of a National Woman Suffrage Association is: Suffrage for Women on the same terms as for men. The men of Norway have universal suffrage. We therefore will continue our work till the women have gained this same right," was their firm but pleasant announcement.

THEY appealed to each political party to endorse woman's political suffrage in their platforms. They urged the necessity upon the women of coöperation and a realization of the fact that "Union is Strength."

Recognition came to Norwegian women because their cause was tactfully promoted; and because, by their able conduct of public matters, they impressed the need for woman's participation in public service.

Although political equality has been won in Norway, it is typical of the spirit of Norway's organized womanhood, that the suffrage union did not dissolve. It remains in active existence to aid women in making a successful use of their votes, serving as a central bureau of union and guidance; to do good work in collecting a fund to help young women to scientific and professional education (without which they cannot do as good work as men); and to work for the suffrage for women in other countries until all civilized women have been enfranchised.

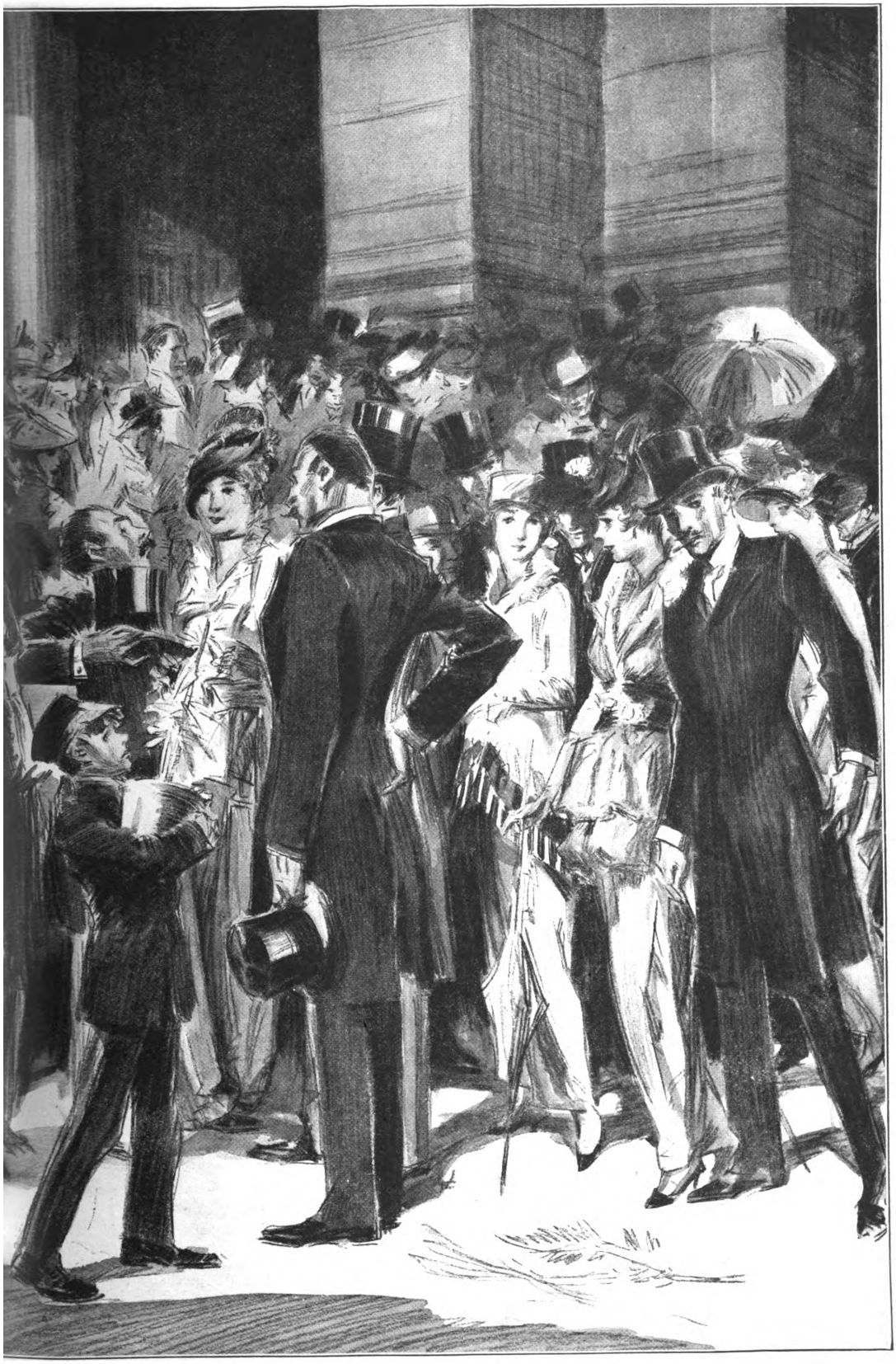
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In front of St. Patrick'

By Ev

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dral on Easter Sunday

HINN

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Fixing the Responsibility

By CURT HANSEN

Illustrated by George Bellows

OFFICER BRANNIGAN weighed two hundred and twelve pounds according to a reliable and accurate scale, and was, consequently, rarely in a mood for violent physical exertion. Down along the streets of his precinct, a leisurely stroll involved picking one's way among sprawling urchins, among children of all sizes in a ceaseless clatter of wrangling, playing and running—which was quite enough to occupy all the attention of a stout man on a hot day. It may have been for that reason that he almost walked upon a couple of lads in a fast and furious mill, before he noticed them. For their part, since they had with unusual recklessness stationed no watchers, they were taken completely by surprise.

Brannigan would have liked to see the outcome; but his duty in such matters was plainly one of repression. He yanked the two apart with a force that sent the uppermost boy careening into a lamp-post, and shot the other, defeated and bruised as he was, a good yard along the sidewalk.

"Whatche fightin' for?" he asked the breathless puffing conqueror.

"Fightin' him!" retorted the latter contemptuously. "I was punchin' his face."

And indeed he had been having things his own way. He, Steve Reilly, was practically without a scratch while his discomfited opponent, Abie Lubin, was howling over a bleeding nose and a rich purple shiner.

"Well," went on the policeman, amused. "What was ye punchin' him for?"

"He killed my Christ—him and his Jews."

"I didn't," shrieked Abie.

"Ye did," fiercely replied Steve.

Brannigan laughed. "You leave him alone," he said to Steve. "It wasn't his fault. Now git, or I'll warm ye." And as Steve got, he turned good-humoredly to the sullen and battered Abie. "Run along, ye little Matzeh, or he'll break your face when I ain't lookin'."

Abie slunk home. His pride had suffered considerably less than his body, for he was round-shouldered and thin-chested and concededly no match for his muscular, pugnacious enemy. But his heart swelled and ached with accumulated wrong and injustice. In the open street, in inoffensive meditation, he had been set upon and violently beaten by a former friend, and for a crime of which his conscience entirely acquitted him.

Mrs. Lubin set up an affrighted wail over the aspect of her firstborn. From her, at least, Abie received unfailing sympathy and still more welcome execration of his maltreator. But his father was practically unmoved. A Gentile ruffian had beaten his son. It proved merely that Gentile ruffians were not appreciably different whether they lived in Russia or America. Let Abie keep out of their way. And he continued pressing the suit with which he was occupied, in perfect composure, while the little tailor-shop echoed the shrill sympathy and wrath of his wife. Abie's tears, however, soon dried under the distraction of a new suspicion.

"Father," he asked in Yiddish, at the evening meal. "What is Christ?"

Mrs. Lubin gave an exclamation of horror.

"It is the God of the Gentiles," answered Lubin,—"or rather—well, when you are older, you will know."

"Did we kill him?"

"We kill him!"

"Yes."

"No, we did not kill him. The Romans did."

Abie's heart gave one leap of relief. At least that responsibility was removed. As soon as he had a chance, he would clear himself before Stephen. For, till that day, the intercourse between the boys had been one of untroubled calm and serenity,—more than that even, of comradeship and mutual assistance—which made the unexpected assault particularly grievous to Abie.

It never was a matter of difficulty to find Steve.

"Say," said Abie. "I want to tell ye somethin'."

"Whatche want?" asked Steve surlily. He had no intention of allowing propitiatory overtures on Abie's part.

"We didn't kill Christ."

"Sure, ye did."

"We didn't—my father said so. It was the Romans."

"The who?" shouted Steve coming forward with menace in every muscle of his body.

"The Romans." Abie shrunk back before his antagonist's threatening look.

NOW Steve knew that he was a Roman Catholic. He had discovered that fact recently, about the same time that he had learned of the crime of Abie's ancestors. As well as of the life and sufferings of his own namesake, the protomartyr. But the freshness of his knowledge made it no whit less powerful as an incentive force.

"I'll show ye who killed him," he cried furiously and dashed upon the hapless Abie. Abie's feeble blows barely touched him, whereas Steve had his opponent on the ground in a jiffy and, seated on his prostrate body, was raining sincere, if rather wild, blows on his head. Abie roared dismally.

A heavy hand jerked Steve up.

"Ye little divvle," said Officer Brannigan, "why dontche let the kid alone?"

"He said it was me that killed Christ."

"He did, did he?"

"I didn't," bellowed Abie, "I said it was the Romans."

"Well," said Steve, "ain't I a Roman Catholic?"

Brannigan gazed judiciously at the combatants. "He manes the histor-rical Romans, not you," he informed Steve gravely, "—and say, if ye hit him ag'in, I'll run ye in, ye dur-rty little loafer. Git a feller yer size an' weight, ye hear me!"

"I ain't goin' to let him call me no Christkiller."

"Ain't I tellin' ye he didn't call ye none?"

Steve declined to pursue the altercation. When Brannigan let loose his collar, he hurried off. The policeman gave Abie a renewed admonition to avoid similar encounters in the future, and proceeded on his easy club-swinging saunter.

But Abie, sore, perplexed and troubled, remained where he was. What was all this about Roman Catholics and historical Romans? Why had he not asked his father who these Romans were before he ventured a second time into the lion's jaws?

When he arrived home, he was taken to task by both his parents for associating with loafers to his own bodily anguish. His father even showed an angry disposition to enforce his prohibition on the boy with the heavy end of an old and tough strap. But Mrs. Lubin saved Abie this second suffering.

Abie felt very little encouraged to pursue his inquiries, but he burned to understand the complicated business in which he had been so painfully entangled.

"Was it really the Romans," he asked after some hours, "who killed Christ?"

"Be still, little fool. How did you get your head full of that nonsense?"

"O, tell the boy, tell the boy" expostulated Mrs. Lubin, "Why shouldn't you tell him if he wants to know?"

Lubin had a great respect for the practical judgment of his wife. Abie repeated his question and learned from his father not only details of which he had been ignorant but some that elated him immensely.

For he discovered that the Romans were not Roman Catholics, that Christ (the possession of whom he secretly envied Steve) was a Jew, that divers of the most venerated of Christians had originally been Jews. He determined to seek out Steve once more.

Steve looked with frowning disapproval at his approaching whilom friend.

"Say, you ain't had enough, have ye?" he asked with gloomy irony.

Abie stopped short. "Will ye hit me, if I come nearer?"

"Whatche want?" asked Steve, noncommittal.

"I found out somethin' new."

"Now you look out!" warned Steve.

"This is dead sure. My father told me all about it."

"'Bout what?"

"'Bout Christ an' all that."

"What did he tell ye?"

"Well—Christ was a Jew."

THIS was true. Steve knew that himself. He had been informed of it some time ago but had suppressed it as an irrelevant and disturbing fact. He looked uneasily at the triumphant Abie.

"Sure," went on Abie, "an' lots o' other people were Jews—whatche call 'em—saints."

"They were!"

"You bet they were."

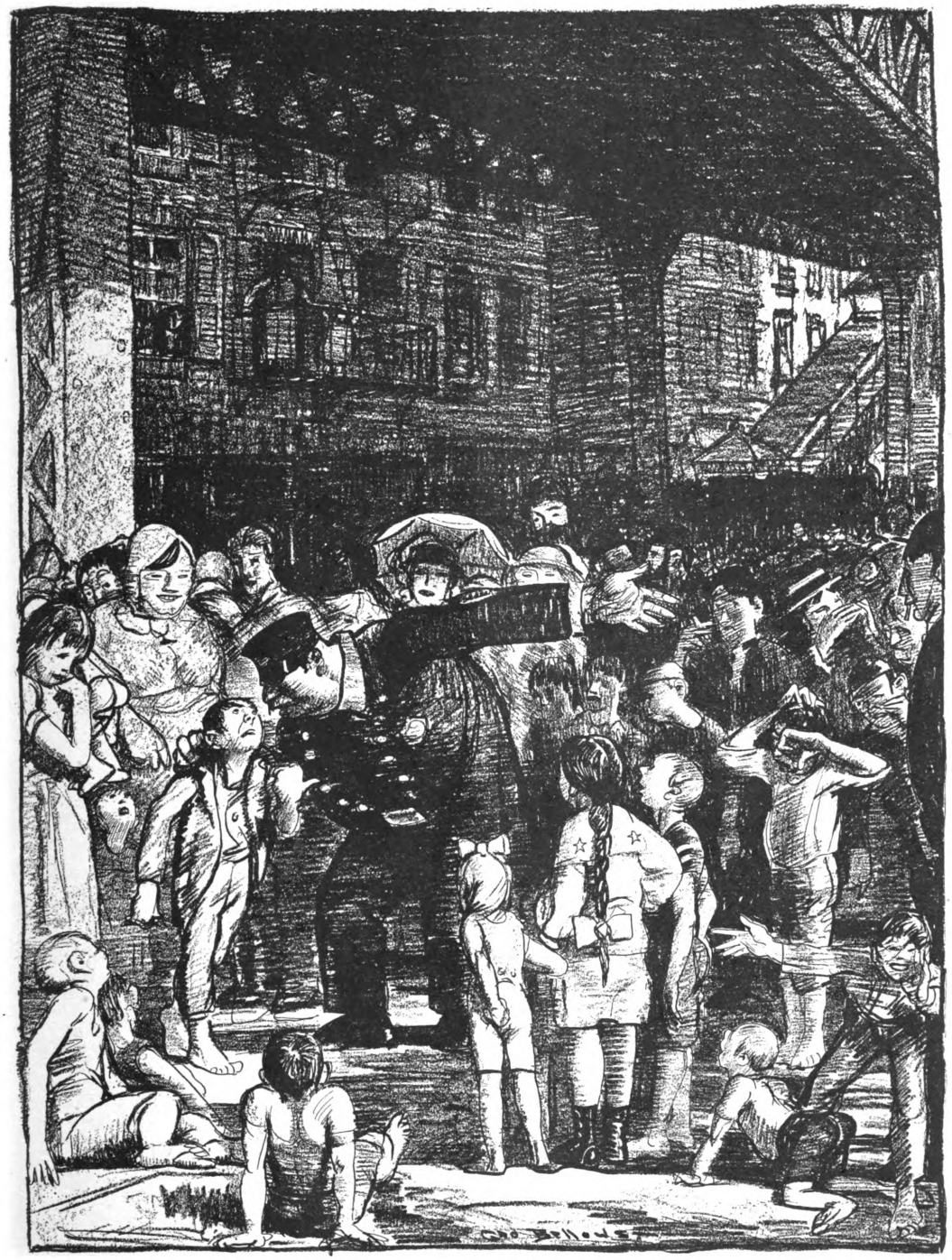
Steve had lost confidence. Evidently Abie's father possessed unimpeachable sources of information, or how could he have acquired the peculiarly irrational fact that Christ was a Jew.

"Was Saint Stephen a Jew?" he asked uncertainly. With the life of St. Stephen he could boast some acquaintance.

"Sure," said Abie.

"An' Matthew Mark Luke 'n John?" continued Steve. Every night he prayed to the four evangelists to bless the bed he lay upon.

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"I WAS BEATIN' 'IS FACE."

"Sure," said Abie once more.

Abie had not the slightest notion as to the racial affinities of the names mentioned. He felt, however, that his position was such that the smallest concession meant surrender. He would, with as cool an assurance, have asserted the Hebraic origin of Ignatius Loyola and Thomas Aquinas.

When Stephen went home, he made inquiries. It was not an easy task. The domestic authorities declined to be interviewed. He was compelled to wait till Sunday School.

There, Abie's statements were literally confirmed. Every one of the five saints to whom he had referred were inexorably and ruthlessly classified as Jews by Father O'Donnell himself.

Stephen began to entertain a strange new respect for Abie. He was even half-resolved to resume their former relations. It was he who looked for Abie next week.

"Say," he said. "Who did ye say killed Christ?"

"The Romans." Abie's answers were glibness itself.

"An' ye don't mean Roman Catholics?"

"Sure, I don't."

"Well, who were the Romans then?"

"They used to live in Rome."

"Where's Rome?"

"In Italy—over'n Europe."

A light dawned upon Steve. "It must 'av' been them damn Wops," he said.

"Sure," said Abie.

Steve gave rein to moody reflections. The grimy bootblack Pietro had frequently provoked him from under the shelter of his father's stand. Nothing could be more reasonable than that so repulsive a foreigner had added deicide to his other vices. He made up his mind at once.

"Then we'll smash that Wop around the corner," he said to Abie.

So they set out to avenge Calvary on the body of Pietro Fabricatore.

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Food Research Laboratory for the People

By WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

EVERY year more people depend to some extent upon canned food, and all of us depend on it a little more each year than we did the year before. Canned food is one of the best ways of solving the problem of feeding cities, and of providing the population with fresh food in the winter time. Since the preserving of foods has gone out of the home and has become a national industry, a great deal of attention has been focused on the methods of canning. There is a popular prejudice against canned foods as being unwholesome. Mrs. Cooley here tells one of the reasons why this prejudice is unfounded

IT is a pleasure to sound an optimistic note in an economically bad world. No sane person can deny the manifest evils which Socialists and other agitators and reformers are constantly bringing to the public mind; but with a full comprehension of all the horrors of modern wage-slavery, and the unfairness of interlocking directorates, and other capitalistic institutions, we must give the devil his due. There exist many national associations which are formed of vast American manufacturing interests. Some are bad; some are good. I believe that most of them admit any one to membership who produces their kind of goods. The National Canners' Association—composed of some 6,000 firms which put up food in tin cans as containers—has its own high standards, and *will not admit manufacturers who are known to be below par.*

Only seven years old, this organization has made enormous progress, and within the past year has capped the climax of its endeavors toward perfect sanitation, and highest quality, and super-government standards by establishing a Food Research Laboratory in the Nation's capital. The wish was father to the deed through the generosity of several can companies and tin-plate manufacturers who evidently believed that money was well spent which made possible experimentation tending toward creating confidence in the minds of the American consumer. The Laboratory cost $20,000, and about $32,000 yearly is required to maintain it.

I went to Washington to study this rather remarkable plant, which is dedicated, not to the problems of the individual food manufacturer, but to the *perfection of the industry*—which is to say, to the *benefit of the public.* The official committee of Research rule that the Laboratory is strictly for *research* work. *No decisions or findings may be used for advertising purposes.* I was surprised to find the Research Laboratory housed in a handsome corner mansion, recently a private dwelling, 1739 H. Street, N. W. It is, of course, immaculate, and its hardwood floors and many windows render it a fascinating place in which to labor. The National Canners were content with no one short of government chemists, and so they secured Dr. W. D. Bigelow, and Dr. A. W. Bitting at a joint salary of $15,000, to superintend the chemical and bacteriological investigations. The latter has had experience in the construction of canneries, and in the early days of food adulteration used to issue bulletins from the U. S. Department of Agriculture showing up objectionable practices of the few remote and unsanitary catsup producers.

IT is hard to imagine any problems which the commercial food manufacturer can have other than those of trying to sell you his goods. Yet it is inconceivable how many serious complications are possible, before ideal quality and "lasting" possibilities are achieved. For instance, for two years Dr. Bitting has been studying the use of syrups of different degrees of density, in canning fruit, and the different appearance and quality of fruit after having been canned for different periods of time. You may be surprised to learn that certain products such as the apricot *improve* remarkably in flavor, after having remained in tin cans for a certain length of time! On the other hand, certain acids in fruits and vegetables in the course of years gradually affect the tin, and a microscopic amount of "salts of tin" is formed. While no serious effect on the stomach probably could be detected, the presence of tin is regarded as objectionable, and one entire room in the new building is devoted to the determination of possible tin salts in various canned foods, the laboratory being especially equipped for this purpose.

Again, as no reputable canner in the United States uses any dyes or coloring matter or chemical preservatives in putting up his product (relying entirely on sterilization by live steam to "preserve" fruits, meats and vegetables) methods are studied for retaining the *natural color* of peaches, tomatoes, and the thousand varieties of food. Hominy, after having been canned for a time, mysteriously develops a few black grains. These do not impair the flavor or quality in the slightest degree, yet the purchaser is certain to regard such "deterioration" with suspicion. Therefore, an immense amount of labor and scientific zeal are being expended in an effort to prevent this condition from obtaining. Canned corn is regarded as desirable if the color is light, yet in many cases, it turns dark where it is in close proximity to the tin can, for the simple reason that it is there subjected to the greatest amount of heat. This condition has been overcome by a continual agitation of the cans during the process of sterilization, so that the same corn is not always against the sides of the containers.

CONTINUALLY, there are questions of "processing" arising. A chemical question, at the moment, is how to prevent canned food from over-cooking, after the excruciatingly hot steam bath which is necessary for sterilization.

An entire chemical laboratory is devoted to analyzing evaporated and condensed milks, in order to determine a uniform standard and process. Of course, all of the great condensed milk firms of the country have their own chemists, and are experimenting daily to achieve the most perfect quality; but the National Canners are in a position to create milk ideals which shall be uniform and absolutely *above* the required legal standard. It is these efforts which justify an unprejudiced outsider in stating that the Food Research Laboratory is non-commercial, and for the benefit of the public. The philosophy of the National Association is that *any bad product on the market injures the whole industry*—therefore the results of the scientific research are freely given to all food producers, whether or not they be members of the organization. It must be remembered that the members themselves are business competitors! The Laboratory is, in every respect, equal to that maintained by the United States Government for the Bureau of Chemistry.

The most interesting room in the building, is the large, light basement, with its white-tiled walls, which is a little Model Cannery. Although small in compass compared to the mammoth food factories, it is, in its machinery, of identical scale. Experiments would be valueless if they were in miniature. Here, all tin cans on the market are tested impartially. The "sanitary can" which eliminates the use of solder by clamping down the tin cap by hydraulic pressure is probably most in favor. In this cannery are vacuum-pans; horizontal and vertical retorts; kettles for soup- and jelly-making; machinery for capping; a pneumatic press, and a large kitchen-range and oven. All sorts of jellies, jams, fruits and vegetables, are put up here in small quantities, but with exactness, in order to determine the value of various processes.

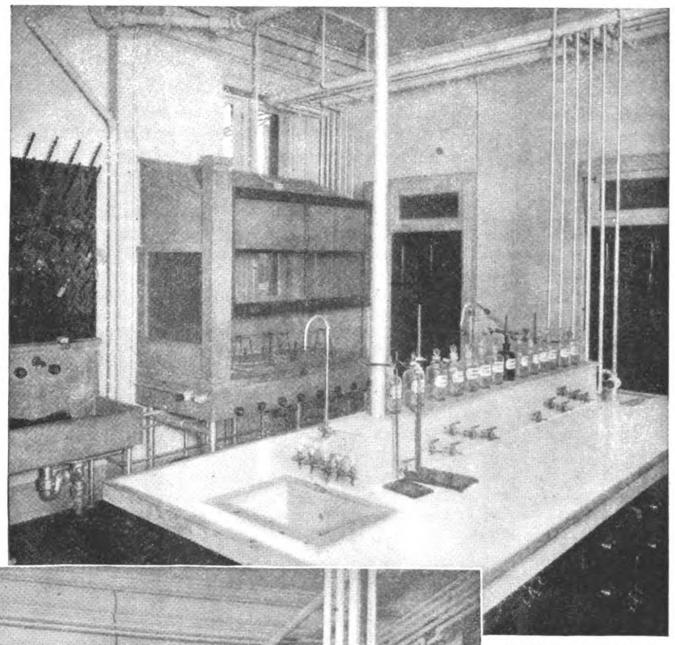
THIS cannery is the unique and alluring feature of the Laboratory in the eyes of the visitor, and it permits the working out of experiments on such a basis that their results can be applied to the work of all the American canners on a large scale.

In a front room in the basement we find an enormous storage warehouse, which contains the *experimental pack* that the National Association is carefully investigating. This means a collection of all sorts and conditions of canned goods put up, under direction, by various food manufacturers throughout the country, subject to certain conditions and taken as samples with which to experiment, to determine desired facts. Naturally, to have any value, every can must be card-catalogued, so that by consulting a certain number and letter, its complete life history may be known.

One of the most important matters is that of the *dating.* Universally, we who eat, but do not create, canned foods, hold a stubborn prejudice that we do not want to buy any cans which are "old." Periodically, bills are introduced into various state legislatures or into the federal Congress, by politicians desiring to find favor with their constituents, which provide for the date of the pack being placed upon the label. This is the only instance of "Pure Food" legislation, I believe, that has ever been opposed by the National Canners. The Association is heartily in favor of laws exacting the strictest sanitation, the abolition of all coloring matter and chemical preservatives (our government has not yet been educated up to this point) and the placing of the net weight on food containers. They

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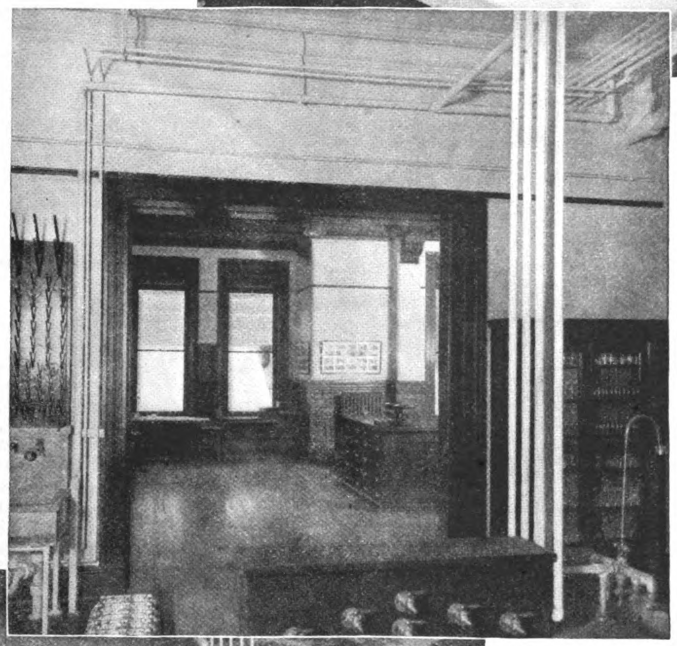
have no objection whatever to stating what is contained within the package or how much it weighs; but the matter of the date, they hold, is founded upon the densest ignorance and prejudice. Scientifically, *if a thing is hermetically sealed, it cannot spoil.* To place an arbitrary time-limit on goods which rigidly exclude the air, is manifestly absurd. The theory of putting up food in time of plenty for use in "lean years" is the basic *raison d'être* of canning food. If the can must be discarded in a short time, its whole purpose is defeated. While any hustling grocer desires to "move the stock" on his shelves as rapidly as possible there must be many instances when cans happen to be several years old. A close analysis made hundreds of times, under all circumstances and conditions, shows that it is only in the rarest cases that time affects the condition of properly canned food. Unless tiny holes have in some manner been bored in the tin, it is manifestly impossible for air to enter; and so long as air is excluded, no bacteria or infusori possibly can be born or multiply.



"Where chemists are constantly at work on the problems of sterilization"

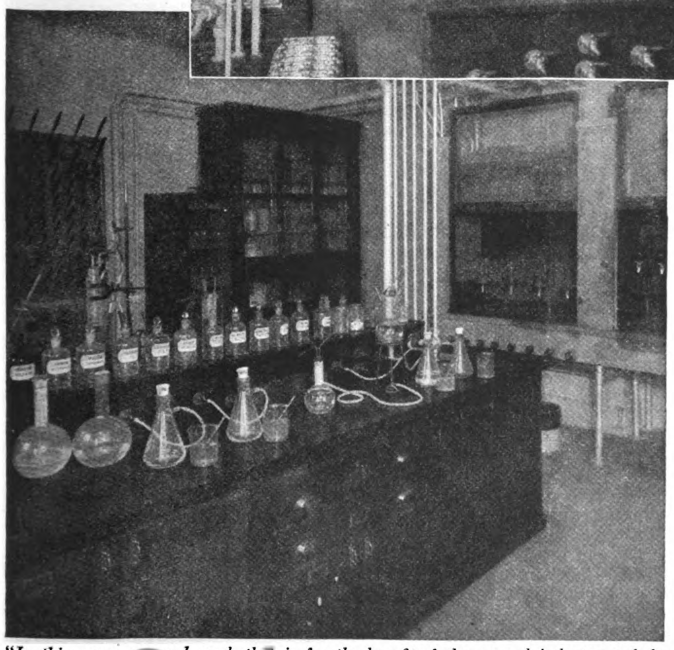
I HAD occasion, recently, to make a study of the tinned meat industry, in the course of which I found several cases where English scientists had opened canned meats, known to be 63 years old, and found them absolutely wholesome and sound. Some of them were packed for the use of soldiers in the Crimean war.

As the placing of dates on labels would have the immediate effect of inducing purchasers always to demand the most recent date (almost as they idiotically insist upon the latest novel hot from the press), an immense loss would continually accrue to all food manufacturers. It would be manifestly impossible to determine exactly the probable consumption of each kind of food during the coming season, and so always there would be *too much or too little manufactured*, according to whether the manufacturer were daring or over-cautious.



The bacteriological laboratory

The Laboratory is manipulated by a Board of unprejudiced committeemen from the National Association, called the Committee of Scientific Research, who determine the line of work to be pursued. Naturally, they discourage any analysis for individual canners, because if this were made, the thousands of manufacturing companies would demand all of the time of the chemists, and millions of samples would overwhelm the Laboratory. The work, therefore, must be broadly educational, and for the benefit of the general industry and the consumer. Some of the chemists are working constantly on the problems of sterilization; others on the bacterial content; and others on the standardization of canned food; on the occasional deterioration in appearance, etc. It must be understood that no brandy is used for preserving canned goods, as it is in some bottled foods; therefore the canners must depend entirely upon heat for all the beneficent effects.



"In this room research work that is for the benefit of the general industry and the consumer is carried on"

All of the findings of this Laboratory must be made public by means of printed reports,

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not only for the canners of America, but for the people.

It is the desire not only to create decent, clean food, but the very most nutritious and choice foods. Most of the canning factories are now in an immaculate condition, and the output last year was three and one-fourth billion cans. The latest "process" kettle absolutely debars infusoria.

ANOTHER question to be determined by the Laboratory, is that of by-products. In this day of supposed efficiency, vast masses of the remains of food material still are wasted, which some day will be utilized as fertilizers, etc. Problems, also, which have to do immediately with social welfare and the health of the community, such as the proper disposal of refuse around a plant, so as not to be a nuisance to neighbors, and the most perfect construction of canneries, are a part of the legitimate work.

To describe the apparatus is merely to be dry and dull. Suffice it to say that the very latest possible scientific improvements are installed in every instance. One of the most interesting phases of the work is that publicity effort which investigates libels on the industry itself. The press seems always to welcome sensational and unauthenticated claims regarding ptomaine poisoning. The public, too, has a mania for being afflicted with this fashionable disease, second only to its passion for appendicitis. The Association investigated seventy-seven specific charges against tinned foods last season, by means of lawyers, detectives, physicians, and the expenditure of large sums of money. The results make amusing reading, although the necessity of having to run down these false rumors is an economic tragedy to the commercial food manufacturers, even through the Association. $25,000 was appropriated.

A western daily published an account, picturesquely head-lined, "*Can of Sardines Produced Death.*" Investigation proved that murder had been committed by the simple expedient of a woman's administering *rat poison* to her husband. One can understand that it was rather harrowing for the National Canners to spend thousands of dollars in order to bring about the proper retraction for such an outrageous statement.

"*Two Poisoned by Canned Fruit*" was the touching title of some articles published in Iowa newspapers. Investigation proved that no canned foods had been eaten. Indigestion had come from eating roast beef, according to the signed statement of the attending physician.

"*Poisoned at Pure Food Dinner*" was the alluring headline of some articles printed broadcast by the press of the East and Middle West, which stated that two hundred students of a big university became ill from eating canned foods. It was found that there was absolutely no foundation for the articles.

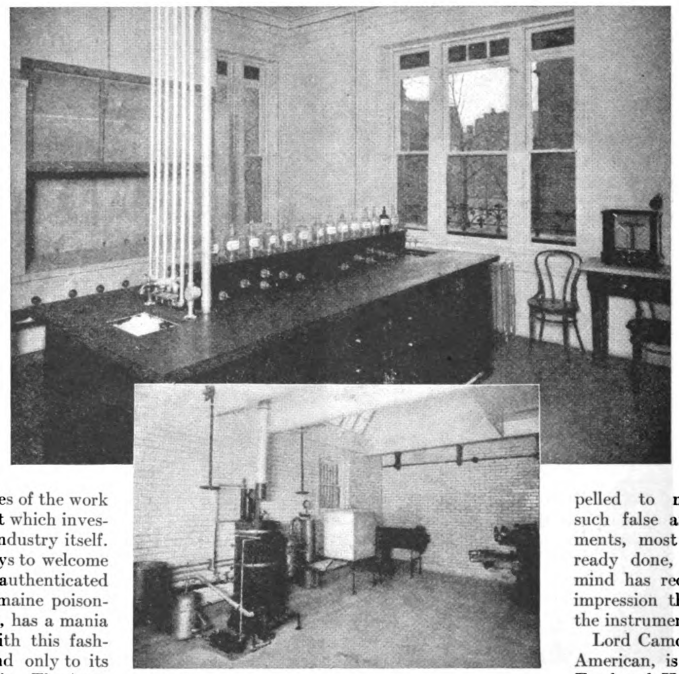
A southern newspaper printed an editorial entitled, "*The Privilege to Poison*" which stated that canners used preservatives which are harmful. This was merely what the dictionary would define as a plain, unvarnished lie, as the National Canners stand unanimously against all chemical preservatives.

"*Canned Peas Cause Death*" was the title of a kindly article published by an eastern newspaper. Investigation proved that the death was due to heart trouble, and that no canned foods had been eaten!

"*Canned Tomatoes Fatal*" the western dailies served up to their readers. Looking into the matter, the National Canners' lawyers and chemists found that the attending physician of the dead person had attributed his demise to sour milk and cucumbers!

"*Canned Goods Kill Two Boys,*" "*Killed by Ptomaines,*" "*Ptomaine Poisoning Claims Two Babies in Family*" were scareheads of newspaper articles which alarmed the public. It was discovered that the attending physician merely had diagnosed these cases as acute colitis.

"*Girl Poisoned by Canned Green Beans.*" The doctor in this case stated that the illness might have been acute indigestion.



A view of the room devoted to the analysis of condensed and evaporated milk and a corner of the model cannery with its white-tiled walls

ALTHOUGH the press is compelled to make retractions of such false and misleading statements, most of the harm is already done, in that the public mind has received an irrevocable impression that canned goods are the instrument of the devil.

Lord Camoys, whose wife is an American, is chairman of a Pure Food and Health Society in London and is endeavoring to establish a National Laboratory at a cost of $50,000 to analyze all suspected foods in England. In our country, it seems that a commercial organization has voluntarily created a non-commercial institution which will obviate the necessity of any such efforts on the part of the American public. For my part, I can consume a ten-course dinner, all taken out of cans, and sleep in peace, enjoying a perfect digestion, and surely, every man, woman and child can do the same. I believe that the American home will be vastly benefited by the Food Research Laboratory at Washington.

My Day

By WILLARD A. WATTLES

THE night drops down his dark and somber curtain,
The stage is set for some new acted play,
Why do I linger, tarrying uncertain,
Have I not lived my day?

A day made merry with good wine and laughter,
Were not the viands rare, the garlands gay?
What should I care if no encore come after,
Have I not lived my day?

The crowd looked on and watched a puppet speaking,
Yet never knew he watched as well as they;
They could not hear because the ropes were creaking
That moved behind the play.

The curtain drops and I am done with feigning,
I toss my sceptered impotence away;
No curtain-call, yet there is no complaining,
For I have lived my day.

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News as Is News

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

A LITTLE piece of big news happened in Chicago on March 14, 1914. It's as small as petty larceny. It's as big, and as new, as "the unwritten law" was when that justification for crime was first appealed to. Here it is, cut out of "The Day Book, an Adless Daily Newspaper" which, by the way, is itself a little piece of big news:

"A young woman stole fifty dollars from a department store, and admitted that she had taken the money. The verdict of the jury, in effect, was that the guilt of the department store in paying less than a living wage was greater than the guilt of the girl who stole rather than to do the other thing. Hence, having the lesser guilt, the girl was not guilty at all."

N. D. Cochran tells the story pretty much as follows:

Margaret McManus, twenty-four years old, had struggled along since childhood in department stores and other low-wage institutions which grind human souls and bodies into dollars. When she started to work for the Marshall Field store, she got five dollars a week. She didn't live at home; she divided a room with another girl. She gave good service and was raised to six dollars and finally to seven dollars. Her fight against the cost of living a decent life became more and more intense, till, one day, the crisis came. She needed money. She had no friends. and no bank to borrow from. She took fifty dollars of Marshall Field money, and left the store. She paid her debts, and disappeared. This was in September, 1912.

The big store never rests when robbed. It put detectives on the case, and they caught her in June, 1913. She was indicted and the case came up on March 14, this year, before Judge N. L. McKinley and a jury. The prosecution made its case complete, at no little expense. The assistant superintendent of Rothschild's, another big department store, where Margaret McManus had worked, helped to identify her. So did several salesgirls. But all this testimony was of no use.

Margaret McManus admitted her guilt. She hid behind no technicalities. She didn't plead "a fit of insanity." She was the only witness. She simply told her own story of her struggle to hold soul and body together with the starvation wages paid by the big store. She said she tried hard. But the day came when she couldn't go ahead. She had no credit; she couldn't borrow at the bank. She had nothing to mortgage—except her soul; nothing to sell but her body.

Then came the argument to the jury. The prosecution took the old, Old Testament argument: an eye for an eye, the law of force and revenge.

The attorney for the defence was John D. Farrell. He talked as a human being to the jury. He made no appeal to the law. He told of the wage slavery of working-girls, and he, too, admitted Margaret's guilt.

"The conditions of this case," he said, "are such that if the jury believes the girl was not paid enough wages, it becomes a question of morality. And it is up to you to decide who is guilty—the Marshall Field store for paying starvation wages or this working-girl for taking some of their ill-gotten gain. Here is a girl who tried to live on five, six and seven dollars a week. Students of economics agree that is not enough for a girl to support herself on. Every one has a right to enough wages to live on decently. Marshall Field robbed this girl of that right by not paying her a living wage. She tried as hard as any girl could to live straight on her low wage. Suddenly she found herself with her back to the wall. There were two things left for her to do. She could take the easiest way and go to the white lights, or she could steal. She had to make up somehow the difference between her wage and the cost of living. She showed the good girl she is by choosing the more honorable way. She decided to steal. And she stole from the one that could best afford the loss, and the one that was responsible for her condition. She stole from Marshall Field. And now Marshall Field, who made a thief of this girl, wants you to send her to prison.

"I contend," said this attorney, "that the girl was justified in stealing from Field's. And I ask you to bring in a verdict either finding her guilty or acquitting the girl as a victim of Field's rotten low wages. And, if you bring in the latter verdict it will be practically a conviction of Field's low wages and a lesson to all employers who pay starvation wages."

And the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty and Margaret McManus went free.

Stage Notes

THIS season's record of productions is really rather good. Margaret Anglin has given four striking Shakespeare productions, revived Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan," and given some of her Greek productions. William Faversham has played Iago for the first time and had revived "Julius Caesar." "Prunella" has given refined pleasure to thousands of cultivated people. Forbes Robertson has been with us with his high-class repertoire. Melodrama has had a most favorable interpretation in "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and "Grumpy." "The Philanderer" has been more successful, we believe, than it would have been a few years ago because the percentage of the American public that has some taste is increasing. Shaw's new play, "Pygmalion," has been given in America in German. Barrie has been represented by the "Legend of Leonora" and two very striking one-act plays, "Half an Hour" and "The Will." "General John Regan" is only one of several excellent type plays. "Young Wisdom" shows Miss Carothers amusing and ironical on a topic of genuine interest. We have not named more than half of the deserving productions of the year and yet enough to meet the talk about our stage degenerating. The drama, in fact, is improving not only in the quality of the play but in the acting. Such acting as is given in "Today," or was given in "Maria Rosa," or in Miss Anglin's productions, has an all round level of excellence which used to cause great comment when it was reached occasionally; in the days of the star cast of "Catherine", for instance.

ONE of the saddest things about an actor's life and especially an actress' is the part that mere physical considerations play. Take an actress of thirty whose dramatic power may be represented, let us say, by 3, and an actress of fifty whose dramatic power will be represented by 5, and the younger actress will not only be more popular but will in general be treated as greater by the critics.

THE modern villainess has changed more than the modern heroine. In the villainess, a really new type has developed, not perhaps properly to be called villainess at all, but at least the destructive element in the play. This is the woman who will do anything for luxury or whose enervated condition is a burden on all of her associates. "The Mollusc" made a strong impression awhile ago, and one of the reasons that "Today" is popular is that the truth of this type is recognized by the audience.

IN the drama, the following are favorite lines, especially in female characters:

"Please, please!"
"What do you mean?"
"I knew you didn't understand."

We suspect they are also frequently used in real life.

UNDER the influence of the new point of view toward women, the heroine who works out her own destiny through her own sense and character has increased in popularity, but this change is really slight. The safest heroine still for popularity is she who is abused throughout and rescued from her troubles and made happy ever after at the end. Peg o' My Heart, for example, absolutely meets the general need of a girl who is put upon throughout the play and at the end not only marries happily but marries a nobleman.

"WITHIN THE LAW" comes nearer than any recent play we think of to presenting a heroine who lives her own life through her own strength and yet very decidedly gets the sympathy of the audience. This play is so successful that its heroine may be offered, on equal terms, as a contrast to the heroine of Peg o' My Heart.

PERHAPS what will happen is this: The moving pictures will kill enough of the theater business to reduce the number of play-houses and then, by overdoing itself, kill enough of the moving picture houses to bring that business also to reasonable proportions. Then, relieved of the necessity of constantly furnishing plays and films for more theaters than are needed, the managers will improve the quality and both branches of the business will be on a sounder basis.

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"At last we started in our open boat for Dawson, two hundred and sixty-three miles away"

A Woman in the Wilderness

By DORA KEEN

THIS story is a sketch from life—a life that is rapidly disappearing off the face of the earth with the advance of civilization into the wild countries. The open spaces, magnificent mountains, and wild life of Alaska have developed a people who lay much emphasis upon the essential qualities of goodness, and pay not so much attention to trivial conventions. This story of fidelity is a touching example of the spirit of devotion which has always marked the pioneer

IN the wilds of the Yukon a middle-aged woman stood in the rain baking bread. She was holding her frying-pan over a camp fire to which a few branches high above gave a meager protection. A skirt,—which had been hastily donned at the approach of "people," —half concealed her overalls. Hanging on a limb were the packs of herself and her companions,—a man and three dogs. "This is my wife," said the man.

Half wild, half shy, his quiet dignity and unassuming yet evident intelligence in speech and action gave an impression of latent force. Him we had met three days before, when he had "come to town" to see about a boat to go down the river to Dawson.

"Excuse my appearance," said the woman. "I'm just soaked. Feel that," and she turned a wet shoulder to me.

"You see, we had so much to carry that I couldn't bring any clothes but just what I could carry in my pack. The dogs was carrying all they could. That little dog can pack forty pounds," and she pointed to a small half-bull terrier. "You'd be surprised, to look at him.

"Billy got an Indian to help us as far as the lake last night, and there was a piece of canvas there we used for a tent, and we had our fur robe. Still, there was the ore to bring out, and the nails and oakum for the boat, so we only brought just what we could do with till we get to Dawson.

"We wouldn't have come out so early only our flour was most out," she added.

IT was the Fourth of July and we were on Canadian soil but our feeling of nationalism and patriotism was all but forgotten for the time in the still deeper human emotion of this meeting in the wilderness; for this was the first woman that I had met sharing the hard life of a prospector in the hills, and I was the first white woman whom she had seen in a year. Not since she had come up the river from Dawson with her husband the previous August had she had a woman to talk to, and not since April had they heard a word of news from the "outside" world.

We also were in need of a boat to go down the river. Indeed, we had already been waiting three weeks, half way on our three-hundred-mile journey to Yukon, for lack of a boat to proceed. We had been told that we surely should find a boat at Cañon City, the one "town" of the West River, for each spring the prospectors brought their outfits up this river from Dawson by poling boats. When we reached there, however, on the sixteenth of June, not one had yet arrived and the only one that had since come was too large for our purpose and too high-priced. With faith in this boat we had sent back the pack horses that had been the means of getting our outfit over the 125 miles which we had walked from civilization, and had sat down patiently to await either a boat or the coming of some man who should know how to build one. A man was due any day from Dawson, which lay 263 miles northeast. He was coming in alone with a pack horse, by way of the Alaska-Yukon boundary. Another was expected from White Horse, 350 miles or eighteen days to the east. Still a third who understood boat building was the "original settler" of Cañon City, whose return from the south, by our route, was now a week overdue. Still, no one of them had come, and the other six inhabitants of the region,



Building the boat in which to make the journey to Dawson

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all prospectors and miners, lacked either time or experience to help us build a boat. They had only three short months to work before the snow would come again. One had to make two trips of thirty-six miles to the head of the river, and two came and went between their food caches in "town" and their claims a few miles away.

So we had waited, and at last this man, also a prospector, had chanced to come in, and in a cabin twenty miles away he and his wife, the only white woman in the entire region, lived their isolated lives. He had returned for his wife, and now we had met, on the day promised, five miles from "town."

"When I was in Dawson, I used to keep up in my reading pretty well, but it's hard to do that, up here. I always bring some books and magazines up with me, and when I'm in town here the boys give me plenty to read; but Billy don't take much interest in anything but his mining books, so I have to be interested in 'em too. He sits up over them books till twelve o'clock at night."

Each day my admiration for her pluck and devotion grew, and as soon as I felt well enough acquainted with her I ventured to express my thoughts.

"I think it's fine of you," I said one day, "to stay up here with your husband."

"Some of my friends in Dawson tell me I'm foolish," she said, "to have it so hard, instead of staying in Dawson in the winter, the way most of the women do. It was hardest when my father died, last September. I didn't hear of it till Christmas Day."

"You'll like Dawson," she continued, after a pause. "I can earn one hundred dollars a month there cooking, or one hundred and twenty-five dollars in the laundry.

"Them women in Dawson go out in the hills? I guess not. Why, they wouldn't be seen in overalls. My sisters live back East, and they keep writing to me to come home. I went once—seven years ago—but I thought I should smother. It seemed to me just a place to die in, that's all, and I told 'em so. They were all that narrow-minded! and if one of 'em had a scratch on her knee, the whole family had to wait on her."

AS soon as the snow left the ground, day after day she had shouldered her pack and had gone out with her husband in his search for gold. Rain or shine they had climbed the hills, with none but sheep trails, forded the streams, using their picks here, panning in a creek there, cooking and sleeping in the open, often with only a canvas for cover. They would stay out one, two or three days, return all the way to the cabin for more groceries, then be off again.

My tent and outdoor "kitchen" were not far from the cabin that she and her husband now occupied, and sometimes she would come over several times a day for a chat.

"You see I'm just hungry to talk to a woman," she would say. "I haven't had nobody but Billy to look at since March."

Then the eternal feminine would out, in inquiries for the styles in sleeves and hair, and advice as to how she should trim her fur coat next winter.

ON my side I had constantly to ask her to solve some culinary riddle, and from her oven, unasked, she kept me supplied with bread. Camp-fire cooking has its difficulties, but I preferred it to cooking in a dark, hot cabin, and my sleeping bag in my tent on the ground was better than a bed indoors. The "town" boasted of as many as eight log cabins, chiefly empty, and the cache that went with each; but in a land where for two months it was never dark and never cold, I preferred to live outdoors.



"Cañon City, the one town of the White River"

We were sitting as usual under the fly where for the first time in my life I was cooking my own food, washing my own clothes, hewing wood, and drawing water. For recompense, for the first time in my life I was experiencing the joy and refreshment of the great peace and freedom of the wilderness. I was learning its lessons, learning the contentment and simplicity of the pioneers, who, instead of toiling at a desk to make more money to buy more things, prefer to reduce their wants and exercise their ingenuity in providing for them. Calling no man master, monarchs of all they survey, for food, fuel, and shelter they need not money but only a gun and an axe. They will not have comfort at the price of freedom.

Once for three days I had been the only inhabitant of this "city," and for three weeks I had been the only woman in the camp. Far indeed from my eastern home did I feel; but to this woman merely to be among white people again seemed like coming into civilization.

"We went into our creek in March," she had told me, "and we ain't seen anybody since, only the Indians and the Customs people. They was there on the seventeenth of April and we ain't seen any white people since. Still I always expect somebody, and I always like to be ready, so I always dress myself up every afternoon."

"You ought to see how nice we have things fixed up there. I keep my cabin just as nice! I have a clean spread on the bed, and I get so mad at Billy when he comes in all dirty and lays back on it! I have my china all fixed nice, too, with paper on the shelves and all.

"There was three of the Customs people and I made 'em pretty comfortable in the tent, and they sat around and told me all the news from Dawson. When they was all asleep, I remembered I'd left my potatoes out there. There was ten little potatoes, an' I'd been keeping 'em as careful as if they was babies, all winter. I'd brought 'em up from Dawson, an' I'd taken 'em to bed with me nights, to keep 'em from freezing. I was going to plant 'em when spring came. Daytimes I kept 'em all wrapped up in fur. That night I'd forgotten 'em an' they froze."

For neighbors there were the nomadic Indians of the region, half spoiled already by a civilization that kills off their game and saps their strength.

"They're as stealthy as the game," she said. "You don't hear 'em come at all. You just look up an' see 'em there, right in front of you. Maybe they've been there ten minutes, watching you, and they know just who's in camp an' all about you." So she rambled on.

"Poor things. I feel sorry for 'em, an' Billy always brings 'em up tea an' ammunition, and they bring us skins. They love to get calicoes for the squaws. One of 'em asked Billy to bring him three hundred yards this year. They haven't any idea of quantity.

"They mostly come round for food, and I give 'em what clothes I can too. I had a plush coat I didn't like last year, an' I gave it to Big Joe for his squaw, but he wore it himself and his squaw didn't get it till he was through with it. We give to everybody that comes along half we've got, up here, and we don't want no credit for it either.

"THE squaws think a lot of any little thing. Last year I brought up a china dish and gave it to one of 'em. It was real pretty and she was just a young thing. I says to her, 'No break. All time *keep*,' and she's got it yet, though everywhere she goes she's got to pack it 'round with her.

"When they kill a moose, they just move the moose to camp or the camp to the moose, whichever's the least trouble. The squaws do all the moving, and they walk across them swamps full of niggerheads [tufts of grass] with their packs and babies on their backs and never go in the water. 'All time on top' they say. Why, it took me five days to get rested from them twenty miles in here. I just couldn't make it in one day, for the packs was pretty heavy, and them niggerheads always does beat me, and we wouldn't 've got across our creek at all only I was watching it. I says to Billy he'd better get all the stuff across and camp the other side, the night beforehand. He had to pack me across, and the next day the creek had raised so we'd 've had to wait two or three days to get across.

"Sometimes the Indians bring their babies to me. Little Jack's squaw has two. The littlest one's only a year, but it understands just as well when I wash its face. I keep a rag just for them and the little thing goes right over to it. One day I washed its dress, and it was that pleased! Their mothers never wash 'em

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at all. One day in the dead of winter, when her baby was only six weeks old, Johnson's squaw had it outside with just a few rags on it and its legs all bare.

"I make my own soap—and I've taught the Indians to make it and use it too,—but I have the hardest time to get Billy's shirts clean."

FOR three years now they had been in this West River country and every summer they had made the long journey to and from Dawson for fresh supplies.

"The worst part is them twenty miles we've just come from our cabin," she said. I had been over ten miles of it, and had found it more of a water-way than a trail.

"It'll only take us five days to go down the river," she continued, "unless we stop to hunt. We'll probably stop at the sheep lick to get some sheep so as to be sure and have meat all the way, and then we usually stop at one of the moose licks. We always like to take some fresh meat in to the people in Dawson."

To Dawson, with a swift current, was a short journey, but *from* Dawson was another story. The only boat that had come up during my six weeks of waiting for one had taken two men twenty-seven days to pole up, with only 1200 pounds for a load, and to pole up-stream was wet, cold, hard work, for the men had to wade or pole the whole 180 miles, in a river that came from a glacier and was therefore icy, swift, and gravel-laden. Sometimes, Mrs. Jenks said, she stayed in the boat. When there were bars, she walked beside the men as they tugged in harness. Men wanted ten dollars a day and their board to assist at such work. The last trip, in September, half way they had had to build for their outfit a cache high up from the inquisitive bears, and had proceeded on foot to Cañon City. Not until the freeze-up in November could her husband return with a dog-sled for the outfit, and the delay in relaying it all the long eighty miles to Cañon City and thence to their cabin "up on Bear Creek" had made it March before they finally got there.

SO they had worked doubly hard in the few months that remained,—and this year their efforts had been rewarded. At least, before we left Dawson the suspicion had leaked out that they had made a strike, and that it was not solely for the flour but to record claims that they had come out. In spite of artful questions from those at Cañon City, all the way down the river they had congratulated themselves that this time, they "hadn't told nobody nothing"—lest others invade their chosen region. Still it was evident that they considered the crystallized gold in their samples of quartz as unusually valuable.

"Billy does his own assaying, Billy does," she said one day. "Oh, yes, he understands that."

AT last we sat in our open boat, "all aboard" for Dawson, 263 miles away. We were two women, three men, and three dogs. One of the men had just come up river by the trail, merely to deliver a message. After nine long days afoot and alone, he was glad to handle a pole or a paddle in exchange for transportation.



"This was the first woman I had met sharing the hard life of a prospector in the hills"

For seven days we swept on, in a current so swift that divided channels, shoals, snags, and sweepers each in turn seemed about to capsize us. Through a twenty-mile cañon where the river ran twelve miles an hour, through cross currents without number, on, on we swept. At times the woman's face would grow white with fear. Then she would shut her eyes and hold on tightly. Often the waves dashed over us, now at bow, now at side, but she did not flinch nor complain, just bailed on for an hour at a time.

"Billy's taught me to sit still and to keep quiet, when it's bad," she said. "And when I get wet, that's the time I don't say a word."

But when the water was smooth and with no snags ahead, she would chatter on.

"What are you going to do with your money when you get it?" I asked one day.

"I'm going to travel," she replied.

I thought of the big, shy man at the helm, and wondered whether he would consent to be dragged about from country to country, he who heard only "the call of the wild"; but I kept my own counsel. I had learned by her experience not to pry too far. One day she had asked a rather personal question of one of the men, to which he had replied, "Now don't get too inquisitive, or I'll be telling you my real name."

At nights and when it rained hard, we would camp in the timber. In camp she was the "boss," in the boat he ruled.

On the seventh day we at last floated into the waters of the Yukon, and in another ten miles came to a telegraph station. To the man and woman this cluster of five houses—called on the maps, MacDougal, —meant letters, friends, civilization.

While I sought the telegraph, they went in for a cup of tea, which they sipped to the music of "Carmen" sung by Calvé, by means of a phonograph. Delays were considerable and we had still to make camp down river. The hour was late.

"I'm afraid we're keeping Mr. and Mrs. Jenks waiting," I said to the man who had accompanied me.

"Say, her name isn't Mrs. Jenks, it's Mrs. Wilson," he answered. "I know, because I saw it on her mail which I brought up from Dawson. I've been having the hardest time to get my tongue around to calling her Mrs. Jenks all this time."

"Do the people in Cañon City know?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. It's what we call a Klondike marriage. She has a husband over the other side. He treated her bad and she tried to get a divorce, but she couldn't."

At eleven o'clock the next night, as the twilight was fading, we made Dawson. On the next day, in a comfortable hotel, the chamberman was making my bed.

"Was there any women up where you come from?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, "there was one, the one that came down the river with us, Mrs.—Jenks."

"Wilson," said he, in the same breath. "Did they get married up there? Guess not. Wasn't anybody to marry 'em."

AMERICA has had a few great philosophers. One of them is William James. His influence is great not only because of his profound thinking as expressed in his writings, but because of the beneficent influence of his personal life. He blessed every life that he touched. In next week's issue there will be the true story of how he helped one woman to live a hard life better, and with greater happiness.

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Baseball—A Business, A Sport, A Gamble

By N. B. BEASLEY

BASEBALL is a business; it is a compelling sport; it is a tremendous gamble. It is a business that necessitates an enormous capital; it is a sport which holds the attention of millions through the greater part of the twelve months of the year. It is a gamble at which a man may lose a hundred thousand dollars in the short period of five or six months. It is a game in which the man who starts with a hundred or two hundred thousand dollars is called a "piker." This last statement applies, of course, strictly to the owners of major league clubs.

It is a business from which the returns are smaller, in proportion to the outlay, than the returns of any other business of magnitude. There are 12 cities represented in the National and American leagues and the cost of the 16 fields (each league contains eight clubs, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and St. Louis having representative teams in each organization) totals something like $10,000,000. The American public demands the latest in stands and other appointments and the club owners, in obedience to the flood of public opinion, expend generously. A baseball park isn't like a theater. A theater can be operated through the greater part of the year while a baseball diamond is used for but 77 games. The park is idle through five months of the year and the greater part of two more, and half of the remaining time is spent in visiting other cities.

Here are some figures which were furnished by an American League club owner. They are conservative:

Money Spent:	
Players' salaries	$80,000
Traveling expenses, each season	15,000
Southern training trip (expenses of 40 players as well as coaches, manager, newspapermen, trainer, etc.	10,000
Cost of purchased players	25,000
Cost of scouting system	15,000
Salaries of office help including secretary, business manager, assistants, stenographers, ticket-sellers, groundkeeper, etc.	10,000
Advertising	2,500
Telegraph tolls	1,000
Total	$158,500

There you have in round numbers, the yearly cost of maintaining a major league club. The teams draw their earnings from the receipts and approximate figures would prove that it takes slightly more than $1,200 a day to maintain a club. When we consider that the entire schedule is seldom played out it can be understood that a day idle is usually a day lost. That is the one and the principal reason why the owner of a major league club despairs when his team is loaded with postponements and is forced to play double-headers.

IT is absolutely necessary that the teams perform before average daily crowds of 5,000. It doesn't fatten the pocketbook of the owner of the home club to have the team work before 2,000 or 3,000, or 4,000 persons. The visiting club gets a definite and previously affixed share of the receipts. The league takes two and one-half cents from each ticket sold and the visiting club splits even on the twenty-five and fifty-cent tickets. All tickets sold for prices above fifty cents each are split so the club owner takes the extra amount above twenty-five cents. So, he finds a way out even on the small crowds.

If a team is out of the race for the pennant it ceases to attract attention. But the owner cannot reduce his expenses. Rather, he is forced to increase them. He must purchase new material to strengthen his club. The ordinary player taken from the minors costs the purchaser from $2,500 to $4,000. Young stars bring almost unbelievable amounts. There is Marty O'Toole who cost the Pittsburgh club $22,000. The New York National league club paid $11,000 for "Rube" Marquard. Larry Chappell went to the Chicago White Sox in exchange for $18,000 and Russell Blackbourne cost the same club $11,000. The New York Highlanders paid $18,000, or its equivalent, for Maisel, an infielder and Cleveland gave up $12,000 that it might secure Cullop, a pitcher. Salaries have become very high and the competition of the Federal League has made them higher. Men like Cobb, Speaker, and Johnson draw in the neighborhood of $15,000. If the manager disagrees with his players he gets into trouble. Cobb is, without question, the most temperamental man in baseball. A spectator in New York yelled an insult to him a couple of seasons ago and instead of permitting the remark to go unchallenged, as thousands of players before him had done, Cobb went into the stands and engaged in a fist fight with his tormentor. Following this he was suspended by President Ban B. Johnson, of the American League and then the entire Detroit team went on a strike—the first one in organized baseball. Manager Hugh Jennings was forced to impress twelve "strike-breakers" into the service and in Philadelphia, a day or so afterwards, this handful of disorganized and inexperienced players was routed by the Athletics. The game of the following day was called off because of the burlesquing of the sport.

FOR the owner of a losing club the returns for the season are, of course, considerably smaller than the box office receipts of a winning club. As an illustration, here is how the American League clubs stood in receipts in 1913: Philadelphia, Cleveland, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Washington, New York and St. Louis. It will be seen that Philadelphia, with the smallest pay-roll of any American League club, took in the most money. Detroit and Washington maintained expensive clubs and they were far down in the standing. If the losing owner expects to continue in the game he is obliged to purchase new players. He is forced to maintain an elaborate system of scouting. The Detroit club of the past year or two has been an illustration of this. This team won pennants in 1907, 1908, 1909, but in 1912 and 1913 it finished sixth in the race for the flag. The owners were forced to go out and buy players despite the fact that they already had a very expensive team. The Washington club up to 1912 was one of the "farce" clubs of the major leagues. Then Clark Griffith took the managerial reins and by a few wise expenditures made the club almost a pennant winner.

The Detroit club was at one time in a position much similar to the one faced by Washington in 1912. Back in 1907, when the Tigers were fighting for their first pennant, Hugh Jennings, a new manager in the league, realized that he must have a first baseman of major league caliber. Jennings learned that Claude Rossman had been placed in the market by Cleveland but the latter club wanted $3,500 for Rossman's release. Jennings didn't care to spend this amount and he held off for several days while trying to influence the Cleveland club owners to accept $3,000 as a fair price. Then came the day when the string had to be cut; Jennings had his back to the wall; he had to buy. He paid the price; Rossman came to Detroit; he stepped into the breach, plugged it, and the world knows the rest. The Tigers won another pennant in 1908 and Rossman was largely instrumental in the victories. He undoubtedly earned $100,000 for his owners.

A club can easily waste money.

In the fall of 1907 Detroit drafted "Donie" Bush, a diminutive infielder, from the Fort Wayne club in the Central League. The draft price was $500 and the Detroit officials, after listening to the advice of Bill Donovan, its star pitcher, and Matty McIntyre, one of its star outfielders, decided Bush was too small to stand the pressure of the major leagues, and the draft was cancelled. The next spring Bush went to the Indianapolis team in the American Association; he developed into a star and in the fall of that season Detroit paid $6,000 for his release.

Connie Mack, manager and part owner of the Philadelphia Athletics, is known as one of the most astute men in baseball. The times he has been roped are few, yet—

SEVERAL years ago there was a remarkable infielder named Nichols in the Southern League. Mack, feeling the need of such a player, went in person to the city where Nichols was playing. He took a seat in the grandstand, back of the catcher and during the course of the game was recognized.

"Pretty nifty infielder, eh?" said a stranger as he nudged Mack.

"Who do you mean?" grunted Mack.

"That boy Nichols, of course."

"Oh!"

"President Ebbets, of the Brooklyn club, has offered $2,500 for him," suggested the stranger.

Mack refrained from answering but immediately after the game the sale of Nichols to the Philadelphia Americans was announced. And the purchase price was $5,000.

Nichols later drifted out of the major leagues. He never returned. Mack, shrewd observer, had given up $5,000 for a player who was but a puff in the winds of fame.

The best judgment is far from infallible—although it is expected to be. Several years ago the Detroit club turned Jimmy Archer, the star catcher of the Chicago Cubs, back to the minors. The Pittsburgh club, of the National League, had previously done the same thing. Neither Hugh Jennings nor Fred Clarke had seen in Archer the promise of probably the best catcher of all time. In the season that followed but one club put in a drafting slip.

Yes, it is a gamble; and, with the Federals in the field, the stakes are larger than they have ever been before.

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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Local Pride

THE letters that our readers write in from various parts of the country are often more illuminating than literary efforts. They are like casual conversation between friends, and throw sidelights on all sorts of matters of interest, local and national. We intend to publish frequently a page of such letters from all parts of the country

Politics in Kansas

From reading the WEEKLY I believe that you are to some extent misinformed regarding the political situation in Kansas. I hope that this letter will reach you and that you will read it. I venture to intrude an opinion because, through many years as political reporter for various Milwaukee papers, at Milwaukee, Madison, Wis., and at Washington, I possibly developed some capacity for forming political judgments.

You must be in communication with my good friend William Allen White, and have accepted his dope as gospel. Now "Old Bill", as he is affectionately known in this state, is a very brilliant advocate of any cause, but a mighty poor judge of actual conditions, as are most brilliant advocates.

The defection from the Republicans to the Bull Moosers in this state is not nearly as great as White thinks. Bill is misled by his enthusiasms. I do not say this as an opponent of his opinions, but quite otherwise, for I was a progressive Republican in Wisconsin, and a supporter of the La Follette program there before White ever heard of anti-pass laws or primary elections. Bill is a rather recent convert and is as extreme in his propaganda as such generally are.

There has been a tremendous return to the Republicans of men who voted for Roosevelt in this state. Much of that vote was simply a protest against the nomination of Taft and the methods by which it was obtained. The progressive element is in complete control of the Republican party in this state, and many thousands of them cannot see any reason for forming a new organization. They are going to stay with it and you will find my judgment vindicated by the election.

Bristow was sent to the Senate largely through the efforts of White in crystalizing the progressive sentiment in the Republican party in Kansas. Bristow has made good, even White admits it. Now White is trying to pull Bristow down —apparently simply because Bristow will not wear the Bull Moose label. It is the only reason White gives.

The Democratic party in this state is reactionary. Their continued hold on power will simply be to turn back the clock. If Bristow is defeated he will be succeeded by a reactionary Democrat. Murdock has no possible chance of election. Is this a desirable event? Does it matter what party label Bristow wears as long as he makes good, as long as he correctly represents the progressive sentiment of the state?

RODNEY A. ELWARD,
Castleton, Kansas.

Good for Texas

In the issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 7, 1914, you have an editorial entitled, "Colleges in Virginia." In this article you seem to treat Virginia as the leading state of the South in education, while at the same time you point out the fact that the state makes little or no provision for the higher education of women.

It occurs to me that you will perhaps be interested to know that Texas has from the time of the opening of our state university, thirty-one years ago, received women students on precisely the same terms as men. At the present time out of a total student population of 2,503, 760 are women. Women are enrolled in all courses offered in the University except certain branches of Engineering. We have women students in Law, Medicine, Architecture, Education, Domestic Science, Music, Business Training, Agriculture, and other regular academic work.

Texas not only provides training for women in the university, as set forth in the previous paragraph, but it also supports a college of industrial arts with an attendance of 500 women, where special training is afforded in standard courses of Domestic Science offered in such institutions as the Teachers' College of Columbia University. In addition, there are in operation in Texas four state-supported normals with an aggregate attendance of nearly 3,000 students, the larger per cent. of whom are women. These six institutions send out, as you can well imagine, a large body of teachers into the public schools of Texas each year. Texas now contains 165 high schools and academies of such rank as permits them to become affiliated with the University of Texas; that is, we receive students from them without entrance examinations.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN A. LOMAX,
Secretary of the University of Texas.

When the Lid Came Off

Indianapolis has a number of municipal milksops and a mutt mayor. It is one of those bad little good towns, made good by restraint and restriction. If you should visit us, we would offer this bashful explanation: "Yes, the lid is tight, but if you know where to go. . . !" (Wink!) I do not refer to the red lights particularly. There are many red and loose lips parading the streets. But visit our restaurants—no music allowed, etc. Either this is a solution or silliness that ignores the real issues. I do not know, but this followed:

A new hotel was opened here Saturday. People got drunk, but not like gentlemen and ladies. It was sudden license and someone winked a tolerant eye and was "machined" to close the other. It was the natural recoil that shot from the clamped lid, for certainly the opening of a hotel is in itself no reason to get drunk, even like perfect gentlemen and ladies. It was a restless longing and the single standard of immorality suddenly realized, immoral because the scene was vulgar. Nothing but champagne was sold.

In the gold and white dining-room, with its high, rounded French windows rising from the ground up. On the street black silhouettes, some ragged, were pasted against this golden night-glow, gazing within. But those whom the scene embittered were sapped of the vitality to follow the impulse. No bricks were thrown. I do not regret that, for it would not have answered the question. I do not know the answer. People need stimulation, it seems, even in the mild and healthy West where we concoct the stimulant after the recipe of the Wild East.

THEODORE STEMPLE, JR.

Coal Smoke and Bath-Tubs

The writer may be prejudiced, but to his mind the city of Pittsburgh is one of the most interesting cities of the present day, in that it reflects, as it were, the spirit of this most commercial era.

For fifty miles out of Pittsburgh, along her rivers, there is nothing to be seen, practically, but mammoth blast furnaces, rolling mills, coal and coke plants, foundries, machine-shops, and other industries of kindred character. Take the valley of the Monongahela, for instance. To my mind, it is the greatest manufacturing valley in the world. On its banks lie Homestead, where armor-plate for the great battleships for the world is rolled; Braddock, which contains the great Edgar Thompson steel works, where Andrew Carnegie laid the foundation of his great fortune in making steel rails; Duquesne; McKeesport, where the largest tube plant under one roof in the world is located, covering 100 acres; lining the river bank for miles and miles, running southerly towards the West Virginia state lines, at Clairton, Monessen, Donora, Monongahela City, Charleroi, vast manufacturing plants pour forth their products for shipment to all parts of the world. A journey down the Ohio river, westward, and up the Allegheny river, northward, reveals the same characteristics, for forty miles and more.

Journeying by night through the vast Connellsville coke region towards the West Virginia state line, one sees, shining far away in the night, the gleam of thousands upon thousands of coke ovens. From the Connellsville district alone, the richest coke producing center in the world, over 12,000 car-loads of coke are shipped every week.

Is it generally known that it was in Pittsburgh where the development of sanitary utilities took place, and that today bath-tubs and sanitary appliances made in Pittsburgh are in the palaces of the King of England at Windsor, Balmoral and Sandringham, in the palace of the King of Spain at Santander, the palace of the Shah at Teheran, and in the Imperial Palace at Tokio?

To visit the great workshops in the Pittsburgh district by night is like an enchanted Dante's "Inferno." The novice can scarcely believe his eyes, that men have produced and devised mechanical appliances which perform the work they actually do perform. The machinery seems to be endowed with human attributes. It positively appears uncanny. Those who have never visited a great steel mill, have never seen armor plate rolled, or steel rails, or the manufacture of tubing nor seen the vast coke fields at night, have yet to undergo an experience which they will carry with them for many, many days.

J. F. VICKER,
Pittsburgh.

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What They Think of Us

The New York *Herald*

It would be surprising if fair minded men everywhere did not share in the indignation of an army aroused by the series of articles appearing in HARPER'S WEEKLY under the misleading title of the "Honor of the Army." This deplorable effort to breed discontent in the service and to break down its morale and discipline has excited deep and justified resentment wherever the truth is known, and a significant expression of this is the summary exclusion of that journal from army and navy clubs.

The New York *World*

The Army and Navy Club, of course, is acting entirely within its rights in excluding HARPER'S WEEKLY from the club. It might do so for any one of a hundred reasons, and no one could question its power to deprive its members of the privilege of reading that periodical.

But because some of the statements printed in the series of articles on the army by Charles Johnson Post displease the club does not disprove them. Are they true or are they not true? The club cannot change the facts by excluding one paper or a dozen papers.

If 47,000 men have deserted from the army in ten years, that in itself is a serious situation. If there was a large increase in the number of desertions last year, it is a matter that deserves public consideration.

What are the conditions that cause so many young men, selected with great care all over the country, to become felons in the eyes of the law and to risk long terms of imprisonment rather than serve out their terms of enlistment? What is there in the life of the soldiers, or the treatment they receive while in the army, to drive them to desert by thousands every year?

The facts must be met frankly. They cannot be met by cancelling the subscription of a service club to a periodical. The army costs over $1 per head in taxes for every man, woman and child in the United States. If it shelters wrongful conditions or abuses requiring correction, the public is entitled to know the full truth. It is folly to ignore or try to suppress statements taken from the records. Can Congress afford to ignore them or countenance their suppression?

David H. Wallace, New York.

As for the Mary Austin articles, I feel indebted to you for their publication. If my small circle of friends is any criterion, the articles will cause a great deal of discussion and attract a great many readers to what some of us feel is the most "worth while" publication of the day. I know that I have been working under pressure for months now, living part of the time on three hours' sleep a day, but I have always found time for HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The Austin articles seem to express, as I heard a newspaper man say, the feelings of the best women in America upon the subject of monogamy. I congratulate you upon their publication.

Our Monthly Income Policy *Insures* Your *Insurance*

OF course you know that the claim under **any** insurance policy in **any** established old-line company like the Postal Life, will be settled according to contract.

Next to government itself, Life Insurance is the **safest of all institutions,** and your beneficiary—wife or daughter, let us say—will get what's coming—and **promptly.**

But the all-important question for you to consider is: **"What will she do with the money?"**

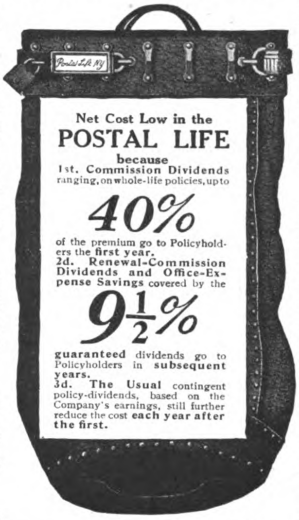
Does she know how to hold on to it? Will she invest it safely? Will her investment **continue** safe?

Or will she let some relative or friend or promoter handle the money for her?

And will there be any of it left at the end of one or two years, or **five** at the latest?

If not, all your thoughtfulness, and sacrifice, and expenditure, will have gone for naught, or nearly so.

You didn't **insure** your **insurance.**



BUT such need not be the case. You intended the insurance to take **your** place and to supply the steady income **you** supplied, or a portion of it at least.

You **can** provide **now** for that very thing simply by arranging a **Monthly-Income Policy.**

Then your beneficiary—wife, daughter, son, or parent—will get the proceeds in **monthly payments for life or for a term of years,** as **you** may specify.

And your beneficiary **can't get it in any other way,** and—best of all—**nobody else can get it.**

It is a **trust,** not administered by one or more individuals, but by a **perpetual corporation** subject to **governmental control.**

Any judge, any reputable lawyer, or court official will recommend a **Monthly-Income Policy,** since they have so often seen the proceeds of insurance frittered away with resultant poverty and suffering.

Better **insure** your **insurance.**

Why Not Investigate?

Of course, the Postal Life issues all the standard forms—**Whole Life, Limited-Payment Life, Endowment, Joint-Life,** and **Child's Welfare:** all these are yours to choose from.

But what we think you will be especially interested in knowing about is our **Monthly-Income Policy,** and how much it will cost you to **make sure** that your beneficiary will receive an income of from $10 to $500 a month throughout life or for a fixed term—let us say twenty years.


POSTAL LIFE BUILDING

Call at the Home Office or simply write and say:

"Mail full particulars about your Monthly-Income Policy as mentioned in

HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 11."

And be sure to give:

1. **Your full name.**
2. **Your occupation.**
3. **Your exact date of birth.**
4. **Your beneficiary's name and date of birth.**

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Second: *Old-line legal reserve insurance*—not fraternal or assessment.

Third: *Standard policy-provisions,* approved by the State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under *strict State requirements* and subject to the United States Postal Authorities.

Fifth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

Sixth: *Policyholders' Health Bureau* arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.

Official information with **exact figures** will be promptly forwarded—**by mail. No agent will be sent to visit you;** the benefit of his commission goes to **you** because you deal **direct.**

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

WM. R. MALONE, *President*

35 NASSAU STREET NEW YORK

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Many a car has found favor through its paint job; in fact a good finishing department is the salvation of poor construction; for a while.

Many automobile concerns have gained confidence by assumed sincerity in their products.

We do not want you to buy a Howard car because of what our advertising man has to say about it; we want you to buy it because you feel it is the best car you can get for the money you are willing to spend.

We want you to judge us and our products; our sincerity and our responsibility solely upon your own knowledge of human nature

Both the Howard "six" for $2375 and the Lexington "four" for $1335 represent the best values we are able to build into them at these prices.

If you are going to buy an automobile as a result of your investigation; you will not be fully informed unless you have been "carried off" in the Howard "six" or the Lexington "four."

Send today for our catalog which will tell you fully and completely the way Lexington-Howard cars are built and what we put into them.

THE LEXINGTON-HOWARD CO., 122 Main St., Connersville, Ind.

Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Value of the St. Paul Securities

NEARLY fourteen thousand persons own the $232,623,100 stock of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company, which has recently been charged by the Interstate Commerce Commission with misstating its accounts by no less than $4,600,000 in one year. How many thousand investors both in this country and in France have bought the company's $300,000,000 of bonds there is no telling. Indirectly hundreds of thousands of persons should be interested in this as in all other large railroad systems. Three life insurance companies alone own $15,000,000 of the bonds. One company, the Mutual, has 19,000 shares of the preferred stock. One university, Harvard, has 1775 shares. Enough has been said to show that St. Paul affairs are of vital concern to many investors, large and small.

When it became known a few weeks ago that Commissioner Harlan had issued a long report severely condemning the St. Paul for its accounting methods, the stock naturally was slammed down five or six points, and a general overhauling of views regarding St. Paul was in order. How serious are these accusations and how much are the securities of St. Paul worth? Should they be regarded as good or bad investments? These are important questions which may be answered in part at least.

The St. Paul is one of those great railroad systems which sprawl all over the upper Mississippi Valley, connecting such cities as Chicago, Milwaukee, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth, and with a long history of profitable operation made possible by nature's generosity to the vast food-producing plains of the Middle West. Continuous dividends on the preferred stock date back to 1867, and the common stock also presents an enviable record. Until a few years ago the St. Paul ranked in wealth with its powerful neighbors the Burlington and the Northwestern, but an ambitious growth has strained its resources until it no longer can lay claim to a place in that mighty company.

Growing Pains

IN 1905 the St. Paul Company commenced the construction of a line to the Pacific Coast, extending from a point in South Dakota on the Missouri River to Seattle, a distance of 1400 miles. The entire line was opened for traffic on August 1, 1909. The Burlington and Northwestern systems have slowly stretched as far west as Wyoming, but there conservatism has halted them. Not so with the St. Paul. Its extension, 450 miles of which will soon be operated by electricity, was a subject of much special and general interest, and was a notable and worthy achievement, calculated to open up vast new territories and ultimately prove highly profitable.

As Commissioner Harlan says, the results of the operation of this new line must be regarded as very favorable. But the cost was stupendous, nearly two hundred million, and all manner of doubtful expedients were resorted to in order to meet this cost without cutting dividends on the stock of the St. Paul company. Both

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the common and preferred stock had long paid 7 per cent. in dividends, had been widely distributed as standard investments among very wealthy capitalists and small investors alike, and in 1906 had sold as high as 199⅝ and 218 respectively.

THE directors should have reduced the dividend during the period of strain, but they foolishly continued to pay 7 per cent. until 1912, when the rate was lowered to its present 5 per cent. figure. The St. Paul has always been in the hands of distinguished men. It has been regarded as a Rockefeller property and all the prestige that goes with "26 Broadway" adheres to it. William Rockefeller, Henry H. Rogers and James Stillman were a trio that fairly breathed forth power. Added to this has been the support of J. Ogden Armour, who at various times has held from 30,000 to 50,000 shares of the stock. Then, too, Marshall Field owned St. Paul, and so does the Harkness family, second only to John D. Rockefeller in ownership of the Standard Oil Company. "Silent" Smith was at one time a great factor in its councils, and representatives of the old, conservative Bliss, Geddes and Stewart families today sit on its board. Harriman bought $6,000,000 of the stock for his Union Pacific, and thus his prestige was lent to the St. Paul. Perhaps through him also the great life insurance companies made their investments.

Although St. Paul stock is today widely scattered, great quantities of it always have been and probably still are owned by "inside" groups. In 1908 or 1909 the books showed 19,700 shares in the name of William Rockefeller, 16,800 in the name of Charles W. Harkness and 31,970 credited to a brokerage firm with offices in the Standard Oil building. No doubt the directors, being likewise large owners, put off year after year the disagreeable task of reducing their own incomes. To build its 1400 miles' extension the St. Paul not only increased its stock, but put out bond issue after bond issue. Today it has about reached the point where further bond emissions will only excite criticism.

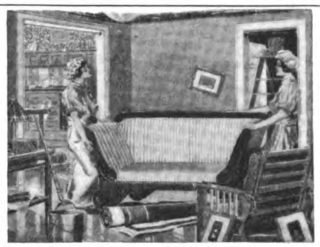
Trickery in High Places

BRIEFLY stated, one charge is that the St. Paul during the period of construction from 1905 to 1909 did not show on its reports any income for carrying men and materials for the new ine, although it had a perfect right to do so, but lumped all this income, about $4,600,000, in its report for 1909, which would otherwise have shown a very lean year, with only about 1 or 2 per cent. earned on the stock, although 7 per cent. was paid. This peculiar accounting also made the year 1910 look extremely bad by comparison, whereas it should have shown an increase of $2,000,000 over 1909. The apparent falling off in 1910 was explained by the company as being due to increased cost of labor, although Commissioner Harlan shows from the company's own figures that labor cost less than in the previous year.

President Earling has no explanation to make of these unpleasant charges except that the company's old accountant, now dead, did not understand the rules of the Interstate Commerce Commission, an excuse too palpably weak to be considered. Even the *Wall Street Journal*, which cannot be accused of unfriendliness to the railroads, says it is worse than futile. The *Railway Age-Gazette*, naturally a railroad organ, says the directors were



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"The sweeping and lifting are just killing me."

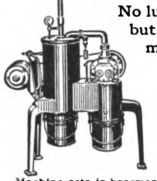
Stops *all* strain of cleaning

Every man knows women should not lift or lug or push about heavy pieces of furniture, and men would not permit it or let it be risked if at home when the daily cleaning work must be done. But with the old broom-duster way there's no escape from the struggle and strain, the climbing and the reaching. There's only one sure way out—

ARCO WAND VACUUM CLEANER

With the ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner you need only point a long-handled aluminum Wand at the lurking, feathery dust and gritty dirt to see it instantly disappear from under furniture, from mouldings, chandeliers, frames, upholstered furniture, mattresses, cracks and crevices. All the dirt, threads, paper bits, insect eggs, etc., are drawn through iron suction pipe, connecting at baseboard on each floor, to big disinfectant dust bucket attached to machine set in basement or in rear room.

No lugging or dragging around a clumsy, inefficient portable cleaner—but you buy a correct, complete outfit that will work perfectly for many years to come—as long lasting as radiator heating.



Machine sets in basement or on lower floor. Suction pipe runs to each floor. ARCO WAND Vacuum cleaners, hose and tools are sold by all Heating and Plumbing Trade at $225 up. Price does not include labor, connections and freight.

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ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner, by prolonging the durability of carpets, rugs, hangings, upholstery, mattresses, furs, clothing, etc., causes the machine to soon pay for itself. Nothing to get out of order; extremely simple. Monthly cost of electricity is trifling.

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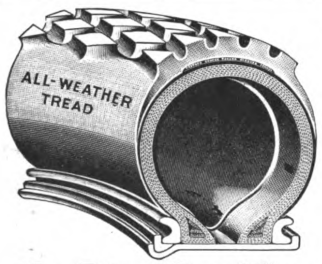
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Costly Tires

With Four Exclusive Features They Cost You Less Than Most Others

During 1913, the prices on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires dropped **28** per cent. Now numerous tires sell higher, and the question comes: Are they better tires?

The Facts

In several ways No-Rim-Cut tires are the costliest tires that are built. So costly that, in days of smaller output, their price was one-fifth higher than other standard tires.

They are the only tires which are final-cured on air bags, to save the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. This one extra process—used by no one else—adds to our tire cost $1,500 daily.

They are the only tires in which hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed to combat tread separation.

They are the only satisfactory tires made so they can't be rim-cut. They are the only tires which carry our double-thick All-Weather tread.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

Mileage Limit

No-Rim-Cut tires, on the average, give the limit of possible mileage. We say this after years of research and experiment, which have cost us $100,000 per year.

We say it because Goodyear tires have come to outsell any other. And they did it when most cars came equipped with odometers, on which men compared tire mileage.

No; there are no better tires. It is easy to build tires worth less than Goodyears, but none can build tires worth more.

We save by mammoth output, by efficiency and by modest profits. Our profit last year averaged 6½ per cent. Those are the reasons for present Goodyear prices.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

Toronto, Canada London, England
Mexico City, Mexico

Dealers Everywhere
Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber
(1484)

afraid that the stockholders and the public were not courageous enough or grown up enough to be told the truth. Even that leading Bourbon, the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, abates a little in its weekly denunciation of the Interstate Commerce Commission and every force that interferes with wealth and privilege.

In plain words the St. Paul has been "caught with the goods," trying to bolster up its credit by deception. But all this took place four years ago. All these facts were extensively exploited in the newspapers at that time. The company was then widely criticized. The Interstate Commerce Commission has merely added clearer details and official sanction to what was already known. If the "disclosures" had come three or four years ago they would have done more good. The Commission says that a more careful observance of its rules is promised for the future and it adds: "We do not mean to be understood by anything here said as intimating that the St. Paul is not a valuable property and is not achieving the results reasonably anticipated for the extension of its lines. A large traffic was offered to the Puget Sound line as soon as it was opened, and the evidence before us leads us to think that a correct showing of the operating results for the first year would have been most satisfactory."

At present many feeders are being built for the Puget Sound extension, and in time this road should develop a very large business. Heavy snow this winter promises large crops next summer. In 1913 the St. Paul had $4,000,000 left after paying 5 per cent. on its common stock, none too large a surplus for such a big road. Earnings thus far this year are smaller, but with an active spring and summer may end up about as well. There are those who believe the common stock will soon be restored to 7 per cent., but such a step would be unwise for several years to come unless earnings increase enormously and unexpectedly.

BUT bonds and preferred stock are safe enough. The preferred stock at 137 yields 5.11 per cent. It has sold as high as 143 this year and 145 last year. Even in the panic of 1907 it did not fall below 130, also the lowest price of last year, and back in 1906 it went as high as 218. In 1913 there was a surplus of $10,000,000 after preferred dividends. The general mortgage 4½ per cent. bonds may be had to yield 4.40 per cent. on the investment. These are practically a first mortgage bond on the 9425 miles of road, are legal for New York savings bank investment, and are safe against any contingency.

Then there are the debenture 4s, yielding about 4.70 per cent. These are issued in $100 denominations. They are not secured by mortgage, but come ahead of the preferred stock. Last summer, they sold to yield 5 per cent. Of the company's gross income, after expenses and taxes were paid, of $31,123,541 for the year ended June 30 last, a sum of $11,438,141 took care of all the bond interest. It is clear therefore that unless the St. Paul greatly increases its bonded debt, all of its bonds are amply secured.

As for the common stock, the wise man makes no predictions. It fell to 95¾ on Commissioner Harlan's broadside. It is now at 100. Apparently any decline much below par brings plenty of buying, but the man who buys it for investment much above par should make a pretty close study of the company's future needs and possibilities.

"Mr. Brandeis' Misrepresentation of the Investment Banker"

In an article under this title Mr. Lawrence Chamberlain will answer Mr. Louis Brandeis, in MOODY'S MAGAZINE for April.

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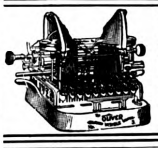
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Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than to speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor, Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.

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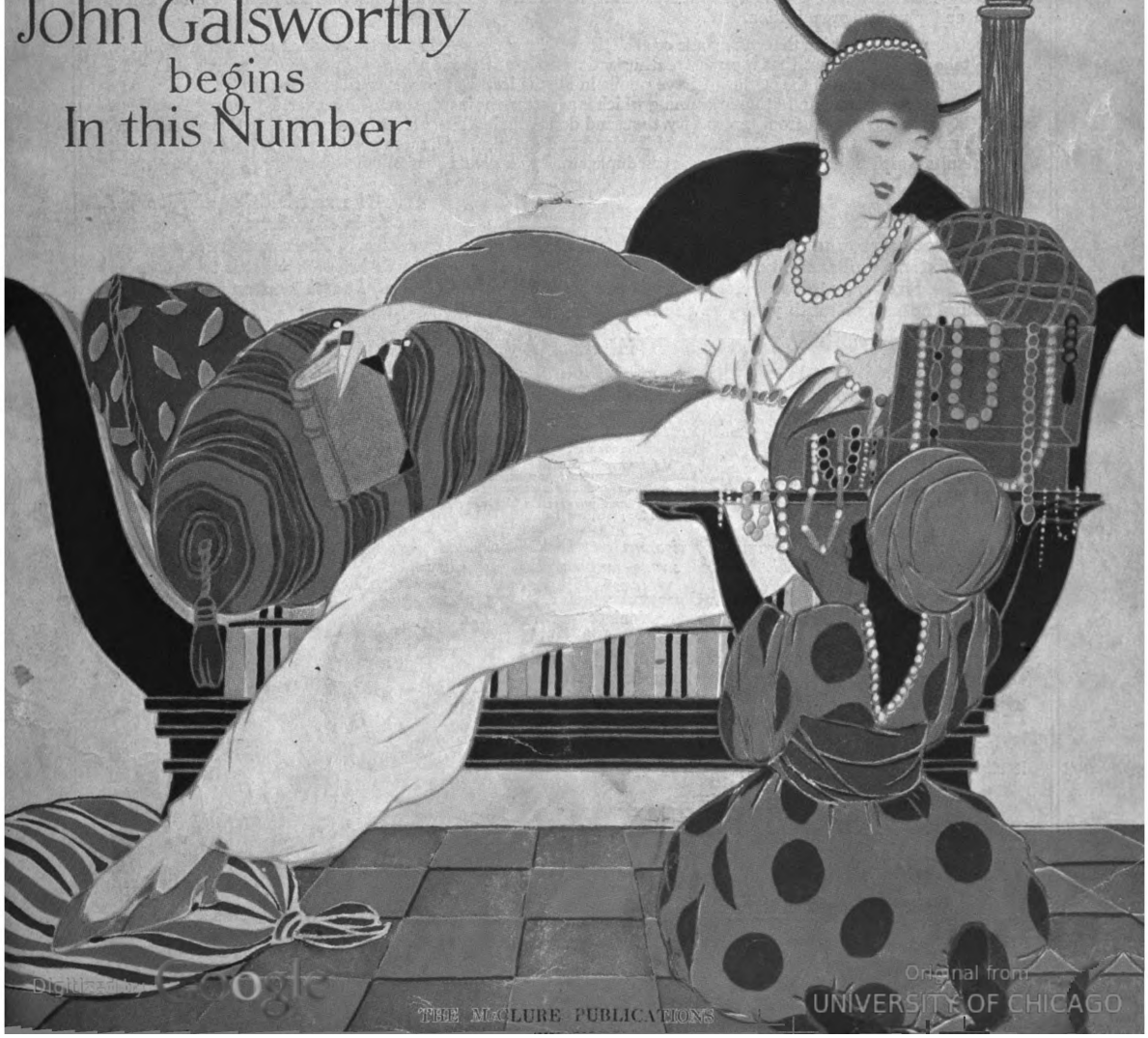
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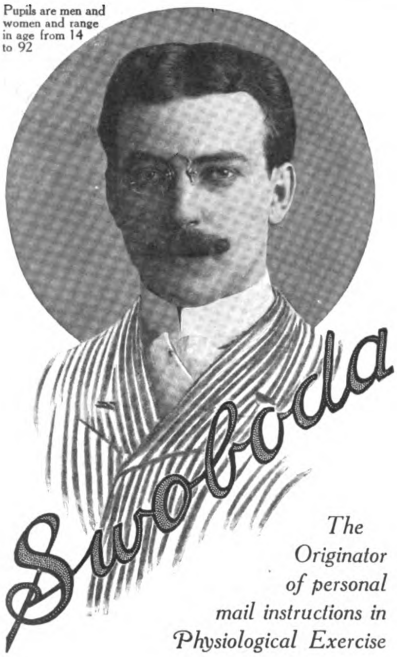
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The Swoboda System is no Experiment. I am giving it successfully to pupils all over the world. I have among my pupils hundreds of doctors, judges, senators, congressmen, members of cabinet, ambassadors, governors, thousands of business men, farmers, mechanics and laborers, and almost an equal number of women.

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"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words can not explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible; my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Ten minutes of your exercise is equal in value to three hours of horseback riding."

"Gained 20 pounds in weight."

"Did not expect such wonderful results."

"Thought it impossible to get such results."

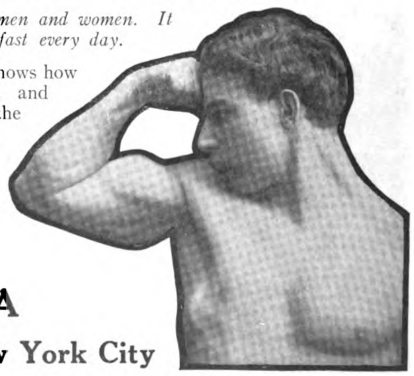
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Contents for April 18, 1914

NORMAN HAPGOOD, EDITOR

The Real Struggle in England ..... Boardman Robinson 2
Cartoon

Editorials 3

The Writer ..... John Galsworthy 6
The first of the Galsworthy Stories
Illustrated by Guy Péne du Bois

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 9

The Pragmatic Test ..... M. T. M. 10
How William James helped a woman
With a reproduction of a letter

Maeterlinck on "Our Eternity" ..... Arthur H. Gleason 12

Dreaming ..... Willard A. Wattles 12
Verse

The French Income Tax ..... Robert W. Sneddon 13
According to Poulot

A Chinese Lyric ..... Pai Ta-shun 14
Absence

Our President and the Congress. McGregor 15

The Evolution of the Dance 16
Silhouettes by Gus Wallé

How College Students Can Educate Themselves ..... Lincoln Steffens 18
Getting an education out of one's own mind
Illustrations by Herb Roth

Albania Today 21
Illustrations from photographs

A Bid for Fame ..... Eric Harold Palmer 22
A baseball story
Illustrations by James Preston

A Woman Killed with Kindness 25
The Stage Society's performance
Illustrations by Gus Wallé

Plays and Actors 26

The Woman With Empty Hands ..... C. Sterrett Penfield 26

Batter-Up ..... Billy Evans 27

Unions and Prisons ..... Samuel Gompers 28

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 29

What They Think of Us. 32

In Next Week's Issue

WILL IRWIN, whose article "What's Wrong With the Associated Press" created such wide-spread interest a few weeks ago, has written an account of the rise of the UNITED PRESS.

In certain sections of MEXICO there has been no government other than that of the bandits who have been rampant. A. D. Temple describes in "Mexican Bandits" one of these turbulent regions.

McGregor, whose inside story of politics and Washington life are a regular feature of HARPER'S WEEKLY, will have an article on "The Ladies of the White House." He writes entertainingly of the interests of the President's wife and daughters.

HERBERT M. REED (Right Wing) will begin his sporting page which was so popular a department of HARPER'S WEEKLY last summer and fall.

The second story of the series by JOHN GALSWORTHY is called "The Critic."

DOCTOR ALLYN'S Department of Pure Food will begin.

Other features will be:—A cartoon by EVERETT SHINN; a picture, "The Duke and Duchess," by GEORGE BELLOWS; a satirical poem, "The Better Class Came Also," by OLIVER HERFORD; a cover cartoon of Enrico Caruso by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

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THE REAL STRUGGLE IN ENGLAND

By Boardman Robinson

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII] No. 2991 | *Week ending Saturday, April* 18, 1914 | [10 Cents a Copy [$5.00 a year

Cut It Out

THIS may sound as if we were going some distance, but it represents a strong conviction: *Senators and representatives ought to have absolutely nothing to do about appointments. It is profoundly improper for men who hold the purse strings to recommend anyone for office.* If you ask how the appointing power can get information, the answer is easy. For minor offices, there is a civil service board. For the more important offices, many different persons are consulted anyway, and the appointing power certainly ought to consult those who are disinterested and *not burden legislators with this absolutely improper function.* Put your mind on it.

Do It Now

THE time will probably never come when our army is put in a position of sharp antagonism to the orders of the people as enacted by the legislatures. In order, however, that such a catastrophe may be avoided with certainty, it is necessary that the army should be as soon as possible made a natural and harmonious part of our civil life. That is why we think Mr. Post's series of articles in HARPER'S WEEKLY was published none too soon. It has occasioned us regret that army officers, almost without exception, show nothing but the anger with which a standpat organization nearly always meets any suggestions that it ought to bring itself up to date.

Authority

NAPOLEON'S tent door was always open. Everybody had access to him. We recommend this fact to those soldiers who are scolding at the facts we have printed about courts-martial but are not answering them. Some of these soldiers observe that it is necessary to maintain discipline. Connie Mack maintains discipline. So does any successful foreman of a factory. Discipline does not require class distinction.

Remark to a Club

THE attack of the Army and Navy Club of New York on HARPER'S WEEKLY has interested us mainly through fixing our minds on the atmosphere of that club. The principal occupation of the members is drinking cocktails. Go into it or many another club of the kind and you will have hard work breaking through the number of persons who wish to show you the hospitality of the bar. Ask where the library is and you will create embarrassment.

The Lightning Express

THE Democratic Party is composed of progressives and reactionaries. So is the Progressive Party. So is the Republican Party. As the Democrats are in power, the division is the more striking. Woodrow Wilson is representing progress so brilliantly and so fearlessly that his party leaders are dizzy. They could scarcely fight on the tariff and on currency. The canal tolls question gave them the opportunity, and hence the affectionate getting together of Hearst, Champ Clark, and the Murphy contingent, headed by Fitzgerald and O'Gorman. The President's safety lies exclusively in the fact that the public likes the way he is doing his job. Every party needs a great leader. No party could be kept in the vanguard without one. The public also needs guides, but it does more or less thinking on its own account. Just now it is imagining what Clark or Hearst would have been up to, had one of them been president. It is reflecting on why Hearst, Clark, and Murphy belong together.

An Allegory

SEVERAL tramps were accustomed to jumping on moving freight trains. The situation once tempted them to try to jump aboard an express. As a result, they were soon sprawling about the neighborhood in various stages of demoralization, blaming one another for the foolhardy enterprise and agreeing that thereafter they would wait.

"There will be a freight along soon," said one.

"Yes," said another. "That is the sensible way to travel. We won't do anything so foolish again."

So they proceeded according to their nature, but the express went forward without them.

Another Allegory

THE palm tree drops its leaves as they lose their youth. Those leaves are not entirely lost. They have a function. They play a part in the history of progress. They make excellent fertilizers.

A Changing View

A GENERATION ago, parents talked a great deal about what their children owed to them. Personally we do not come across any of that kind of parents now. They are much more likely to talk about how much their children by their very existence do for them.

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America and England

THE Ulster trouble at bottom is not religious. It is a question of democracy. If the army had not been essentially an aristocratic organization, it would not have taken such a positive stand. The aristocracy of England is sore over the shearing of the powers of the House of Lords and the progressive measures introduced by Lloyd George. It seems to us improbable that the aristocracy succeeded in getting the King to go beyond his constitutional function of consulting and advising. We do not believe the royal prerogative is in question at all. The issue is simply whether the change from an aristocratic to a democratic civilization can be made without conflict. The United States is many years behind Great Britain in experiments in modern sociology. Such experiments will soon receive a large impetus, now that the tariff and the currency measures have been passed and the trust legislation is likely to be passed. If we ever do get to a dangerous situation, it will be along economic lines, as our social classes are not nearly so distinct as our economic classes. The best hope for smooth settlement in the relations between capital and labor lies in the Industrial Commission. Therefore, everyone ought to take seriously the work of that Commission.

Disagreeing with Sheridan

IN "The School for Scandal," Sir Peter Teazle observed to Sir Oliver Surface:

"This is a damned wicked world, Sir Oliver, and the fewer we praise the better."

The drift of opinion is that the world is not so wicked as Sir Peter thought, but a still stronger drift of opinion is that we improve it much faster by believing the good than by condemning the bad.

The Philippines

INDIA is often spoken of as one country, and this mistake counts heavily when people criticize the policy of Great Britain, not realizing that the tract is inhabited by different tribes which, in the absence of European control, murdered one another, destroyed industry, inflicted incalculable hardship, and had no bond of humanity that could conceivably result in what we call self-government. To a less extent, the same is true of the Philippines. There also are many entirely different tribes, incapable even of understanding one another. Today there are as many Filipinos speaking English as spoke Spanish after so long a control by Spain, and this spread of a common language, carrying with it the foundation ideas of civilization, is hurrying those regions toward freedom far faster than they could be hurried by the technical form of self-government. The wise course has been that just now being taken by the Administration in increasing the powers of the local legislature. Those powers will be again limited, or much increased, according to the results, and experience alone will tell us when we can with justice to the Filipinos themselves retire entirely from the Islands.

Jefferson and the Canal

AS the country is congratulating itself on the completion of the Panama Canal, and admiring the men who have carried out the enterprise, and speculating on the effect on industry, on the Pacific Coast, on our naval requirements, on trade routes, and on such ethical standards as were brought up in connection with canal tolls, it is interesting and just to remember that the man who first made inquiry about this project in behalf of his country was Thomas Jefferson. While in residence at Paris as the Minister of the United States, accredited to the French Court, Jefferson wrote to William Carmichael, the American Commissioner at Madrid:

Paris, Dec. 11, 1787.

I have been told that the cutting through the Isthmus of Panama, which the world has so often wished, and supposed practicable, has at times been thought of by the government of Spain, and that they once proceeded so far as to have a survey and examination made of the ground, but that the result was either impracticability or too great difficulty. Probably the Count de Campomanes, or Don Ulloa, can give you information on this head. I should be exceedingly pleased to get as minute details as possible on it, and even copies of the survey, report, etc., if they could be obtained at a moderate expense. I take the liberty of asking your assistance in this.

Jefferson is criticized, from time to time, and there were plenty of weaknesses in his nature as a man of action, but the passing of years leaves his reputation for foresight and penetration extremely high. His thought has touched more of the institutions of our country than that of any other man.

Tenney's Case Again

JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON'S knowledge of baseball has been admitted in these columns at the same time that we conceded doubt about the choice of Tenney for first base, but insisted that in comparing Tenney and Wilson Mr. Patterson again exhibited his failure to understand the President or to appreciate some aspects of progress. An intimate friend of ours who played third base on the 'Varsity while we were in college, writes as follows:

I have just read "The Case of Tenney." I remember playing against him in my and his salad days, and at that time he was certainly a little brother to a wild cat. If Mr. Patterson's estimate of Wilson's temperament is as accurate as it is of Tenney's we should not worry.

Perhaps Mr. Patterson's estimate of Tenney was made after that player began to slow up. At any rate, we think the brilliant Chicago editor has another guess coming, certainly on the President, and possibly on candidates for first base in the "all time team."

A Player

JOHN P. WAGNER, sometimes called "Honus" and sometimes called "Hans," never wrote a newspaper article. He never went on the stage and he never posed for moving pictures. When the Federals made him an offer, he said that Manager Clark overrated him and was already paying him more than he was worth. He has made a lot of money, but he has made it entirely by playing shortstop.

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Two Pitchers

ON some subjects, we are not bigoted, but on baseball we are. It always makes us cross to hear Walter Johnson called the greatest pitcher of his day. Does he mean as much to the other eight men on the team as Mathewson does? That Mathewson recently spoke of Johnson as the greatest pitcher alive added to Johnson's glory, but still more to that of the magnanimous and almost perfect athlete who paid the tribute.

John Masefield on Political Unity

JOHN MASEFIELD, whose poetry is so representative of the spirit of our time, has sought adventure of all kinds. Although he is an Englishman, he worked for a while, when he was a young man, in the bar of a Raines Law Hotel in New York. Perhaps that experience had something to do with his view of English charity:

> Quite your damndest want of grace
> Is what you do to save your face—
> Your Christmas gifts of shoddy blankets
> That every working soul may thank its
> Loving parson, loving squire
> Through whom he can't afford a fire.
> Your well-packed bench, your prison pen,
> To keep them something less than men.
> O, what you are, and what you preach,
> And what you do, and what you teach
> Is not God's Word, nor honest schism
> But Devil's cant and pauperism.

Not only Tammany, but other corrupt municipal machines in the United States, survive largely through the kind of charity that helps the individual in his more immediate troubles and then steals and misgoverns to such an extent that life is made appreciably harder. These little charities, carried on constantly twelve months in the year, make such an impression that it is difficult to beat Tammany except when the big thefts and big wastes are shown up in some dramatic fashion.

Perhaps

THE Currency Bill was entrusted to Representative Glass in the House and he did his work well. Probably he was so absorbed that he did not follow the performances of the *News*, of Lynchburg, Va., a paper which he owns. As that journal is in general a liberal organ, we were much surprised to find it violently opposing the coördinate college at the University of Virginia. Has editor Addison ever read these lines of Clough?

> Say not the struggle naught availeth,
> The labor and the wounds are vain,
> The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
> And as things have been they remain.
>
> For while the tired waves vainly breaking,
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back through creeks and inlets making,
> Come silent, flooding in, the main.

This year's defeat was so nearly a victory that we look upon it as showing the rapid progressive tendencies of the South. Possibly by the time the bill comes up in two years the *News* will have altered its position through pondering more freely on the subject.

An Early Muckraker

IT was always toward the ideal that Socrates was urging his companions, and he never ceased. Here are some of the things he said:

> While I have life and strength, I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy, exhorting any one whom I meet and saying to him after my manner: "You, my friend—a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens—are you not ashamed of heaping up the greatest amount of money and honor and reputation, and caring so little about wisdom and truth and the greatest improvement of the soul, which you never heed or regard at all?" For I know that this is the command of God.

So it has been throughout history. The important moral reformer has always had at bottom the same task—to urge the claims of the spirit against the claims of money and worldly position. Socrates, to be sure, got the hemlock in the end, but he helped his city and had fun doing it.

The Waste of Fashion

A WOMAN who binds her legs so tight that she falls down and breaks her neck is doing better no doubt than if she binds her waist, but she is acting with considerable foolishness. If fashions change every few months, affecting alike plutocrats and shop-girls, it means that millions are kept employed at useless instead of useful work. Let us hope that the "furnishing employment" childishness deceives few. Anybody can understand that the human race would be better occupied in making things it needs than things it doesn't. The shop-girls should not be blamed. In imitating the more prosperous woman, they are trying for freedom, for recognition, for light. The stand against wastefulness must come from women who could afford to be wasteful if they preferred. Perhaps over-attention to fashion is one of the penalties we pay for keeping well-to-do women from useful occupations. Not giving complete rein to expression in individuals in varied forms of service or intellectual interests encourages self-expression in more trivial ways. The only way to get rid of absurd occupations is to put in their place other possibilities no less interesting and far more worth while.

A Sound Position

WHEN the only amendment before Congress relating to woman suffrage demanded the enfranchisement of women everywhere, we remained silent about it, because we did not think it a sound interpretation of self-government to force so fundamental a social change, regardless of the desires of those localities which might be in no degree prepared. An amendment, however, has since been introduced which has our full approval. It merely sweeps away absurd restrictions by state constitutions, and leaves the matter in the hands of the majority of voters in every state, which is the only sound democratic position. An amendment of that kind certainly deserves to pass. It is absurd that if the voters in any state have progressed enough to wish to enfranchise women they should be prevented by a state constitution that requires, for example, ninety-seven referendums in succession, or perhaps a majority of at least eighty-six per cent.

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The Writer

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

Illustrated by Guy Pene du Bois

MR. GALSWORTHY'S knowledge of modern life is profound and thoughtful, but his style is never heavy, and he is always gentle. His lastest book, "The Dark Flower," has been very widely read in America. The ten stories, of which this is the first, are word-pictures of types of people as often met with in America as in England. The writer's own title for the series is "Extravagance." There are many kinds of extravagance besides the over-emphasis of luxury

EVERY morning when he woke up his first thought was: "How am I?" For it was extremely important that he should be well, seeing that when he was not well he could neither produce what he knew he ought, nor contemplate that lack of production with equanimity. Having discovered that he did not ache anywhere, he would say to his wife: "Are you all right?" and, while she was answering, he would think: "Yes—if I make that last chapter pass subjectively through his personality, then I had better—" and so on. Not having heard whether his wife were all right he would get out of bed, and do that which he called "abdominal cult," for it was necessary that he should digest his food and preserve his figure, and while he was doing it he would partly think: "I am doing this well," and partly he would think: "That fellow in the *Parnassus* is quite wrong—he simply doesn't see—" And pausing for a moment with nothing on, and his toes level with the top of a chest of drawers, he would say to his wife: "What I think about that Parnassus fellow is that he doesn't grasp the fact that my books—" And he would not fail to hear her answer warmly: "Of course he doesn't, he's a perfect idiot." He would then shave. This was his most creative moment, and he would soon cut himself and utter a little groan, for it would be needful now to find his special cotton wool and stop the bleeding, which was a paltry business, and not favorable to the flight of genius. And if his wife, taking advantage of the incident, said something which she had long been waiting to say, he would answer, wondering a little what it was she had said, and thinking: "There it is, I get no time for steady thought."

Having finished shaving he would bathe, and a philosophical conclusion would almost invariably come to him just before he douched himself with cold—so that he would pause, and call out through the door: "You know, I think the Supreme Principle—" And while his wife was answering he would resume the drowning of her words, having fortunately remembered just in time that his circulation would suffer if he did not douse himself with cold while he was still warm. He would dry himself dreamily developing that theory of the Universe, and imparting it to his wife in sentences that seldom had an end, so that it was not necessary for her to answer them. While dressing he would stray a little, thinking: "Why can't I concentrate myself on my work—it's awful!" And if he had by any chance a button off, he would present himself rather unwillingly, feeling that it was a waste of his time. Watching her frown from sheer self-effacement over her sewing, he would think: "She is wonderful! How can she put up with doing things for me all day long?" And he would fidget a little, feeling in his bones that the postman had already come.

He went down always thinking: "Oh! hang it—this infernal post taking up all my time!" And as he neared the breakfast room, he would quicken his pace; seeing a large pile of letters on the table, he would say, automatically: "Curse!" and his eyes would brighten. If—as seldom happened—there were not a green-colored wrapper enclosing mentions of him in the press, he would murmur: "Thank God!" and his face would fall.

IT was his custom to eat feverishly, walking a good deal, and reading about himself, and when his wife tried to bring him to a sense of his disorder, he would tighten his lips without a word, and think: "I have a good deal of self-control."

He seldom commenced work before eleven, for though he always intended to, he found it practically impossible not to dictate to his wife things about himself, such as how he could not lecture here; or where he had been born; or how much he would take for this; and why he would not consider that; together with those letters which began:

My dear——

Thanks tremendously for your letter about my book, and its valuable criticism. Of course, I think you are quite wrong. . . . You don't seem to have grasped. . . . In fact I don't think you ever quite do me justice. . . .

Yours affectionately,

. . . . . .

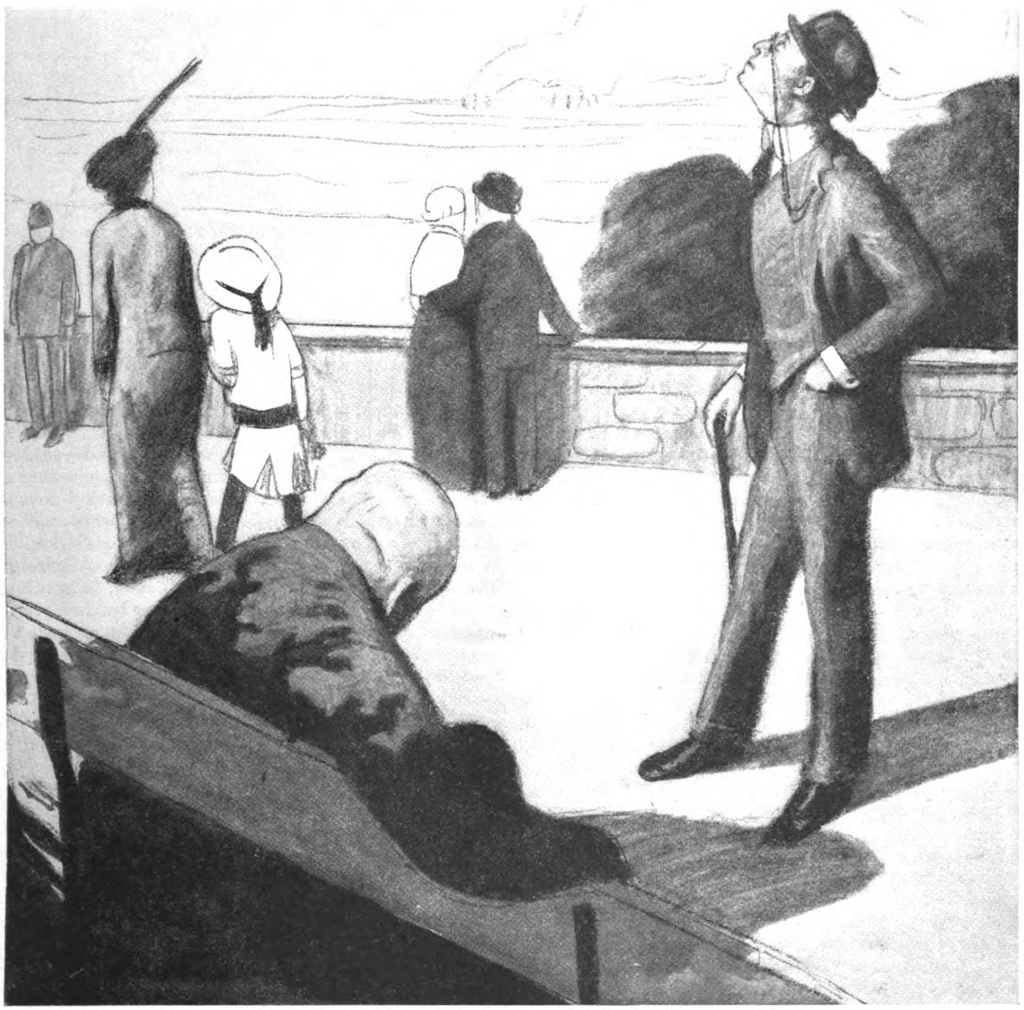
When his wife had copied those that might be valuable after he was dead, he would stamp the envelopes, and exclaiming: "Nearly eleven—my God!" would go somewhere where they think.

It was during those hours when he sat in a certain chair with a pen in his hand that he was able to rest from thought about himself; save, indeed, in those moments, not too frequent, when he could not help reflecting: "That's a fine page—I have seldom written anything better"; or in those moments, too frequent, when he sighed deeply, and thought: "I am not the man I was." About half-past one he would get up with the pages in his hand and seeking out his wife would give them to her to read, remarking: "Here's the wretched stuff—no good at all"; and taking a position where he thought she could not see him, would do such things as did not prevent his knowing what effect the pages made on her. If the effect was good he would often feel how wonderful she was; if it was not good he had at once a chilly sensation in the pit of his stomach, and ate very little lunch.

When in the afternoons he took his walks abroad he passed great quantities of things and people without noticing, because he was thinking deeply on such questions as whether he were more of an observer, or more of an imaginative artist; whether he were properly appreciated in Germany; and particularly whether one were not in danger of thinking too much about oneself. But every now and then he would stop and say to himself: "I really must see more of life, I really must take in more fuel"; and he would passionately fix his eyes on a cloud, or a flower, or a man walking, and there would instantly come into his mind the thought: "I have written twenty books—ten more will make thirty—that cloud is gray"; or: "That fellow X—— is jealous of me—this flower is blue"; or: "This man is walking very—very— D——n the *Morning Muff*, it always runs me down!" And he would have a sort of sore, beaten feeling, knowing that he had not observed those things as accurately as he would have wished to.

DURING these excursions, too, he would often reflect impersonally upon matters of the day, large questions of Art, Public Policy, and the Human Soul; and would almost instantly find that he had always thought this or that; and at once see the necessity for putting his conclusion forward in his book or in the press, phrasing it of course in a way that no one else could; and there would start up before him little bits of newspaper with these words on them: "No one perhaps save Mr. —— could have so ably set forth the Case for Baluchistan." Or: "In the *Daily Miracle* there is a noble letter from that eminent writer Mr. —— pleading against the hyperspiritualism of our age."

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"I really must see more of life, I really must take in more fuel;" and he would passionately fix his eyes upon a cloud

Very often he would say to himself, as he walked with eyes fixed on things that he did not see: "This existence is not healthy. I really must get away and take a complete holiday and not think at all about my work; I am getting too self-centered." And he would go home and say to his wife: "Let's go to Sicily or Spain, or somewhere. Let's get away from all this, and just live." And when she answered: "How jolly!" he would repeat, a little absently: "How jolly!" considering what would be the best arrangement for forwarding his letters. And if, as sometimes happened, they did go, he would spend almost a whole morning, living, and thinking how jolly it was away from everything; but towards the afternoon he would begin to feel a sensation, as though he were a sofa that had been sat on too much, a sort of subsidence very deep within him. This would be followed in the evening by a disinclination to live; and that feeling would grow until on the third day he received his letters together with a green-colored wrapper enclosing some mentions of himself, and he would say: "Those fellows—no getting away from them!" and feel irresistibly impelled to sit down. Having done so he would take up his pen, not writing anything, indeed, because of the determination to "live," as yet not quite extinct, but comparatively easy in his mind. On the following day he would say to his wife: "I believe I can work here." And she would answer, smiling: "That's splendid;" and he would think: "She's wonderful!" and begin to write.

On other occasions, while walking the streets or about the countryside, he would suddenly be appalled at his own ignorance, and would say to himself: "I know simply nothing—I must read." And going home he

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would dictate to his wife the names of a number of books to be procured from the library. When they arrived he would look at them a little gravely and think: "By Jove! Have I got to read those?" and the same evening he would take one up. He would not, however, get beyond the fourth page if it were a novel, before he would say: "Muck! He can't write!" and would feel absolutely stimulated to take up his own pen and write something that was worth reading. Sometimes, on the other hand, he would put the novel down after the third page, exclaiming: "By Jove! He can write!" And there would rise within him such a sense of dejection at his own inferiority, that he would feel simply compelled to try and see whether he really was inferior.

BUT if the book were not a novel he sometimes finished the first chapter before one of two feelings came over him: either, that what he had just read was what he had himself long thought—that, of course, would be when the book was a good one; or that what he had just read was not true, or at all events debatable. In each of these events he found it impossible to go on reading, but would remark to his wife: "This fellow says what I've always said;" or: "This fellow says so and so; now I say—" and he would argue the matter with her, taking both sides of the question, so as to save her all unnecessary speech.

There were times when he felt that he absolutely must hear music, and he would enter the concert hall with his wife in the pleasurable certainty that he was going to lose himself. Towards the middle of the second number, especially if it happened to be music that he liked, he would begin to nod; and presently, on waking up, would get a feeling that he really was an artist. From that moment on he was conscious of certain noises being made somewhere in his neighborhood causing a titillation of his nerves, favorable to deep and earnest thoughts about his work. On going out his wife would ask him: "Wasn't the Mozart lovely?" or "How did you like the Strauss?" and he would answer: "Rather!" wondering a little which was which; or he would look at her out of the corner of his eye, and glance secretly at the program to see whether he had really heard them.

He was extremely averse to being interviewed, or photographed and all that sort of publicity, and only made exceptions in most cases because his wife would say to him: "Oh! I think you ought;" or because he could not bear to refuse anybody anything; together, perhaps, with a sort of latent dislike of waste, deep down in his soul. When he saw the results he never failed to ejaculate: "Never again! No, really—never again! The whole thing is wrong and stupid!" And he would order a few copies.

FOR he dreaded nothing so much as the thought that he might become an egoist, and knowing the dangers of his profession fought continually against it. Often he would complain to his wife: "I don't think of you enough." And she would smile, and say: "Don't you?" And he would feel better, having confessed his soul. Sometimes for an hour at a time he would make really heroic efforts not to answer her without having first grasped what she had said; and to check a tendency that he sometimes feared was growing on him, to say: "What?" whether he had heard or no. In truth, he was not (as he often said) constitutionally given to small talk. Conversation that did not promise a chance of dialectic victory was hardly to his liking; so that he felt bound in sincerity to eschew it, which sometimes caused him to sit silent for "quite a while" as the Americans have phrased it. But once committed to an argument he found it difficult to leave off, having a natural, if somewhat sacred, belief in his own convictions.

His attitude to his creations was perhaps peculiar. He either did not mention them, or touched on them, if absolutely obliged, with a light and somewhat disparaging tongue; this did not indeed come from any real distrust of them, but rather from a superstitious feeling that one must not tempt Providence in the solemn things of life. If other people touched on them in the same way he had, not unnaturally, a feeling of real pain, such as comes to a man when he sees an instance of cruelty or injustice. And though something always told him that it was neither wise nor dignified to notice outrages of this order, he would mutter to his wife: "Well, I suppose it *is* true—I can't write;" feeling perhaps that—if *he* could not with decency notice such injuries, she might. And, indeed, she did, using warmer words than even he felt justified, which was soothing.

After tea it was his habit to sit down a second time pen in hand; not infrequently he would spend those hours divided between the feeling that it was his duty to write something, and the feeling that it was his duty not to write anything if he had nothing to say; and he generally wrote a good deal; for deep down he was convinced that if he did not write he would gradually fade away till there would be nothing left for him to read and think about, and though he was often tempted to believe and even to tell his wife that fame was an unworthy thing, he always deferred that pleasure, afraid perhaps of too much happiness.

IN regard to the society of his fellows he liked almost anybody, though a little impatient with those, especially authors, who took themselves too seriously; and there were just one or two that he really could not stand, they were so obviously full of jealousy, a passion of which he was naturally intolerant, and had of course no need to indulge in. And he would speak of them with extreme dryness—nothing more, disdaining to disparage. It was, perhaps, a weakness in him that he found it difficult to accept adverse criticism as anything but an expression of that same yellow sickness; and yet there were moments when no words would adequately convey his low opinion of his own powers. At such times he would seek out his wife and confide to her his conviction that he was a poor thing, no good at all, without a thought in his head; and while she was replying: "Rubbish! You know there's nobody to hold a candle to you," or words to that effect, he would look at her tragically, and murmur: "Ah! you're prejudiced!" Only at such supreme moments of dejection, indeed, did he feel it a pity that he had married her, seeing how much more convincing her words would have been, if he had not.

He never read the papers till the evening, partly because he had not time, and partly because he so seldom found anything in them. This was not remarkable, for he turned their leaves quickly, pausing, indeed, naturally, if there were any mention of his name; and if his wife asked him whether he had read this or that, he would answer "No," surprised at the funny things that seemed to interest her.

Before going to bed he would sit and smoke. And sometimes fancies would come to him, and sometimes none. Once in a way he would look up at the stars, and think: "What a worm I am! This wonderful Infinity! I must get more of it—more of it into my work; more of the feeling that the whole is marvelous and great, and man a little clutch of breath and dust, an atom, a straw, a nothing!"

And a sort of exaltation would seize on him, so that he knew that if only he did get that into his work, as he wished to, as he felt at that moment that he could, he would be the greatest writer the world had ever seen, the greatest man, almost greater than he wished to be, almost too great to be mentioned in the press, greater than Infinity itself—for would he not be Infinity's creator? And suddenly he would check himself with the thought: "I must be careful—I must be careful. If I let my brain go at this time of night, I shan't write a decent word tomorrow!"

And he would drink some milk and go to bed.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD



XXXIX

CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST



XL

XXXIX

This picture though it is not much
  Like Zangwill, is not void of worth
It has one true Zangwillian touch
  It looks like no one else on earth.

XL

George Bernard Shaw—Oh, yes, I know
I did him not so long ago.
But then you see I *like* to do
George Bernard Shaw (George likes
it too.)



XLI

XLI

Here's Sargeant doing the Duchess X
In pink velours and peagreen checks.
"It helps," says he, "to lift your Grace
A bit above the commonplace."

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The Pragmatic Test

By M. T. M.

THIS is a true story told by the woman herself in her own words. It is a bit of real life, and it shows better than volumes of technical praise the kind of influence which the philosopher William James exerted over the lives of many, especially over the leaders of thought

IT was a year ago that William James died and it seems scarcely a twelvemonth since he wrote me "Your letter which I find on my return from a week away is, on the whole, the most monumentally flattering testimonial I ever received. I wish it might all go on my tombstone!"

Not a tribute from his peers—not a recognition from the high courts of philosophy—only the story of what his thinking has meant in the life of a single individual—a woman!

And yet, perhaps, the story in its completeness is a supreme appreciation of his work, if you apply to it the pragmatic test—"that it shall make a difference." It may be that the actual facts more perfectly demonstrate the postulates of Mr. James' psychology, the hypotheses of his philosophy, than the dictum of some profound scholar.

The tale, without elaboration, runs as follows. It is intensely personal—so intensely my own experience that while good taste might suggest an impersonal telling, I cannot write it except intimately and of myself.

At sixteen years of age I left the schoolroom, with the fantastic ignorance of youth tinctured with the superficial teachings of the fashionable private school of more than twenty years ago. Marriage and motherhood succeeded a gay girlhood and I answered enthusiastically to these absorbing interests; but, absorbing though they were they failed to eliminate my passionate love of books, of poetry, fiction, and philosophy—a love that has possessed me always. I was twelve years old when, by chance, I found Emerson, and was happy. I was fifteen when I discovered Schopenhauer, and gloated. And from that time forth, all untutored, with no knowledge of psychology; or any direction, I fed indiscriminately upon the different theories of "Becoming." I was never free from the urge "to form a conception of the frame of things which should rationalize my universe." I searched diligently but I found only unthinkable notions, and my mind swung between the depressing pessimism of the Rubaiyat, and the exuberant pantheism of Whitman. I failed utterly to understand either myself or my world.

Then came tragedy—death, illness, poverty. A great responsibility facing me—the terrible, practical demands of life for myself and others imposed where there was neither strength nor fitness for the burden.

Prostrated I stared into the black, pathless future—nor could I see a footing for the first step. Then, one day, all casually, I came upon a volume of William James' psychology, the first book of psychology I had ever laid eyes upon. For the moment I glanced, then I was interested, fascinated, chained breathless to the book! I scarcely slept, until in ten days I had consumed the contents of those two big volumes, yes—literally bolted them as the lad does some yarn of Sherlock Holmes; and already I had come to a decision. I would teach—teach psychology. It was a revelation, a "variety of religious experience." I *must* teach it!

I sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. James. I had been reading the great books of the world all my life, but I had never been impelled to write to an author before. There was nothing in the letter of my personal straits, it was simply an irresistible impulse to speak to this new friend whom I had come to know so well, Nor did I broach my project in any way or speak about myself—only of the book, and into what a beautiful, clear comprehension it had brought me, and of the splendid joy of inspiring companionship I got from the reading.

Fancy! A text-book, and I feeling all the exhilaration and charm of a journey with some gifted, delicately humorous comrade. So I wrote, and by return mail I received my first letter from William James.

Cambridge, August 13, 1906.

Dear Madam:

Your letter was well inspired! Such things are a writer's real reward, and I thank you.

It doesn't appear from your words that you have read other works of mine than the Principles of Psychology. I should like to send you another volume, if this be the case, so won't you please let me know just which of my books you possess.

Sincerely yours,
WM. JAMES.

Quick with pleasure at the thought of receiving a book from Mr. James himself, I replied at some length, suggesting that he send me "The Will to Believe." The opening quotation of this article is from the letter which came with that volume, and which reads in full:

Cambridge, Aug. 22, '06.

Dear Mrs.——

Your second letter, which I find on my return from a week away, is on the whole, the most monumentally flattering testimonial I ever received. I wish it might all go on my tombstone! But the beauty of it is that it finds in my poor works exactly those qualities which if wishing could produce results by magic, I should wish to be found there. So I augur that you apprehend me truly, and am proportionately "set up."

I send you with great pleasure my "W to B." of which the first essay is called by some of my friends, "The Will to Deceive" and "The Will to Make-believe," and other epigrammatic distortions. I have no fear but that you will rightly understand its doctrine, and will enjoy the other essays also.

Believe me, dear Madam, with real gratitude,
Yours sincerely,
WM. JAMES.

I have spoken of my experience as a demonstration of the postulates of his psychology—of the fundamental fact that all thinking is for the purpose of action, or more strictly, that the function of thought is threefold—the external stimulus, the internal direction, and the resultant action. I had received my stimulus and I proceeded to act. Though eight years had passed since my thirtieth birthday I decided to enter a University.

I realized that if I were to achieve the senior rank for which I had applied, my individual study must stand the test of examination and my heart quickens yet at the memory of those momentous interviews with the heads of the different departments, while I gratefully recall the consideration that quieted the intense nervous anxiety which, upon these occasions, would seem to grip my very throat and leave me inarticulate. There were many such interviews, each one fraught with a palpitating suspense, but I gained the necessary credits and arranged my courses to give me special work in psychology and kindred subjects.

Elated at my success, it was still an ordeal for me to enter a classroom after so many years, such an alien figure I seemed in my black frock, moving among these boys and girls in the fresh brightness of their happy youth. But they were dear to me, those children. Often they would walk to and fro with me, prettily making me one of themselves, and I borrowed from their good cheer. Then my own lad was a "prep," and we could go to school together, so there was much beside the exhilaration of the study to compensate for days of pain and weariness which made the work often difficult, sometimes impossible, and at the end of the year, I received my degree. This, however, was insufficient. I felt the need of further knowledge, but my finances were exhausted and I had to borrow money to go to one of the great centers for the delight of a broader vision.

THE following autumn I obtained a position as a teacher of the Department of Philosophy in a Woman's College, and I was thus enabled to meet my responsibilities.

Meanwhile I had hurried hungrily to find what Mr. James had to tell me when he would cross the great divide between the seen and the unseen. The Physical was marvelously rationalized, what would he say of the Metaphysical? An eager study of the "Will to Believe" and other essays left me stimulated but unconvinced. Reading the "Sentiment of Rationality" moved me to publish "A Protest Against the Habit of Thinking." I presumed to send it to Mr. James with a letter, which won this reply:

Cambridge, Jan. 3, 1907.

Dear Mrs.——

I think both your letter and your article (wh. I re-enclose) "bully"—I wish I had a copy of the article to keep.

Not that you have finished the matter, for thought evidently has an indestructible function. But the limits must be drawn and your paradoxical thesis wakes one up to the problem. I think that "pragmatism" settles it; but can't go into that in a letter. Wait till I send you my book on that subject, six months or more hence!

With wishes for a happy 1907, I remain,
Sincerely yours,
WM. JAMES.

Immediately upon its publication came the promised "Pragmatism," which I read at a sitting and then studied. You know it is a shock at first and makes you gasp, but less so, I think, to any one steeped in the James' psychology.

In answer to my acknowledgments and comments, Mr. James writes:

"Of some five hundred letters that I have received since the publication of 'Pragmatism,' I have reserved yours with one or two others as offering the most fertilizing criticism."

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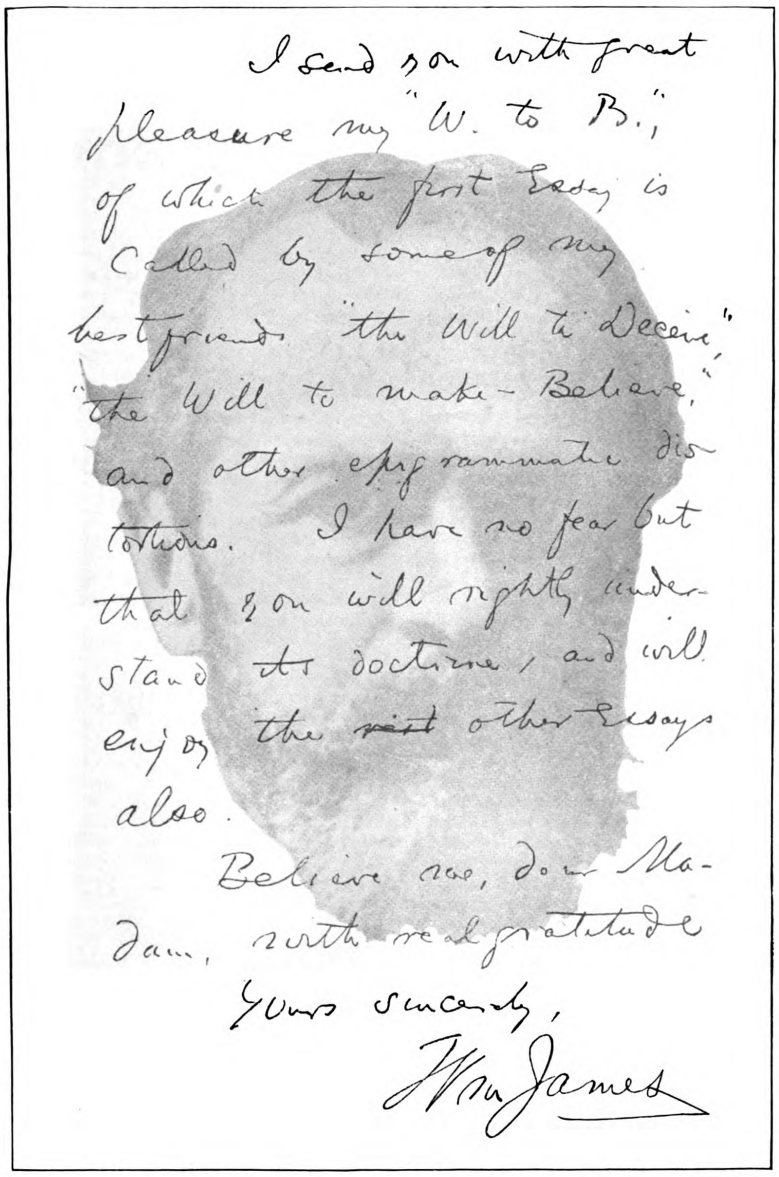
And now I was completely enveloped in the atmosphere of the psychology for I was teaching it while I pursued the intermediate writing of the author, done between the publication of the "Psychology" and "Pragmatism". Thus I discovered the beautiful coherence and consistency of the system, the "leading qualities" of the scientific truths, in which are implicit the philosophy or Pragmatism.

Three years I taught, with a satisfying measure of success—taught fully and freely the James system of truth from foundation to pinnacle, and still I had never told him, he had never known of my practical need, nor of any result following upon my acquaintance with his psychology. During this time I not only taught, I talked, and thus talking I came to know another mind in May, I wrote to Mr. James and told him all as it had happened. My last letter from him came a few days later:

95 Irving St.,
Cambridge, June 4, '09.

Dear Mrs.——

How little you revealed when you wrote to me so many months ago that you were riding the economic and practical as well as the intellectual whirlwind! Your letter this time is deeply interesting to me as a revelation not



The scales fell from my eyes, and I could see clearly.

As I said, I was teaching the Psychology, teaching it not as a technicality, but in the way it came to me, as a comprehension of the most vital facts of life. The famous chapter on "Habit," the discussion of "The Self," "The Stream of Consciousness" and "The Will" give the actual knowledge of oneself—the inevitableness of the law, that "to sow a thought is to reap an action, to sow an action is to reap a habit, to sow a habit is to reap a character, and to sow a character is to reap a destiny"—and this, as no external, arbitrary dictum, but the basis of our being, the very fabric of our brain.

such as my own had been, a mind sick with doubt, numb with negations, starved on barren philosophies, and, even as I, so this hungry mind fed greedily upon the tonic truths and came to new courage and hope.

Then there happened a strange thing!

Brooded over by the vital warmth of this most human of all philosophers there sprang to life between us a sentiment that was not wholly intellectual but in which heart and mind spoke with one voice. Thus two souls are facing the East together and living with Pragmatism and William James for the watchword, and where there had been the depth of darkness, there shines the perfect day.

Then, and not till then, two years ago

only of an intellect attuned to "psychology" as I understand it, but of a character "adapted" to an environment that demands good-will, enthusiasm, hope, and a sense for taking hold of realities. I congratulate you most heartily on your success, on your "looks" and on those of your friends as portrayed by the fotograf, and on your surgeon-poet!—and I send auguries for a long and happy life.

As for the address—the enclosed card will explain how things stand with me in that regard. I can't do it! It's too deadly! The fact is that I'm too much of an invalid in these days to do anything except say "no" to the various calls to which my growing newspaper reputation exposes me, and talking to audiences goes more against the grain than anything within my range of experience.

Believe me, dear Mrs.——, yours most sincerely and cordially,

Wm. James.

My wife has greatly enjoyed your letter and

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sends her love. I am ordering the publishers to send you my last book, of which I enclose a prospectus. The definition of temperament is great!

ONLY this week I have been reading his last book, "The Meaning of Truth," and suffering with him his exasperation at the misconception of the Pragmatic definition of Truth which makes his antagonists rear a fantasy of their own invention and then proceed with painstaking care to demolish it; and which forces Mr. James to exclaim "it seems incredible that educated and apparently sincere critics should so fail to catch their adversary's point of view." It is certain that he suffered from these misconceptions.

William James realized that ideas breed drama. In a sense there were no abstractions for him, and to his mind, life and the world must necessarily be different if verifiable ideas prevailed. He was no dispassionate thinker. His philosophy was a gospel to him and he taught it with commensurate zeal.

But enough! The story is told—told though it speaks of those deep and intimate experiences that one is fain to keep in the hidden recesses of the soul. Nevertheless he said, no matter how lightly, "I wish it might all go on my tombstone," and so it shall as nearly as may be.

The story is told, and I leave it to others of larger mold to speak the homage I feel unworthy to utter. I can only bow my head, while my heart, woman-fashion, realizes his wonderfulness and suffers at his loss.

Maeterlinck on "Our Eternity"

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

WE are sorry little city street-walkers, with the face of the sky shut off from us by smoke and gas jets. We have forgotten how to front the eternal. But the savage, who had to stare at the naked sky and deal with the elements, came to terms with his universe. He made his peace with death. The thought of immortality has always visited first-hand men, enriching their humble service and silent endurance. Once on a lumber schooner, sailing from Nova Scotia to New York, the captain, through the long starlit evenings at the tiller, told of the thoughts he carried in the forty years of seafaring. And his talk was not the gossip of ports, and the brawls of deserting sailors, but always his mind returned to the meaning of it all, what lay back of the deep sky which he had to watch so curiously, and what meaning lay in the narrow bitter life of captain and sailor. Eternity has always flavored the brief stint of toil and sorrow, and made man glad to perpetuate himself, in the hope that the answer might break through at some later time to happier generations. Myriads of men have continued unwearied through every vicissitude. Sometimes they have been nourished by a bright evangel, apparently straight out of heaven, and then later they were darkened by recurring doubt. Wipe out the half-hope in some form of survival after death, and a despair would settle over the race which would lessen activity, and numb science itself, that stern proclaimer of thought's proper business. The race refuses to accept a paltry destiny. Just now we are undergoing the first sharp reaction from the proclamation of the dominance of natural law, and of man's humble place in the evolutionary process. We ask to be reassured about our race destiny and our individual career.

Probably Maeterlinck's is one of the best-equipped minds now on the planet for this sort of thing. He is in direct line from Emerson, to whom he owes more than a little, and whom he resembles without at all equalling, in clarity of intellect, in easy workmanship, in serene arrogant spirit, untouched by consciousness of sin. He shatters pain, suffering, unhappiness out of eternity. There is no room for them, for they are a contingency of the nerves, and where in those vast fields is there space for the tortured body? He says:

"It seems fairly certain that we spend in this world the only narrow, grudging, obscure, and sorrowful moment of our destiny. Slighted affection, shattered love, disappointments, failures, despair, betrayal, personal humiliations, as well as the sorrows and the loss of those whom it (the spirit) loves, acquire their potent sting only by passing through the body which it animates."

HE gives us one of the few agreeable summaries which have come out of those twenty-eight years and twenty-five volumes of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. He finds most of the communication to be telepathic, but of one form he writes:

"It appears therefore to be as well established as a fact can be that a spiritual or nervous shape, an image, a belated reflexion of life, is capable of subsisting for some time, of releasing itself from the body, of surviving it, of traversing enormous distances in the twinkling of an eye, of manifesting itself to the living and, sometimes, of communicating with them. These more or less uneasy phantasms, often tormented with trivial cares, have never, although they come from another world, brought us one single revelation of topical interest concerning that world whose prodigious threshold they have crossed. The smallest astronomical or biological revelation, the least secret of olden time, such as that of the temper of copper, possessed by the ancients, an archaeological detail, a shred of one of those unknown sciences which flourished in Egypt or Atlantis: any of these would form a much more decisive argument than hundreds of more or less literary reminiscences."

TO those who go worried through their life about the end of it all, Maeterlinck brings the idea of a cosmic consciousness. "Those who aspire to maintain their ego are calling for the sufferings which they dread."

It is his purpose to reassure us about death. But there are multitudes today, so chastened by life, so unafraid of mystery, that death is no affrighting thought. Indeed we may envy the dead, for we do not injure them in their rest. Our desire to be like them will not mar one hour of their quietness. In life we are too weary to be at peace, but with them the sleep is undisturbed and profound. All offending and feverish elements merge in the stillness of an endless night. There can be no grief so piercing but all-merciful death will enfold it. Bitterness itself will lie at rest.

In the hope of that ending, we can endure in fortitude the sad passage of the years. It is sufficient to know that we shall inherit that gift of peace. Sometimes we think that the release will be soon, but still there is delay and the years go heavily. But in the darkest hour, we know that it can be no long time till we are again permitted to be quiet. No memory will reach through to the silence of the place prepared—no memory to sting us, no hope to mislead us. No footfall will beat an echo of brief hope. No voice of betrayal will carry into that infinitude. We shall be let alone.

Dreaming

By WILLARD A. WATTLES

IT is not that I'm lonely as I walk the little town
And see your clear face smiling while the twilight hovers down;
My empty arms are aching, but with emptiness are numb,
For they feel that pain each evening when the quiet shadows come.

It is not that I long for you until my eyes are wet
With memories you may not know I never can forget,
Until my being trembles and my soul goes out afar
To find you in the clamor of mad Vanity's bazaar.

But only that I saw your heart within your woman's eyes,
And knew how much I need you, with a sudden sweet surprise
That has stripped my strength from off me, dear, and struck my glad lips dumb,
And now I wander dreaming while the quiet shadows come.

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The French Income Tax

According to Poulet

By ROBERT W. SNEDDON

I WONDER what my French friend Poulot thinks of M. Caillaux now that he has surrendered his portfolio as Minister of Finance.

Poulot used to shuffle into the little café in the Rue St. Jacques where I took my morning chocolate and rolls, wheezing out his "*B'jour, m'sieus, mesdames*" before retiring to the corner with his glass of white wine. There he held forth on political problems to an intelligent audience consisting of the patron of the café (most celebrated cellar in all Paris—so runs the sign over the door), his cat Fifi, and myself. Poulot was the only cobbler I ever knew who was not a radical. What he was I never could gather. His political views changed with every wind, but whatever they were, his hatred of *Ce sacré Caillaux* never varied.

Poulot was a little bent man of over fifty, with dirty face and hands, a scrubby moustache, and he smoked a pipe which smelled to Heaven of government tobacco and cobbler's wax, blobs of which sizzled on the bowl. He was a man of virulent invective. He read the papers industriously. Even when he cobbled he had a paper by his side. At noon his delight was to make faces at the deputies' clerks who ate in the dining-room of a private house opposite. When he talked to us in the morning, we never had a chance to say anything but "Is it possible?" or "What are they going to do next?"

Poulot hated and despised all government officials—*Messieurs les ronds-de-cuir*, so called familiarly from the fact that they squatted all day on round leather cushions: and principally the tax collectors. M. Caillaux he regarded as their chief, the last of the leather-bottoms. Was he not concerned with the income tax?

I never could understand why the word *impôt* made Poulot lose his temper. He at least looked as if he had nothing to be taxed. I asked the patron one day.

"M'sieu Poulot is a man of property," he said, "Truly! He owns his house. He has money in government bonds. They say he has a strong box. *Voila* Poulot the millionaire!"

I knew as little as most strangers of French politics, and I sought Poulot's advice on the subject.

"One has many taxes to pay, then?" I interpolated one morning when I had the chance.

"Taxes? Thunder of God!" he bellowed. "Taxes! Is it that you speak to me of taxes? Listen! Even on my matches and tobacco! There is a monopoly on them. One knows what they are—of a vileness indescribable. When those cursed money-grabbers of the Chamber desire money, they say to themselves, 'we need so many millions.' They apportion the amount to be raised among the departments. Then the bloodhounds get to work—The land tax on land not built upon, in proportion to its yearly income; the personal tax: so much on the head of every citizen. True, that varies according to the district. And too, the tax on the occupier of a furnished house according to its rental. Do I not pay upon my house an exorbitant sum? And then the summit of folly: a tax upon windows and doors. That they say they have abolished. But they lie. There is a building tax of three and a fifth per cent. of the rental to be paid by the proprietor. If one carries on a trade the robbers demand a license tax, based on the number of one's employees—Ah, I get round them there. I employ me and myself solely—the surrounding population and the renting value of the premises. If I had a horse, a mule, a carriage, a bicycle, I would have to disgorge taxes. *Mon Dieu!* It is taxes all the time. If I have a store I pay a leather-bottom to test my weights and measures. The direct taxes, they call all these. Bah!"

HE brought down his fist on the table.

"And again. The indirect taxes, the stamp duties and what not. If I sell my property I pay a tax. They tax the railroad traffic, goods and passengers. If one makes salt and sugar in France, they tax it. *Voila* the patriots. They tax the patron here for his license to sell spirits, the post, the telegraph, the telephone. One cannot enter a town with a basket but some leather-bottom taxes one for the customs."

"The income tax will change that perhaps."

Poulot glared at me. I had said the worst.

"A thousand thunders! This swine Caillaux with his income tax project! That has been going on since 1900. They have all tried their hand at it, everybody. Sort of fools! This Clemenceau passed a graduated income tax in 1907 in the lower house, and those others have kept it in the air ever since. It is a balloon of patches. One day it will burst. One affirms the right of the Chamber to act independently of the electors. It is good that, hein? Am I not an elector, and I must close my trap. Equality! Is a fine republic. Bah! When one says let us put an increase on the personal tax. That is easy. This Caillaux applauds the project of Poincaré with its five schedules, with its progressivity——"

"Its what?" I asked.

"Progressivity. One starts from a certain basis, and one mounts to the good Lord knows what. It is disgusting. And now, *mon Dieu*, he would tax capital not employed in business. That is contrary to the constitution of the Republic. It is a patriot, is it not? Bah! Oh, for a good stick to put across his back."

"But in England the income tax has worked all right."

"Ah, that is a horse of another color. Do not speak to me of England. My faith, is not my money my own? I have to make a declaration of income, of my capital, eh? We shall see. It is not Poulot who will stick at a lie. I and all the world make a declaration. They do not believe me. Does the custom officer believe one? A stranger? Yes. A Frenchman? Never of the life. 'Open,' he says. It is the same with the tax. The *precepteur* will say I am lying. I, Poulot am lying and I must go before the collector. I wait an hour, a day, and then this leather-bottom practices an inquisition. He may even send to search my house, who knows? He will tell my affairs to his mistress who will tell it to the bakeress, who will pass it on to the butcher who is her lover, and *voila*, all Paris knows my business."

And he shuffled out still wheezing anathemas. I looked at the patron who shrugged his shoulders.

"He is right," he said soberly.

And now Caillaux departs, and the discussion still continues. Poulot must find a new minister of Finance to curse, that is all.

Poulot's blind aversion to the income tax is shared by countless Frenchmen in town and country. The personal tax is based on outward signs. A house may be inhabited by a millionaire or a cobbler. It makes no difference. The tax is entirely impersonal. No collector dares to enter, and when we remember that strangers never enter a Frenchman's house, that friends call rarely, that friendly intercourse is confined to the café, we can understand something of what is passing in French minds. The question is more than one of a tax. It is the reversal of the policy of making one's home a secret refuge from the world, a nest of domesticity. The French have no word for "home," but they realize the spirit of its meaning better perhaps than any nation on earth.

WITH the income tax comes a prying into one's secrets. And to defend them a Frenchman is likely to have recourse to anything. A Frenchman confronted with a government form to be filled in with a declaration of his income is in the position of the man who finds no crime in cheating a railroad company. He is as likely as not to make an underestimated statement of his resources. Every return is bound to be questioned. His life, so he supposes, will be badgered out of him by inquisitive and doubting officials. As he despises a uniform, unlike the German who clothes his law and morality in a military coat, he will stoop to any deception. There is no fraud in misleading the government. It is done daily, as it is. Then will come house to house investigation. The French Revolution was precipitated by agents of the crown on the trail of the illicit manufacture of salt. In 1841 the house to house investigations of some petty officials provoked bloody rioting.

What will happen when the income tax gets into working order? It may be that the solution will come in its being dropped, and money being raised by a readjustment of the direct taxes. Several measures towards this end have been favorably received.

One thing is certain. If the tax passes, Poulot will be the first person in the Rue St. Jacques to raise the old cry of—"To the lamp-post," and I pity the unfortunate collector who ventures into that narrow street.

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A Chinese Lyric

By PAI TA-SHUN



一之冊貴州藏王

Absence

How the flowers of the aspen-plum flutter and turn! Do I not think of you? But your house is distant. The Master said, "It is the want of thought about it. How is it distant?"
Confucian Analects.

THE Spring seems distant with her jasmine-flowers.
The gaunt bare trees with icicles are drest,
The snowbird in the cryptomeria cowers;
Yet—is Spring far when Spring is in my breast?

And you seem far, too far for eye to see
Your lantern and your lattices apart—
So many moons, so many hundred li——
Yet—are you far when you are in my heart?

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The President and the Congress

By McGREGOR

NO political question is being discussed more fully now than whether Woodrow Wilson is doing right or wrong to take so much responsibility for what Congress is doing, and whether he will be able to maintain his remarkable power. Our Washington correspondent is a man on the inside. Few writers know as much about the political situation as he does

THE first time I met Woodrow Wilson, he discussed this very question of the success and failure of different Administrations in their dealings with Congress. He was a college professor, I a newspaper man, reporting a Presbyterian General Assembly, meeting in Philadelphia and banqueted at Princeton. Somehow, in the crowd, we gravitated together, and for an hour or more he discussed the problems of American government, you may be sure with very little interruption from me. He had the warmest, most enthusiastic praise for Grover Cleveland, with whom he agreed fundamentally, for his rugged honesty, his stalwart, unbending stand for what he believed to be right, for the example of civic virtue he had set. Yet Wilson pronounced Cleveland's second Administration a failure because he had disrupted his party while the net achievements of that term had been the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act and the passage of a tariff bill he was unwilling to dignify with his signature. Professor Wilson disagreed, fundamentally, with President McKinley's policies, yet he had only admiration for the effectiveness of his Administration. He contrasted the political history of the two men, Cleveland going from the mayor's office to the governorship of New York State and thence to the presidency, with no legislative experience whatever and with no opportunity to get the congressional point of view. President McKinley, on the other hand, had been in Congress for many years and knew instinctively how the average Congressman would look at a question and how it should be presented to his attention. He knew the congressional game and how to play it, understood the influences that were powerful with Congress, for he had experienced them. Thus there was the utmost harmony between Congress and the White House during the McKinley Administration and the President's plans were translated into legislative action.

Now Woodrow Wilson is President and the whole world is wondering at his ability to get his wishes respected and his ideas transmuted into law. Yet he went from the presidency of a university to the governorship of New Jersey and thence to the presidency of the nation, with the same amount of legislative experience that Grover Cleveland had—that is, none. One may be sure, however, that he afterward studied the Administrations of Roosevelt and Taft as he had done those of Cleveland and McKinley, and of all their predecessors. He saw Taft disrupt his party far more disastrously than Grover Cleveland had done. He witnessed the Republican majority openly flouting Roosevelt, in the closing years of his Administration receiving his messages with scant courtesy, its leaders in open and acrimonious warfare with the White House. Yet he learned from Roosevelt the power of the appeal to the people who elect Congressmen, and he saw the people punish with cheerful impartiality the leaders who had fought the President.

What is the secret of President Wilson's overwhelming influence with Congress?

First, let it be said that it has not been the use of the patronage. When the Tariff Bill was under discussion, the two Senators from Louisiana, voting against the bill, testified that they had been treated just as other Senators had been treated, their wishes being consulted to the same degree about the appointments to office from their state. Williams in the Senate and Glass in the House have challenged so peremptorily the proof of the insinuation that the President was purchasing votes by using the patronage, that no one has had the hardihood to make the accusation since.

After all, simplest explanations are the best. A Senator, returning from his state, recently offered an entirely reasonable solution of the problem. He said: "The fact is that Woodrow Wilson is stronger with the people of any congressional district and of any state than the Representative from that district or the Senators from that state, and we all know it."

So the first question for the President was how to get hold of the people and win them to his side. His inaugural address with its appeal to all "forward-looking men" to aid him struck a responsive chord. Then, the first address to the Houses of Congress since the days of the elder Adams, delivered in person, made the setting for his views on the Tariff question which attracted men to the reading of the message itself. If one cares to understand the difference between the effectiveness of the Executive Department in this and the preceding Administration, he is invited to contrast that address to Congress with President Taft's perfunctory Message at the beginning of his first extra session of Congress, called to consider the same question.

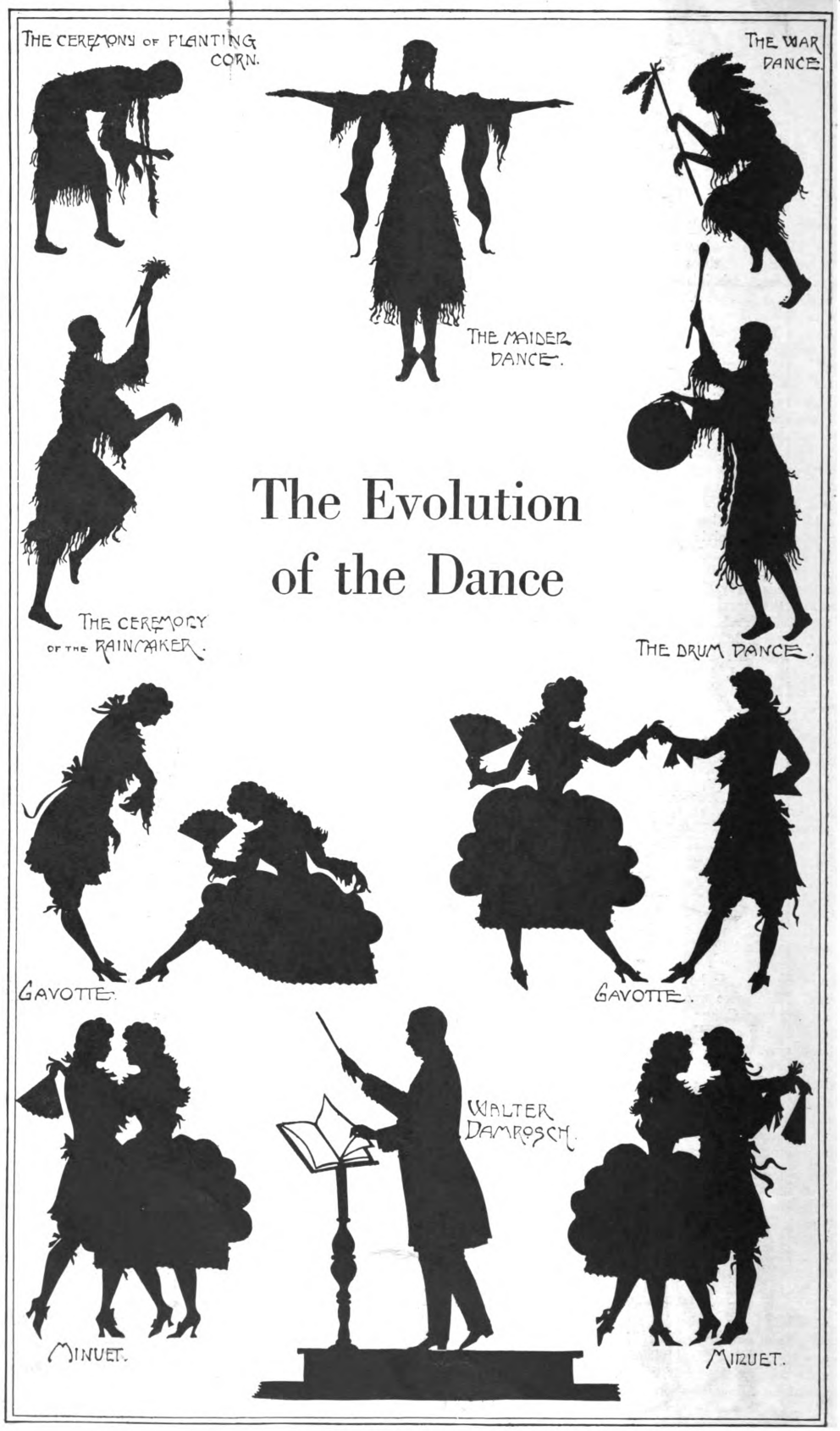
In insisting on Free Sugar as well as Free Wool in the Tariff Bill, President Wilson again appealed to the popular imagination. How the slim majority in the Senate was held solidly together during the long session was another triumph of political genius. The remarks to the newspaper men about the "powerful and insidious lobby" not only scattered the lobby but compelled every hesitating Senator to put himself beyond the reach of suspicion. With the Tariff Bill transmitted to the Senate, the fight for currency reform began in the House and was later transferred to the Senate, and here the contest was in the Currency Committee and not in the Senate itself. Reed and O'Gorman dallied with the question of a Central Bank, under Mr. Vanderlip's persuasive showing. The President said, "No." Then they said, "Four Regional Reserve Banks," and the President said, "At least eight, preferably twelve." Finally Reed and O'Gorman agreed: "Not less than eight nor more than twelve." The President wished the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture and the Comptroller of the Currency to be members of the Reserve Board. Reed and O'Gorman said, "No." After a while they said, "Yes." Senators said that it would be impossible to finish the currency discussion before the middle of February at the earliest. The President said that the bill ought to be passed during the extra session as he had a few other important measures to be considered at the regular session. Through the six-to-six division in the Committee the bill was delayed, and finally the substantial victory was with the President, as the bill was passed during the first few weeks of the regular session, preceding the holidays, which are usually wasted any way. For in the meantime the people began to clamor for the enactment of the bill. Senator Reed, for example, received a few letters from Missourians who desired to be shown that he was right and the President was wrong, and Reed is about as hard-headed as they make them.

THE people have, with a considerable degree of unanimity, come to the conclusion that the President is a friend of theirs, that he knows what he is about and is willing to work untiringly for their benefit. And they let their impressions about Woodrow Wilson percolate into the congressional mind.

It would not be fair to many independent members of both Houses of Congress to leave the impression that they are persuaded against their convictions by what they find the people want them to think. For their case, it is sufficient to say that President Wilson has displayed political genius of the highest order in frankly arguing the case with those who differ with him. He is so intellectually honest that he will admit the force of any argument that he cannot answer and adopt the other man's point of view. Some one asked him if his mind was closed about a certain proposition. "Closed, but not locked," was his reply. But after he has heard all sides of a question, he takes his little note-book into his private study at night, and there makes up his mind, finally. And then he is able, with his clear thinking and apt choosing of words, to convince another sincere man. "How can we help it?" said one who had just announced his change to the President's point of view. "He knows more than any of us, and he shows us that he is right."

So Mann in the House and Cummins in the Senate may rail at the tyranny of the Executive and the abdication of its powers by the Legislative. But the average Congressman grins and votes for Wilson.

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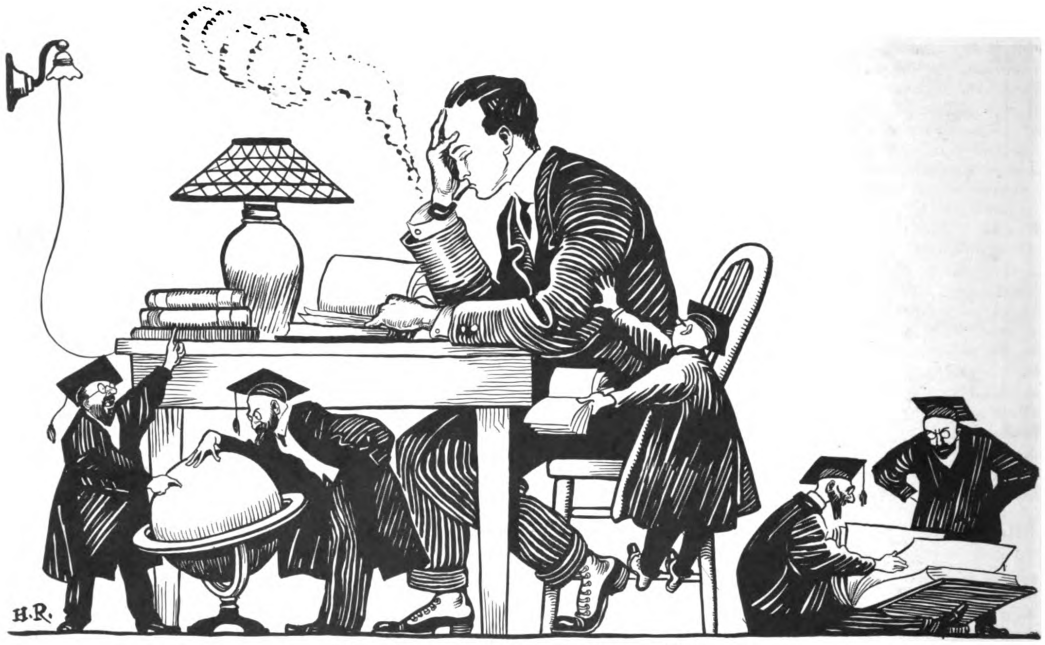
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DUE to the popularity of the present day dances, a widespread interest has been awakened in the art and history of dancing. Recently, Mr. Walter Damrosch, in connection with one of the New York symphony concerts for young people, gave an exposition of the history of dancing.

The exposition covered a long stretch of history—ancient dances of American Indians, dances of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries (gavottes, minuets and waltzes) and lastly, dances of the present time as interpreted by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. The Indian dances were executed by "Floating Cloud," a Chippewa Indian girl. The gavottes and minuets were danced by members of the ballet of the Metropolitan Opera House.

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"Self-education is the only education possible"

How College Students Can Educate Themselves

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

THERE are two kinds of people who go to school—one, the boy or girl who wants to be taught, the other, who wants to find out things for himself. Until more boys and girls like to learn because they want to find out how the world is made, education will not be what it ought. In his first article Mr. Steffens showed that a real education may be obtained at college even under the present system of teaching by force. In this article he gives a vivid and amusing description of the attitude that the student will have to take if he expects to get the best out of his school life

I PROMISED half-jocularly last week to tell college students this week how to go about educating themselves. A serious proposition, but easy to write about and not hard to do. It is education that is hard—educating others. You hear children say their teacher "learned" them something, and I see college-men leaving it to the professors to learn them something. This is not only ungrammatical; it is impossible. Teachers can do little more than teach us what we want to learn.

Self-education is the only education possible.

And that is fun, as Mme. Montessori points out. It is sport. It's the fairest of sports. It matches the student against his only equal—himself, and the reward, if he wins, is not a measly medal or even a useless bachelor's degree, but—what all mankind is after—self-control. Which is my subject, really: democracy; not pedagogics, but government; self-government. I'd like to see even our aristocracy (so to speak) making for self-government, even in youth, even in education. And I know it is practicable.

One of the best educated of the younger group of writers and thinkers in New York today educated himself. When he was about twelve years old, he complained to his parents that he was not satisfied with the way they were bringing him up and he asked them to let him take over the direction of his own education. They consented, and he managed the matter with such credit to himself, his parents, his schools and his college that they all point with pride to him—all but himself; and he might well do so if he didn't feel so genially that he still has himself and his education on his hands.

Just how this chap did it, I don't know, and it doesn't matter here. His is not a test case for our present purpose. He caught himself young. Not too young. Mme. Montessori prefers to take them as infants and she got her first revolutionary results in self-education with defective children. They were so hopeless to parents and teachers that they had had the advantage of utter neglect. They were not "educated" at all. And no doubt my self-educated friend might have done better with himself if he had been wise enough young enough to begin upon his job as a baby. He had interest then; not a sense of duty; not obedience and respect and ambition; he had curiosity. He wanted to know. And, as any child knows:

The desire to learn is the motive power on the road to learning.

THE college-student's problem is to get that; to get it back. At the advanced age of twelve, this remarkable case of arrested undevelopment must have had many of his eager questionings hushed, others mortally answered, and some of the compulsion of discipline substituted for his natural curiosity. He must often have been called from play, which is the hard labor of childhood, to "work" or study. He had probably not been taught what he wanted to know, but "learned" what he ought to know. And since he was a "good" boy, he must have suffered some from such an education. But his revolt indicated that he was not so good and so educated as those poor college boys and girls to whom my heart is going out here. They are from sixteen to twenty-two years of age; they have been "sent" to the schools and "put" into college. The schools were probably chosen for character-building or connections, and the college because some ancestor went there. So they are at Cambridge now, or Princeton, Miami or New Haven, Conn.; Smith, Bryn Mawr or Vassar. They are lost minds, therefore; lost to life; lost to culture; lost to democracy; lost to aristocracy; lost to themselves. In brief, they are lost—almost. They have left in them no sense of direction, and little or none of that childlike wilfulness and curiosity which genius covets. They have no questionings; not of the intellectual sort; not of the kind that impels genius to those bold and irreverent adventurers which find the answers which develop the science of man and the culture of men. They are what primary pupils used to be called in my childhood: scholars.

College students are moral; or—not.

STUDY is an obligation with them; work; or duty; and they either do their duty or, at best, they don't. Darwin didn't search for the origin of species from a moral motive. Moral people said he was immoral. The motive that sent him cruising strange seas and ex-

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ploring weird lands was unmoral. It was curiosity, interest, and (I guess and I hope) some romance. Students take their romance on the side. When they want to raise thunder, they don't go to the chemical laboratory and make explosive compounds which might blow up the building. Horrors! no. They go to town and mix compounds in their own midst. They don't read the history of Man for pleasure; they don't even take the history of New England as a joke. Brought up (or down) to regard these things seriously, they go out and steal some signs when they are in the mood for history. But then, they call political economy, one of the most practical jokes ever perpetrated on the race—students call that "the dismal science." It never occurs to them to laugh the laugh of life into it and kick the dance of death out of it. No. They are full of respect.

College students have too much reverence.

THIS I know of my own knowledge. I had it. I had it for history, for example. History is a joke. It is an unorganized science, about in the state biology was in when Darwin sailed in and asked what truth all its precious collections of facts contained. Most histories read as if they were written by grinds or scholars who loved facts for their own sake and never thought of laws, meanings and truths. So most of them have to be re-read and rewritten. I didn't know that when I was an undergraduate. I thought history was done, and I couldn't or I wouldn't memorize its unconnected, meaningless facts. I was plucked term after term, till one day at the beginning of a course in American constitutional history, the professor mumbled off a lot of references to books other than our text-books. I happened to look them up, and I found that the different authorities didn't agree at all. Puzzled and curious, I read still others and I got the suspicion since followed up by Smith and Beard, that "the fathers" who drew "the" Constitution were really trying to knock out popular government. The course went on, so that I couldn't stay and work that out; but I had my interest now and I had my contempt, so I read outside references and discovered all by myself that history, as written, is chockfull of unsolved problems any one of which would have been fascinating enough to spend a lifetime on. And what is more, the truths concealed by the historians, would, if announced, give any candid, humorous, scientific young man all the adventure his romantic soul would care for. A "run in with the police" wouldn't be in it. Take, for a test, an inquiry into the true cause of the American Revolution. I was taught, or "learned" somehow that that was a war for Independence, against "taxation without representation." Look it up, and see if it wasn't a war for the right to smuggle. Or, read up on Dawes Rebellion; read it with the modern Populist Movement in mind, and see if its failure wasn't a defeat for democracy and a glorious victory only for "law and order" and plutocracy.

These are only a few examples selected only from American history. All history is full of fascinating concealments, each one of which is an opportunity for youth, not only to learn to want to learn, but to discover and teach truth as dangerous and as useful as Darwin's. All that is required is suspicion and irreverence.

Any student, good or bad, can reopen his own mind, develop his curiosity and get a living interest in history by reading it enough (between the lines) to raise some of the vital questions the historians might answer but don't.

AND that is what we are after here: curiosity, and liberation from all the evil effects of discipline and general parental misgovernment. The average undergraduate is so schooled that he not only studies what the professors tell him to, and when, but he studies it all in the spirit in which most of it was written or done, laboriously, as work. Our knowledge today is a moral, rather than an intellectual triumph—or defeat; and so is the student. He is so far gone that, if he is tempted by the simplicity of my scheme, to take charge of himself and his own education, he will be fascinated by the magnitude of the college education problem, he will sympathize with the faculties which are failing to solve it and he may understand the solemn tone of this article. He may see, with me, that he is a hard case. But there is that in him which should lead him to agree with me that he is worth saving. And he can be saved. Let no persiflage cast its purple shadow over the bright light of this important premise:

College students can become educated men and women.

MAYBE I should pause here a moment to give some sign that they don't become educated; not often; not in college. It has been a pleasant part of my unpleasant business to address gatherings of university men and "mobs" of working men, and I have noticed that the questions put to me in a university club are "easy," whereas those thrown at me in a labor union are hard, like brickbats; they are searching, fundamental and land with the fearful momentum of knowledge. My subjects are politics and government, business, finance, economics and philosophy. No matter what my theme, however, I have to be on my mettle at Cooper Union, whereas at a college or before an uptown audience, cross-examination by the audience is play; not even a fine sport; it's a joke. And other university men will testify to the same effect. Professor William H. Taft, for example. He addressed Cooper Union once and he has often talked at college meetings. Ask him which is the more comfortable. The difference is essential.

A democratic audience has the beginnings of culture; an aristocratic audience has the ends of an education.

EDUCATED people know a little of what is known; the uneducated know a lot about what isn't known. What isn't known is more interesting, more impelling to inquiry and it is far more vital to the race than what is known.

The mob suffers daily and miserably from our ignorance; not alone theirs, but ours, so it makes an eager, critical audience, with a very pressing need for culture: for the application of what a speaker has of knowledge to the problem of life. When President Taft goes before it asking to be reëlected to lead the people out of bondage, it wants to know what he thinks can be done for the relief of unemployed men and overworked children, just as business men want to know what he will propose for the relief of unemployed or overworked money. And when he says, "God only knows" about men and only bankers know about money, "the people" pass harsh judgments upon his and all college culture. And their harsh judgments are just. For aside from their needs, over and above their hunger and misery and brutality, the mob has what college men lack:

The masses have a sense of the relation of knowledge to living; of ignorance to death.

College men can get this, the beginnings of culture and interest, and they don't have to wait, as they do now till they are graduated. That's a waste of time and the chief waste in education. Some students save it. One night I was conversing in Harvard Union with a group of two or three members of the faculty and a score or so of students. We were talking about the bearing upon life of a lecture just delivered on politics and labor. I noticed that of all those students only four took active parts in the discussion. The rest were silent listeners. With my theory of education in mind, I whispered to one of the professors a request to ask the students how many of them had lost a year out of their school and college courses to go to work. Four



"They go out and steal some signs when they are in the mood for history"

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answered, the very four who had joined in the conversation! They had had a taste of life. They knew what the talk was about, and the professors admitted that they were eager, interested, difficult students in the classroom. And the professors thought that there might possibly be some relation of cause and effect between their year out of college and the better years in. If there was, we have an easy device by which a student might trick himself into an interest in study: *Take a year out of college at work, real work, in real life.*

AND I made sure in this instance, as I have in others, that the lost year was a gain. Taking those four students aside, one by one, I found that the first had been in a strike and had seen something the books don't tell about the labor problem. Another had realized on small pay what the exploitation of labor is. The third had observed at first hand the corruption of politics. And the fourth, as a cub reporter, had got his mind generally fertilized with the good, clean dirt of actual life. They all had increased curiosity, and a very living interest in all the courses which bore on the problems they had felt as workers. They offered objections to my conclusion that a year out of college was good for a student. But their objections were academic. One was that it made them seem "different" to the other students; the other that it broke their class loyalty.

Class loyalty ought to be broken.

IT'S poppycock, like the devotion to secret societies; like school and college loyalty; like the adherence of grown-ups to a church a political party or any other institution. They are prejudices; they interfere with loyalty to one's self and to the principles for which those institutions were founded. No one should give to any organization that loyalty which belongs only to ideals. And, as for the fear of being "different," that is the puerile, college form of our grown-up conformity to usage opinion which is the foundation of our wretched "respectability."

"Respectable" is exactly what students should not be.

They are too young to pretend, and that's what respectability is. Virtue is better than the appearance thereof. And they are too much needed among the progressive forces of humanity to conform to the old ideals of us older people. We and our ideals have failed. The hope of the world is in the next generation, and if the "educated" part of the coming race is conservative at twenty-two, the world will have to put all its faith in the lower classes. And educated youth is conservative. I gave, a while ago, as an example of the uneducation of educated men, the dullness of a university audience. Another sign is this:

American colleges graduate conservatives.

IN foreign countries, the universities turn out radicals, often rebels. The graduates have new ideas. True, they become conservative fast enough even over there.

But European universities at least start their students right: with thinking minds, lively emotions and facing forward. Over here, on the contrary, our colleges graduate armies of young men each year who march backwards into life and so stiffly that it takes years sometimes for even a few of them to get turned around so that they can even follow the procession. They seldom lead.

This certainly is wrong, and teachers and professors can help to correct it by teaching more of what they don't know. Every college should give in the freshman year a course in which the livest mind of each department should tell the whole student body what some of the biggest unsolved problems are in his science. The general effect should be to open to the student mind a sense of the unexplored or unconquered realms of knowledge, and the general purpose should be to give the students a proper sense of the comparative triviality and futility of what is known and a truly intellectual curiosity about what is not known. This done generally, instructors should harp all through all their courses on the unsolved problems, the opportunities open for inquiry, discovery and achievement.

That's the teacher's best part in education.

But the teacher's part is comparatively unimportant. The all-important thing is for the students themselves to get their own contempt for what is done and known, and to arouse, cultivate and then submit to their own interest in what remains to be done. That is the student's field of study.

And that's the student's part in education.

DURING my junior year at college, a couple of professors who represented the ancient two schools of thought agreed to have some fun by setting their disciples to fighting over their differences. Each professor picked five or six students who were in his class and not in the other's. They brought us together, we went at each other hard, and the professors had all the fun for about fifteen minutes. Then we students had the fun. The professors couldn't stand our argumentation. They "butted in," lost their tempers and soon were at it hammer and tongs. It was better than a prize fight, and we students sat back and, for a while, enjoyed the scrap for the scrap's sake. But I noticed, as the controversy proceeded, that those professors didn't know right from wrong. That is to say, they had no criterion upon which they could agree as to what was "good" and what was bad. Then, as they went deeper, it appeared that they hadn't even a test of knowledge. There was no criterion by which they could agree as to the difference between a fact and an illusion.



"They go to college because some ancestors went there"

Now, when I went to my champion with this (to me) startling observation, he said he was sorry that the evening had disturbed me, and he bade me "forget it." He was no educator. He was a priest of science. He regretted my loss of reverence for Knowledge, with a capital K. But the effect on me was educative. I began to read, to think, to look about me, to see. It fascinated my mind to learn that everything was not done and not known; that, on the contrary, everything remained to be done and to be learned. My curiosity, killed in the schools, was reawakened, and I became a "bad" student. That is to say, I wouldn't let them "learn" me any more; I cared nothing for their "marks" and their blooming degrees; I wouldn't study what and when they told me to. I followed my own courses in my own time and in my own way, and that's what I'd have other students do. Let them

First—Realize that they have been misgoverned from the cradle up, and miseducated, disciplined and "learned."

Second—Perceive that their curiosity is dead, and must be reawakened.

Third—Observe that text-books and teachers teach only what is known, worship it and "grind" out more, dutifully, without joy and understanding.

Fourth—Kick over the traces; look for the lies and the superstitions and the holes in science and "culture"; and

Fifth—Create thus in their own minds vacuums which will drive them forward to inquiry, reading, thinking, study and joyous, human work.

This will develop will power, character, and, if not knowledge, then, at least, the incentive to seek knowledge; and it will give them, meanwhile, self-control, without which their revolt would be as fatuous as—Labor's, Woman's and Man's.

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Albania Today



The crumbled ruin in the foreground was a Mohammedan home. Two women were burned to death in this house. The houses still standing are Christian homes, but in many villages all the homes were destroyed, Christian and Mohammedan alike

THE horrors of war often linger long after its glory has faded. People have almost forgotten the Balkan War, but in the mountains of Albania the suffering at this moment is worse even than it was during wartime.

In the mountain fastnesses of Albania, the people who did not take part in the Balkan War, but quietly tilled their fields and watched their flocks while others fought, are now paying the price of war. Last October the Servian and Montenegran troops descended upon the little country and pillaged, burned, and destroyed 100 villages. They burned and dynamited 12,000 houses; shot, speared, or burned to death 8000 people, men, women, and children. They made 125,000 people homeless, drove off the cattle, horses, sheep and goats, carried away the corn from the harvest, burned the winter supply of fodder and destroyed $10,000,000 worth of property. The result is, that at this moment the population of Albania is starving. They have no food to eat, and no seed corn for the coming planting.



The people of Albania dying of starvation
Relief was brought to these people, but too late to save the little boy and the girl in the foreground. In most of the villages no relief has yet arrived

William Willard Howard, Secretary of the Albania Relief Fund, has just returned to this country from a four-hundred-mile journey, partly on foot, partly on horseback, through this wild and desolate country. His story and photographs of the conditions existing there are dreadful in the extreme.

Mr. Howard estimates that at the rate people are dying in Albania now, 30,000 will have starved before the next harvest. The pillaging of the country went under the name of religion to a certain extent. In the above picture it is the Christian houses that are standing, and the Mohammedan houses that have been destroyed, but in many villages, not even the Christian houses were left standing.

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A Bid for Fame

By
ERIC
HAROLD
PALMER



Illustrated
by
James
Preston

I SELECTED the great national game, not so many years ago, as the means whereby my name should be a household word from Maine to California.

Every boy whose blood is not chiefly composed of white corpuscles cherishes two great ambitions. First of all, he aspires to be a scintillating star of the diamond, so that he could find his picture in the papers as often as Christy Mathewson and Ty Cobb, and have his feats discussed in every quarter of the globe where "fans" congregate. Failing in that, he swallows his disappointment and sets out to be President of the United States.

Baseball is the greatest business in the world which gets free advertising. Millions of dollars are invested, yet the clubs do not have to buy pages in the magazines and the dailies to tell about themselves. In order to keep their readers, the newspapers have to give to the sport an amazing amount of space, because the sheet which tells interestingly the results of the games is generally the first glanced over at the breakfast table.

When I was fifteen years old, I decided that the easiest way to become known was to shine as a big league twirler. It was my opinion that success on the slab would give me a good start in life. I went over the ground carefully. The salaries in the majors are far in excess of what the ordinary chap would get in another vocation, and a fine nest egg could be secured by a few seasons' effort; besides, the reputation thus gained would enable me to get a flying start in whatever life occupation I took up afterwards, whether it was selling books or automobiles, running a dry goods store, or counting money in a bank. There was another side to it, too. Constant exercise in the open air would enable me to gain a rugged constitution, so that I would be equipped for my future career physically as well as financially.

How I fared in my scheme makes what I regard as one of the most interesting chapters of my journey through life. "Adventures of an Amateur Pitcher with Big League Batsmen"—the editor's suggestion for a title—exactly fits.

When I first tackled baseball, I was a catcher, stopping the benders of a tall fellow who eventually landed with a team in the American League. When he left to accept his first professional engagement, I set out to do the twirling, convinced that no catchers would ever be grabbed out of the "lots" by scouts for the Giants, the Athletics, or the Cubs.

As twirler for the President A. C., composed of youngsters who forgot to eat in their love for the pastime, I was a success from the start. I won sixteen games in a row and averaged thirteen strike-outs a game. Five of the contests were shut-outs, although my support was not always of the best.

My aim was to "make" the high school team the next year. I had heard that Connie Mack picked promising players from such aggregations. Here was my chance. To make my worth known without delay, I asked for the privilege of pitching against the regular nine when the first practice line-up took place. Three hits were all that they garnered from my delivery and the coach decided I filled a long felt want. The team played twenty-two games, of which I pitched ten, winning nine and losing the other on an error. In the other contests, the "veteran" was on the mound. This youth had a history and I quickly learned what it was. He was not an *amateur!*

On Sundays, as a select few who could keep their mouths shut knew, he pitched for a semi-professional team. He received $10 at the start, but soon was in such demand that he occasionally got $25, if the attendance happened to be good.

ONE Monday the director of athletics sent him into the box against our greatest rivals in interscholastic circles, although he warmed up with apparent difficulty. His curves did not break and he had no speed. I knew what was the matter. His Sunday game had gone sixteen innings; in the vernacular, he was "all in." Should I speak and tell why I should go in? Would they think I was acting for the school's interests or purely for my own aggrandizement? I hesitated and then said nothing. It would not do to admit that he had pitched under an assumed name for Money the afternoon before, because the previous games would be thrown out of the scholastic league records and we would lose the championship. So he went on the slab and was pounded to a pulp. In the fifth inning he was taken out, with the game beyond redemption.

Just after the school term closed, he received a trial with the Reds, later going to an Eastern League team.

When I went on my vacation that year, I was offered the chance of pitching for a summer hotel team. My board would be paid and some welcome dollars would be thrown in. Thus a fine time was before me, with expenses met. Of course, I was to do just as my colleague did, appear as "Smith," "Jones," or "Brown." My standing as an amateur would then be preserved, as far as the public knew. It was considered eminently fair. I was informed that scores of college players were doing it.

Since that time, the "evil" has reached such a stage that in the various universities the idea of allowing the player to take part in summer ball is now under serious discussion.

The illness of a relative prevented my acceptance of the offer and I hurried to a city in the western part of New York State. It was here, strange to say, that my first opportunity to cavort with real live big leaguers was secured. Oh, those joyful periods!—how I love to dream about them now, as well as to smile at the remembrance!

A cousin advertised my baseball achievements before I arrived and three days later I was on the mound for his team, which played what is commonly known as "independent ball." The Pullmans of Buffalo were beaten 7 to 1, if my memory serves me right.

NOW, the town at that time had a ball team which stood third in a minor league. "Cy" Hinsdale (which is not his real name) was manager. He was worrying about pitchers, I saw in the sporting news, but I did not risk my neck rushing to proffer my services because I considered myself more high-toned. A youth with the bump of self-conceit over-developed—certainly as far as baseball was concerned, if nothing else—I declared that the minors were out of the question; it was the big league or nothing for me, right from the word go. The idea of suffering the tortures of Class D was as foreign from my thoughts as perpetual motion.

When temptation came, however, I bit as readily as a weakfish. A chorus girl's prayer for a limousine had nothing on my hope for substantial standing as a professional ball-tosser. The eventful day when I lost my amateur standing was memorable in other ways, too. In the evening I heard William J. Bryan deliver that appealing lecture of his, "The Prince of Peace," before a Chautauqua Assembly; at 11.30 o'clock I was telegraphing the story of a $14,000 robbery in the First National Bank to a city editor of a morning paper in New York whom I had once met; and at midnight I was called on the telephone by Hinsdale.

"Will you pitch for us tomorrow?" were his words.

"Sure," was my response, quick as the proverbial boarding-house reach. Scruples were not weighed at all just then.

The next day was Sunday, too, but then, the minister at the church I attended had once got a frank answer from me regarding baseball on the Sabbath. "Do you mean to say you'd rather play ball than attend Bible class on Sunday?" he asked. "I'm George Washington, junior," I responded. "I would rather play ball than hold Rockefeller's money."

He looked stern but he has not referred to me as a very wicked boy even unto this day. Maybe the fact that I used to take

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stray kittens home and feed them real cream caused him to think I was not a criminal at heart.

NO league games were scheduled on Sunday, because they were not allowed. Ten miles out of the village, where the Sheriff could not lock the players up for violating the blue law, an exhibition contest would take place. It was a resort something like Back River, where the Baltimore International Leaguers appear on Sundays.

The financial returns from these exhibitions were so large that the club always paid substantial dividends to the stockholders—which is rarely the case in the minors.

Eagerly scanning the afternoon paper for an announcement of the game, I found to my alternate worry and delight that a National League team which might win the pennant was to stop off on the way to the Windy City to play Hinsdale's Rovers. The prospect made me nervous.

When had a sixteen-year-old boy pitched against such a bunch of hitters before? But then, I mused, no one looked upon me as a "kid," for I towered six feet high and weighed 168 pounds, mostly muscle, hardened by activity on the gridiron as well as the diamond. And I wanted to build up my constitution! So to sleep and pleasant dreams.

I was one of the first to reach the park that day. The ticket-sellers were having their hands full. By the time the umpire called "Play ball" 3500 persons were in the inclosure. The throng did not feaze me, for once 9000 had attended a scholastic game; but I realized that this assemblage was much more critical and unkind than any I had ever braved before. It put me on my mettle and I warmed up well.

"You've got a great drop there," said the catcher. "Keep on slinging it." In practice the big leaguers performed wonderfully in the field, but I did not pay much attention to one-hand pick-ups by the shortstop; out of the corner of my eye I glanced at the gray-uniformed array as they came up to bat against one of their own number. I did not know until afterward that he did not put any "stuff" on the ball in practice. How those chaps did whale the ball! The first baseman sent the sphere almost into the lake which formed the center field boundary. Scores of hits went on a line, veritably screaming through the atmosphere. I was in for it.

The custom of the Rovers was to use an extra twirler for the Sunday games. Sometimes as much as $100 and expenses was paid to a professional from out of town who officiated under a false cognomen. It was not infrequently the case that the visitors recognized the opposing twirler as one of their own league and they laughed up their sleeves. I remember once when the Cincinnatis went to Long Branch or some other resort not far from the metropolis. They knew the big fellow who opposed them, none other than Ragon of the Superbas. As it happened, he was sent against the Reds the very next day in a National League contest. He lost the exhibition but won the more important fray. The Brooklyn Club was fined $50 for permitting Ragon, then a second string twirler, to keep in condition by pitching for semi-pro clubs.

This is an easy "graft." Despite all the National Commission is doing, pitchers still work for independent teams once in a while. Smith, the Chicago slabman, recently exposed the system—for the 'steenth time.

On the score card the Rover's pitcher was "Franklin." Hinsdale confided to me that "Franklin" was none other than a southpaw in the National who had wired him he could not make the trip for this Sunday. That was the reason he was forced to call on me.

At this moment of resolution, expectancy, and doubt, I pause for breath. While guesses are being made as to what happened to the "child wonder" on his invasion of the Kingdom of the Crackerjacks, I beg to interject a question. Class in baseball history, how many of you remember Green, Harley, Menefee, Aubrey, Magoon, Farrell, Raub, Deering, Carney, Cooley, Henley, Dunkle, and Gochnaur? Ah, there are names to conjure with! What, no one responds? Call in the office boy and get the facts.

DID you ever hear of a third baseman named Evers? Yes, it is the only Johnny, with the temperaments of Mayor Gaynor and Mary Garden rolled in one, who spent most of his 1913 days wrestling verbally with the umpires and trying to get rid of the Great Untamed, "Heinie" Zimmermann. Evers used to cavort around the third sack before he became one of the eminent second base strategists.

Evers was a fine player a little over a decade ago, but of the rest with whom I came in contact, few remain in the game. All those mentioned above played on National and American League clubs. Then, too, there were Dunleavy, Hackett, Currie, McFarland, Strang, Ritter, Mertes, Babb, Gilbert, Van Haltren, McGann, Keeler, Abbatichio, Stanley, and Greminger. "Old Man" Van Haltren, who will never be forgotten by Polo Ground faithful, still sticks to the game, out on the Pacific Coast, but most of the others are in other pursuits.

Well, the crowd was applauding for a lithe chap who hit from the left-hand side of the plate. He was a dangerous man because he could get down to first as fast as Shafer of the Giants does now.

Hinsdale tipped me off to the effect that in exhibition games the "big fellows" scorned to wait for bases on balls and generally clouted the first one.

"Well, he'll not make any homer off my first one," I mused, sending over my pet down shoot. Did he wallop it? No. Did he miss it? No. He stood as still as the Washington Monument. "Ball one," announced the umpire. "There must be some mistake, I figured, so the same "floater" went up. "Ball two." The upshot of it was that the first man strolled. "Watch him steal!" roared the throng. He did not steal, for the second man, none other than a stocky infielder who, although rated as a weak batter, hit well in a world's series some years later, crashed a line single to right, romping to second on the throw to third. Here was a deep hole for me to crawl out of.

One of the immortal Mc's was next up, a .300 man. The outfielders moved to distant parts when his stocky form loomed up. The infielders came in, hoping to shut off a run at the plate.

The crowd really surprised me by the confidence they displayed in my ability. Hundreds yelled: "Strike him out." It made me feel like a gladiator. The worthy son of Ireland fulfilled expectations. He struck out on three pitched balls and every rooter was delirious with delight.

Up came a giant whose nickname was "Sandow." He looked as if he could drive the ball into Canada. He bit at a slow one and then hit the next one on the nose. The sound was as hateful to me as the offer of $4 a week salary in a real estate office I once received. Here go my hopes, I figured, but as I shut my eyes in the horror of it all the crowd yelled and yelled and yelled. The shortstop had caught that shrieking drive and doubled up the fellow on third. God bless that shortstop!

A twirler whom a boiler factory could not disconcert started off for the visitors and quickly retired the Rovers, by three easy infield raps.



"Put it there, kid!" shouted the catcher encouragingly, and when the second session was over the big leaguers had again been whitewashed. The Rovers set the "fans" crazy by making two runs, abetted by a wild throw by the opposing shortstop.

Due to a sensational running catch by the center fielder, the fast company representatives again went scoreless in the third inning. No one tallied in the fourth, but in the fifth misery reigned. I hit one man, the deaf and dumb slabman singled, and the speedboy tripled. A strike-out followed but as I slowly wound up for that prized drop of mine, the sprinter stole home. Here was my first lesson: Never do the Highland fling with my arms while real runners are on the paths. The clerks who had parted with twenty-five cents looked disgusted. Hinsdale looked as pleasant as a chimpanzee. Then "Sandow" hit the fence for two bags. "Take him out!" There it was, the old familiar howl. But the knockers were stilled when the next batter lifted a foul to the catcher and the third out was made on a fly to the second baseman.

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A young left-hander faced the Rovers in their half and struck out the side. He looked like a world beater.

"Better steady up!" warned Hinsdale, turning to me on the bench.

That shortstop of ours—I'm going to get his picture some day, to keep in the family album—threw out the three hitters in the sixth.

The Rovers were blanked in that inning, although I reached third. The 10-second star beat out a bunt to begin the leaguers' seventh. He danced back and forth on the line and finally I "fired" the ball past the first baseman. A kindly spectator kicked the flying sphere into the latter's hands but by that time the runner had reached third. He kept on for the plate and was caught by twenty feet and started back for third. I joined in the run up and to my intense satisfaction had the pleasure of jamming the Spalding into the ribs of the sprinter. Then I whiffed the second hitter for the second time. With a carelessness that I deny was characteristic, I slipped an easy one over the center of the disk for the Mc., and he got two bags. "Sandow" hammered a short fly to left which dropped safe. Here was more trouble. The visitors' third baseman rolled one to first. The baseman picked it up and I rushed to cover the bag, but was a second too late. Then I got a real "call." It was bad business, but I see National and American League pitchers guilty of it almost every day. One run came in, making four in all, and another was only shut off by a fine catch by the left fielder. In the eighth and ninth, however, I showed a thing or two getting three strike-outs and allowing no hits.

THE crowd was starting for the gates when the Rovers came up in the last frame. The first hitter died easily but the next man singled. That brilliant shortstop followed suit and the left-hander proceeded to give four balls to the ensuing hitsmith, aided by the umpire's weak eyesight. (Indicator handlers on such occasions generally side with the downtrodden, take it from me.) Here was a rally fit for the gods. Who was the next to bat, to deliver the "punch"? Of course, yours truly was the fellow upon whom so much depended, and like the dime novel marvel, I meant to clear the sacks. There was not a pinch hitter within six miles, so Hinsdale slapped me on the back and prayed.

If I were a Munchausen, the next paragraph would be a thriller, but as the living specimen whom Diogenes was seeking, I must admit that three strikes were called on me so fast that my head has hardly ceased to buzz since. Groans.

A chance still remained, however, and the left fielder met the crisis. He drove a grounder past short. One man scored and that shortstop sped right behind him. If he reached home, the score would be a tie, but he was caught by inches, the big leaguers thus triumphing 4 to 3.

After the game, Hinsdale slipped $25 into my hand.

THE next Sunday a minor league team played and lost, 11 to 4. I only twirled the last three innings.

Another test worth while came a week later, when an overrated American League team arrived. I learned that Ernie Lindermann, pitching for the Hoboken independent team, had beaten them, and it was my hope to do likewise. The game was slow and listless but never to be forgotten, for the Rovers won, 5 to 3! At last I was a HERO.

Three weeks later, for holding the Cubs



down to six hits, I was rewarded with $50. Evers was not in this game. Cook, I recall, was his understudy. Cook proved to be a capable substitute. His contribution was a brace of two baggers. The Cubs won, 6 to 1.

By this time I learned that curved balls



and speed were not all that was required. The leaguers were so used to dazzling fast ones that I tried slow ones and the result was all that could be desired. In one game the easy tosses were popped up far to left field but so high in the air that eight flies were caught.

No managers came over to me, however, to beg my signature to a contract. As a matter of fact, the manager was not always with the team on the junket, but one of the veterans took me aside and said:

"You've got the makin's. Keep it up but get more of your weight on the ball. The way you pitch now your arm will be gone in two or three years."

That there was a certain snappish movement to my delivery, instead of such an easy swing as Mathewson and Johnson have, I knew full well; it was a relic of my catching days, when I could send the sphere down to second without whirling my arms around to get up "steam."

I WON two more games before the season was over, trimming an Eastern League nine 2 to 1 and the "Champion Colored Giants of the World" 7 to 4. My best performance was an eleven inning tie with the Giants, 3 to 3, but I must admit the New Yorks ran the bags carelessly. They were caught time and time again. By request, "Iron Man" McGinnity pitched three innings, and his machinery-like regularity of motion won my admiration. It was the smoothest piece of pitching I had seen up to that stage.

Did I reach the big leagues? Remember that the saddest words are, according to Whittier: "it might have been."

In the last game of the exhibition season when the visiting aggregation were shocking me by their pernicious pounding of the bulb, I startled myself by sending a terrific clout to right center—one of the few hits I made. Skirting third, I made a mad dash for the plate. As I slid in, the catcher fell over me heavily. His spikes entered my arm near the shoulder. "Safe!" cried the umpire. "Ouch!" I yelled.

It was a costly homer. My arm hung by my side, and I was hurried to the doctor. "Two tendons cut," was the verdict. "What's that mean?" was my retort. "You'll probably never be able to pitch again," replied the man of medicine.

He was right, although I can still lob a ball a fair distance.

Deep down in the bosom of every American worthy of the name is engendered a desire for publicity, whether or not a plea of guilty accompanies the gentle impeachment. There are those who crave for notoriety, but a host strive honestly for fame. Class differentiation is not difficult; sooner or later the individuals who bid solely for mention and not for acclaim find their proper level. The courts are filled with just such characters and a good many of them are our modern vaudeville headliners. But the number of those who are striving for the betterment of conditions first of all and recognition for themselves afterwards is constantly increasing, and within the past decade, the disposition on the part of the people is to accord honor where honor is due, without reservation.

Disastrously indeed ended my first attempt to win glory, but as I think it all over, I am content.

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Act IV, Scene 2—On the road near Mistress Frankford's manor

A Woman Killed with Kindness

THE Stage Society of London has been an important factor in the rapid development of British drama. A few years ago that drama was insignificant. Today it has developed to such an extent that argument might well be made putting it abreast of, or even ahead of, the drama of Germany and France. Galsworthy, Shaw, Barker and other notable leaders owe their final triumph in no small degree to this Society. The drama in the United States is also tending to pass out of its period of childishness, and to offer a certain number of works that can interest those who intellectually may be called adults. Most Americans are bored by the drama in verse. Most of them are bored by the art of a preceding age. Those, however, who enjoy the loveliest or the strongest expressions of the human mind do most to make a nation great. The Stage Society of New York in its brief career has presented worthy American plays which would not otherwise have had a hearing, and brilliant foreign comedies which could not have paid their way on the regular stage. In presenting, with notable taste in stage setting, Thomas Heywood's "A Woman Killed with Kindness," the Society illustrated its third function—that of presenting the English classics. The German and the French see their literary masterpieces on the stage constantly. We almost never see ours, in spite of the fact that in the age of Elizabeth English literature showed the greatest dramatic development ever shown in any nation at any time, with the possible, but very doubtful, exception of a short period in Greece. Heywood's play is one of the gentlest and daintiest of that wonderful period, and we hope the Society will continue to put on dramas by the great geniuses of that time who, outside of Shakespeare, are practically unknown on our stage. The plan of the Society for the next year, to bring over a number of foreign producers who, like Granville Barker and Max Reinhardt, have shown genius in giving new form to dramatic productions, is sure to be fertile, not only in the direct impression on the public mind, but indirectly also, through the education of our managers, some of whom are now thoroughly ambitious and alive.



Act V, Scene 2—Just before Mistress Frankford's death

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Plays and Actors

First Prize

IT can scarcely be denied that the blue ribbon for this season's work ought to go to Margaret Anglin. She produced one play by Sophocles, four by Shakespeare and one by Oscar Wilde, and did them all extraordinarily well. Her work with the classics and with Shakespeare is sufficiently familiar to our readers. It need only be added that "Lady Windermere's Fan" is a nearly perfect modern comedy fully deserving to rank with Sheridan and Goldsmith, and our imagination really fails to see how it could have been put on better than Miss Anglin put it on. The best we can wish her for next year is that this year's noble record may be equalled.

Laying a Ghost

THE excellence with which Miss Anglin was able to produce Shakespeare lays another ghost. It is frequently said that Shakespearean actors can no longer be found. She has found them. Why? Because she has herself brains enough to know how the plays should be acted and therefore can select the right persons and see that they are rightly trained.

Digits or Diamonds

WATCHING Miss Anglin's "The Taming of the Shrew" we had a thought. When Petruchio woos fair Katharine, as a betrothal gift he presents her with a tutor in mathematics and in music. Considering the present movement of women to put the household budget on a strictly business basis, couldn't Mr. Fiancé of today, profitably present his future partner with a course at Business College, instead of giving her a diamond ring as a preparation for marriage? Training for accurate systematic management would reduce her housework and enlarge her leisure. Then, when he gets a raise, he might think about those music lessons. Petruchio valued profitable leisure for Kate. Sweet music is today as soothing for the Tired Business Man's evening as it is a relaxation to the woman who is supposed to take her rest in nerve-knotting problems of bridge.

A Negro Tragedy

THE production by The Stage Society of New York of Ridgely Torrence's negro tragedy, called "Granny Maumee," brings to the front an American playwright of whom the observant world must take account. The theme has innate worth—the pride taken by a spirited old negress in the integrity of her race; the temptation back to barbarism through rage, when she learns that the purity of her family blood has been interrupted by the grandson of the man who led the lynching of her husband; and the final triumph of the more spiritual side of her nature through her continuing love for her dead mate. This stirring drama ought to be produced in other cities by all the other companies which exist for the purpose of encouraging the more intellectual side of our stage, companies which are rapidly increasing in number.

Doctors in Drama

CURRENT plays emphasize the doctor as one of our most dramatic figures. The Man with the Satchel has appeared in many recent productions. A doctor is an excellent medium for the usual comedy situations. He equally supplies the tragic element of one intimate with Life and Death. The traditional secrecy of the medical professor is another market for the mystery maker. Again, in our modern demand for a religion of fellow service, is not the doctor as helper, healer, and comforter, supplanting the more medieval priest whom drama had always marionetted to supply religious emotions? To the audience a doctor on the stage suggests immediate intimacy with the dramatic. His coming in times of sickness, their suspense, then a reaction of relief or death, is drama itself.

Arthur Schnitzler, the Viennese vivisector of feminine hearts, has felt this popular interest in the doctor as a dramatic character, and presents a powerful study of the physician in Dr. Bernhardi. What question of politics, law, engineering, etc., could have been dramatized to hold an audience as through the clinic lecture of "Damaged Goods?" To be sure the doctor was expected in most casts of the recent sex drama. Here his rôle varied from the kindly old physician of tenement traditions, as in "The Lure," to the hardened collector of fees in "The House of Bondage." Merely an incidental figure in "The Great Adventure," the doctor was nevertheless both lover and healer in "The Things That Count." Musical comedy claims his jovial moments in "High Jinks." The lady doctor, very trim and very earnest, amused us in Eleanor Gates' eugenics farce, "We Are Seven," but in the "Poor Little Rich Girl," it was the physician who literally "pulled her through." And now, there is the opera—"L'Amore Medico," to add its trills to Molière's farce, "L'Amour de Medicin."

The Woman with Empty Hands

By C. STERRETT PENFIELD

MURMURING a direction to the leather-busked automaton that held open the door of her limousine, she stepped out upon the shadowy pavement before the church.

A youngster turned, pulling at his mother's hand. "See the tall, pretty lady, all in black—why is she all in black like that—why is she, Mamma—?" persistently. His mother with impatience dragged him jerkily on, and his question scaled into whining protest—"Mam-ma-a-a!"

The Woman with Empty Hands drew in her breath sharply, gazing after the boy. His voice—even the bleating "Mamma-a-a!"—so like Gerald's. . . . How could any mother be so unreasoning?

Near the massive bronze-wrought doors stood a beggar, his eyelids trembling pathetically over eyes that were sightless—to credit the printed plea he wore. The Woman (who gave generously, but carefully to Organized Charity only) hesitated, then dropped a bit of silver into the battered hat. A preposterous thought—but for a moment she had remembered her husband's tired, drooping eyelids at the close of a busy day. . . .

As she entered the great church, a girl stumbled out, brushing by with a whiff of cheap perfume. The Woman noted involuntarily the hair beneath the defiantly rakish hat—Marie's in texture and softness . . . even to the stray curl. . . .

Midway up the aisle the Woman paused—then knelt. Heaven had been doubly far since the hour that had left her widowed and childless. No definite prayer for guidance to other tasks came from her heart—there could be nothing left to live for—nothing! Why had the fate that had taken them passed her by? Why?

In the arched transepts, filmy shadows slowly deepened. The sun's last rays filtered lingeringly through the exquisite memorial window—the Woman's gift to her church in the name of her dead,—limning most clearly the lettering "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these,"—Gerald's favorite "Golden Text" of his Sunday-school days.

WHEN the Woman came out from the church, the street was thronged—shoppers, hawkers, newsboys, homing toilers—jostled her as she made her way toward the corner where her car awaited her.

Near the corner flared a torch. Around it had eddied many of the crowd, pausing to hear what the girl beside the torch was saying.

"Mamma-a-a!" bleated a tired child. "Can't we wait and see the lady with the great, big lamp?"—and the mother "waited."

On the outskirts of the crowd stood a girl, cheaply be-perfumed—with soft hair curling beneath a defiantly rakish hat.

The blind beggar had edged slily toward the front rank of the listeners, one lithe hand reckoning the day's receipts.

"It isn't just 'Votes for Women!'" the girl beside the torch was pleading. "It's more—much more! It's 'Thinking for Everybody!' We want power to help us help others to think. Our own personal self is mighty interesting to think about and sympathize with and care for — but there's a much bigger self—the Self of the Universe that we've got to learn to consider. There's so much to be done—and so few to do it—so very few who care whether children are being trained rightly—whether girls go wrong—whether we are charitable in the right sense and the right way. Won't you help—just a little? The ballot is the only door we want you to open for us. It isn't all we want. We want to teach women—and men—to think—and care for the millions of other selves that are in their way just as important as the dinky little two-by-four self that happens to be our own personal property. If you won't help others, help us to help them!"—

The Woman with Empty Hands had hurried into her limousine. She loathed soapbox speakers. "So unfeminine!" she rendered mental verdict; then aloud, "Home, Carlos!"

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Batter-Up

By BILLY EVANS

WILL Ed. Walsh come back? That question is now puzzling supporters of the White Sox in Chicago. Windy City fans realize full well what it means to Comiskey's team to have Walsh going at top speed. Fame in baseball is indeed fleeting. If you have the slightest doubt on that point just for a minute consider the career of Ed. Walsh.

In 1912 Ed. Walsh, known all over the baseball world as the "Iron Man" of the game, took part in sixty-two games, nearly half the number of contests played by his club. Walsh won twenty-seven games and lost seventeen, and on eighteen other occasions went to the rescue of some faltering pitcher. In a majority of the games in which he acted as first aide, his pitching made it possible for the Chicago club to be returned a winner.

When the 1913 season opened Walsh was regarded as Chicago's mainstay in the box. In the opening series at St. Louis, Callahan sent him to the rescue in the last half of the ninth with the bases filled and no one out. Walsh came through in his usual impressive style, by striking out the next three batters and saving the game to Chicago. It looked as if Walsh was sure to be the same old "Iron Man" of yore.

Then something happened to Walsh's pitching arm. It went "dead," to use the baseball term for a weak arm. Instead of taking part in sixty-two games and pitching a total of 393 innings, his record for the previous season, Walsh pitched only eleven games for a total of ninety-eight innings. From a star who broke into the box score and headlines almost daily in 1912, Walsh's name seldom appeared on the sport page during the summer of 1913. He spent the greater part of the year undergoing treatment. Several times he tried out the arm with indifferent success. Can he come back? Walsh insists he can.

THE St. Louis club of the American League will have the unique distinction this year of having two managers, aside from the many fans who guide the destinies of a ball club from the grandstand. Branch Rickey, the manager of the team, is a strict observer of the Sabbath; he will have nothing to do with baseball on that day. Thus it becomes necessary for the Browns to have a Sunday manager. Jimmy Austin, third baseman of the club acted in that capacity last year. It would be interesting to see what Rickey would do, if a situation arose as it did in 1908, when the Chicago and Detroit teams determined the pennant winner in the American League, in the final game of the season, played on Sunday. If such a thing should ever come up with a team under Rickey's management, we wonder what his feelings would be on the subject.

UMPIRE BILLY KLEM of the National League who made the recent tour of the world says he greatly enjoyed his umpire experiences in foreign countries. In most of them he couldn't understand just what the fans were saying about him, so took it for granted they were pleased with his work.

THERE is perhaps no prettier play in baseball than the retiring of a man at the plate on a throw from the outfield. Such plays of late years have been the exception. The best reason for the scarcity of such happenings can be laid at the door of the coachers doing business at third base. It has been customary for the coacher to stop the runner in any way possible, if the chance to get home was not greatly in his favor. Very often the coacher would be compelled to resort to a flying tackle or a wrestling hold, to thwart the wild-running base runner. Often a perfect throw from the outfield, that would have retired the runner had he been allowed to continue, was wasted. Under a new rule that goes into effect this year, the base runner must do a little thinking, and depend somewhat on his own judgment. If a coacher touch or hold a base runner rounding third under the new rule, the umpire must declare the runner out. This rule should result in many more plays at the plate, thus giving the fans an additional number of thrills which under the old code would have been impossible.

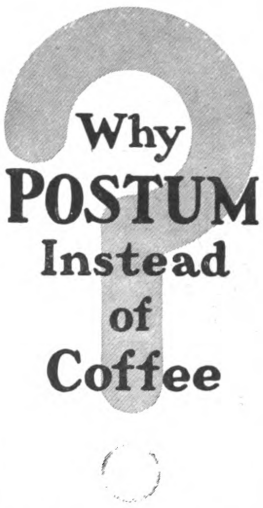
WHEN is a home run not a home run? For years that is a question that has puzzled players, managers, umpires and fans. The rules committee has at last settled the question.

Up to this year, a home run over the fence was defined in section two of rule forty-eight. It read as follows. "A fair batted ball that goes over the fence or into the stand shall entitle the batsman to a home run, unless it should pass out of the ground or into a stand, at a less distance than 235 feet from the home plate, in which case the batsman shall be entitled to only two bases."

In the past there have been any number of cases where a batsman after hitting the ball over the fence, has carelessly failed to touch one or more of the bases. In such cases a player in the field has invariably called the attention of the umpire to the break. The umpire in turn has put a new ball in play and called the batsman out when the player in the field, having the ball in his possession, touched the base missed by the batsman. Umpires have always given as their reason rule fifty-nine, which relates to the scoring of runs, saying that one run shall be scored every time a base runner, after having legally touched the first three bases, shall legally touch the plate before three men are retired.

In combatting this argument, the point has always been advanced: How can you deprive a man of something that the rules say he is entitled to?—the rules of course specifically stating that a hit over the fence, if same is required distance from the plate, entitles batsman to a home run. Hundreds of arguments have been started in past years over this very point. One short sentence has for all time settled the case. The addition to section two of rule forty-eight quoted above is as follows: *In either event the batsman must touch the bases in regular order.*

HERMAN SCHAEFER, comedian and ball-player, must have his joke even in adversity. The other day when his failure to sign with the Washingtons was mentioned, Herman remarked thusly: "Well it is fortunate for Griffith that he still has Walter Johnson."



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Unions and Prisons

By SAMUEL GOMPERS

ALTHOUGH Mr. Gompers takes a good deal of space to answer one short editorial, he occupies such an important position as President of the American Federation of Labor that we are glad to print all he says. It will probably not require any remarks from us to enable our readers to see that his eloquence about the contract system is dealing with something in no way mentioned in the editorial. We never defended the contract system and never expect to; nor did we ever suggest that labor ought to work more hours than it does. The present editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY *has always energetically supported movements to limit hours of work. Less eloquence and more attention to what Mr. Gompers must know was under discussion would, we think, have increased the power of his communication. We may point out further that we did not mention the American Federation of Labor. Just where we think the labor unions have been at fault in their attitude toward prison labor and in their attitude toward the productiveness of individual workingmen will be pointed out later in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *by experts*

PERCHANCE it was the exhausting strain of intense progressiveness that led to the reactionary revels of the editorial, "Unions and Prisons," you published in the issue of February 28. Certainly never, even under the régime of Colonel Harvey's antagonism and prejudice against the interests of the working classes, did HARPER'S WEEKLY publish any more hearty endorsement of special privilege, anything more untruthful or more insidious in its attack upon organized labor.

In the editorial you state that labor unions limit the output. It is easy enough to make that sweeping charge, but upon what can you base such an assertion? Surely not upon the fact that organized labor seeks to reduce the hours of work. But should that be the case, allow me to direct your attention to employers who have had actual experience with the eight-hour day and who endorse it. It is now an established fact that excessive hours are an extravagance no nation can safely afford. The same is true of excessive work. Trade unions have endeavored to protect the workers from excessively long hours and from overwork. By so doing they have contributed immeasurably to the world's progress and the well-being of all of the toilers.

You say that labor unions "do not try to obtain the best work." It is easy for the editor to sit apart from the industrial world and to impugn the motives of those who are struggling with the problems of that life and trying to solve them. It is easy to make the vague charge that labor unions do not obtain the best work. There are many ideas of what the "best work" is, but nowhere in our country can more efficient skilled workmen be found than those who belong to American trade unions. The union is the one institution that stands for ideals that make skilled efficiency possible. It conserves the muscles, nerves, and minds so that they are in a condition to give the best service; it provides for the instruction of the workers; it enables the workers to protect themselves. Labor unions have opposed some so-called "efficiency" schemes, but if the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY could know the difference between real efficiency and the terrible devices evolved to drain the last atom of energy from workers who have been reduced to automatic repetition of motions that kill initiative, he would count that opposition as one of the greatest contributions labor unions have made to civilization.

In charging that labor unions are "instrumental in keeping alive one of the worst products of our civilization—the present prison system," you make an assertion that is totally at variance with facts. There is absolutely nothing in the official or private utterances of the President of the American Federation of Labor or any of the officials of the affiliated organizations, or the organizations themselves, but what directly contradicts the charge.

Prison reform has not been a mere theory with the workers, but it has been a part of the problems of food, clothing, and house rent. What organized labor has been fighting in prisons is the *contract prison labor system*. Under that system the labor power of imprisoned people is sold to some manufacturer who pays the state less than the value of the labor and in addition has the advantage of free factory rent, free supervision of work, and a steady supply of workers. Under the lease system the convicts become the property or slaves of the manufacturers. The convicts receive no wages and are usually forced to toil long hours at an inhuman speed secured by speeding-up devices.

Prison conditions under the contract and lease systems encourage unspeakable brutality in forcing prisoners to work. Such conditions kill the manhood and the self-respect of those placed there for reformative purposes. They harden hearts and consciences. They make social outlaws. Do you know how it feels to know that your labor power has been sold to some grinding task-master, who wishes to wring from you that which will add to his profits, with never a thought of what happens to your body or soul? Do you know how it feels to strain nerves and muscles in physical toil until your very bones are weary, your mind a blank, and your heart a dull, grinding ache of misery? Do you know how it feels to be looked upon as a thing, to be bought and sold, to be used at the will of the owner? Do you know that sense of unfreedom that leaves an indelible scar on the soul of a man that makes it impossible for him ever to forgive society for heartlessly, greedily killing the best that is in him in order to give profits to some other man?

IF you know these things, in the name of humanity how can you, how dare you, uphold the contract prison labor system? Can you not see that men are infinitely more precious than mere profits? Can not the degradation of human life persuade you that profits reeking with dead hopes and mangled humanity are of no avail to civilization?

With the low prices for convict labor, manufacturers who employ free labor are hopelessly unable to compete. Free workers are thrown out of employment. They and their families suffer hunger and all manner of privation because of the contract labor system. Free competition of convict-made goods with the products of free labor does not increase the number of commodities furnished to the community, because, protected and favored by special conditions and privileges, it has forced fair firms out of fields of production.

We workers have been very close to the problem of earning our daily bread in the sweat of our brows, and we have found the contract prison labor system a menace to free labor and to convicts. Accordingly, we have used every power at our disposal to have this system abolished.

In 1883, the American Federation of Labor directed its legislative committee to coöperate with the workingmen of New York to rid the state of the evils arising from contracting prison labor. That was the inaugurating of a consistent policy to secure this reform both through state and federal legislation.

The report of the committee on convict labor to the 1897 convention of the American Federation of Labor contained the following propositions:

> The labor of any prisoner in any state prison, reformatory, penitentiary or jail shall be used for the manufacture of such articles as are required for use in the various state, penal, or correctional and eleemosynary institutions, and wherever practicable, in the raising of such farm and garden products as are required for use in the above-mentioned institutions.
>
> That the convicts shall be employed in productive labor for no more than eight hours per day.
>
> That all industries undertaken by these several institutions shall be carried on by hand labor.

The principles which we endorsed were the principles which the United States Industrial Commission embodied in its report. They have been endorsed by various other reports of many official and voluntary investigators.

OUR efforts have been most heartily aided by the various internationals, those federated to the American Federation of Labor and others. We have repeatedly endeavored to induce Congress to enact legislation which should provide that its power over interstate commerce should not be used in the interest of those dealing in goods made by contract prison labor.

We have advocated that prisons and reformatories should be real reformatory institutions—institutions to foster the sacred human individuality, to develop the best instincts that are in those shut off from ordinary intercourse with fellowmen, and to give them some kind of wholesome employment that would enable them to work into some better self. We have maintained that those in prison should work and should be paid for that work, that they should be given every

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freedom compatible with the purpose for which they are made to live apart, and meanwhile should be safeguarded from exploitation.

It is most obviously untrue to state that organized labor desires that "many thousands of able-bodied men ought to be supported in prison in idleness, instead of laboring to increase the number of commodities furnished to the community." We wish the men under prison sentence to be employed in such a way that they shall be benefited and not harmed, and so that the products of their labor can not constitute a menace to free labor.

WE workingmen have constantly preached the gospel of labor. We believe in labor. But we believe in labor that uplifts and ennobles the workers, labor in which he can participate conscious that thereby he is developing the best that is in him and eliminating the lower impulses. The right kind of work can bring men back into the right relation to life, but prison slavery only buttresses the barriers that separate the individual from society and intensifies the antagonism to social organization. The prison contract labor system is neither economically wise nor humanitarian. It is one of the surprising and unaccountable phenomena of current affairs that the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY should give his support to such an institution.

If after reading the above you still doubt the public-spirited attitude and the humanitarian impulse actuating organized labor upon the prison labor question, you need not rely upon the faultless record of the American Federation of Labor and its affiliated organizations, but you can make inquiry of experienced penologists and organizations which for years have helped and are helping to solve the dual wrongs of idle prisoners and the contract prison labor system.

Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

The Widow's Mite

I am a regular patron of HARPER'S WEEKLY and read your columns with great interest. In connection with the settlement of a fatal personal injury case I have been asked to make suggestions in regard to the investment of a small sum of money. After her baby is old enough the widow hopes to use her furniture to start a flat where she may take roomers. The only money she has is $4750 from the insurance company. How would you advise her to invest it? She is nearly forty and has had no special training for any occupation.

FINANCIAL editors are supposed to be, and no doubt are, dry persons who think in figures and have masses of statistics where their hearts ought to be. Human interest is not regarded as part of their business. But a careful gleaning of their correspondence will disclose outbreaks of it here and there, enough at least to make them wish their resources included something beside the futilities of financial generalization.

What this widow most needs is advice from a member of a profession which does not yet exist, except in isolated cases, but surely will come into being as men slowly learn to combat misery, poverty and the tragedies of broken lives. I refer of course to the expert in fitting men and women to the work of the world, the psychologist who can unerringly point to tasks which are adapted to the individual.



"Stop that! It's now against the law to scatter foul dust!"

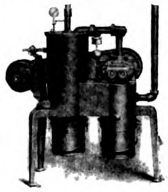
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It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than to speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor, Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.

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Most of us rarely stop to think what a large capital a fair-sized earning power represents. Those who earn one, two, three or five thousand dollars a year are the owners of large fortunes, although they do not consider themselves as such. Four thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars is a pitifully small sum to draw income from, large as it seemed to the hard working husband who saved it. At 5 per cent. it will earn only $237 a year, and at 6 per cent. only $285.

The real problem in this case then is to find the right employment, whether it be taking roomers or something else, for the widow, and that is something the writer knows nothing about. Investment is only secondary, important as it is. The difference between 4 and 6 per cent., a very great gulf indeed in the investment field, is only $105 a year in this case.

Unable to qualify for any occupation and with a certain income of less than $300 in prospect there is every temptation to follow the gambling instinct. Widows are a prey to financial schemers and swindlers for the most obvious of reasons. Ignorance of business and investment principles may be the primary one, but a hardly less predisposing tendency is the despair of not knowing how to earn money. The very person who should be most careful is the one most sorely tempted to be rash simply because she lacks that twenty to one hundred thousand dollar fortune which all of us have who are able to earn from one to five thousand dollars a year.

Iron Clad Rules

BUT there are certain rules which may be laid down to help this woman and others like her. They are mostly unpleasant truths, hard and ruthless. The integrity of her little capital is to be maintained only by the most self controlled conservatism. She must steel herself to avoid bright promises. Only cold statements of moderate returns based on actual performances should receive the least notice.

It is possible to buy securities to yield 4 per cent. and 4½ per cent. from which have been eliminated all risk, both practical and theoretical, and which in addition are based upon great well known corporations, public and private. It is possible to buy securities to yield 5 per cent. or perhaps 5¼ or even a shade more which have no practical risk, and only a slight trace of theoretical risk. It is possible also to buy securities to yield 6 per cent. from which all practical risk and nearly all theoretical risk have been eliminated, provided one deals with a firm of large resources and good standing that is willing to lend a sort of moral sponsorship to its offerings. Perhaps a slightly higher rate may be had if only short term securities are purchased.

What does he mean by theoretical risk, someone asks. I mean simply this, that certain classes of stocks and bonds do not enjoy quite the same general, formal esteem as others. These classifications often change, indeed are always changing gradually, but they are strong enough to be a powerful influence on prices. To illustrate, in a formal, theoretical sense, not even the underlying bonds of the United States Steel Corporation are regarded as quite as "classy" as the better railroad bonds, and yet for all practical purposes no one could prove that they are not about as safe. Theoretical safety is something that very rich investors pay for. It is somewhat analogous to the practice which many persons have of shopping only at very fashionable stores, although the same article, as far as any human being can detect, may be purchased more cheaply elsewhere.

The inquiry which heads this article was written by an insurance man in a great city in the middle west, where both he and the widow lives. In that city is a firm of investment bankers which claims to have done a business in its relatively long history of about one billion dollars practically without loss to its clients. In that same city is a firm of dealers in city mortgages and bonds based upon them, which has carried on a large business for thirty years without loss to its clients. In that same city is a firm of farm mortgage dealers which has lost only $675 out of $75,000,000 loaned.

There is no better advice to give the widow or her friend than to consult one or more of these firms, or others like them (for there are others with almost equal records). It is obvious that organizations which can back up such proud boasts must have satisfied a host of customers. It is clear that a high degree of moral responsibility must have been associated with their years of successful efforts. It is beyond question that such firms possess just the facilities to meet all manner of individual investment needs.

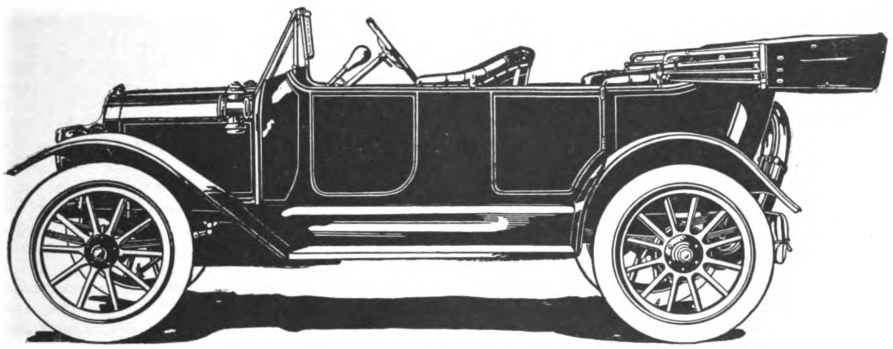
The wisest course for this woman to take is to tell her story to one or more of these investment bankers or mortgage dealers in the same or even greater detail than she has told it to us. She should tell them that she cannot afford to lose, and ask their advice and assistance under the circumstances. If she is exceptionally cautious she will submit the lists which they suggest to us for further criticism. That they will give her good advice, however, is practically assured by their record and experience. Concerns such as we have referred to cannot jeopardize their splendid standing by giving bad advice. This does not mean that they might not recommend somewhat speculative securities to a well to do business man who could afford to take a risk, just as a physician might recommend football to a bull of an eighteen-year-boy. But a great specialist like the late Weir Mitchel would not in all probability have suggested participation in a Yale-Princeton football game to a nervous wreck of forty. In precisely the same way the great investment banking organizations, whether they deal in bonds or mortgages, can be depended upon to utilize their knowledge and experience to give sound and expert advice.

A Few Don'ts

A RETURN of from 5 to 6 per cent. on the widow's money is what will probably be suggested. This does not mean that capital is not capable of earning more. The Colonial Diamond Mine Company of German Southwest Africa recently paid dividends of 2500 per cent. and has paid 3800 per cent. Starving mining prospectors and inventors become ruling powers of finance.

But these men and all their kind take heavy risks. They wagered their brains, money and business lives against mighty odds and won. The fundamental underlying truth of all investment science is that *those who morally cannot afford to take risks, who cannot wager all on a single throw, must content themselves with a moderate return.*

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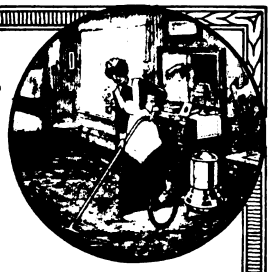
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Vacuna Sales Company

Dept. H 251 Fifth Ave., New York City

TO DEALERS: Vacuna offers a wonderful selling opportunity. Write for proposition

The American public is far more interested in sports than it used to be. That is an excellent thing for all the men and women and children in the country. Herbert Reed (Right Wing) ran a department last summer and fall in HARPER'S WEEKLY that was a great success.

He is about to begin his department again, and it will cover all kinds of sport.

He is interested in golf, football, hockey, baseball, basketball, canoeing, polo, sailing; all branches, in short; and we know nobody whose judgment of them is quite so good.

What They Think of Us

St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer Press*

The front page of a recent number of HARPER'S WEEKLY was covered with a reproduction of a telegram dated at the White House, addressed to the editor of the WEEKLY, and signed by Woodrow Wilson. The message read: "Certainly one of the most nobly useful men in the world. I have the greatest admiration for him and the most profound confidence in his extraordinary character and abilities."

But the unstinted praise of Mott by Mr. Wilson, who tried to make him American minister to China, is no more remarkable than the generous allotment of space devoted to him by the magazine. This glorification of Mott is significant, but it is merely one manifestation of the rapidly growing attention which the secular press, and the secular world, is bestowing on religion.

The Wisconsin State Journal

HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 14 contains an article by George J. Anderson in which he discusses the question: Is Christianity Christian? giving "Robbing Jesus to Pay Paul" as his subject. . . . The new writers are going to analyze religion, pointing out that which is profession and pretension and that which is righteous. They are going to discuss the applied pieties and they are going to point to specific things and ask church people if they can call them by such simple names as truth and justice. The new campaign is going to be waged in the interest of primary ethics and morals. We are going to judge men and courts by their deeds rather than by their titles and the dignity of the chambers in which they sit.

Milwaukee (Wis.) *Sentinel*

Writing in the *Outlook*, Lawrence Chamberlain, a thoroughly reputable writer on finance, files a naïve complaint against HARPER'S WEEKLY. Was he artless enough to suppose that the qualities of fairness, sobriety, and unprejudiced scrupulosity of statement which made his work acceptable to the *Outlook*, would appeal favorably to the Brandeis clientele?

Pittsfield (Mass.) *Eagle*

Now HARPER'S WEEKLY gets into the Associated Press controversy. It has engaged Will Irwin, who used to be on the *Sun*, to tell "How the power of the A. P. has been misused," and Editor Hapgood himself has taken up the cudgels in behalf of the *Masses* and is to tell of the "usefulness and attractiveness" of the publication which Max Eastman edits.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., of Harper's Weekly published weekly at New York, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912. Editor, Norman Hapgood, McClure Building, New York City; Business Manager, A. S. Moore, McClure Building, New York City; Publisher, The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York City; Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock.) Norman Hapgood, McClure Building, New York City; Frederick L. Collins, McClure Building, New York City; Walter S. Rogers, LaGrange, Ill.; David Benton Jones, Chicago, Ill.; Thomas David Jones, Chicago, Ill.; Charles R. Crane, Chicago, Ill.; George F. Porter, Chicago, Ill.; Julius Rosenwald, Chicago, Ill. (Signed) The McClure Publications, A. S. Moore, Secy. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1914. (Signed) Edwin Brown, Notary Public, No. 217, New York County, Registers' Certificate, No. 5045. (Term expires March 30, 1914.)

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"A Pure Food Campaign in Your Town"

THAT is the title of an extremely important and practical article in The Ladies' World for May. If you are interested in The Ladies' World campaign for honesty and purity in food—*your* food—you should surely read this article. It is by

Professor Lewis B. Allyn

whose work in Westfield, "the Pure Food Town," and in **The Ladies' World** as Food Editor has attracted national attention and approval.

Other Famous Contributors in the May Ladies' World

Mary Stewart Cutting
Peter Newell
James Montgomery Flagg
Charles Dana Gibson
R. M. Crosby
Louis Tracy
Ethel Watts Mumford
Donal Hamilton Haines
F. Graham Cootes
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Bolton Hall
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Wakeleigh Rhodes

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THE LADIES' WORLD

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Contents for April 25, 1914

NORMAN HAPGOOD, EDITOR

The Duke and the Duchess..... George Bellows 2
Caricature

Editorials..... 3

The United Press.....Will Irwin 6
Illustrated from photographs

Pen and Inklings.....Oliver Herford 9
The Better Class Came Also

Bandit Hospitality.....A. D. Temple 10
Illustrated by Everett Shinn

Electing a College President..... Edmond S. Meany 13
An innovation in the government of Washington University

The Critic.....John Galsworthy 13
Illustrated by Guy Pène du Bois

"These Men Think the Engineer Is Going Too Fast".....Everett Shinn 16
Cartoon

The Movement for a Minimum Wage.... W. J. Ghent 18

Chinese Lyrics.....Pai Ta-shun 19
Richesse Oblige; Ghost Foxes

Voting in Chicago.....Katharine Buell 20
Women vote in an important election

Then and Now.....George Sterling 23
Verse

National Politics..... 24

Food and Health.....Lewis B. Allyn 25

The Social Activities of the White House. McGregor 26
Illustrated from photographs

Seeing the World..... 28
The rural journalist's point of view

Sports.....Herbert Reed (Right Wing) 29

Finance.....Albert W. Atwood 30
Bonds within the reach of all

What They Think of Us..... 32

In Next Week's Issue

The series of articles on "The Honor of the Army" by Charles Johnson Post has created a great sensation not only in political circles, but in all parts of the United States. Every citizen in the United States who owns property has to pay heavy taxes in order to maintain our Army and Navy. Mr. Post has written another series on the POWDER TRUST which will begin in the issue of May 2.

Nothing is more interesting in the realm of science than the growth of knowledge about ANESTHESIA. To perform operations without pain and with a minimum of shock is an achievement which may at any time be of life and death importance to any one of us. Dr. Huber, who has written a summary of what has been accomplished lately in this field, is a physician of standing.

GEORGE BELLOWS, whom many critics think the greatest American artist now living, is best when drawing pictures in which there is a great deal of action. The double picture for next week will be "The Great American Game"—a marvelous baseball picture.

NEITH BOYCE has written another one of her charming stories—"The Blue Hood," which is illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright.

The third of JOHN GALSWORTHY'S studies of "overdoing" it, called "The Plain Man" will appear in next week's issue. Have you known people who overdid being "a plain man"?

Our three new departments FOOD and HEALTH, SEEING the WORLD, and NATIONAL POLITICS will continue to appear each week.

We have a department on SPORTS by HERBERT REED (Right Wing).

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THE DUKE AND THE DUCHESS

By George Bellows

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII] No. 2992 | *Week ending Saturday, April* 25, 1914 | [10 Cents a Copy $5.00 a year

The Party and the Man

THAT certain Democrats would watch for the first chance to break away from the President was inevitable. The party contains leaders who are foolish, others who are reactionaries, others who are selfish. Divide Murphy, Hearst, O'Gorman, and Clark up into these classes to suit yourself. In some places, as conspicuously in the recent New Jersey election, the Progressives are going back in large numbers into the Republican Party. It is certainly not beyond a possibility that Colonel Roosevelt may have both the Progressive and the Republican nominations in 1916 if he finds a favorable issue develop for him within the next two years. In the meantime, the separate forces opposing Wilson will fight harder. Favoritism one way or another will always make a hard contest for its life. Some interests and localities will react against a tariff that has diminished privilege. Others will react against a treaty which has displeased big shipping interests. Currency legislation, trust legislation, every step ahead must displease somebody. The Democrats are in danger of keeping up their reputation for not knowing how to govern themselves. Wilson is the recognized progressive leader of today. If his party fails to support him, his party will at the first opportunity be thrown into the discard. Then will come the conservative reaction, then more agitation; whereas if Wilson is able to go ahead, and carry out his program, progress will be orderly and certain. This country must inevitably progress in economic, political and moral ideas. It may be done quietly, gradually, and steadily, as the President is trying to do it, or it may be done in a series of oscillations, backward and forward, with consequent injury to all.

Bill Kent on Tolls

A CERTAIN Congressman from California has his system full of yeast; he has furniture in his attic; he talks English; and he makes his brain work several hours a day.

Says Bill: "A nation should make few treaties; should make them definite; and should live up to them."

Anybody can understand that. Kent also says: "This free tolls matter is to my mind nothing less than a subsidy, a subsidy masquerading under all sorts of nonsense, miscalled patriotism, nonsense wrapped in flags and punctuated by squeals of the lion in torture and squeals of the eagle in triumph."

That also is spoken in English and easy to comprehend.

"I cannot see where the consuming public will get any benefit whatever from this remission of tolls. The tolls on most commodities will amount to so little that they will be lost in the shuffle before ever the consumers are reached. On coal and lumber they will amount to a great deal to consumers, but doubtless there will be commodity rates to care for those items."

Undoubtedly the general economic argument is unanswerable by those who profess the prevailing principles of the Democratic party.

"I cannot understand how those men who disbelieve in the protective theory, who disbelieve that the foreigner pays the tax, who disbelieve in subsidies of business—I cannot conceive how any such men can stand for the anti-commercial argument involved in penalizing and destroying foreign commerce and in subsidizing domestic commerce. Let us give subsidies, if at all, to sailors and not to ship-owning corporations. . . .

"We need coal on the Pacific coast. Welsh coal will burn just as well as West Virginia coal, and Welsh and other foreign coal will come to us cheaply if we give it a chance. We want low and equal rates on both coal and lumber, and you of the Atlantic coast need lumber, and I presume can use foreign lumber just as well as Pacific coast lumber from the United States."

Congressman Kent is the only member of Congress who calls himself an Independent, and his views on the tolls question represent the prevailing independent opinion from the Atlantic to his own Pacific.

Scares

THE question of a horizontal raise in freight rates is not to be decided by alarms or by figures of speech about "dying patients." There is involved no question of ethics or of punishment. It is a question of business only, but it is a question of *sound* business. The commission will naturally be more influenced by the information which it has, for example, about what Colonel Goethals has done with the Panama Railroad in decreasing expenses than it will be by oceans of standpat rhetoric. It has before it only one question now: What is the *best* way of bringing the income of the railroads into proper relation to their expenses?

A Wish

FOR the sake of the whole forward movement, and especially for the sake of the President, it is to be hoped that the influence of Commissioner Daniels on the Interstate Commerce Commission will be such as to offer no excuse to enemies of the Administration.

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New York

THAT the real Democrats in the Progressive party and the real Progressives in the Democratic party should not work together, is ridiculous. It is doubly absurd in city and state elections. The friendly elements in all the parties were brought together in New York City last November. What will be done in the state election next November? Think of the crowd that promises to control! Murphy, Hearst, Glynn, and Barnes are the leading figures. If we were even half way civilized, there would be a citizen's ticket in the state next autumn, just as there was in the city last autumn; and if the organizers showed sense, victory would be as wholesome and as complete. We believe that Mr. Mitchel as mayor is not acting as a Democrat but as a non-partisan, and we ought to achieve as much with the next governor and his associates. The senatorship is a harder question, since it deals properly with national affairs, but it happens that even in national affairs there is little real division at present between the most enlightened members of the three parties. If we were a political leader in New York, instead of a humble journalist, we should most assuredly spend our time agitating for a citizens' ticket strong enough to win endorsement from the best elements in all three parties.

Two Good Appointments

IN the present state of world affairs, our foreign relations are peculiarly important. President Wilson has undertaken the immensely difficult task of applying sincere modern ethics to international relations. Mr. Bryan wholly sympathizes with this attitude of the President, but Mr. Bryan, having been in politics a long time and having acute sympathies with individuals, has raised in some minds the doubt whether he does not tend to let the reward element enter into his appointments. The choice of William Phillips as Third Secretary and Robert Lansing as Counsel is therefore reassuring. Both appointments will strengthen the department and thereby increase the general confidence.

A Distinction

THE investment bankers have made an argument against us, the hollowness of which it really seems to us they should have been able to see without explanation. Mr. Lawrence Chamberlain, representing them, writes:

"After your admirable placing of the reply to Mr. Brandeis, it may seem ungrateful to be still critical. An editorial in the same number of HARPER'S WEEKLY remarks on the success of the Third Avenue Railroad in offering its bonds direct to the public by way of escaping the bankers. I would call attention to the fact that the following, as reported to the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, were the purchasers on this offering:

Lazard Frères	$1,506,000 at 82.815
Clark, Dodge & Co. and J. W. Seligman & Co., jointly	1,000,000 at 83
Bernard Baruch	1,000,000 at 83.53
Seasongood & Hass	450,000 at 82.53
G. Ehret	44,000 at 83.

"In short, bankers purchased all but $44,000 of an issue of $4,000,000, or nearly 99 per cent. This hardly looks like dispensing with the bankers."

Now it is easy to show that this is quibbling. Nobody denies that investment bankers have their place, and no one urges that they should be debarred from buying for resale from railroad companies, etc., bonds as issued. *What is objectionable is the payment to them, when unnecessary, of underwriting fees.* The fact that bankers bought most of the bonds is immaterial, since *they bought in the open market in competition with the public.* Mr. Whittridge did not, as was obvious, adopt the methods essential to a side sale. It was only the first step toward proper sale methods. He did not *fix* a price himself, but merely accepted bids. That method necessarily limited the sale to bankers or to similar experienced investors. The Massachusetts State Treasurer fixed the price of the sale, which is one reason why a larger part of his bonds were sold direct to investors. Those who wish to pursue the subject further can buy Mr. Brandeis' book, just published, "Other People's Money," and consult pages 120 and 121.

Some Rochester Thinking

A FLOURISHING, vigorous and progressive city is Rochester, N. Y., but like all other cities it has its share of standpat minds. An editor spoke in Rochester not long ago on the feminist movement. He explained very carefully that it meant nothing except larger opportunity for women. What particular ideas and measures the women with their increased power will promote certainly cannot be foretold, except that we may be reasonably sure that they will try to diminish evils from which they have especially suffered, and that, on the other hand, all genuine conservatism will be represented by that half of humanity which is so close to the cradle, to the child at the tender stage when the mere preservation of its life is a matter of utmost delicacy and when its whole trend is being determined. After the speech, some one in the audience asked the editor his view of divorce. He again explained carefully that he must speak only for himself and not for the feminist movement. The Rochester *Herald* in its news column got the whole matter entirely straight, and yet its editorial went ahead and howled bitterly against the dire results to marriage to be expected "If the suffragists and feminists were to have their way." Sometimes we think the most accurate description of the so-called human mind is to be found in *Alice in Wonderland.*

An Ideal

ANOTHER piece of cerebration, equally brilliant, was found in the Rochester *Union Advertiser.* The speaker had given his personal opinion that in the future divorce might probably be decided in every case on its particular merits, by an especially fitted court composed of men and women, instead of on hard and fast rules, as now. This court would take account of the welfare of the children primarily; and if there were no children, and both parties to the

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marriage desired divorce, the court might demand only delay and consideration and an attempt by officers of the court to bring the two together—granting the divorce for incompatibility if these two measures of delay and mediation failed. What did this intelligent sheet do? It did what you might expect. It left out the reservation about children, and all other reservations, some of them too long to repeat here, and called the result "free love," which it describes as an insult to the city of Rochester. One might surmise it was the other way. Possibly also there is no insult in having an ideal of conjugal relations different from that expressed in the laws of New York. *This enlightened state allows absolute separation so that the home is completely broken up,* but what it does not allow is that either party shall get any advantage from the separation by making a more successful marriage, *unless that advantage is won through crime.* To this ideal our friend the Rochester *Union Advertiser* is fully welcome.

General Crowder

THE popularity and prestige of drunkenness have been rapidly decreasing in most departments of life. Therefore the attempt of General Crowder to minimize the seriousness of the offense in the Army has given the community a shock. The present law is:

"Article 38. Any officer who is found drunk on his guard, party, or other duty, shall be dismissed from the service."

This law was passed by Congress in 1806, at a period, in other words, when drunkenness was looked upon as a much less serious offense; and the law was based not on general moral principle but on the absolute authority and responsibility possessed by the officer over valuable property and over the enlisted men under him. Here is the law now proposed by General Crowder:

"Any officer who is found drunk on duty shall, if the offense be committed in time of war, be dismissed from the service and suffer such other punishment as a court martial may direct; and if the offense be committed in time of peace, he shall be punished as a court martial may direct."

When Secretary Daniels insisted that drinking in the Navy should be regarded in the same way whether indulged in by officers or by enlisted men, he showed his fitness to interpret contemporary ideas. When General Crowder argues for this change in the law, he shows himself about as fit as a railroad manager would be who tried to minimize the importance of drunkenness by locomotive engineers.

One Army Point

A GOOD thing to remember is this: If a class conflict ever becomes sharp in this country, it will require a large group of fair-minded men to handle the extremists. Do you want an army that is non-representative, like the present British Army, or one composed of the flower of our youth and, therefore, presumably not out of harmony with the political decisions of the nation?

Daniels and Drink

THE order put through by Secretary Daniels regarding drink in the officers' mess has no logical connection with prohibition in general, and it has no logical connection with the Army canteen. Liquor drinking is not an abstract naval problem. It is a practical administration matter, depending on time, place, opinion and function. When Secretary Daniels put the officers under the same drinking rules as the men, he took firm ground. Whiskey for officers under the name of "Navy sherry" has no excuse. What the Secretary does at his own table is a wholly disconnected matter. In failing to provide liquor for foreign diplomats and others who are accustomed to it, he must be taken to account as a private citizen. He follows a system indulged in by Mr. Bryan but not by the President.

Getting Up and Going to Bed

HOW many hours do you lie in bed? One great man who was much impressed with the value of getting started early in the morning was Dr. Johnson:

1760. Resolved, To rise as early as I can.
1761. My purpose is, To regulate my sleep.
1764. My purpose is from this time, To rise early.
1764 (*September*). I resolve, To rise early; not later than six, if I can; I hope sooner, but as soon as I can.
1765. My resolution, I purpose to rise at eight, because, though I shall not yet rise early, it will be much earlier than I now rise, for I often lie till two.
1769. I purpose and hope to rise early in the morning, at eight, and by degrees at six.
1772. I hope to rise by degrees more early in the morning.
1774. I hope to rise at eight.

The subject of sleep, being one on which men of science are in discord, is not to be dismissed lightly. Some think that most people sleep too much and that if they ate rationally they could get along with little sleep, while others think all the emphasis should be put on plenty of sleep as a preservative of health and youth. Individuals may vary as much about sleep needs as they do about diet and exercise. What does Professor Allyn, our well-known expert, think about this?

How to Love a Book

IN the year 1354 Boccaccio presented to his friend Petrarch a copy of Saint Augustine's "Commentary on the Psalms." The poet thereupon sent to the author of the "Decameron" a letter written in Latin—part of which may be translated thus:

> You have overwhelmed me with joy by a present magnificent and rare. Henceforth I shall swim more surely on the sea of David. Into the midst of this troubled sea you have sent me a very sturdy ship and a clever pilot, Saint Augustine, whose genius is divine. I have received it with joy and astonishment, and have said to myself: "Laziness, get thee behind me; if ever a moment of leisure remain to me, this gift shall fill it. Here is an illustrious guest that must receive the best fare, and will not let me sleep a wink o' nights. In vain will ye pale and close, O eyes of mine: ye must watch, and sleep not; in vain shall ye think of rest, for we must labor."

In those days the gift of a good book was a gift indeed. Minds are not made by much reading, but by the enjoyment of a few books of the best—their digestion and rereading.

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On the news firing line

The United Press

By WILL IRWIN

IN an earlier article on the Associated Press, Mr. Irwin showed that age and established position will swing the whole body of journalism to the conservative side. E. W. Scripps, whose newspapers gave rise to the United Press, understood this from the beginning and refused to enter the Associated Press. To this end, the United Press has encouraged young men to start newspapers of their own

AT a national newspaper conference held by the University of Wisconsin last year, the General Manager of the Associated Press rose to defend his organization. The Associated Press, he said, was colorless, unbiassed. It was his constant endeavor, it was the constant endeavor of his associates, to keep it so. He believed that they had succeeded.

When he had finished, a small, bright-eyed young man, looking, as some one has said, "like the leading juvenile in a stock company," rose to reply. This was Roy W. Howard, president of the United Press. "I'm sorry," he said in effect, "but we haven't succeeded in keeping our bureau colorless and unbiassed. We're only human beings, and most of us have pretty strong individualities. We couldn't keep our individualities out of the news, no matter how hard we tried. We don't try. We tell about the news as we see it. We make every allowance we can for the other side, and we don't lie or suppress, but there still remains the point of view. Our method is the only way to be honest with the public and with ourselves." So the old and the new in journalism met on the same platform, and held debate—the old generation, clinging to the fallacy that news can be written from a god-like height of abstract truth, biassed and knowing it not; the younger generation, perceiving that humanity sees truth only from a point of view, honestly biassed and knowing it well. The Associated Press, which the elder man represented, is at present our most powerful force of journalistic reaction in the United States, while the United Press, which the younger man represented, is our most powerful liberal and radical force. Without it, I for one am convinced that we should never have seen the non-partisan political upheaval of 1912. And yet the United Press, in its present form, is only seven years old.

The Scripps newspapers gave birth to the United Press. The quiet power of these Scripps newspapers is little understood in the United States. E. W. Scripps, genius of the organization, believes in publicity for others, effacement for himself. To mention him at all is, to any one who knows him, almost a breach of journalistic confidence. His string of twenty-five or thirty metropolitan and small city newspapers have one definite policy—the interests of the working-class. They are humble-looking sheets, published generally in dingy basements and by young men. On the young man Scripps lays particular stress. Youth, in its period of struggle, is radical and near to the people; maturity and age are conservative and apart from the people. The Scripps newspapers give youth and the people their fling.

Scripps believes that the balance of journalism cannot be maintained unless young men be encouraged to start newspapers of their own. Otherwise, age and established position will swing the whole body of journalism toward the Tory side. That, as I have explained in a previous article, is the real trouble with the Associated Press. By its "power of protest," as well as by the excessive weight in its councils of our oldest and most conservative newspapers, it operates to shut out the young man from directing journalism. Scripps understood this from the very beginning. He refused when that bureau was formed, and he refused afterward, to enter the Associated Press.

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His newspapers were all in the West and Middle West; only recently has he entered the Atlantic states. He got along for several years on three "shoe-string" bureaus which performed their service imperfectly—the Scripps News on the Pacific Coast, the Scripps-McRae League in the Middle West, and the Publishers' Press in the Atlantic states. The two bureaus first named were under Scripps' control. The Publishers' Press served, besides the Scripps' string, only a few struggling newspapers which could not get an Associated Press franchise. These bureaus answered their purpose rather badly, except in one way. Their managers, and to a certain extent their correspondents, were graduate telegraph operators. They were "lightning on the wire." Often, by understanding how to get news through, they beat the older bureau on big stories. Nevertheless, the larger understanding of news was not in them. Further, these three bureaus operated shorthanded. They must needs resort to makeshifts. None looked upon them as real rivals to the powerful, dominant "A. P."

IN 1907 the Scripps newspapers had reached the point where they could no longer get along with a second-rate telegraph report. Then, too, in spite of the "A. P. cinch," a few young men outside of the Scripps organization had started newspapers and were carrying them along on the strength of their local news. The Scripps organization bought the Publishers' Press and amalgamated it with their own existing bureaus into the United Press. The late John Vandercook took charge. Fame is not among the rewards of daily journalism; few newspapermen, even, know what a powerful fighter for the public weal was this man Vandercook. He managed the United Press only a year before he died; but by that time he had gathered in, with the Scripps papers as a nucleus, nearly 300 newspapers which had hitherto been getting on without an adequate telegraph service. Further, he gave the new bureau its distinctive character.

To begin with, he made it non-exclusive. The subscriber to the Associated Press had, virtually, the right to bar newcomers from his territory. Any newspaper capable of paying for the service might have the United Press report. Vandercook and the associates whom he gathered about him were mostly young, Scripps-trained men, tending to view the world from the popular standpoint. They never tried to make the news "colorless." They realized that it could not be done. The correspondents of the United Press were taught to write as fairly as they could, but always from their own point of view. That point of view suited the opinions of the United Press subscribers. For almost to a man these publishers were young, struggling and on the popular side.

Soon after Vandercook died, Roy Howard became manager of the whole service. Howard had not yet passed his middle twenties. He began life as a newsboy; he was reporting at an age when most boys are in high school; and he had already done nearly every kind of editorial work. He, like Vandercook, held the popular point of view. He uncovered a strain of first-class executive ability; and he expanded the original policy.

The Scripps papers are all evening publications, and the new United Press strictly an evening bureau with a "revise" for the Sunday morning edition of afternoon newspapers. I must state this more than casually if the reader would understand the larger aspects of the situation. Scripps grew great in journalism at a time when department store advertising had become supremely important to the budget of a newspaper. For reasons too complex to enumerate here, the evening newspaper appears to be a better advertising medium with women than the morning newspaper. At least the department stores say that they find it so. The immediate profit of journalism lay in the evening field. The consequence was that not only Scripps, but those young men who had started newspapers in spite of the Associated Press, and who must now depend upon the new United Press for their very existence, were all "evening men." The United Press decided not to wander from this field. It has never even considered a morning service.

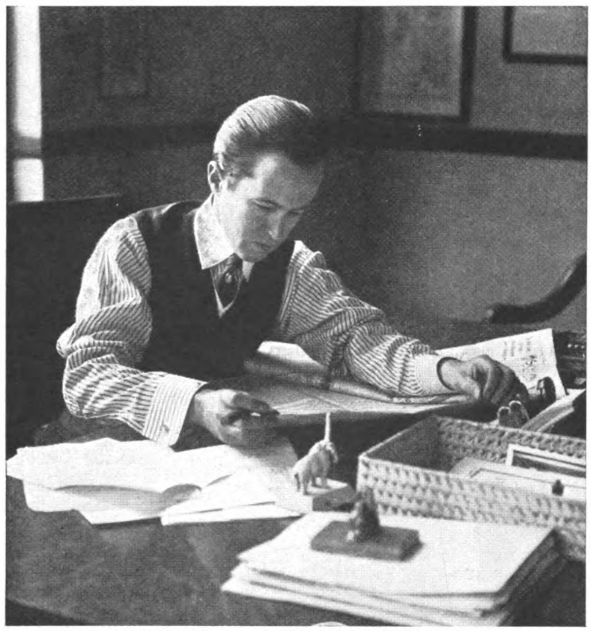
Howard and his associates, knowing the special needs of their clients, discovered at once a flaw in the rival bureau. The Associated Press had been founded mainly by morning newspapers. The most powerful members of the organization were still in that field. They were jealous of their rights; they had insisted that the "evening wire" should close at four o'clock—that any news which "broke" after that time of day should belong to the morning newspapers. This precluded those "sporting extras" which have become of late years such a prominent feature of journalism, for almost all sporting events, notably baseball games, are finished after 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Certain Associated Press newspapers were getting out sporting extras, but they had to employ for that purpose a special service of their own. The United Press, with no morning clients to hinder their activities, installed a sporting service running from 4 to 7 o'clock. As time went on, they established the custom of including in this sporting service any important news which "broke" late in the afternoon. The effect of this policy is obvious. Evening newspapers served by the Associated Press could not publish extras on important late afternoon news. Evening newspapers served by the United Press could. The United Press in time forced the Associated Press to establish a "sporting wire" in order to meet the competition. But before this happened, the United Press newspapers had broken into the clientele of the Associated Press.

HAMPERED by no tradition of "colorless" news, the managers of the United Press proceeded to cover the world after their own fashion. They could not yet employ those expert and extremely able correspondents who had done so much for the Associated Press. They had not the means; they had not yet developed the men. And it used to be said in the beginning that the United Press, as compared with the Associated Press, was technically crude. I am not so sure of that. These young men might not have so much understanding of rhetoric or so much appreciation of a balanced sentence; but they were able, by the character of their instructions, to put something of their own feelings into their news reports. They expressed characteristically the popular point of view. In reporting the affairs of Europe, for example, the world-renowned correspondents of the Associated Press had given the traditional old accounts of debates in Parliament and of war rumors on the Continent. The United Press tried to find and



C. D. Lee, business manager of the United Press, and W. W. Hawkins, news manager of the United Press.
A conference on the pursuit of a news item

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Roy W. Howard, President of the United Press

print news concerning the common people of Europe—what they were thinking and doing, what part they had in great events. This instance has often been cited as illustrating the difference between the two bureaus; and it is worth citing again: When King George was crowned at Westminster, the Associated Press reported the pomp and parade of the event, told of the massed regiments, the cheering crowds, the splendid mediaeval ceremony in the Abbey. The United Press did that and more; it tried to find just how much of the cheering in the crowds was real enthusiasm and how much false; it pictured the hungry mob of Whitechapel pouring out to see their King pass; it showed the outcasts struggling for the food dropped from the picnic-baskets of more fortunate spectators. Here was the point of view in action, if I may be allowed to mix metaphors. The "unbiased" Associated Press men did not know that they were biased when they failed to see the significance of this fight for broken victuals.

The new bureau has worked on the same principles at home. If you wanted to understand the workers' side of the strike at Lawrence, you had to read the United Press. The Associated Press was apparently making a brave struggle to give this side—they were quoting the labor leaders as well as the employers. But the spirit of labor was not there, because the Associated Press correspondents did not see with the laborer's eyes, while the United Press correspondents did.

BY such methods the United Press began to absorb the new evening papers as they sprang up through the country—now that the existence of an "open" press bureau made it possible to start newspapers. It has grown from the original 300 subscribers in 1907 to 515 in 1914. The Associated Press has, I believe, about 500 evening clients. How the two compare in "bulk of circulation" no one exactly knows. Probably the Associated Press still has the greater evening circulation. Such subscribers as the Chicago, New York and Philadelphia evening newspapers raise the total mightily. Although the newer bureau serves many large metropolitan subscribers.

If the evening paper were the only factor to be considered in the whole field of journalism, this condition of affairs would be almost ideal. Let us have a conservative press bureau whose correspondents see the world, and honestly report on that world, from the Tory point of view, together with a radical press bureau whose correspondents see the world, and honestly report on that world, from the radical point of view. Then shall we have free discussion, and the truth between conservative and radical will come out in the end.

But there remains morning journalism; and to the higher purposes of democracy, morning journalism is extremely important.

There is, in the first place, the matter of technique. Most "big" news happens before 6 o'clock in the evening, when the world closes up its day and begins to play. The events which happen after that time are generally unimportant in their bearing on public opinion. Now between 6 o'clock, when the great events are finished, and 12 or 1 o'clock, when the morning paper goes to press, there is time for reporters and editors to put a little finish into their work. The reporter writing of those events for a 1 a. m. edition has either seen them, or got his description of them, at first hand. In the interval before his newspaper goes to press, he has time to write about them with an approach to the larger and calmer spirit in which one does the best literary work of any kind. On the other hand, so-called reporting for the evening newspaper has become more and more a matter of rubber-stamp writing and of snap-judgments. The average metropolitan evening paper sends out four or five editions in the course of an afternoon—to say nothing of extras. The news is gathered by cub reporters—"leg men." They telephone it to the office, where a set of re-write men take it from the receiver, write at top speed and rush it to press. This is second-hand reporting. It cannot have the effectiveness, the sense of truth, or the convincing quality which a man puts into his work when he has seen the event himself. Such first-class reporters as we have in this unliterary period of our modern journalism work for the morning papers. And since the power of the press now depends not upon editorial opinion, but upon news, the morning paper should, in theory, have more influence over the individual subscriber than the evening paper, and experience has proved the theory. Publishers of those newspapers which issue both an evening and a morning edition generally testify that while they make their money from their evening editions, they wield their power through their morning editions.

AND the Associated Press is now practically the only news bureau available for morning journalism. Hearst's news service—as distinguished from his "feature" service—is mostly of use to Hearst alone. The opinion of news held by the Hearst-trained men is peculiar; their product does not suit the purposes of many editors. The *Sun* press bureau sends out a kind of supplementary service useful mainly to enrich the reports of newspapers which already have the Associated Press. You cannot start a morning journal, in this day and age, without the Associated Press; and since the "right of protest" prevents any newcomers in our larger cities from getting an Associated Press franchise, this is equivalent to saying that you cannot start any more morning journals at all. The morning field, which is the field most important to sound public opinion, is held in fee simple by the older bureau.

THE men in control of the Associated Press themselves admit that morning circulations are declining. They attribute this to a variety of causes, mostly commercial. They have, perhaps, never glimpsed the real cause. When newspapers get far from the people, the people cease to patronize them. You may dress up your pages with all the high-class writers, the expensive cartoonists, and the brilliant "special people" in the world;. but you cannot keep circulation unless you are in some measure talking the language of the people. The members of the Associated Press, mainly old newspapers whose publishers have grown rich and Tory, speaks in other tongues. Hence, that area of journalism which it occupies exclusively is shrinking. All of which should be very gratifying to the United Press. It is less gratifying to the liberal observer, who wishes to see our journalism both technically sound and representative.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD



The Better Class Came Also

With no apologies to *Vanity Fair*



"The artists and writers were the first Americans to make themselves at home in this amusing Parisian resort. And it was here, too, that *women of the better class* first tasted the delights of café life. It was considered quite a daring thing in the late eighties for be-cloaked and be-diamonded women of Fifth Avenue to sit here and sip their after-dinner coffee."

From "The Old Café Martin" in Vanity Fair.

ONE of those queer, artistic dives,
Where funny people had their fling.
Artists, and writers, and their wives—
Poets, and all that sort of thing.
Here, too, to view the vulgar herd
And sip the daring demi-tasse—
Be-cloaked, be-diamonded, be-furred—
Came women of the better class.





WITH its Parisian atmosphere,
It had a Latin Quarter ring.
Painters and journalists came here—
Actors, and all that sort of thing.
Here, too, to watch the great ungroomed
And sip the dangerous demi-tasse,
Be-furred, be-feathered and be-plumed,
Came women of the better class.

HERE Howells dined—Saint Gaudens, Nast,*
Kipling, Mark Twain and Peter Dunne,
Nell Terry, Mary Tillinghast
And Robert Louis Stevenson.
And mingling with that underworld,
To sip the devilish demi-tasse,
Be-cloaked, be-diamonded, be-pearled,
Came women of the better class.





LIKE geese to see the lions fed,
They came—be-jewelled and be-laced,
Only to find the lions fled.
"My word!" cried they, "What wretched taste!"
Ermined and minked and Persian-lambed,
Be-puffed (be-painted, too, alas!)
Be-decked, be-diamonded—be-damned!
The women of the better class.

*Heavens! No, not Condé Nast! *Thomas* Nast.



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Bandit Hospitality

By

A. D. TEMPLE

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

THESE reminiscences of life in Mexico have been written from personal experience. Mr. Temple has lived most of his life in Mexico, sometimes in the city, but more often in remote mining towns. His wife is a Mexican, and he is thoroughly familiar with life in that country, not only as it is since Mexico has come into the limelight, but as it was for decades before.

ONE cannot live many years in Mexico, away from the railroads and from the centers of population, without coming into some contact with bandits, who have been and are a distinct institution of the country.

They say the devil is not so bad as he is painted; and the bandits, like the devil, their sponsor, when one gets acquainted with them are not so bad as one would suppose, and like the rest of us have their good as well as their bad points.

In the many years that I lived in "back of beyond," in the small mining camps of western Mexico, on a number of occasions I came in personal contact with genuine bandits.

Many of the Mexican bandits under other conditions and a different system of government might have been among the prominent and best men of the country. As a rule they had rebelled against the injustice and the hard conditions existing in Mexico for the poor. They were naturally ambitious, and with a vague sense of the wrongs from which they were suffering, took to the mountains, arms in hand, to support themselves as best they might.

When on a hunting trip in the Sierras, I once blundered into an outlaws' camp and was their guest until morning.

I had started one afternoon from home with the intention of camping out that night and reaching my hunting grounds the next morning, making a day's hunt for deer.

When I reached Las Palmas, my favorite camping spot, I was surprised to see that the camp ground was occupied by four rather disreputable looking men; but as the sun had almost set, and it was a long ride to another camping place, I rode boldly in at a lope.

I greeted them in mountain style by reining in my horse sharply before the men who were standing by the camp fire, and saying "Good evening, gentlemen; with your leave I will camp here tonight"; but I made no motion to dismount.

They were clothed principally in ragged buckskin jackets and breeches; their hats were in all stages of dilapidation; but their rifles, pistols and knives were in fine order and their horses were strong and well fed. It took but a glance to see that they were not simple rancheros.

A tall, copper-skinned gentleman with a somewhat sinister scar across his right cheek responded most courteously to my salutation. "Certainly, señor. Dismount. It will be a pleasure and an honor to have you here with us."

Concealing any suspicions as to who and what they might be, I dismounted, and was about to unsaddle my horse when one of them, with a polite "by your leave," took him, saying, "He is still too warm to unsaddle." He then paced up and down in the style in which a well-trained Mexican groom leads his master's horse after a ride before unsaddling him so that the animal will be properly cooled down.

With courtly grace the tall gentleman said, "Be seated, señor," motioning to a seat on a log before the fire on which beans were cooking and deer meat was broiling.

We all sat around the camp fire and ate a meal entirely of their own providing, as they politely refused to allow me to share any of my provisions with them, insisting that I was their guest and must be treated as such. Without much urging, however, they took several swallows from my flask of extra good *aguardiente*, which livened up conversation considerably as we lounged on the ground and smoked and chatted after supper.

Our talk was of the gossip of the Sierra—of the last robbery by that hero of the mountains, Heraclio Bernal, the Mexican Robin Hood; of the price of corn; of the latest mining bonanza; and of the approaching fiestas in Mazatlan.

THEN we drifted into a discussion of my probable luck in the next day's hunt in the haunts of deer and bear, they advising me as to where the game was most abundant in a way that showed their intimate knowledge of the mountains in the most unfrequented fastnesses; while I, in return, told of some of the wonders of my own land, in which they were much interested; and for hours we chatted like old friends.

I scrupulously refrained from asking who they were, or where they were from; and they, with the politeness which is the heritage of the Mexicans, asked me no questions, though evidently they were quite curious to know more about me than I had disclosed in our chat.

When the rising moon shone from behind the ridge above us and cast its lights and shadows into the cañon's gloom, their leader said, "Now, señor, if you at any time feel like going to sleep, make yourself at home. We are good people. Have no mistrust. Sleep as though you were in your own home."

I replied drily but smiling that mistrust was the cause of gray hairs, and that I had no desire to carry them; I could see from their kindliness and hospitality that they were people worthy of confidence; and even though one were in danger, we could die but once.

I thereupon, with a courteous "*buenos noches, amigos,*" rolled myself in my blanket in front of the fire, covering my head with it, and went to sleep without bothering myself with what might happen during the midnight hours.

THE next morning, as on the night before, they refused to allow me to eat the food that I had brought with me, but insisted on my sharing their repast.

Then, as they saddled the horses, mine was saddled first. The gentleman who took charge of him asked me to come and see that the work was properly done, he doing it with the deft hand of the practiced horseman.

We all then embraced, giving the Mexican *abrazo*, putting ourselves, each one, at the orders of the other; and with mutual declarations of deep respect and affection, we parted.

On my return to the town the following day I described the gentlemen with whom I had camped; and I was not at all surprised to be told they were four of the most notorious cattle lifters, horse thieves, and all around bad men east of the mountains, and that they were badly wanted by the authorities.

They had treated me with every con-

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sideration and I am grateful for the memory. I record the incident as one more proof that the devil is not as black as he is painted; and also as giving a light on the softer side of a bandit's life.

THE most prominent of my acquaintances among the bandits was the famous captain Heraclio Bernal. He and his men were for ten years a sort of understudy to the government in the region where I lived; and I knew not only him but many of his men. I was also acquainted with every one of a small group of local neighborhood bandits who for a brief time lived and committed their outrages in the immediate vicinity of Ventanas, Durango, in the San Dimas mining district.

These young fellows were all personal acquaintances of mine, but the one I knew least was their captain, Carlos Muñoz; he was a "bred in the bone" scoundrel of the worst and most desperate class of the Mexican mountaineers and was credited with one or two murders.

While he was in my employ at the San Francisco mine, I always watched him as he was an unsafe man, although then earning a comparatively honest and easy living. He was impudent, quarrelsome, and thievish.

Pillon Morales, one of his companions, was a pleasant-faced, good-natured young Indian who was the last one I would have supposed would become a bandit.

Eleno El Indio, as he was known, was a cook at the San Manuel ranch where he washed the dishes and made the tortillas and was looked down upon as a rather effeminate member of the community. Vicente Beccera was simply a young rancher, rather "sassy" and independent, but considered a good Indian. *Rodriguez el Desertor* was a deserter from Heraclio Bernal's band and had been a federal soldier.

These five, fired by the example of Bernal, the great hero of their class, robbed ranches and held up persons for ransom throughout the San Dimas mining district.

One of their first exploits was to hold up an old American, Mr. Swartwout, who lived among the Mexicans at a small rancho known as *Las Palmitas* (the little palms) on the Ventanas River.

The financial aspirations of these young men were moderate; and after making Mr. Swartwout a prisoner, they required only that he give them two hundred dollars; this, the old man, to his intense disgust, was compelled to borrow from the Ventanas Mining Company.

The whole business was done in about six hours; but while the bandits were waiting for Mr. Swartwout to decide, they amused themselves by having a dance, inviting the women of the ranch to participate, which they did. Mr. Swartwout, although also invited to assist in the festivities, declined grouchily; it was too much like presiding at his own funeral.

A SHORT time after this Mr. Leon Baldwin, Superintendent of the Ventanas Mining Company, who had incurred the hatred of Vicente Beccera and Pillon Morales, was selected as the victim of their vengeance and as a warning to others.

He was waylaid at one of the Company's mines known as the Valencia mine, four miles from Ventanas. Mr. Baldwin well knew he had incurred the enmity of these two men a short time before when he had expelled them from the camp.

They swore revenge. It would have been more prudent for Mr. Baldwin to have ridden his rounds with an armed escort, but he was a man of courage, born in the West and with the Westerners' supreme disdain for Mexicans, and he made the mistake of treating his enemies with contempt, taking no proper precautions against assassination.

He rode alone, contrary to the custom of the other superintendents who always rode with at least one, and sometimes three or four armed men as an escort.

As Mr. Baldwin rode up to the mine, Morales and Beccera, who had concealed themselves at a point on the outcrop of the vein some one hundred feet above him, fired at him, one shot taking effect in his left shoulder, and making what would ultimately have been a mortal wound.

Mr. Baldwin dismounted from his mule, returned the fire with his pistol, and then retreated into the workings of the mine. The whole company of five bandits then came down to the mouth of the mine, and taking possession of what arms the miners had left outside when they went to their work, called on them to come out, holding them prisoners under the muzzles of their rifles.

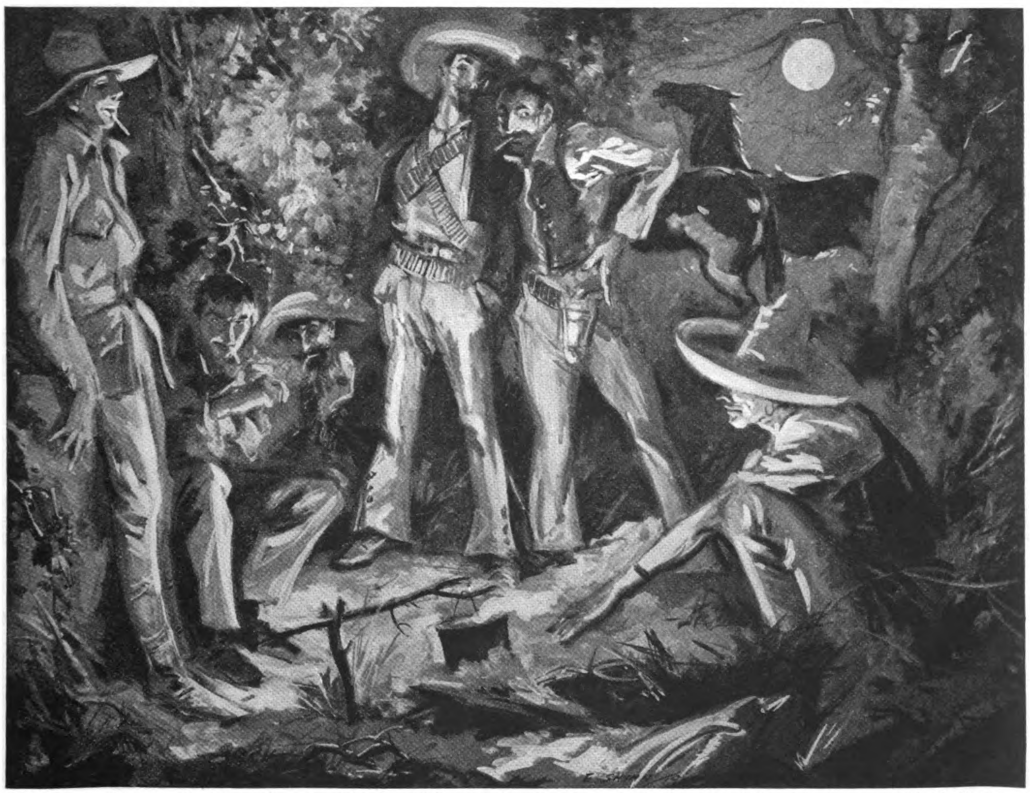
The bandits then sent a message to Mr. Baldwin that if he would come out and talk with them no harm would be done him.

He, almost perishing with the thirst that is incident to a gunshot wound, complied; and was at once seized by the bandits and mounted on his mule which they led up the mountain side to the trail on the crest of the cordon.

The captain, Carlos Muñoz, said, as the procession left the mine, "When you hear the shot, come for the body."

The miners, all Mexicans, although they had desired to make a rescue, were helpless.

A few minutes afterwards five rifle shots were heard on the crest of the cordon. The men who ascended found the superintendent lying dead at the foot of a scrub oak. His body was carried to Ventanas.



"With courtly grace the tall gentleman said, 'Be seated, señor,' motioning to a seat on a log before the fire on which the beans were cooking and the deer meat was broiling"

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A file of soldiers surrounded the little group of Americans as they said the last rites over their murdered friend and companion. More than one of them, as they stood by the grave, knew that a rifle ball from the brush might at any instant send him to join his friend.

ENCOURAGED by their success in their small robberies and murders, the band concluded that they would go over to the little town of Durazno, on the pack trail between Durango and Mazatlan, whose inhabitants were small farmers and mule packers of the Camino Real.

At the time that the attack was planned, all the able-bodied men of the ranch were out with their mule trains freighting ore from the surrounding mines to the mills; and only women, old men, and the sick were at home in the rancho.

Old Don Jesus, the storekeeper, and Don José, the judge of the town, both old men, were there; also a young fellow named Guillermo, some eighteen years of age, who on account of illness had been unable to go with the packers.

Suddenly five men, armed to the teeth, appeared in the little village, one of them bearing the pistol, knife, and cartridge belt of our murdered superintendent, Mr. Baldwin.

Don Jesus and Don José were at once made prisoners and told they were assessed five hundred dollars as the price of their life and liberty. The pretty daughters of Don Jesus, fortunately for them, were able to escape and hide themselves in the brush; otherwise there might have been other atrocities, as women were not respected by these scoundrels.

As the old men naturally demurred at paying such a sum, which to them was a large fortune, they were at once tied to the posts in front of the little store to think the matter over at their leisure; while the captain of the bandits, Muñoz, gave orders for the musicians to come around, and instituted a dance in the largest room in the village.

Willingly or unwillingly, the women all accepted the invitation (except Don Jesus' handsome daughters who kept in hiding). It would not have been prudent to refuse; but they held a consultation among themselves before the dance started.

"These men are going to kill Don Jesus and Don José," said one, "and we are here alone. All of the men are away, and we ought not to stand by and let them be killed. We won't! Let us all arm ourselves before going to the dance. If you have no knife, get one."

In a short time every woman had a knife concealed in her dress—the short butcher knife to be found in every Mexican household.

"Now," said the woman leader, "if they attempt to hurt one hair of the head of the two men, we must do what we can," and all agreed.

THE music started. After the dancing had gone on for some two or three hours, the captain of the band walked out to Don Jesus and asked him what he had decided to do. "Will you give us the money?" "How can I?" he replied. "We have not got it."

Muñoz turned to one of his men and said, "Take them out and shoot them." And then the trouble began.

Young Guillermo, the sick boy, took a chance with the women. Knife in hand, he leaped at Muñoz and was promptly shot by the bandit. His sister, Maria, a strong, buxom Indian wench, rushed at Muñoz before Guillermo's corpse had ceased quivering, and wrenched the pistol from his hand, shouting, "You have killed my brother, you hound!"

Muñoz jumped back, threw up his hands, and said, "Don't shoot me!" But Maria laid him out with his own pistol by her brother's side.

Meantime the other women were stabbing right and left at the thoroughly demoralized bandits. Eleno went down with uncounted wounds in his body on the floor of the dance room.

Vicente, desperately wounded, made his escape into the brush without his weapons. Pillon Morales also got away as far as the graveyard, where he managed to leap the wall. He fell on the other side with more than twenty wounds in his body.

Found there the next morning he was brought to Ventanas by soldiers.

Vicente made his escape into the high Sierras, and was hidden in a cave for months, being cared for by a ranchero and his daughters, but was finally captured. Rodriguez was captured in the Sierras by federal troops, and shot at once, without trial, according to Mexican custom.

Beccera was "passed by arms," or fusilladed, in the Durango jail. So far as my information goes, no acknowledgment ever came to those brave women of Durazno for their gallant fight.

The Mexican Congress voted Mr. Baldwin's widow (who, by the way, was a grandniece of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner") twenty thousand dollars as indemnity for the death of her husband.



"Maria rushed at him shouting, 'You have killed my brother, you hound!'"

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Electing a College President

By EDMOND S. MEANY

Professor of History in the State University of Washington

AMERICAN educators have been subjected to many kinds of criticism during the past few years. One main thesis is that in this democracy of America we have allowed the colleges and universities to retain monarchical forms of government. Many instances are cited of ripe scholars being ruthlessly torn from their positions with never a chance for their colleagues to protest or to insist upon a fair hearing. Presidents are selected by boards of regents or trustees without even a consultation with the faculties with whom they must work. The president when thus selected is usually clothed with absolute power and sometimes rules as a tyrant. All this in a realm of life looked to as a source of ideals and intellectual inspiration.

There is no need here to argue about the extreme nature of those criticisms. It is enough to acknowledge that the citations made by the critics demonstrate that there is altogether too much foundation for their claims. The thing to hope for is the time when causes for such criticisms shall be removed. One evidence of a distinctly forward step in this desired evolution is seen in the present situation at the State University of Washington.

It ought not to be surprising that this change should have such a distinct beginning in the State of Washington, which so many still feel to be a part of the outermost edge of the Republic. Those who have read "A Comparative Study of Public School Systems in the Forty-eight States," based on the United States Census of 1910, and published by the Division of Education of the Russell Sage Foundation, New York, will remember that the State of Washington was ranked first in all the states for the efficiency of its schools. In this progressive, energetic state, the university is looked upon as the cap-sheaf of its system of public education.

At the beginning of the present year the board of regents removed from office President Thomas Franklin Kane. It was at the middle of a successful academic year and there seemed to be no valid reason for such drastic action. The people of the state were shocked. The governor promptly removed the regents and then carefully selected other men to take their places. The old board of regents, before their own removal, selected from the faculty one of its most efficient and popular members to serve as acting president—Henry Landes, Professor of Geology, Dean of the College of Science and State Geologist.

The regents decided that they would not complicate matters by trying to replace Doctor Kane. They would begin constructive work for the university as they had found it. Committees of regents were appointed to hold joint sessions with faculty committees on university organization. The climax of coöperation was reached when the board of regents appointed a committee of three to consider the presidency of the university and requested the faculty to choose a like committee, which it did by secret ballot.

BEFORE a permanent president is chosen this joint committee of regents and professors will secure and tabulate all available information about suitable men. The whole case will then be placed before the entire faculty and a list of the most desirable men will be selected and sent to the board of regents, in whom lies the ultimate power of election under the laws of the State of Washington. In this way the faculty will be given a full share in the selection of its chief executive and in at least one American university the monarchical form of government will be demolished.

The Critic

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

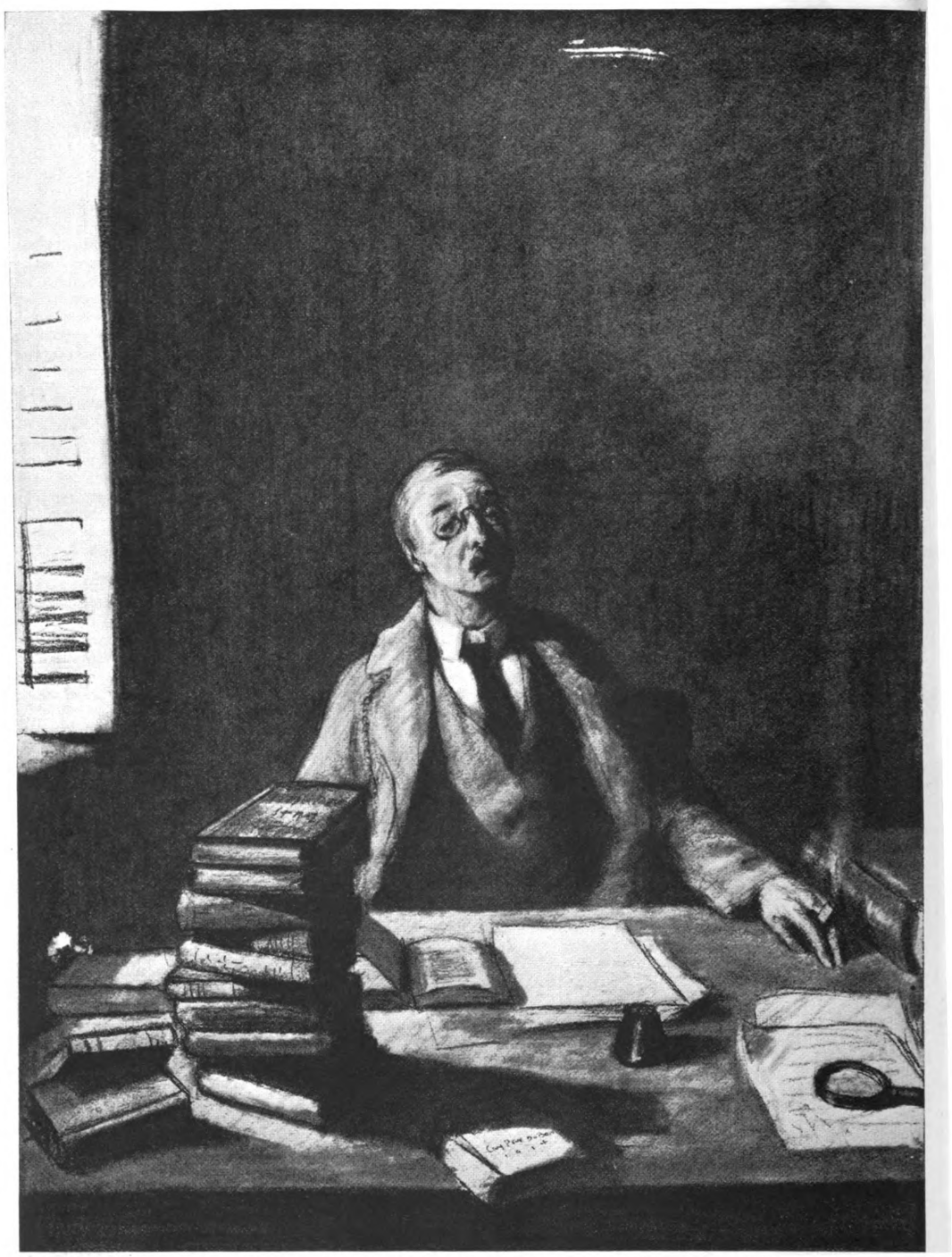
Illustrated by Guy Pène du Bois

WE have all wondered from time to time what the godlike creatures who sit in remote sanctums and pass judgments on the works of artists and writers, great and small, are like. No doubt many of them are very ordinary mortals. And we have often wondered whether they themselves could write as well as the authors they have been criticizing. This is what Mr. Galsworthy thinks about it

HE often thought: "This is a dog's life! I must give it up, and strike out for myself. If I can't write better than most of these fellows, it'll be very queer." But he had not yet done so. He had in his extreme youth published fiction, but it had never been the best work of which he was capable—it was not likely that it could be, seeing that even then he was constantly diverted from the ham-bone of his inspiration by the duty of perusing and passing judgment on the work of other men.

If pressed to say exactly why he did not strike out for himself, he found it difficult to answer, and what he answered was hardly as true as he could have wished, for, though truthful, he was not devoid of the instinct of self-preservation. He could hardly, for example, admit that to know what much better books he could have written if only he had not been handicapped, fostered his hesitation in striking out and writing them. To believe that, was an inward comfort not readily to be put to the rude test of actual experience. Nor would it have been human of him to acknowledge a satisfaction in feeling that he could put in their proper places those who had to an extent, as one might say, retarded his creative genius by compelling him to read their books. But these, after all, were but minor factors in his long hesitation, for he was not a conceited or malicious person. Fundamentally, no doubt, he lived what he called "a dog's life" with pleasure, partly because he was used to it—and what a man is used to he is loth to part with; partly because he really had a liking for books; and partly because to be a judge is better than to be judged. And no one could deny that he had a distinctly high conception of his functions. He had long laid down for himself certain leading principles of professional conduct, from which he never departed. Such as that a critic must not have any personal feelings, or be influenced by any private considerations whatsoever. This was why he often went a little out of his way to be more severe than usual with writers whom he suspected of a secret hope that personal acquaintanceship might incline him to favor them. He would indeed carry that principle further, and where he had, out of an impersonal enthusiasm at some time or another, written in terms of striking praise, he would make an opportunity later on of deliberately taking that writer down a peg or two lower than he deserved, lest his praise might be suspected of having been the outcome of personal motives or of gush—for which he had a great abhorrence. In this way he preserved a remarkably pure sense of independence; a feeling that he was master in his own house, to be dictated to only by a proper conviction of his own importance. It is true that there were certain writers whom for one reason or another he could not very well stand; some having written to him to point out inaccuracies, or counter one of his critical conclusions, or still worse, thanked him for having seen exactly what they had meant—a very unwise and even undignified thing to do, as he could not help thinking; others, again, having excited in him a natural dislike by their appearance, conduct, or manner of thought, or by having perhaps acquired too rapid, or too swollen a reputation to be, in his opinion, good for them. In such cases, of course, he was not so inhuman as to disguise his convictions. For he was before all things an Englishman with a very strong belief in the freest play for individual taste. But of almost any first book by an unknown author he wrote with an impersonality which it would have been difficult to surpass.

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"He often thought: 'This is a dog's life. I must give it up and strike out for myself.'"

THEN there was his principle that one must never be influenced in judging a book by anything one has said of a previous book by the same writer—each work standing entirely on its own basis. He found this important, and made a point of never re-reading his own criticisms; so that the rhythm of his judgment, which, if it had risen to a work in 1920 would fall over the author's next in 1921, was entirely unbiassed by recollection, and followed merely those immutable laws of change and the moon, so potent in regard to tides and human affairs.

For sameness and consistency he had a natural contempt. It was the unexpected both in art and criticism that he particularly looked for; anything being, as he said, preferable to dullness. A sentiment in which he was supported by the Public—not that, to do him justice, that weighed with him, for he had a genuine distrust of the Public, as was proper for one sitting in a seat of judgment. He knew that there were so-called critics who had a kind of formula for each writer, as divines have sermons suitable to certain occasions. For example: "We have in 'The Mazy Swim' another of Mr. Hyphen Dash's virile stories. . . . We can thoroughly recommend this pulsating tale, with its true and beautiful character study of Little Katie, to every healthy reader as one of the best that Mr. Hyphen Dash has yet given us." Or: "We cannot say that 'The Mazy Swim' is likely to increase Mr. Hyphen Dash's reputation. It is sheer melodrama such as we are beginning to expect from this writer. . . . The whole is artificial to a degree. . . . No sane reader will for a moment believe in Little Katie." Towards this sort of thing he showed small patience, having noticed with some acumen a relationship between the name of the writer, the politics of the paper, and the temper of the

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criticism. No! For him, if criticism did not embody the individual mood and temper of the critic, it was not worthy of the name.

But the canon which of all he regarded as most sacred, was this: A critic must surrender himself to the mood and temper of the work he is criticizing, take the thing as it is with its own special method and technique, its own point of view, and only when all that is admitted, let his critical faculty off the chain. He was never tired of insisting on that, both to himself and others, and never sat down to a book without having it firmly in his mind. Not infrequently, however, he found that the author was, as it were, wilfully employing a technique or writing in a mood with which he had no sympathy, or had chosen a subject obviously distasteful, or a set of premises that did not lead to the conclusion which he would have preferred. In such cases his scrupulous honesty warned him not to compromise with his conscience, but to say outright that it would have been better if the technique of the story had been objective instead of subjective; that the morbidity of the work prevented serious consideration of a subject which should never have been chosen; or that he would ever maintain that the hero was too weak a character to be a hero, and the book therefore of little interest. If any one pointed out to him that had the hero been a strong character there would have been no book, it being in point of fact the study of a weak character, he would answer: "That may be so, but it does not affect what I say—the book would have been better and more important if it had been the study of a strong character." And he would take the earliest opportunity of enforcing his recorded criticism that the hero was no hero, and the book no book to speak of. For though not obstinate, he was a man who stood to his guns. He took his duty to the Public very seriously, and felt it, as it were, a point of honor never to admit himself in the wrong. It was so easy to do that and so fatal; and the being anonymous, as on the whole he preferred to be, made it all the harder to abstain (on principle and for the dignity of criticism), from noticing printed contradictions to his conclusions.

In spite of all the heart he put into his work, there were times when, like other men, he suffered from dejection, feeling that the moment had really come when he must either strike out for himself, or compile a volume of synthetic criticism. And he would say: "None of us fellows are doing any constructive critical work; no one nowadays seems to have any perception of the first principles of criticism." Having talked that theory out thoroughly he would feel better, and next day would take an opportunity of writing: "We are not like the academic French, to whom the principles of criticism are so terribly important; our genius lies rather in individual judgments, pliant and changing as the works they judge."

There was that in him which, like the land from which he sprang, could ill brook control. He approved of discipline, but knew exactly where it was deleterious to apply it to himself; and no one perhaps had a finer and larger conception of individual liberty. In this way he maintained the best traditions of a calling whose very essence was superiority. In course of conversation he would frequently admit, being a man of generous calibre, that the artist by reason of long years of devoted craftsmanship had possibly the most intimate knowledge of his art, but he would not fail to point out, and very wisely, that there was no such unreliable testimony as that of experts, who had an axe to grind, each of his own way of doing things; for comprehensive views of literature seen in due perspective there was nothing—he thought—like the trained critic, rising superior, as it were professionally, to myopia and individual prejudice.

OF the new school who maintained that true criticism was but reproduction in terms of sympathy, and just as creative as the creative work it reproduced, he was a little impatient, not so much on the ground that to make a model of a mountain was not quite the same thing as to make the mountain; but because he felt in his bones that the true creativeness of criticism (in which he had a high belief) was its destructive and satiric quality; its power of reducing things to rubbish and clearing them away, ready for the next lot. Instinct fortified by his own experience had guided him to that conclusion. Possibly, too, the conviction always lurking deep within him that the time was coming when he would strike out for himself and show the world how a work of art really should be built, was responsible for the necessity he felt to keep the ground well cleared.

He was nearly fifty when his clock chimed, and he began seriously to work at the creation of that masterpiece which was to free him from "a dog's life" and perhaps fill its little niche in the gallery of immortality. He worked at it happily enough till one day at the end of the fifth month he had the misfortune to read through what he had written. With his critical faculty he was able to perceive that which gave him no little pain—every chapter, most pages, and many sentences destroyed the one immediately preceding. He searched with intense care for that coherent thread which he had suspected of running through the whole. Here and there he seemed to come on its track, then it would vanish. This gave him great anxiety.

ABANDONING thought for the moment, he wrote on. He paused again towards the end of the seventh month, and once more patiently reviewed the whole. This time he found four distinct threads that did not seem to meet; but still more puzzling was the apparent absence of any individual flavor. He staggered. Before all he prized that quality, and throughout his career had fostered it in himself. To be unsapped in whim or fancy, to be independent, had been the very salt of his existence as a critic. And now, and now—when his hour had struck, and he was in the very throes of that long-deferred creation, to find—! He put thought away again, and doggedly wrote on.

At the end of the ninth month in a certain exaltation he finished, and slowly, with intense concentration, looked at what he had produced from beginning to end. And as he looked something clutched at him within, and he felt frozen. The thing did not move, it had no pulse, no life at all—it was dead.

And sitting there before that shapeless masterpiece, still-born, without a spirit or the impress of a personality, a horrid thought crept and rattled in his brain. Had he in his independence, in his love of being a law unto himself, *become so individual that he had no individuality left?* Was it possible that he had judged, and judged, and—not been judged, too long? It was not true—not true! Locking the soft and flavorless thing away, he took up the latest novel sent him, and sat down to read it. But as he read, the pages of his own work would implant themselves above those that he turned and turned. At last he put the book down, and took up pen to review it. "This novel," he wrote, "is that most pathetic thing, the work of a man who has burned the lamp till the lamp has burned him; who has nourished and cultured his savor, and fed his idiosyncrasies, till he is dried and withered, without savor left." And, having written those words about the book that was not his own, the blood began once more flowing in his veins, and he felt warm.



"The thing did not move, it had no pulse, no life at all—it was dead"

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THESE MEN THINK THAT T

By

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GINEER IS GOING TOO FAST

SHINN

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The Movement for a Minimum Wage

By W. J. GHENT

BUSINESS MEN *and the general public are very much interested just now in the minimum wage movement and the progress it is making in different parts of the world. Mr. Ghent gives a clear and accurate statement of the situation*

WITHIN the last year eight states —California, Colorado, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon, Utah, Washington and Wisconsin—have enacted measures looking to the enforcement of a minimum wage. Massachusetts, a year earlier, had initiated the movement, though its law did not go into effect until last July. In one state, Utah, only "females" are included within the provisions of the act. All the other acts include minors—under 18 in six states, under 21 in Minnesota and without a stated age in Wisconsin. These laws went into effect on the following dates:

Massachusetts	July 1
Utah	May 17
Oregon	June 2
Washington	June 13
Minnesota	June 26
Nebraska	July 17
Wisconsin	August 1
California	August 10
Colorado	August 12

In addition to these definite measures Michigan authorized the appointment of a commission to examine the subject, and New York gave power to the recently created factory investigating commission to inquire into the matter of wages and to report on the advisability of fixing minimum rates. It will be seen that the movement has started with a strong momentum.

Comparison of the Laws

THE laws recently enacted are in most respects similar. The Oregon law seems on the whole the best constructed and most comprehensive, though the California and Wisconsin measures follow it closely. All industries are covered in all the states, except Colorado, where the exceptions are trifling. All the states, except Utah and Wisconsin, create a commission to administer the law. Utah gives the matter over into the hands of its Commissioner of Immigration, Labor and Statistics, while Wisconsin turns it over to its already created Industrial Commission. The members of these commissions are allowed expenses, but are usually unsalaried, though California and Massachusetts pay $10 a day for time actually employed.

All of the eight commissions are authorized to determine the wage needful for a living. "Necessary cost of *proper* living," reads the California statute, while "needs of the employees" and "financial condition of the business" are in effect the terms of the Colorado, Massachusetts and Nebraska acts. The California, Oregon and Wisconsin commissions have the further power to determine maximum hours and conditions of labor. All of the commissions may subpoena witnesses, administer oaths and examine books. In California and Wisconsin they may also enter premises. The authority to enforce all decisions is given to the commissions of Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon and Wisconsin and to the Labor Commissioner of Utah. The California and Washington commissions, however, may enforce only that part of their decisions which relates to wages. The provisions regarding enforcement are not always clear, and very likely a number of court decisions will have to be made before all of the commissions learn definitely the extent of their authority.

Wage-Boards and Penalties

ALL of the acts, except those of Colorada and Utah, provide for subordinate bodies, known as "wage boards," "conferences" or "advisory boards," to inquire into conditions in particular industries and to report their findings to the various commissions. They are merely advisory bodies, selected by the commissions, and are without powers. The Colorado commission makes its own investigations and findings. In Utah alone the statute fixes a definite minimum for women and girls, which is 75 cents a day for those under 18, 90 cents a day for adult learners and $1.25 a day for adults of experience.

All of the states provide some sort of penalty for employers who refuse to abide by the commissions' (in Utah the Labor Commissioner's) decisions. In Utah such a refusal is merely a misdemeanor. In Nebraska the commission must publish the name of the contumacious employer, and the newspaper that refuses publication may be fined $100. Massachusetts formerly had this provision, but an amendment leaves the matter in the discretion of the commission. Fines are assessed against the offending employer as follows:

Minnesota	$10 to $50
Wisconsin	10 to 100
Washington	25 to 100
Oregon	25 to 100
California	50 up
Colorado	Up to 100

An alternative of imprisonment is also given in four states—30 days in California, 10 to 60 days in Minnesota, 10 to 90 days in Oregon and 90 days in Colorado. In California, Colorado, Minnesota, Oregon and Washington the wage-earner may recover at law the balance due him under the award. Several of the states have also more or less severe penalties for employers who discriminate against any of their wage-earners who testify in investigations.

Operation of the Laws

THESE laws have too recently gone into operation to make possible a verdict on their administration and general effect. The Oregon commission was the first to get seriously to work, and it has already given several decisions fixing wage minimums and hours of labor. The decision fixing a weekly minimum of $8.64 for women in manufacturing establishments in Portland has been followed by another, which went into effect February 1, fixing a minimum for women office workers, including cashiers in stores, "movies" and similar establishments, in that city, of $40 a month and a maximum work-week of 51 hours.

From another country, however, we have light on at least one of the arguments that have been made against the legal minimum. That is Victoria, one of the states of the Commonwealth of Australia, and the argument illuminated is that which asserts the inevitable tendency of a legal minimum to become an actual maximum. Victoria has had the legal minimum for seven years. Recent statistics of the clothing industry in that state show the following figures:

	MEN	WOMEN
Minimum wage	$10.80	$ 8.64
Average wage	12.84	10.14
Per cent. excess	18.8	17.4

Maximum wages are considerably above this average. An excess of nearly 20 per cent. in the average rate as compared with the minimum rate does not support the argument of a tendency toward equalization.

Other Adverse Arguments

THE assertion that prices can be advanced to meet increases of wages is a curious one. If it is true, the fact must apply as well to increases won by the trade-unions as to those decreed by state action. The assertion wins small, if any, credence among organized workmen, for if they believed it they would hardly strike for more pay. Neither do the employers believe it, for if they did they would not resist strikes. There would be small sense in their fighting a wage increase, often at enormous expense, if they could recoup their losses by charging higher prices. The causes of higher prices are many and complex, but it is yet to be shown that the average employer is able to meet a forced increase in his payroll by levying a heavier tax on the public.

The threat of the wholesale substitution of women and girls by men and boys has an even flimsier basis. It seems to be forgotten that there are hundreds of occupations for which women are peculiarly fitted and wherein they render a better service than men.

The theory of the weeding out of the less competent by reason of a minimum wage is also unfounded. The weeding-out process could hardly be more rigorously employed than it is today. Employers do not, as a rule, pay wages to more hands than they need.

A Movement in the Making

IN spite of these theoretical bugbears, a growing sense of the frightful social demoralization and wreckage caused by the underpayment and overtasking of women and girls has prompted one-fifth of the states of the union to take effective first steps toward remedying the evil. The practical part of the movement has only just begun, and no one can predict its outcome.

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Chinese Lyrics

By PAI TA-SHUN



Richesse Oblige

The Master said, "There is Hwuy! He has nearly attained to perfect virtue. He is often in want."

—Confucian Analects.

ONCE he had riches,
Now he has none;
Where is one happier
Under the sun?

Garments and housing
And fire he brought;
He fed the hungry,
The ignorant taught.

He raised up the children,
Their bodies remade,
And wrought that their souls
Should soar unafraid.

Hence said the Master,
"This man has indeed
Nearly reached virtue,
He's often in need."

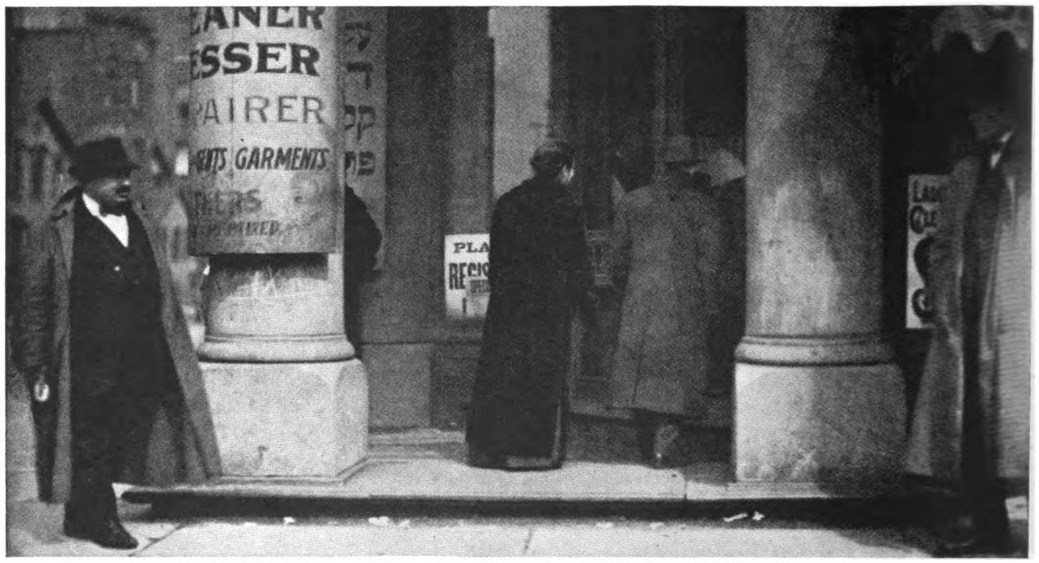
Ghost Foxes

THERE is a pack of foxes
Out in the wintry wood,
Snow-white and still and ghostly.
Is it for ill or good?

White trees, white earth and whiter
Beneath the deodars,
There stand the still white foxes
And stare at the white stars!

The picture on this page is from an ancient Chinese painting, the original of which is in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. Other illustrations that have appeared from time to time are from rare old drawings that have never been on view outside of China

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A polling place in the ghetto district. A man and his wife are going in to vote. On the left is an old time politician. On the right is a plain clothes man watching him to see that he does not intimidate the women, as the machine politicians threatened to do

How Women Vote

By KATHARINE BUELL

VERY dramatic were the scenes when for the first time east of the Mississippi River women took part in an important election. That election cast light on the present and the future. Miss Buell was there to represent HARPER'S WEEKLY. *She tells what she saw and tells it with the enthusiasm of an ardent believer in the enfranchisement of women*

AT six o'clock in the morning of the seventh of April, election day, in the polling-place of the worst precinct in the city of Chicago sit two groups of people, one group composed of two men, bleary-eyed and sinister, and one woman, evidently their friend; in the other group, a man well known for his public spirit, and two or three highly respected and estimable women. In comes a dirty, disreputable-looking man, evidently in a bad humor at having to come so early in the morning, slouching up to the desk. He gives his name. "I challenge this man," says a polite and ladylike voice, "his name is not on the register." A great deal of loud shouting. Finally, it is ascertained with the help of Mr. Czarnecki, who holds on to people literally by their coat-tails, that the man is not on the register, and he is summarily put out. In comes a gentle little girl from the Y. W. C. A., which is around the corner. "I challenge this woman," shouts one of the disreputable looking watchers. More loud talking, more scoffing, crowds gathered in the polling-place by this time, ostensibly to vote. After a bitter wrangle, Miss Clarke, the head of the Y. W. C. A., about whom there can be no reasonable doubt, is produced, to identify her, and she is allowed to vote. And so on and on through the day; the noise and confusion, the darkness of the very disreputable polling-place all conspiring to make it difficult to keep out the men who have no right to vote, and to let in the respectable women.

The first ward is the worst ward in Chicago. It is that part of Chicago that contained the segregated vice district until a few months ago, when the district was abolished. It still contains such houses of prostitution as are allowed to remain by the police, and the cheap lodging houses where the poor, unfortunate, and vicious men are gathered together. In this ward a woman was nominated on the Progressive ticket. There was no hope for her election from the first, but a brave fight was made to get out as large a vote as possible as an opening wedge to another fight at the next election, and perhaps another and another, until at last the power of Hinky-Dink and Bath-house John, who have ruled this ward for twenty years, shall be broken. The First Ward is a hodge-podge. Besides the above mentioned vicious element, it contains many of the best and most expensive hotels, the big business houses and office buildings, and a few sections of respectable homes. It also contains several institutions like the Y. W. C. A. home for working girls.

THE problem was not so much that of getting out the good vote as it was suppressing the bad, although the good vote in itself was somewhat difficult. Bath-house John Coughlin used every prejudice of race, religion, and class, as hard as he could. He said Miss Drake was not a Catholic, which is quite true, but he also said that she was against the Catholics, which is not so. He got large numbers of Irish Catholic women from respectable homes to vote for him and his corrupt policies on the ground that Miss Drake was "an infidel." He told the foreign-born women that she was an American and against foreigners and against immigration. He told the poor, respectable people of his ward, that she was a "stuck-up" rich woman who lived at a big hotel and hated the poor. Miss Drake lives at a big hotel. She has an income of several thousand a year, but she has made it by her own unaided efforts, and many years of hard work. Miss Drake was born in 1864, and came to Chicago when a young girl. She was a stenographer, and is still a stenographer. She is said to be the quickest and most accurate stenographer in America. She worked her way from ordinary business correspondence into law reporting. She became the court stenographer most in demand in Chicago. She studied in the law office where she was employed, and was admitted to the bar in 1892. But she has never practiced law—she prefers her other work. She is the person whom any very rich and very busy man who comes to Chicago is sure to employ if he wants his work done with unusual speed and unusual accuracy. She has been an ardent suffragist for many years. She lives in the first ward to be near her work. She knows four or five languages intimately, and geography is her hobby. All her spare time she spends in reading books of travel, and taking little jaunts to Europe, where she has been twelve times.

This was the sort of woman that made the fight against Bath-house John and made a dent in the armor which has so long been impregnable, and this is the sort of person that the poor women of the ward, almost half of whose babies die every year from unsanitary surroundings and uninspected milk, voted against because she was a "rich snob."

DOWN in one of the poorest, dingiest streets in the city, on the fourth floor of a rickety tenement, lives Mrs. Blazi. Mrs. Blazi is a thing almost new in the world of politics—a woman boss. Mrs. Blazi is a midwife, and she knows every Italian woman in that section of the city. She came to this country when she was young and poor and friendless, and she was taught her trade by

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Doctor Blodgett, a woman doctor of high standing. She has brought two generations of Italian children into the world, and she is deeply beloved and entirely trusted by all the women of her race. They say she can deliver 500 votes in her ward. It is certain that she brought out 300 on registration day, and nearly as many to the election. Some one lends her an automobile, she stops in front of a tenement, she speaks to some one in the doorway, or in one of the windows, and in a few minutes one after another of the Italian women with shawls over their heads and babies in their arms come down to follow Mrs. Blazi, and do anything she tells them to. Some of them do not speak any English. Many of them do not know what they are doing when they vote. They do what Mrs. Blazi tells them to. Mrs. Blazi is large and beautiful, her eyes are black, her cheeks are red, and although she sits with her little grandson in her arms, she does not look over thirty. She is strong and honest, and she loves the children, but she has a little greasy, fat husband who is a low-down machine politician, and she is a good woman and lives up to her Italian principles. She takes the 500 women to the polls and votes them for Bath-house John because her husband tells her to. It is hoped by the next election that Doctor Blodgett and Miss Addams and other women whom Mrs. Blazi can trust will teach her better, though her husband pats the grandson's head and says, "We won't have any of these wicked reformers getting after you. They are ruining the city, these reformers. They won't even let a man spit in the street-cars. Is that what you call a free country? Give me the old times." And then, the wicked old rascal picks up the baby and rocks placidly back and forth singing, "Heaven is not far away, when Jesus is near."

THE task of clearing out the bad vote was a colossal one, but it was tackled with the vigor that the presence of many earnest and good women in the ward inspired. The secretary of the Board of Election Commissioners is a man named Anthony Czarnecki. Mr. Czarnecki is a Pole, and has been a reporter for twenty years. He knows the worst district of the city from A to Z. It was his task to suspect registered voters, and to call them up for examination. He sat at his big desk in the City Hall, and one by one the scum of the earth came up to prove their right to citizenship. A man comes in stumbling, flaccid, and shifty-eyed. His shoes and hat are very dirty, but the rest of his clothes are only mussed. Mr. Czarnecki looks at him with piercing eyes. He administers the oath to tell the truth, ending very solemnly "So help me God." The man shifts on the other foot, and looks across the room. He doesn't like the Deity being brought to bear on his personal affairs. "What is your name? Where do you live? How long have you lived there? How old are you? What is your mother's name?" "None of your business." "I am asking you that question merely for purposes of identification," responds Mr. Czarnecki, not wishing to ask of any man what he would not ask of the most respectable person who could be brought up before him. "Where does she live? What is your father's name?" goes on the impassive voice. "Where does he live? Why didn't you come sooner?" "I have been working all day. Look at my shoes, look at my hat." "Yes," says Mr. Czarnecki, "and look at your nice clean necktie. I guess the squirrel has been too much for you," the squirrel being a cheap brand of whiskey. The men do not like these personal questions. Many of them have seen better days, almost all of them had had respectable homes in their boyhood and they do not wish to be reminded of their degradation.

Word went around of the cross-examination they were to be put to, and large numbers of those expected never turned up to qualify for voting. The women were another problem. Mr. Czarnecki made a ruling which eliminated practically all the prostitutes, at least all those from the houses of prostitution. Since Chicago voted to abolish the vice district, the house of prostitution is illegal, and Mr. Czarnecki ruled that it was impossible to register a legal residence in an illegal house. Whether this rule will be upheld by the courts remains to be seen. Very few of these girls came in asking for the right to vote, but toward the afternoon of one strenuous day, a vision appeared in the doorway of the Commissioner's room. She was gotten up to look respectable—in other words, she had on a cloth tailored suit, evidently an unusual costume for her. Jewels flashed from her neck, her ears, her hair, and covered her hands. She stalked up to the desk. She is commonly called "The Queen of the Underworld." "What is your name?" "Emma Davis." "Where were you born?" "Scotland." "Where do you live now?" She gave the number. "Have you any brothers?" "Yes, two." "Are they living?" "Yes." "Is your mother living?" That is the one question that none of these people seem to be able to stand up against. Her bravado broke down, and she answered the rest of the questions in a shaky voice. She was disqualified.



Miss Drake, who ran against the Bath-house in the first ward

Miss Drake was defeated, but Bath-house John and his followers spent a great deal of money, and had a very hard time, and next year they will have a harder time, and the year after that still a harder, until finally one day, the First Ward will be cleaned out, and the Bath-house will sink into oblivion.

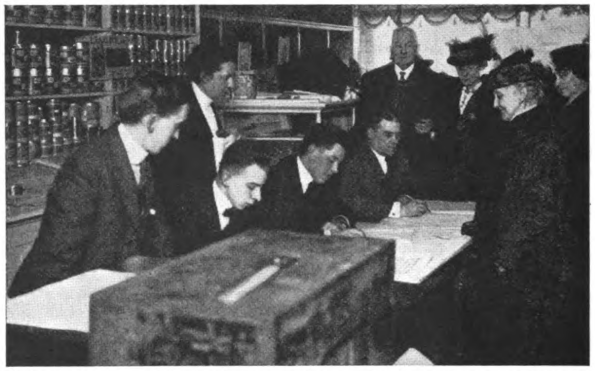
It is not wholly or even mainly in the opposition to vice that the influence of suffrage for women is manifested. The dignity and importance of women's opinions and point of view have been put upon a definite basis. For the first time in my life (I have never been in Denver) I was asked seriously by dignified old gentlemen with beards, to what party I belonged, and what I thought of Wilson, and whether I stood for non-partisanship. What I thought upon these matters was important if I lived in Chicago, for then I was a voter and a citizen.



Miss Vittum who ran on a platform of child welfare, distributing to her assistants handbills which read, "Vote for Harriet Vittum. She's our friend"

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The man that the women were backing in the Sixth Ward is typical of the new era in municipal politics that has dawned upon Chicago. Allen Hoben is a professor of theology at the University of Chicago. He has worked for many years for the improvement of conditions for the babies and children of the city. He is a character new to city politics. He was defeated by a narrow margin because all the political machines were united against him, and because he was running against a man who had already served one term in the city council without bringing discredit upon himself. Many good people in the ward felt that a man who had not voted with corruption deserved another term, not understanding that negation of goodness could never be a match for aggressive wickedness. Although they applauded Miss Breckenridge when she told them that the good is the worst enemy of the best, they did not take it enough to heart to elect the best.



A typical voting place in the twenty-fifth ward where six per cent. of the voters are women. Note the women judges and challengers. The man in the background is Howard M. Wagg, progressive candidate for alderman

Mr. Hoben stood for non-partisanship, which is the issue most important to the women of Chicago. To take the city affairs out of the hands of national political parties is the first step toward making city housekeeping practical.

Mr. Merriam, who has more influence with the women of Chicago than any other man, or woman either, for that matter, is the professor of political economy who is making so much trouble for the old line politicians in the Chicago city council. It is he who is the prime mover for non-partisanship. The non-partisan candidate was elected in Mr. Merriam's own ward, which is next to the Sixth.

OVER in the Seventeenth Ward a woman was making a fight for the one cause nearest the hearts of the women; next to non-partisanship, the most important cause that the women stood for. It was the welfare of the children. Miss Vittum is strong and quiet and capable. Gentle in her ways, but with a glint in her eye, and an energy in action that would make her a match for any alderman who had a wicked little plan he wanted to put through, Miss Vittum stood in a small, badly-lighted hall in the Italian quarter of the Seventeenth Ward. It was a dance hall, decent, but very poor and simple. It was a place where the children of the Italian people in the surrounding tenements went for their good times, one of the few decent places of amusement in all that section of the city. In front of her was row after row of earnest foreign faces, Italians, Swedes, Poles, a few German, a few Irish, many nationalities from southern and eastern Europe. About one-third of them were women. The women's faces were lined with care. Most of them had gray hair. Many of them sat with little babies in their arms. Miss Vittum said: "We have always had city fathers. City fathers may be all right, very often they are very good men, but taking care of a city is no longer a matter of taking care of the business, and leaving the women to take care of the home. Taking care of a city is taking care of a home. You cannot keep your homes clean and free from disease, and free from the pollution of bad plumbing; you cannot keep the streets safe, or well paved, or well lighted; you cannot keep the milk supply safe, nor buy decent food in the markets; you cannot give your children seats in school, or working conditions that will keep them out of sickness and vice, unless you have the right kind of an alderman to represent you in the city council.

"We need more in these days to run the city, which is our home, than just a father. We also need city mothers. I am here to ask you to send me into the council to be the city mother of your children."



A woman taking her blind husband to the polls

Miss Vittum is essentially a motherly woman. As we walked along the street late that afternoon, after the meeting, we passed a saloon on the corner. From within came the rattle of a piano and noisy laughter. In the window was a large picture of Miss Vittum. Said she, "I must say my respectable feelings had something of a jolt the first time I saw my own picture in a saloon window, but I am getting over it. I think it is high time a city mother appeared in the saloon windows."

Miss Vittum was defeated, but the vote was as close as the women had expected it would be. The man running against her was S. S. Walkowiak, a man who had been in the city council before and had not made a bad record. He was a Pole, the same nationality as the majority of his constituents. Miss Vittum was running on a non-partisan ticket and had all the machines against her. Also she lived on the edge of the ward, so that many of the friends of the settlement of which she is the head lived in the other ward. A man who has for a long time been a force in the Seventeenth Ward is Graham Taylor. He has been a power for righteousness in the past generation. For many years, when at each aldermanic election a good man and a bad man were running against each other with all the issues clear, he has swung the Seventeenth Ward for the good man. Walkowiak was one of his good men deserving the usual reward of reëlection. Also it is with reluctance that he came over to the cause of woman suffrage, and he does not see the point of city mothers. He did not support Miss Vittum, and that in itself was enough to insure her defeat.

Down in the stockyards Miss McDowell was making a brave fight for her candidate. At every ward meeting where she was present she taught the people campaign songs, and they spent a large part of every meeting singing to familiar patriotic airs songs like:

> We're looking for a man,
> We're looking for a man—
> A man who will,
> A man who can,
> Help us get clean garbage vans:
> We'll elect that man.

Women have always been active in the West, and in Chicago they are especially strong, for there—there is a group of women leaders unequalled anywhere in the world. The pervading, powerful, ever-present influence of Miss Addams' great personality has there attracted and held together a wonderful group of women. Besides Miss Addams herself, there is Mrs. Bowen, Miss Vittum, Miss Breckenridge of the University, Miss McDowell, and many others, whose power is great not only in Chicago, but all over the United States—I might say, all over the world. And their influence has, of course, added a spur to progressive women in Chicago, which has made for great efficiency and power.

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The Chicago clubs are very strong. The Chicago Women's Club is one of the strongest, if not the strongest, of the women's clubs in the country. It contains a thousand women with many hundred more on its waiting list. It has communities whieh deal with every activity in which woman is interested—art, literature, drama, philanthropy, suffrage, and now, politics. The women are strong, energetic, gentle and effective. The greatest difference between this club in the city where women vote, and any other club of progressive women that I have ever seen, was the vast difference in the interestingness of the conversation. I sat at a large table where a number of women of various walks in life and various interests were gathered together. They were discussing the bond issues which were up for decision at this election. It was so vital, so inspiring. There was none of that atmosphere of impotence that is produced when a group of women who cannot vote are gathered together. "How are we to bring pressure to bear on Mr. So and So? What influence have we in this quarter? How can we advertise better in that?" And a continual undercurrent of argument and wistfulness, "if we could only vote." In this club, people talked straight politics, and there was an energy and a dignity there, above all, a light-heartedness about the conversation, when women said, "Well, I intend to vote" thus and so, or "Down in our neighborhood we think this way about the bathing beaches, or that way about the subway, and Mr. So and So has not done the work we think he ought to have done. We are not going to vote for him this year."

I WENT to a meeting of the Women's Athletic Club where several hundred women, well dressed, wealthy, and mostly beautiful, had come to hear Mrs. Bowen and Miss Addams speak on the coming election. After one of Miss Addams' gentle, quiet, convincing talks, and Mrs. Bowen's rapid fire and eloquent use of statistics, a few minutes were given to questions. It was wonderful to see these women, having grown middle-aged, sometimes old, in sheltered homes where politics and business were never allowed to enter, rise in their seats and say simply: "How shall I vote on the question of the bond issue for the County Hospital," and to hear the answer, "We need a County Hospital, but the men at present administering the funds are not to be trusted. Until we can get in better city officers, we ought not to tax ourselves for any more money to be squandered." And it was not squandered, for at the election every bond issue except that for the contagious disease hospital, which comes under the Board of Health, over which there is a dependable man, and a small sum for bathing beaches, was emphatically and completely defeated. The women voted against paying any more taxes unless they knew exactly what was going to be done with their money. It was a vote of lack of confidence in no uncertain terms.

As I was leaving the club I heard one woman say, "Now I cannot come to the ward meeting tomorrow night, I am giving a party." And her friend rebuked her, "Why in the world are you giving a party so soon before election? You ought to be working at politics." "Well," said the first woman, "it is my little daughter's birthday, so I must give this one, but I must say that I have not been to a card-party, or given one, for four or five weeks. I simply have not the time, I am so busy with politics." And the other woman said, "Well, go down now to headquarters. I will lend you my car, but be sure to get it back by twelve, as I have an appointment with my dressmaker. But if you really need the car longer, you had better stay; I can change the appointment. The election is much more important than a dress."

There is one club in Chicago which is the exemplification of all that sex democracy stands for. It is the Progressive Club. In large, scantily decorated, but comfortable rooms, over a thousand members, seven hundred men and five hundred women, have their headquarters. I dropped in there one day for lunch. There were a number of men and women standing and sitting about, some of the men smoking, in the most comfortable and unconventional attitudes. Men were there with their wives, daughters with their fathers, mothers and sons. Two or three women, evidently teachers, came in together. A newspaper man from another city bustled in and began shaking hands with a group of older men in a corner. Lunch was being served at tables round which sat a mixed collection of men and women of all ages, all classes of society, and all kinds of occupations. At one table a lawyer from the Twenty-fifth Ward was arguing with a group of women teachers from the Sixth Ward about the bathing beach problem. In another corner a man and his wife, a woman settlement worker, and two brokers were discussing the question of partisanship, and by the window an old man with a beard was holding forth at great length on the Canal tolls to two very serious-looking girls of about twenty-three, whose curly hair blew about in the breeze from the window. They were on a perfect basis of equality. It is the only club I ever saw of men and women gathered together in one room where the least hint of sex consciousness was absolutely absent.

CHICAGO feels that it will not be a very long distant time before the city house-keeping is done by the whole family, and the city fathers and city mothers sitting together in the Council will make a happy home for the children, little and big, and a healthy and busy home for the grown people, which is, after all, what a city is meant for. Chicago is American. What happens in Chicago is probably more typical of the country as a whole than what happens in some of the more cosmopolitan Eastern cities. How much of the marked change that is going on in municipal politics there is due to the fact that women vote, or how much of the fact that women vote is due to the change in municipal politics, is difficult to say, but the two things have certainly come together, and the two things work together admirably.

Then and Now

By GEORGE STERLING

BEYOND the desolate expanse of plain
The sunset like a fiery menace glowed.
The bones of brutes, along the uncertain road,
Were half a year unvisited of rain.

A woman dug within the river-bed,
Eager to know if water could be found.
Her breathing filled the space with weary sound;
On those gaunt arms and face the light lay red.

The turbid water gathered in the hole;
Pausing, she watched the west with steady stare;
Impatiently the oxen sniffed the air,
Tethered and tired beside the wagon-pole.

Above, a hungry child began to push
Aside the canvas of their prairie-van;
Near the low bank a grim, impatient man
Tugged, grunting, at a thick and withered bush.

It snapped. He rolled, then rose with angry face.
The woman stood with gnarly hands on hips,
As broke in epic music from her lips
The indomitable laughter of the race.

Beyond the fenced and many-pastured plain
The sunset rose like minarets of dream.
The bridge across the summer-wasted stream
Roared with the passing of the splendid train.

And from a shining car whose inmates quaffed
Their jewelled wines, a girl with ivory hands
Gazed forth, nor knew that on those very sands,
One sunset-time, her mother's mother laughed.

Eastward she hastened to the roofs of kings,
Her each desire accorded ere 't was felt—
She who had never toiled nor borne nor knelt,
She, tired of life and love and human things.

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National Politics

The New Reserve Cities

IT was to have been expected that a storm would break as soon as the Federal Organization Board announced the twelve reserve cities. But Baltimore and New Orleans have shown surprising bitterness at having to yield their claims to Richmond and Atlanta, respectively. Representative Mann's suggestion that New York had been chosen through Secretary McAdoo's influence, Richmond through Comptroller Williams' and that Missouri got two reserve cities because Secretary Houston had lived in that state (for two years), was considerately left out of the Record after having been sent out by the Associated Press. The fact is that with the lines of the reserve districts once established, the cities selected were those for whom the most votes were cast by the banks of that district, except in the fourth district, where Cleveland received fewer votes than either Pittsburg or Cincinnati and was chosen for geographical reasons.

It was intimated that a thirteenth reserve district should be created in the Northwest, with Portland or Seattle as the reserve city.

Senator Burton retires with dignity from the race for reëlection to the Senate. He is with President Wilson on the repeal of the tolls provision, having, as he says, been influenced in his position by the views of John Hay when the treaty was being negotiated. The Republican Party evidently hopes to make that question the issue in the fall campaigns, and so Senator Burton's attitude would be a hindrance to its success. Perhaps also Senator Burton has been studying the election figures for Ohio in 1912: Wilson, 423,152; Taft, 277,066; Roosevelt, 229,327. No more encouragement there than the figures for New Hampshire are for Gallinger, or those of Maine and Massachusetts were for Hale and Crane. Burton is one of the fairest debaters in the Senate, though somewhat ponderous. Old Fire-Alarm Foraker is actually making an active campaign for the Republican nomination.

There are strong intimations at the Capitol that an investigation will be ordered to see whether the tainted news and editorial columns published against the repeal of the Canal Tolls exemption have not been bought and paid for as advertisements, contrary to the statute made and provided. One of the penalties for this sort of fraud is exclusion from second-class mail rates. If it could be left to a vote of the newspaper men of Washington to decide which was the most venal paper in the United States, it would only take the votes of its employees to make the decision unanimous. There have been a few signs of an approaching storm at the White House also, and if it does burst, some of the lovers of darkness will find themselves in the white glare of the lightning itself. There are times when even a President may be angry and sin not.

Senator Underwood

AS predicted in HARPER'S WEEKLY of Sept. 20, Oscar Underwood was elected Senator from Alabama in his contest with Richmond Pearson Hobson by a handsome majority. The President's telegram was characteristic:

> My sincere and hearty congratulations. Now for a triumphant completion of the session's program.

The effort of the Hearst-McLean coterie of newspapers to attribute Underwood's victory to his opposition to the President on the tolls question is ridiculous, since there was no issue between him and Hobson on this matter. Hobson retires from the House at this term, his successor having been elected. It will be recalled that Hobson's first venture into national politics was his defeat of Bankhead for the House. Later Bankhead ran for the Senate and was elected, so that Hobson is credited with having kicked him upstairs. Bankhead's term expires in 1919, and it is already announced that Hobson will be his opponent. In that contest a great many voters who supported Underwood will be for Hobson.

The President interfered rather pointedly in the Alabama campaign. Clayton was in the race for the Senate when Underwood's candidacy was announced. President Wilson wrote to Clayton suggesting that he needed him, as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, to consider the trust bills, so Clayton was withdrawn as a rival of Underwood and was aided in his campaign for reëlection to the House. Underwood's district has nominated a progressive Democrat, Huddleston. The revolt against Bankhead's reactionism is emphasized by the defeat of his son for Congress in Hobson's district, W. B. Oliver being the successful candidate. Representative Taylor is defeated for reëlection by Oscar L. Gray. Frank S. White, another progressive Democrat, is nominated for the short Senatorial term. Altogether, the Alabama primaries indicate a raising of standards and a decided trend toward progressive measures. Ex-Governor Comer, having failed to secure a majority, will have hard sledding in the second primary for the nomination for Governor.

The Usefulness of O'Gorman

O'GORMAN has proved himself the greatest disappointment of the new Democratic Senate. The opposition of Tammany to his election and his experience in the judiciary of New York raised men's hopes that this state would have a fitting representative in the Senate. His adherence to Wilson's cause in the pre-nomination campaign was to his credit. But he has defined himself as a mere obstructionist, with not even legal learning to convince his opponents and without a particle of constructive ability. He opposed in caucus the Democratic tariff program, to no avail. He was able to delay action on the currency bill, without any success in incorporating his rather crude ideas of currency reform in the completed act. His resignation from the Currency Committee was gratefully accepted. And his colleagues have taken the measure of his ability while growing weary of his obstructive tactics. His position as Chairman of the Committee on Interoceanic Canals gives him another opportunity to delay the repeal of the tolls provision, but the Senate will know how to take that matter also out of his hands. His declining reputation coincides with his increasing innocuousness even as an obstructionist.

The New Appointments in the State Department

IN the selection of Robert Lansing, as Counsellor for the State Department, President Wilson has chosen a worthy successor to John Bassett Moore. Lansing is also an authority on international law and has had a wide experience as counsel for the United States in such important cases as the Behring Sea Arbitration, the Behring Sea Claims Commission, the Alaskan Boundary Case, and the North Atlantic Coast Fisheries. Cone Johnson, successor to Solicitor Folk, of the State Department, is recognized as one of the ablest lawyers of the Southwest. He would have been chosen Senator to succeed Bailey if his health had not compelled him to withdraw from the contest. It is just as well to have a Texan in this position, with an intimate knowledge of Mexican affairs. It is intimated that neither Ex-Senator Bailey nor Governor Colquitt was consulted in his appointment.

Comment is Unnecessary

(From the *Congressional Record*)

Mr. Hitchcock: Will the Senator state which resolution now before the committee he is referring to?

Mr. Jones: I read the resolution at the beginning of my remarks. It is Senate Resolution 288, calling on the President for information in reference to what representations have been made to him with regard to our action on the Panama Canal tolls.

Mr. Hitchcock: That is the one the Senator presented?

Mr. Jones: Yes.

Mr. Hitchcock: Is that the one he is discussing now?

Mr. Jones: Yes.

Mr. Hitchcock: Then I make the point of order that that resolution——

Mr. Jones: That is not the resolution I am discussing. I am discussing the resolution that has been handed down from the table by the Chair, and which is now before the Senate.

Taxation Without Representation

SELF-GOVERNMENT for the District of Columbia is at last in prospect. The people of the United States do not realize, generally, that here at the heart of the Republic which was formed in protest against taxation without representation a third of a million people live without any voice in the direction of their own affairs. Unfortunately, the large taxpayers of Washington have been perfectly content with this condition of disfranchisement as long as Congress was willing to pay out of the National Treasury half of the municipal expenses. But with an evident disposition on the part of Congress to compel the citizens of the District to pay as much as the citizens of any other city of the same size in the United States, the idea of self-government has been given a great impetus. Bills are pending in Congress for the creation of a Commission to study the whole question of the District's relations to the national government, with a view to granting the people control of municipal affairs, while Congress provides for the national side of the Capital City.

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Food and Health

By LEWIS B. ALLYN

National Salmon Day

THE week of March 8 is historical, beginning as it did with "Go-to-Church-Sunday" and ending with an "Eat-Salmon-Friday." (Little did the Messrs. Hume and Andrew Hapgood dream way back in '64 that their then humble salmon-canning plant, located on a house-boat in Sacramento River, was destined to become the father of a $50,000,000 industry.) Messrs. Hume and Andrew Hapgood back in '64 established a little salmon-canning plant on a house-boat in the Sacramento River. Little did they dream that their modest output of 2,000 cases of hand-packed fish was to become the father of an output of over 8,000,000 cases valued at more than $50,000,000 in 1913.

The story of the salmon industry of the Pacific Coast reads like a fairy tale or like the reports of the late lamented B. Munchausen. Yet it can be substantiated by cold, sober facts.

The governors of most of the states of the Union followed the example of the governors of Alaska, Washington, Oregon and California in proclaiming Friday, March 13, "National Salmon Day" in honor of this valuable food fish. The day marked the fiftieth anniversary of this American industry, which has an annual output of 400,000,000 cans.

Salmon was served at banquets in San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Boston and other principalities. Because of their coöperation and interest, the railroads were requested to serve canned salmon in every dining car in the United States.

Did you join in the celebration of this national event? Not only palatable and nutritious, but in these days of the high cost of living, canned salmon is one of the very few products which still remains well within the reach of the masses.

The American Pure Food League

IN ancient times twelve tribes in northern Greece united for the common good. They took oath not to do two things, namely: not to destroy one another's towns and not to cut off running water from a town when besieged. The Delphic Amphictyony existed because local conditions demanded "team-work." Organization of the twentieth century Amphictyony has just been completed. The American Pure Food League exists today because food conditions demand uncompromising and concerted action.

Meat and milk inspection will be among the first subjects considered by the new League. Needed amendments to the Food and Drugs Act will also be considered. The new League will support the President, the Secretary of Agriculture and pure food leaders in the House and Senate in all efforts made by them to strengthen the pure food law.

The League's methods are to be constructive. They will demonstrate to the thinking people of this country that it is possible to protect the rights of the consumer to honest foods and at the same time to deal justly by the producer, the manufacturer and the distributor.

The effort to improve the people's food supply will be based on the principle that the majority should control all these questions and not a minority.

The list of officers and members of an advisory board includes not only men who have rendered long service in state food control work, but men and women from other vocations who have given the pure food problem intelligent investigation and support, including representatives of organizations, magazine writers, editors, and others who have been active in educating the public as to the evils and remedies of food adulteration.

The Cleanest Town in Texas

HAS any other town in the Lone Star State a better claim to the above title than Bonham?



While lacking in the matter of food inspection, the people are ripe for reform—grocerymen still sell adulterated food but for the most part they transgress through ignorance. A few months ago, one of the leading grocers said that the label was sufficient protection for the consumer, but he has changed his mind, as all progressive men may do.

Holland's, a Texas magazine, has been conducting a "Cleanest Town in Texas Contest" during the past year. The magazine has had Dr. M. M. Carrick, a noted sanitary expert, as their medical director, and he has visited about 90 towns that entered the contest. Bonham was one of the contestants, and sought the high honor of being the cleanest town in all Texas, and placed herself in a receptive mood for the $1000.00 cash prize which accompanied the honor. The inspector made three visits to Bonham, the last time being accompanied by the ex-State Health Officer, Dr. C. E. Cantrell of Greenville, Texas. It was determined from the beginning that the winner of this great honor must merit it. On the first announcement Bonham, with three other towns, stood at the head of the list with 96 points to her credit. The second inspection, Bonham stood with just one town in her class, and the third inspection, Bonham won the honor.

Time to Prune

IT is apparent that the advertising of low grade patent medicine and quack nostrums is becoming more and more confined to a certain class of newspapers and magazines. The higher grade periodicals will not accept such advertisements. In fact, that status of the publication may be judged with considerable accuracy by the class of advertising matter it carries. Many an editor and advertising manager would refuse "copy" if he had definite knowledge upon which to base his refusal.

The Luzerne (Pa.) County Medical Society recently passed a resolution commending the Wilkes-Barre *Record* for its action in barring advertising of fake medical "specialists" who claim to cure diseases of men.

Here is a partial list of "national" advertising refused by the *Record:*

Old Reliable Dr. Lobb
S. S. S.
Peruna
Bradfield's Regulating Compound
Old German Doctor Theel
Lydia Pinkham
Dr. Munyon
Mrs. Summers' Simple Home Treatment
Brown's Blood Treatment
Mrs. Osgood's Wonder
Chase's Nerve Tablets
All those advertisements which appear on the Woman's Page ostensibly as answers to queries—
Spurmax
Crystos
Parnotis
Kardene
Croxone
Saxolite
Almozine
and a dozen other high sounding names.

The encouragement evidently stimulated the *Record* to further pruning, for it publishes the following statement:

BARRED

¶ Below is a list of undesirable advertising and which is barred from the RECORD'S columns:

Diseases of Men
Weakness
Fortune Telling
Clairvoyants
Wild Cat Speculations
Offering Large Salaries
Offering Something for Nothing
Palmistry
Cancer Cures

Some misguided individuals are inclined to jeer at the *Record's* action, all of which goes to prove, "No rogue e'er felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law." Why not start a little campaign of this kind in your own town?

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The Social Activities of the White House

By McGREGOR



Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

IT must be a source of satisfaction to millions of Americans who have come to regard the President with affectionate solicitude, to realize that the chief occupation of the women of his household is that of making the White House a home. It has never been more a home since the old colonial mansion with its white-pillared porticos was given its name. The President finds there his chief relaxation from the labors of the day, and refreshment of spirit for the duties of the morrow. The public business of the nation is conducted in the executive offices, apart from the White House proper, and only at the rare official functions, the receptions to the foreign ambassadors and to the supreme court, and the cabinet dinners, do the affairs of State intrude. For no one yet has had the hardihood to attempt the influencing of the President through invoking the good offices of his wife or daughters. It is only after full tribute has been paid to the home life itself, at the evening meal, where officialdom is banished even from thought, where the old familiarity continues, with the interplay of wit and badinage, it is after the graces of music and literature and art have had their period of leisurely enjoyment, that the President retires to his home study, takes out the little note-book in which he has jotted down in shorthand the subjects for his careful pondering, or studies the memoranda that have been left for his perusal, and decides the questions for which he needs uninterrupted reflection.

The Wilsons set a new precedent when they asked that the Inaugural Ball be discontinued. It had degenerated into a rather cheap affair at which the President was displayed in much the same fashion as the prize animal at a county fair, while, from the sale of the tickets, the patriotic contributors to the expenses of Inauguration Day recouped themselves for the funds advanced. Instead, there was a big family dinner for the Wilson relatives at the White House that night. The President has since declined all invitations to social functions, except those given by the members of his official family, though he is liable to drop in any time at Secretary Tumulty's home, to inquire how the numerous little Tumultys are getting along. And the ladies of the White House have largely followed his example in this regard. They have, unconsciously or instinctively, set a wholesome example of simple, unostentatious living. They have made their friends in Washington among an entirely different class of people from those who compose its little world of wealth and fashion. It has become difficult for the socially ambitious to secure the attendance of a group of notables at their homes, invited to meet Mrs. Wilson, or the Misses Wilson. The winter colony, with homes in Washinton, as at other places, that formerly revolved around the White House as their social center, is conspicuously absent this winter. The very phrase, "social center," would convey an entirely different impression to the ladies of the White House. They are interested in the problem of making the school buildings "social centers" of community life. "Social activities" mean to them the various forms of social service with which they have allied themselves.

IT is in this way that the life of the White House has overflowed, in benign fashion, into the life of the Capital City. Mrs. Wilson became interested in the alley problem and set out to get first-hand information for herself by investigating the conditions that had made alley life in Washington a disgrace to the Capital, with decimating diseases and a fearful infant mortality. So instead of being invited to meet the President's wife at some great function, an end in itself, a company of those interested in this question met at a private home to hear the phases of the problem discussed by experts, with Mrs. Wilson an interested auditor. She is a member of the Board of Associated Charities, and a regular attendant of one of the District Conferences where the problems

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of family support and of family rehabilitation are discussed from the standpoint of the individual case. She is honorary chairman of the Woman's Welfare Department of the Civic Federation of Washington. She is deeply interested in the comfort of the employees, especially the women employees, of the government, and her tour of the various departments was immediately followed by the installation of rest-rooms and other aids to the well-being of the workers. The problem perhaps nearest her heart is the education of the neglected people of her own South.

MISS MARGARET WILSON, the elder daughter, has also lent her aid and influence to every good work. A Woman's Club in Georgetown is trying to interest the community and incidentally to raise a few hundred dollars for story-telling work, in the hot summer evenings, for the crowds of children in the congested quarters of the city. Miss Wilson cheerfully gives up an evening to encourage the meeting with her presence and sympathy. The recreation problem is a difficult one for Washington, with its muddled system of municipal government, some of the playgrounds being controlled by the Board of Education, some by the Commissioners of the District and some by the War Department! The Monday Evening Club, of which Miss Wilson is an enthusiastic member, takes up the problem of coördination of these various and conflicting agencies, and at her invitation, a group of social workers assemble in the famed East Room of the White House, Miss Wilson presides, and the whole problem is threshed out until a satisfactory conclusion is reached. She is also a member of the Montessori Educational Association, and with her assistance, Congress will graciously enact a law under which the people of the District can use the school-buildings for public gatherings of any kind. Here is her record for four successive evenings: Attended the Monday Evening Club to hear a discussion on medical inspection of school children and the school nursing system; visited Neighborhood House, the chief social settlement of Washington; visited the Grover Cleveland School Social Center, dancing the Virginia Reel with the children; presided at a meeting of the S. P. U. G., as chairman of its local committee. Not much time for society "functions." And so it goes. Miss Jessie Wilson, now Mrs. Sayre, was at one time a settlement worker in the Kensington Mills district, Philadelphia, and her interest in the work of the Young Women's Christian Association has long been a factor in the development of that helpful institution. Miss Eleanor Wilson, the youngest of the daughters, soon to be married to the Secretary of the Treasury, is a member of the Board of Friendship House, and has given much time and attention to settlement work in its neighborhood.

The effect of all this upon the life of Washington city it would be difficult to measure. People have begun to feel that these things are after all the worthwhile things. Society in Washington, so far as it is centered at the White House, is composed of people who are doing things for human welfare. It is what people are and what they do that counts and not what they have. Yet so quietly has the change been wrought that the nation has not realized that these good women, making their own home-life sweet and attractive, have also set themselves to the task of serving society.



Miss Margaret Wilson

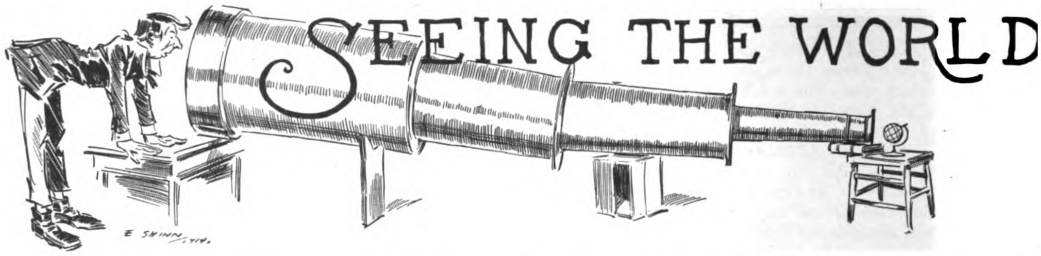


Miss Eleanor Wilson *Photographs by Marceau*

One may well imagine that social problems are discussed in the family circle at the White House and that the President has learned much of social conditions, through first-hand information of those nearest to him. With his program of economic reforms bidding fair to be carried out in the first half of this term, what remains but the program of social justice? That was involved in the economic reforms that pressed for accomplishment, without which conditions were continually being created which social workers could only alleviate. But to quote from the President's Address to Congress on December 2, speaking of certain social reforms,

"We ought to devote ourselves to meeting pressing demands of plain justice like this as earnestly as to the accomplishment of political and economic reforms. Social justice comes first. Law is the machinery for its realization and is vital only as it expresses and embodies it."

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Among the Sunflowers

I have been trying ever since your letter came to think of some really rube happening that would fit the requirements. I am afraid we are pretty sophisticated out here. The only real excitement that I know of now is about the lake hazard at the Country Club. The Country Club was laid out and a thirty-thousand-dollar building put up in a dry year, and a lake mapped out across the golf course. The last six or eight months have been unusually rainy and what was once a constructive lake is now really a pond and it takes quite a mental hazard at least to get over it. A lot of fellows want to drain the lake in the interests of mediocre golf, and a lot of fellows want to leave the lake there in the interests of good golf. In the meantime the catfish in the lake are getting the habit of eating golf balls, and the restaurant at the house is serving catfish balls.

I do not know but that the spring style show in Emporia might be of interest, but that is rather highly sophisticated too. I will give it up.

W. A. WHITE.

An April Casualty

Some jealous rascal threw a stone at a buggy in which a certain young man of Florala and a young lady of Lockhart were riding last Saturday night. The stone struck the young lady squarely in the back, and at the same time bruised the left arm of the young man very badly.

—The Florala (Ala.) *News Democrat*

Every Hug Accounted for

Miss Maybelle Hug is on the sick list.

Clarence Hug has been riding his bicycle to and from school this fine weather.

Miss Emma Hug has been assisting her aunt with housework for a few days.

Mary Hug is in school again after several weeks' absence.

—The Holden (Kans.) *Recorder*

Cause and Effect

Mr. and Mrs. Christensen, with vocal solos, and Nora and Mabel Peterson, with instrumental selections, entertained the high school and seventh and eighth grades very pleasantly last Friday afternoon. The music was followed by an indignation meeting.

—The Hartland (Wisc.) *News*

Young Folks Will be Gay

Leo Meyer and James Hora went to town last Sunday morning and each one got a Sunday paper.

—The East Pine Valley Correspondent, Neilsville (Wisc.) *Republican*

Why Dodge?

While dodging a pretty woman who acted as if she intended to kiss him, Editor Lindstrom fell over a barrel of salt on the depot platform at Langdon and then Lindstrom discovered that she had her eye on another fellow all the time.

—The Bismarck (N. D.) *Tribune*

Signs of Spring



The St. Louis *Globe Democrat*

There is a Lot in Being a Tot

The young people enjoyed a singing at D. R. Anderson's last Sunday; when I think of the happy days of yore I am persuaded to say: Turn back time a few minutes, please; make me a tot once more.

—The Moran (Texas) *Messenger*

Running Down the News

There is no news in this settlement to speak of. We did hear of a man whose head was blown off by a boiler explosion, but we didn't have time to learn his name. Anyhow he didn't have no kinfolk in this county, so it don't much matter.

While going to prayer meeting the other night, guided by faith and a lantern, our preacher fell into a dry well about 20 feet deep. I don't know whether he got out or not, as I had to be agoing about the time they went for a rope to let down to him.

—Correspondent of the Adams (Tenn.) *Enterprise*

Partisan Politics

A candidate for county office wanted the *Blade* to run his announcement and take his note in payment. His announcement does not appear in these columns. He already owes this shop $8 on subscription and that's plenty to lose on one man.

—The Concordia (Wisc.) *Blade.*

On the Arkansas Farm

If our young men are wise and truly have great ability, they will remain at home, at least for a season longer until their wisdom teeth are cut. It is more satisfactory to be a prominent and respected citizen of a village than to be an insignificant stranger, jostled and ignored by the hurrying mass of humanity in a metropolis. We would sooner be a dog on a farm than a caged lion in a menagerie.

—The Murfreesboro (Ark.) *Messenger*

Spoiling Heaven

When the sun shines in Biloxi it shines the brightest and happiest of anywhere on the earth. The only reason that Biloxi is not a rival with Paradise is that a rainy day comes once in a while, and the men spit on the sidewalks.

—The Gulf Coast (Miss.) *Advertiser*

Singularly Inexplicable

Will Hill happened to a very painful accident the past week. While at work burning logs in some manner his rubber boots became filled with hot ashes.

—England (Ark.) *Democrat*

The Lure of Cities

J. H. Shipman of Glengary was in town Tuesday, getting separated from an obstreperous tooth. The separation was reported successful.

—Hope (Idaho) Cor. *Standpoint Review*

Inclemency Again

Owing to the inclemency of the weather there was no literary Saturday night. But don't think by the gloom they've closed up the Literary. Just walk in at the front door next Saturday night if the weather is favorable. Bring your music boxes along, too, and let's have some music, both instrumental and vocal.

—Clay County (Ark.) *Republican*

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Sports

By HERBERT REED

INTERNATIONAL sport—and this will be the biggest year in its history—begins with the Pennsylvania Relay Meet in Philadelphia when in the four-mile event, for the first time in the history of the games, an English university team competes. But even the Oxford University four is international, since it includes two Englishmen, an Australian, and an American. Could the great idea of Cecil Rhodes have a finer fruition?

Jackson of the Invading Relay Team

ARNOLD N. S. JACKSON, the lithe young Oxonian who upset American calculations in the 1,500 metres at Stockholm, and who will lead the invading relay team, is one of the finest characters in sport, national and international. We have come to look upon the British athlete as a "starchy sort of chap," but here is a pleasant young man of a retiring disposition save when on the track, who gives the lie to any such estimate. We knew before the Olympics that, partly because of the specialized coaching of his uncle, C. N. Jackson, a wise old athlete, the young Oxonian was one of the fastest milers in the world, but that he could and would make friends—and American friends at that—we did not realize until after the games. He and all athletes like him are welcome in this country.

Just a little study in contrasts and another fallacy is exploded. Our former conception of the English distance runner was that of a stocky, beef-fed chap with pile-driver legs. Yet Jackson is slender almost to the point of seeming weakness, and is also tall, while Norman S. Taber, the American member of the Oxford team, is decidedly chunky. National types in athletes are passing, if they ever existed, which is extremely debatable.

The Part That Trainers Play

LET us consider for a minute the trainers, the "minds behind the runs." Probably everybody knew the late "Mike" Murphy, but how much does the average follower of track athletics know of the rest of the flight? Very little, I'll warrant, and yet these men are moulding athletes and athletics all over the country, and are influences to be reckoned with off the field as well as on. What sort of a man must he be who can successfully engage a hundred or more different temperaments, for the training and coaching of a track team as of any other is fundamentally a study of temperaments? There are renowned executives in the business world who know far less about the inside of the human head.

Lawson Robertson

LAWSON ROBERTSON, trainer of the Irish-American Athletic Club, and the dominant personality of the American Olympic team, just now looms up as the probable trainer of the next Olympic team. Here is a man who has handled every sort of temperament in every sort of man—including American, German, Irish (all sorts of Irish), the negro (the late J. B. Taylor) and the Finn (Hannes Kohlemainen), and has [illegible] successes of all of them. A man personally big, strong and fearless, he is a keen student and a developer of men. Just at present he is under consideration as trainer at the University of Pennsylvania, and the Quakers could not do better, I think, than take this man who is rich both in experience and achievement.

Jack Moakley

JACK MOAKLEY of Cornell, the developer of John Paul Jones, and of a list of distance runners as long as your arm, is perhaps fairly well known to the sporting public, but almost solely by his record. Here is a rather undersized, quiet man, gifted with both wit and humor, who keeps much to himself, shakes your hand with diffidence, and goes about the work of training and coaching so unobtrusively that the stranger would not know he was about.

AND the others? There is a host of them, all doing effective work—Keene Fitzpatrick of Princeton, quiet and easy in his methods; Johnny Mack of Yale, a man of the scrappy type; Tom Keane of Syracuse, a shrewd sort of chap—people who ought to know tell me that he is an excellent poker player; tall, slender Harry Hillman of Dartmouth, who is a profound student of every branch of sport; Harvey Cohn, of Colby, the real humorist of track and field; Bernie Wefers of Columbia, the cornerstone of whose work is the constant encouragement of his pupils; Mike Sweeney of the Hill School, who is the "good fellow" of the game; reticent, almost taciturn Frank Kanaly, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Dad Moulton of Leland Stanford, who brought out the famous high jumper, Horine, and who is known as the "Mike Murphy of the Coast"; Walter Christie of California, known among other trainers as "the wanderer"; and Martin Delaney of the Chicago Athletic Association, the stubborn "one idea" man, and that idea generally a good one. It would be well for the follower of track athletics to look these men over whenever the chance offers, for they are the brains of the game.

College Baseball

AFTER years of effort an arrangement has been made for an invasion of the East by Middle Western college baseball teams, and both Michigan and Notre Dame will be seen against nines of the first class in the Eastern tier. Harper's Notre Dame team has lost five of the stars who made it a winner last year, but it is certain to be strong nevertheless. The nine will meet Georgetown, the Army, Princeton and the Navy in that order, and all in the month of May. Michigan, ably coached by Carl Lundgren, will meet in the East Syracuse, Cornell, Swarthmore, while later in the season Michigan and Pennsylvania will play a two-game series in Ann Arbor. The Chicago University champions will have another strong team this year, but it would be well to keep an eye on Michigan's pitching staff. Sisler (quite a name for a pitcher) will be supported by the veterans, Quaintance and Baribeau.



"Play Ball"

To do it effectively—in sport, business or any other game of life—one needs a vigorous body controlled by a clear brain.

Food plays a big part.

Many play a losing game because their food doesn't contain the elements necessary to build up strong bodies and healthy brains.

Most white flour foods are lacking in these elements—the vital mineral salts—so necessary for mental and physical balance.

Grape-Nuts
FOOD

admirably supplies this lack.

Made of choice whole wheat and malted barley, Grape-Nuts retains the mineral salts and other nutritive values in just the right proportion, as grown in the grain. It is an ideal food for winners in any game.

Grape-Nuts comes in tightly sealed packages—perfectly baked and ready to eat with cream or good milk. Fresh, crisp, and delicious!

"There's a Reason"
for
Grape-Nuts

Sold by Grocers
—everywhere.

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A Strong Appeal

No form of investing has a broader appeal than the purchase of good sound $100 bonds.

If you exercise proper discrimination, you can obtain as high grade a security in the $100 bond as in the $1000 bond.

Baby Bonds are a good investment foundation.

Send for Booklet R2—"$100 Bonds"

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
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125th St. & 7th Ave.—Hotel Theresa, N. Y.
Nat'l State Bank Building—Newark, N. J.

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A SAFE SOUND SECURED BOND

Pays 6% Denominations { $100. $500. $1,000.

VII IMPORTANT FACTS

I. 1st and Ref'dg. Sinking Fund Mortgage 6% Bonds.
II. Earnings 3 times Bond Interest.
III. Value of Property largely over Bonded debt.
IV. Population served 25,000.
V. Franchises very satisfactory.
VI. No competition.
VII. An Investment we can *recommend.*

SEND For Descriptive Circular No. 94

You can buy these bonds outright or on our $5.00 down (on $100 par value), Small Payment Plan.

Beyer & Co.
55 Wall Street
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$100 BONDS

for $10 down and $5 a month you can buy a Railroad, City, State, Public Utility or Industrial Gold Bond to net from 4% to over 7%. Under our plan of

Partial Payment Purchases

you can buy one or more dividend bearing stocks or bonds, receiving the income while paying for the securities. No better way to keep your surplus well invested and earning income for you, from 5% to over 7%.

Write for Booklet 41.

We will send it free with exceptionally strong list of $100 Bonds netting 5 to 7% which may be bought outright or on our Partial Payment plan.

Sheldon & Sheldon
32 Broadway New York

"The Blue Hood,"
a story by
NEITH BOYCE
in next week's issue

Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Bonds Within the Reach of All

LITERALLY the title of this article is false. With possibly one or two exceptions bonds are not to be had in this country in less than one hundred dollar pieces, and there are quite a number of persons who do not boast so large a property. But there are several million persons who have in their possession at various times at least $100 to invest, and one of the most wholesome and democratic signs of the time is the gradual movement upon the part of corporation officials and investment bankers to make the better class of bonds available in small amounts.

The advantages of making safe securities available to small investors are too obvious, so it seems to the writer, to require emphasis. Briefly there are two sides to it. The corporation benefits by having a great number of creditors, thus minimizing socialistic and legislative attack, as well as broadening the market for its securities; and the investor benefits by being enabled to purchase high class bonds instead of worthless "get-rich-quick" stocks, which in the past have largely monopolized the supply of small denomination securities familiar to the small investor. All this has been stated so many times that further repetition is superfluous.

Of course it has always been possible to buy good as well as bad stocks in small amounts, but $1000 has been the classic face value for a bond. There are hundreds of wholly safe stocks, much safer than many, many bonds. But there are so many unsafe stocks that on the whole it is better to urge those who are relatively unsophisticated in these matters in the direction of bonds, which as a class are the better fitted for general investment purposes. Then too on bonds the interest payments are always settled up to date, and there is no loss if one sells between interest dates as there is with stocks and savings bank deposits.

At the present time there are somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred different bonds obtainable, theoretically at least, in $100 pieces. Many of these are so scarce as to be practically unobtainable. Others are not safe. But there is a sufficiently large choice of safe and readily obtainable one hundred dollar pieces. There are municipal, railroad, public utility and industrial bonds, both low and high interest bearing.

THERE would be more of these bonds if business in this country had not been conducted on such an over generous scale in the past. Stock brokers and bond dealers both are beginning to welcome the small profit. Until recently the stock broker had so many big operators that small accounts were practically unwelcome. With a ten thousand share operator sitting in a large easy leather chair why bother with the insignificant person who wanted to buy three shares of United States Steel preferred for investment? But the old million share days on the Stock Exchange seem to have gone, and the broker is thankful for smaller favors. In the same way the bond dealer that once sold two or three million dollars of a new issue to an insurance company at one lick finds the sledding much harder now. There is closer scrutiny on the part of buyers, and there is more competition, not only in his own field but from new fields. Where once insurance companies bought only bonds, they now buy farm mortgages. Moreover the development of the electric lighting business has resulted in an entirely new class of bonds, and unless a firm specializes in rails, utilities and municipals all at once business is none too plentiful.

Only in the last year or two have any of the larger firms announced their intention to specialize to any extent in $100 bonds. A great stock brokerage house opened an investment department about two years ago, and announced its intention of catering to this busniess. Within the last few months one of the great firms of bond dealers has announced a similar purpose. This last accession to the ranks is significant in the highest degree. Heretofore the regular investment banking firms, that is, those which have handled a variety of investment bonds of different companies, have rather sniffed at the small bond. "Too much trouble, not enough profit in it." But the recent convert cannot be looked down upon as small or in any sense an upstart. Nor is it a firm of especially young men looking around for any device to build up a business. Classed by the Pujo committee as one link in the Money Trust, its willingness to deal in small denomination bonds to meet what it terms the broadening demand for them, is good cheer to those who believe the small investor should have the same opportunities as the large one.

Where You and I Come In

THE man or woman who saves $100 every two or three months is in a position to buy several bonds a year, and gradually accumulate substantial investments. Frequently also a person inherits or otherwise acquires say $700 or $800 which is not needed for living expenses. There are many $500 bonds to chose from, and by purchasing several hundred dollar amounts the sum is made up. In this way quite a little diversification is secured, the best insurance against investment losses.

Another advantage of the small bond, although easily exaggerated, is the fact that a larger return is secured than from a savings bank or insurance company. These institutions pay about 3½ per cent. to the investor, whereas it is possible to buy direct many safe bonds to return 4½ to 5½ per cent.

Any new movement suffers from exaggeration and buncombe at the hands of its friends. Says a firm of dealers in $100 bonds in one of its circulars: "The savings bank buys bonds with the money you deposit, making the difference between the income it receives from such bonds and the interest it pays you." This is a choice piece of deception. There are nearly two billion dollars in the savings banks of New York State and all these banks are mutual institutions, without stock, without profits for anyone except the depositors, without fees even for the trustees. The difference between the interest paid to depositors and the interest earned by the bank goes into a surplus fund to protect the depositors.

In addition to the protection of its surplus the depositors in a savings bank have

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the added security of a wide distribution of investments, and expert management. Besides on a small sum the actual difference in interest between say 4 and 5 per cent. is exceedingly small. On $300 it is only $3 a year. Many experts believe it is unwise for an investor to buy bonds directly until he has accumulated at least one, and perhaps two or three thousand dollars. But I feel that it is a good habit for the small saver to get into to buy one or two or three of these small bonds when means permit. If he has self control enough to confine himself to the safer bonds, he will not suffer any loss of principal, and will gain a few dollars of interest. Moreover there is a real gratification in being an investor on one's own account which the cold, lifeless and somewhat disagreeable institutionalism of the savings bank does not afford. Probably the person whose *entire* possessions consist of two or three hundred dollars had better stick to the bank, but when another hundred dollars is saved up it is time to purchase a bond.

A Few Safe Small Bonds

PERHAPS the best opportunities to buy small bonds that are both safe and profitable are afforded by so-called public utility companies, and also by concerns in New York, Chicago and a few other cities which sell bonds based on first mortgages on real estate. Public utilities will be discussed in next week's article. A few safe small bonds are described below. They are all listed on the Stock Exchange. They are not necessarily better than many unlisted bonds but these latter usually carry the sponsorship of a particular firm, and to mention some without mentioning others would be unfair:

New York City 4½s, 49 years to run, yield 4.20 per cent.

Norfolk & Western first consolidated 4s, 82 years, 4.20 per cent. Rather scarce.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, convertible 4½s, 18 years, 4⅜ per cent.

Southern Pacific, San Francisco Terminal first 4s, 36 years, 4.80 per cent.

Virginian Railway, first mortgage 5s, 48 years, 5 per cent. A new railroad, but well regarded.

General Electric 3½s, 28 years, 4.85 per cent. These are not mortgage bonds, but a promise to pay of the General Electric Company is worth more than a mortgage on most properties.

American Telephone & Telegraph collateral trust 4s, 15 years, nearly 5 per cent. These bonds rank first among the various issues of the Bell holding company.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco debenture 7s, 30 years, 5⅜ per cent. This is one of the most prosperous of the tobacco companies. The company pays 7 per cent. on its preferred and 10 per cent. on its common stock. No mortgage bonds ahead of the 7s.

P. Lorillard debenture 7s, 30 years, 5⅜ per cent. Like the other big tobacco company, Liggett & Myers, this was a former constituent of the American Tobacco Company, and also pays 7 per cent. on its preferred stock and 10 per cent on the common.

Central Leather first 5s, 11 years, 5.10 per cent.

Bethlehem Steel Corporation first lien and refunding mortgage 5s, 28 years, 5⅞ per cent.

Among the unlisted $100 bonds might be mentioned the Province of Alberta, Canada, 5s, which yield 5 per cent. on the investment.



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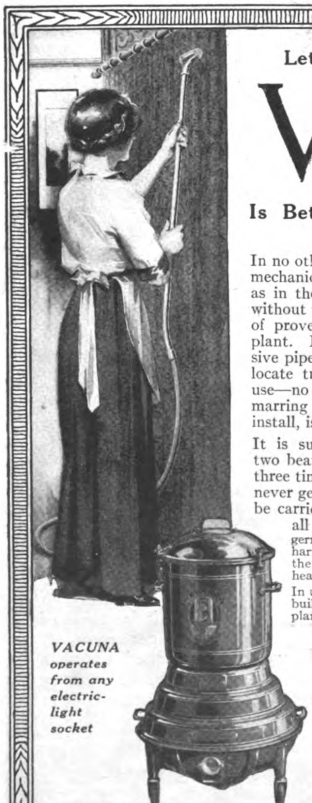
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What They Think of Us

Waco (Texas) *News*

The followin telegram appears on the first page of HARPER'S WEEKLY:

Certainly one of the most nobly useful men in the world. I have the greatest admiration for him and the most profound confidence in his extraordinary character and abilities.

Woodrow Wilson

Somebody took away the rest of the magazine so we don't know whom the President means, but several guesses are submitted, as follows:

Guesser.	Guess.
Wm. J. Bryan	William J. Bryan
Harry Vallon	Jack Rose
John Purroy Mitchel	Henry Bruère
J. W. Bailey	John D. Archbold
George V	Walter H. Page

WHAT IS YOUR GUESS?

Life, New York City

On the cover of HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 19 a telegraph blank is spread, bearing this message:

Certainly one of the most nobly useful men in the world. I have the greatest admiration for him and the most profound confidence in his extraordinary character and abilities.

Woodrow Wilson

Now, if Mr. Wilson had said something like that to the newspaper men about the President, that would have been something like a fair notice. But he was not speaking of the President. "Whom Does the President Mean?" was printed under the message. We guessed at it. First we guessed Mr. Brandeis. Next, Colonel House. Next, after due reflection, Colonel Harvey. Next, after more reflection and with effort, Colonel Bryan. And we were about to guess Mr. Hapgood, when we looked inside to see.

It was none of them. It was Mr. John R. Mott, a very good-looking, good man, who is a power in the Y. M. C. A. and hopes to evangelize the world in a single generation.

The Salt Lake *Progressive*

In HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 14 is an article by George J. Anderson entitled "Robbing Jesus to Pay Paul." This is one of the most remarkable articles published within the past decade. People on all sides are talking about it. Our copy of the paper has been handed to at least a dozen men, who have called at this office to read that article. The article is reprinted in another place in this issue.

Los Angeles (Cal.) *Tribune*

Through several numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY has run a series of papers by Charles Johnson Post on "The Honor of the Army." The effect of the series has been to show that the army is lacking in the very quality that the training of officers causes them to regard as a fetish; or rather that they have been drilled into perverted notion of what constitutes honor. Mr. Post's writing is free from prejudice, and shows a regret over the existing truth. His conclusions are backed up by data concerning the authenticity of which there can be no dispute. He is trying to account for the large number of desertions, and he does.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

MAY 2, 1914 PRICE TEN CENTS

THE POWDER TRUST



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"A Pure Food Campaign in Your Town"

THAT is the title of an extremely important and practical article in The Ladies' World for May. If you are interested in The Ladies' World campaign for honesty and purity in food—*your* food—you should surely read this article. It is by

Professor Lewis B. Allyn

whose work in Westfield, "the Pure Food Town," and in **The Ladies' World** as Food Editor has attracted national attention and approval.

Other Famous Contributors in the May Ladies' World

Mary Stewart Cutting
Peter Newell
James Montgomery Flagg
Charles Dana Gibson
R. M. Crosby
Louis Tracy
Ethel Watts Mumford
Donal Hamilton Haines
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Bolton Hall
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Contents for May 2, 1914

NORMAN HAPGOOD, EDITOR

Quick Lunch Restaurant . . . Everett Shinn 2
Cartoon

Editorials 3

The Powder Trust . . Charles Johnson Post 6
Is this treason or isn't it?
Illustration from a photograph

The Yellow Peril . . . . . Arthur H. Gleason 8
What is the best way to meet it?

The Blue Hood . . . . . Neith Boyce 9
A story
Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright

Pen and Inklings . . . . . Oliver Herford 12

Chinese Lyrics . . . . . Pai Ta-shun 13
Out of Mencius; The Temple Bell; In the Garden

The Newer Anesthesia . John Huber, M. D. 14
Why be afraid of an operation?
Illustration from a photograph

"All This Fuss about an Umpire" . . . . . George Bellows 16
Cartoon

Woman's Vote in Utah . . . . . Erna Von R. Owen 18
Where she got it and what she does with it

Mexican Camp-Followers . . . . . Fritz Arno Von de Ellen 19
How women go to war

The Polack . . . . . Berton Braley 20
Verse

Mr. Sothern Plays "Charlemagne" . . . . . James O'Donnell Bennett 20

"The Truth" 21
A play about a woman liar
Illustrated from a photograph

The Plain Man . . . . . John Galsworthy 22
Illustrated by Guy Pène du Bois

Tango Mad . . . . . Charles Hanson Towne 24

Notes from Washington 25

Food and Health . . . . . Lewis B. Allyn 26

Seeing the World 27

Mostly About Pitchers . . . . . Billy Evans 28

Finance . . . . . Albert W. Atwood 29

Sports . . . . . Herbert Reed (Right Wing) 32

In Next Week's Issue

In next week's issue "THE POWDER TRUST," by Charles Johnson Post, gives the details of the way in which the du Pont Powder Company uses the inventions of government experts, in government laboratories, for their own purposes, and quotes the contract with German dealers which demands that they give information about powder used in the United States Army and Navy. Is this treason or isn't it?

What do you think is meant by Free Speech? LINCOLN STEFFENS says that the way to keep a crowd orderly is not to threaten them with the police. JOHN SLOAN has drawn a picture of two kinds of I. W. W. meetings to show this.

What does PROFESSOR WILLIAM TAFT think of the new order of things in Washington? RAY STANNARD BAKER has found out and will tell us about it.

McGREGOR knows the inside story of the CANAL TOLLS LEGISLATION. He gives a complete story of this important and much argued matter.

DR. ALLYN'S department. RIGHT WING'S Sports, and the humorous department "SEEING THE WORLD" will be features of the next issue.

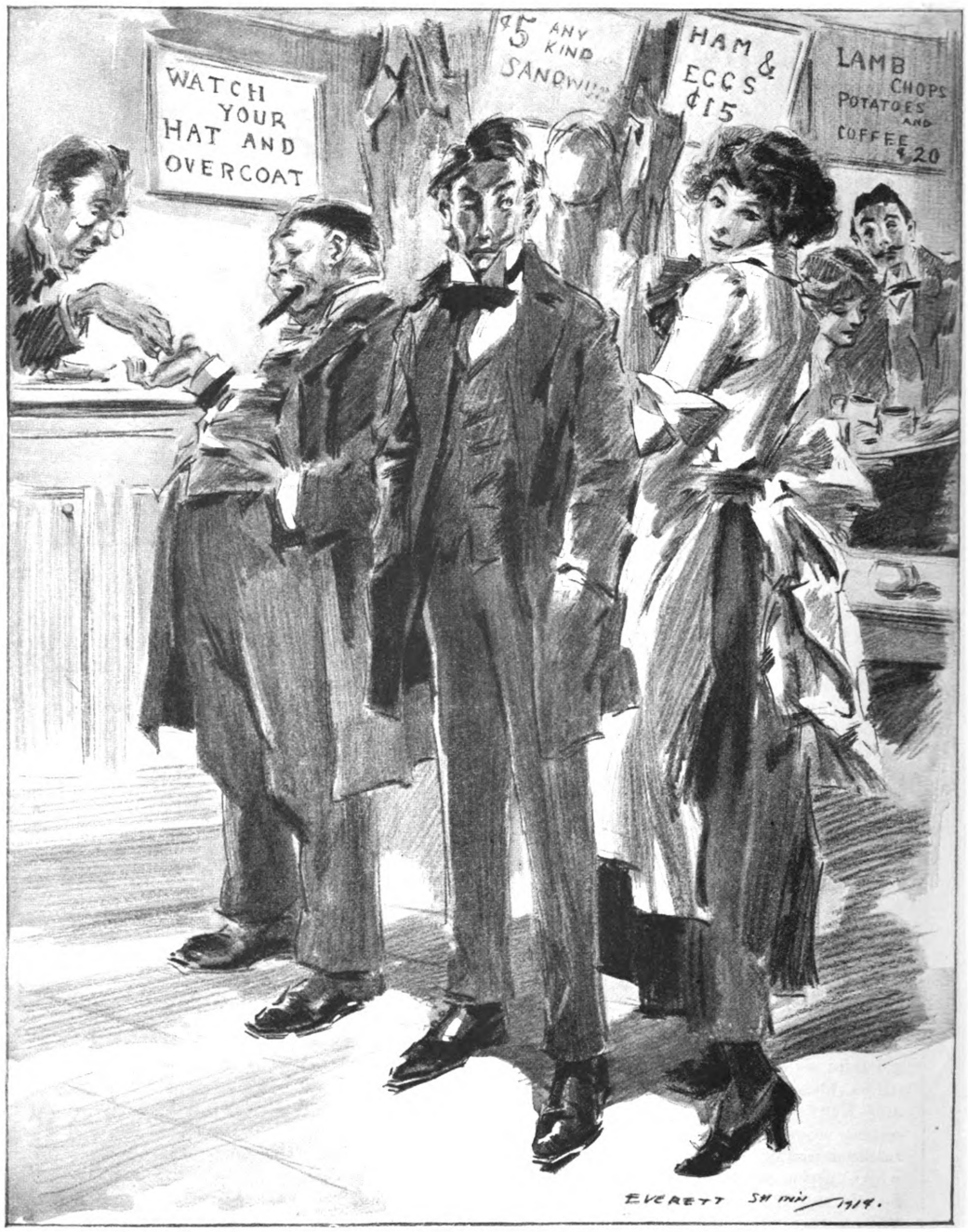
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Waitress in Quick Lunch Restaurant

"The nerve of that guy thinkin' I'd make a date with him, an' jest after punchin' his check fer a dime."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII No. 2993 | Week ending Saturday, May 2, 1914 | 10 Cents a Copy $5.00 a year

The Great Divide

HEARST is a villain, suited to modern ideas of that rôle. Born into a large fortune, he has invested it in publicity, and invested the publicity in self-aggrandizement. He is ever ready to commit the grossest outrages against the public welfare if his business deals require it. In California he was quite willing to betray the state and its principal city to predatory interests as soon as he needed the assistance of those interests, and in the plot a congenial assistant was Harrison Grey Otis, a man who morally is exactly the twin of Hearst. Of Hearst's influence in Chicago the courageous and wise reformer, Congressman William Kent, said: "We fought our fight well in Chicago, before Hearst came here. Let us not permit him to climb into power on the wreckage of the structure we have built." The use which Hearst makes of his power in Chicago through his chief lieutenant, Andy Lawrence, has long been a scandal. In many other localities his malign activities are considerable, as in his alliance with McLean in Ohio and Washington. In New York Murphy hates him, but has to work with him, as they are both powerful, both for spoils, and both steadily against the public welfare. In national conventions he has always played with the lowest machine elements, and he is now using the weak Champ Clark as his catspaw. Men like President Wilson and Mr. Bryan are his natural enemies. He hates courage, disinterestedness, and honesty. Bryan's splendid exposition of the canal toll situation drives Hearst to his pole-cat methods of abuse, and Kent's firm and independent stand brings out an equal amount of slime, while his dastardly remarks about the President equal those which preceded the assassination of McKinley. So we say that this contest, led by President Wilson and Mr. Bryan on one side, and by Hearst, Clark, and the Tammany forces on the other, is not an ordinary political division, but a genuine drama, with virtue and wisdom on one side, and plotting and unsurpassable meanness on the other.

Kent and the Railroads

THE only method of fighting understood by Alsorandolph is persistent and malign falsehood. He says that Kent's campaign fund was furnished by the railroads and that the railroads control him. That this is a complete lie nobody knows better than Hearst. That the railroads never furnished a dollar for Kent's campaign nobody knows better than Hearst. If you wanted a person absolutely lacking in morality of any kind, you would go a long way before you would find one to equal Hearst.

War

DESTINY plays a momentous part in human affairs. The wisdom and foresight possessed by the ablest of us is so little that we deal largely in uncertainties. We can only have courage and dedicate what vision we have to good purposes. Nobody has more wisdom and courage than the President. Nobody could have dealt with the Mexican situation on higher, more advanced and more disinterested grounds, or with a greater wisdom. War today has few of the nobler elements it possessed when it was often a struggle for survival, calling out patriotism of the true sort. Today it is an anachronism, usually caused by greed, disapproved of by the intelligence of the time, interesting and exciting only the cheaper sides of our natures. The world has not yet thought out a way of avoiding it altogether. The better elements in civilized countries, however, seek to avoid it up to the last moment and to minimize its harm when it comes. That is all we have gained—but that is much.

A Momentous Decision

THE future of government by commission is on trial. The Interstate Commerce Commission was terrifically weakened when the dominating and wonderfully equipped Franklin K. Lane was taken away from it. It faces work surpassing in amount and seriousness what it is really able in first class fashion to live up to. It can only maintain its prestige if its point of view is approved by the public. Hence the enormous importance of the decision it is about to make on railroad rates. Whatever that decision may be, it must show insight, intimate knowledge of fact, and absolute devotion to ultimate ends, or the power of the Commission will rapidly wane.

Rumor

THE PRESIDENT has not spoken about the railroad rate controversy, and when he does not speak it is unfortunate that the country should be filled with rumors about his position. If his vast influence is to be brought to bear on a coördinate body that influence should be exerted openly. In the case of the Interstate Commerce Commission, it would be improper for him to undertake to control the decision and therefore we do not believe he has expressed any opinion. It would be an advantage to the community if these rumors could be once for all put to sleep.

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The Tolls Question in a Nutshell

IT seems to have been forgotten by the debaters on the tolls question that Secretary Knox, in his letter to the American Chargé d'Affaires, London, dated January 17, 1913, committed this government to the view that the tolls exemption is a subsidy. He wrote, and his letter was delivered to the British Foreign Office:

"The exemption of the coastwise trade from tolls, or the refunding of tolls collected from the coastwise trade, is merely a subsidy granted by the United States to that trade, and the loss resulting from not collecting, or from refunding those tolls, will fall solely upon the United States."

Secretary Knox's point was that through a series of calculations as to the volume of coastwise and foreign trade, allowance had been made in fixing the amount of tolls, so that foreign nations would not pay more than their share of the expense of upkeep, and interest on the cost of construction. The British still contended that this was a discrimination against foreign vessels, and therefore a violation of the treaty, which declared that the tolls should be "just and equitable." If that view was wholly right, the tolls exemption is a discrimination and therefore a violation of the treaty. If Secretary Knox was wholly right, it was a subsidy, and therefore clearly objected to in many Democratic national platforms, including the last. If both were partly right, it was both a subsidy and a violation of the treaty.

Patriot Penrose

THE Republican Senators now in the Senate who voted against the tolls exemption in 1912 are Brandegee, Burton, Fall, Gronna, Lodge, Nelson, Oliver, Penrose and Root. Senator Penrose, in spite of his previous vote, now says:

"The tolls exemption bill is the rock on which the Democractic party will split. . . . I will vote against the measure, and I fully expect that Senator Oliver will do likewise."

Penrose has a heavy load to carry in his race for nomination and reëlection.

Summing It Up

AMONG the many comments on the recent record of Speaker Clark we know of none more adequate than that of F. P. A. in the New York *Tribune*. He quotes one opinion that Clark's speech was nothing but fustian, and another that it was the greatest effort of Clark's life, and intimates that he thinks both opinions correct.

Mondell

WHEN Cleveland sent in his Venezuelan message, Republicans vied with Democrats in upholding the contention of the Administration, whatever their differences of opinion concerning the merits of the case. When McKinley sent his message concerning the Cuban situation, Democrats strove with Republicans in their zeal to respond to the wishes of the President of the United States. It was a common proverb, then, that partisanship ceased at the water's edge. President Wilson asked a more difficult thing, that Congress reverse itself on a position it had taken on the tolls question. There is no disposition to quarrel with members of Congress who felt committed to their position by their previous votes. But what shall be said of the little group of Republicans, of whom Mondell of Wyoming is the type, the others being Cary of Wisconsin, Kincaid of Nebraska, Powers, Sloan, and Willis, *who voted against the free tolls provision two years ago and for the sake of possible party advantage in the embarrassment of the Administration voted against the repeal of that provision?* Mondell is a disgrace to the House, and he is not the only one.

Hearst and McLean

SOME say the shipping trust has influence; some that McLean is merely cultivating friendly relations with Hearst, in the hope of selling the *Post* to him; some that Hearst holds the whip hand over the *Post* with the threat of a Hearst morning paper for Washington. Some suppose that the predatory interests saw a chance for the disruption of the Administration program, with the defeat on the tolls issue. But any higher critic would say that John Temple Graves, of the New York *American*, is writing the editorials of the *Post*. Listen:

> The words of warning of the prudent Underwood, the convincing argument of the logical Mann, the manly pleas of Murdock and of Temple, the pleadings of Doremus for fidelity to the country's interest and for his party's good name, the eloquent protest of that noble statesman from Missouri, the Speaker of the House, these though replete with truths and appeals to patriotism fell upon many ears dull at command and deaf but to the master's voice.

Is there another "fine writer" in America who flings language around in that promiscuous fashion? Puddenhead Wilson's maxim, following Emerson, was, "When in doubt about the adjective, strike it out." When John Temple is in doubt about an adjective, he adds another.

The Control of Hearst

ON March 6 the Washington *Post* said editorially:

> The manner in which President Wilson's address was received yesterday conclusively shows that his patriotic appeal will not go unheeded. The whole country will stand back of him. . . . The sooner the obnoxious legislation is repealed, the better.

On March 7 it quoted an editorial from Hearst's pen, and began to hedge thus:

> An issue upon which there is apparent a most remarkable divergence of view. Probably never in the history of the country has there been such a swift and complete change of view on any public question.

On March 26 the *Post* in a column editorial, double leaded, inquired, "Why hasten legislation?" On March 27 there were two columns, double leaded, the editorials being entitled, "Let the People have Light," and "Danger in Hasty Legislation." On March 28 there were four and a half columns, three triple leaded, one double leaded, and one half column leaded, and the

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editorials were entitled: "On the Brink of Defeat and Disaster"—"The People's Will"—"What Do the People Say?"—"Difference of Opinion"—"Battle of the Leaders."

On March 31 the *Post* had reached this position:

> No patriotic American will ever consent to such claim, never concede the existence of such right.

What, never?

Irish Reason

THE Irish in the United States have an opportunity to prove their rationality. The British Government is now making a sincere (indeed a truly desperate) effort to grant Home Rule against the wishes of the British aristocracy. Meantime American politicians of the Clark-Hearst type are trying to stir up the Irish against the President with the old trick of twisting the lion's tail. Can the Irish-American voters be so easily fooled?



An isolated powder

Colonel Edmund G. Buckner, Vice-President of the du Pont Powder Company who made the statement on the subject:

"I can see no reason why the merchants of this country should not be permitted to do a business of that kind. Smokeless powder is not a secret. It is a question of ability to make it, and because we have reached a superior position in the art of manufacturing smokeless powder, we are taking nothing, I should say, from the defense of this country by selling in times of peace this article to any other government that might want it."

At the same place and hearing where Vice-President Buckner declared those principles there had been occasion to call for the specifications that are used when the government asks for bids on powder. Instantly Brigadier-General William Crozier, formerly in charge of the Army Ordnance Department and now the President of the Army War College ob-

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Are They Obsolete?

THERE is a group of writers that came into prominence ten or fifteen years ago which includes Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker, Will Irwin, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Ida Tarbell, William Allen White, and a few others, who produced forcible, solid magazine articles on topics of the day. Are there any young men and women in the twenties or early thirties who are adequate successors to these? Some say there are, and that it always seems as if the young people coming along in any line were not going to equal their predecessors. Others say that in this case there really is not a supply, because the magazines have changed, and whereas fifteen years ago there were a number of powerful magazines tempting promising young writers from the newspaper fields, most of those magazines have now ceased to exist, or have become conventionalized and unaggressive. Which is the truth?

Cheerfulness

THE most cheerful man in Topeka, Kansas, is reported to be Richard Fritz, for sixteen years grave-digger in the community cemetery. In this time he has burrowed the resting places of seven thousand persons and has required, so he declares, an even dozen spades for his achievement. His is the satisfaction of honest toil, of labors punctually performed. Like as not, good Fritz has spent winter evenings in guileless computations, laying his total excavation not unproudly beside that of Colonel Goethals and his larger opportunity.

Back in 1743, one Blair wrote a poem on "The Grave" to the length of seven hundred and sixty-seven lines. Said Blair:

> "The grave, dread thing,
> Men shiver when thou'rt named. Nature, appalled,
> Shakes off her wonted firmness."

Not so does our Fritz. Quoth he:

> "Dere iss noding sad in dis. A healdy person iss never sad. We all go back to Mudder Earth. Efery man must earn his daily bread—so I earn mine!"

The secret of cheerfulness, it would seem, lies not so much in the nature of our lot as in a tendency proved honest, be it only in the small number of spades we require.

Boys' Favorites

NEVER without its interest is the question of what books different individuals would choose as favorites. Recently we have examined the choices recorded for reading in a boys' school. The ten most popular among the masters were: The Bible, Shakespeare, Tennyson's Poems, "Les Miserables", Plutarch's Lives, Life of Napoleon, Emerson's Essays, Kipling's Poems, "Middlemarch", Gibbon's Rome.

The Sixth Form liked: The Bible, "The Count of Monte Cristo", "The Three Musketeers", "Lorna Doone", "A Tale of Two Cities", "Ivanhoe", "Treasure Island", World Almanac, "The Arabian Nights", History of the World.

The choice of the youngsters in the Second Form: The Bible, "Treasure Island", "The Last of the Mohicans", "Ivanhoe", "Tom Sawyer", "Huckleberry Finn", "Kidnapped", "Robinson Crusoe", "Oliver Twist", "David Copperfield."

The influence of prescribed reading is, of course, tremendous, and there can be traced also some of the influence of general tradition, but there remains some light on the taste of persons so situated. The list of one of the individual masters includes: The Bible, Shakespeare, Tennyson's Poems, Chaucer, "Middlemarch", "Great Expectations", Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy", Emerson's Essays, Life of Napoleon, "Treasure Island."

We do not really think much of any of these lists, but then the boys and their masters very likely would think little of ours. It would prefer Wordsworth to Tennyson or Kipling, Don Quixote or Wilhelm Meister to the novels mentioned, and if the island were *very* barren, we should not improbably include "Alice in Wonderland."

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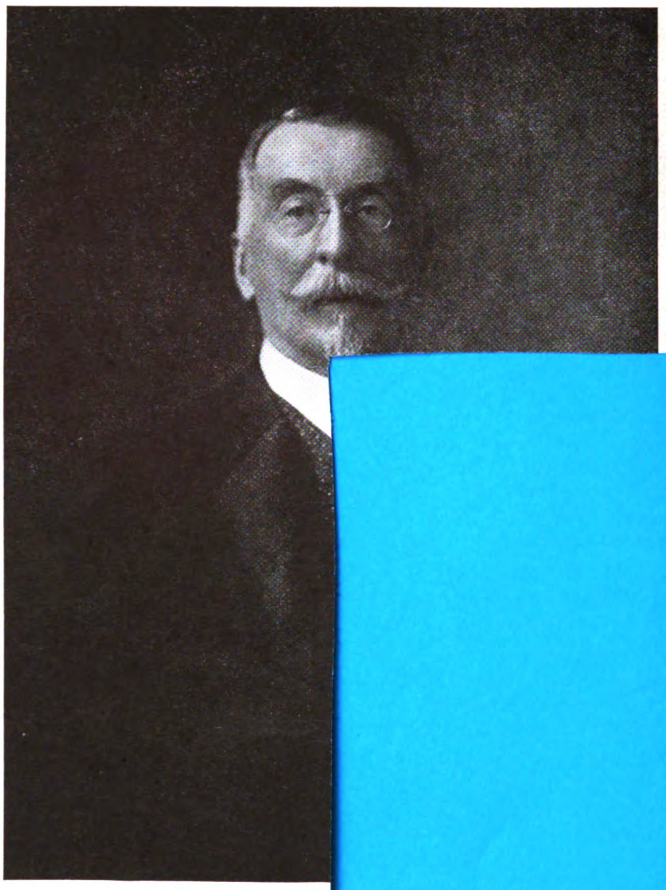
The Powder Trust

By CHARLES JOHNSON POST

THIS is the story of the du Pont Powder Works. It will teach you a little about patriotism. It is ready to sell the product of its industry to any other country. The government helps the du Ponts invent powder that is better than any other country's; they then turn round and sell it to Germany. They not only sell powder but they give information to foreign countries about the powder that our Army and Navy use.

POWDER is the life of battle. A greater pressure of powder means a greater velocity to the projectile; a greater velocity means a greater range so that you can kill the enemy while his shot still falls short; it means a flatter trajectory, and a flatter trajectory means a wider or greater zone of death or that the bullet flies flat along the earth below the height of a man; in fact, as the arrow was to the stone club, and gunpowder to the arrow, so is superiority of powder today to any inferior powder.

Good powder means a "slow-burning" powder, that is, one that slowly increases the pressure and does not puff up with a maximum pressure that would burst any cannon; it means a smokeless powder; it means a powder where there is the least fouling of the gun; it means a powder that is stable through climatic changes and the passage of time; it means safety in handling, it means a score of things of great nicety and precision. Powder must have the fidelity of the hairspring of a watch and the power of a thunderbolt.



Senator H.

The United States has the best powder in the world. It has solved more of the difficulties and holds more of the superior advantages than any other. On the witness stand in a hearing before a committee of Congress the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, Navy Department, Rear Admiral N. C. Twining stated:

"I believe we have the best powder in the world. I am sure no country has a better powder and I doubt if any, with the possible exception of the German army, has as good a powder."

And this powder will keep perfectly good for from ten to twenty years.

There is no longer a Powder Trust. About two years ago it dissolved, under the pressure of federal prosecution. True, the same people make the powder for the government as before, and Admiral Twining—who buys the powder for the United States Navy—has placed himself flatly on record as not desiring to encourage any independent manufacturers of powder. Thus the Attorney-General of the United State[illegible] nopoly and a coördi[illegible] government does a[illegible] throttle competition!

"I would not go s[illegible] our attitude is that of wishing to discourage it," testified Admiral Twining in reply to a question as to the attitude of the Navy in regard to encouraging independent powder manufacturers, "so much as *we do not feel that it ought to be encouraged.*"

Let us dip into the history of the powder mills a little—or rather of the evolution of the Powder Trust before it was dissolved.

BEFORE the Trust there was the family of du Ponts, powder makers; a long line that stretches back more than one hundred years in powder manufacture. Their first mill ground powder, charcoal, saltpetre and sulphur into the old-fashioned black powder, a feeble compound today but a marvel of destruction in those days. Their powder trains supplied the American armies in the War of 1812; a long line of Conestoga wagons made forced marches to reach Perry and fill his ships for the Battle of Lake Erie. It was du Pont powder that won that battle. They made powder for the Mexican War, for the little wars that came between, and they were great powder makers in the Civil War. In those days there was no Trust, no monopoly, only a historic family proud of its powder.

Millions and millions of dollars had gone into the family [illegible] to look out for their interest, and it is quite probable that the denial is true.

Henry A. du Pont entered the United States Senate as a member from Delaware in 1906 and has remained there ever since. As a mere member of the Senate it might mean little, but Senator Henry A. du Pont has been a member of the Committee on Expenditures in the War Department and, in addition, up to last year, also the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. It is a part of the duty of the latter committee to plan the expenditure of government money for munitions of war and a part of the functions of the first committee to supervise or examine any such program to see that such expenditures are not stupid, extravagant or corrupt.

The Powder Trust, and also the present company, supplies the government with war powder, the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, sells powder of the same kind and grade as that used by our government to any foreign government that cares to purchase. It was

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An isolated powder mill on an island

Colonel Edmund G. Buckner, Vice-President of the du Pont Powder Company who made the statement on the stand:

"I can see no reason why the merchants of this country should not be permitted to do a business of that kind. Smokeless powder is not a secret. It is a question of ability to make it, and because we have reached a superior position in the art of manufacturing smokeless powder, we are taking nothing, I should say, from the defense of this country by selling in times of peace this article to any other government that might want it."

AT the same place and hearing where Vice-President Buckner declared those principles there had been occasion to call for the specifications that are used when the government asks for bids on powder. Instantly Brigadier-General William Crozier, formerly in charge of the Army Ordnance Department and now the President of the Army War College objected:

"I would like to state that some parts of these specifications are regarded in a measure as confidential. We are very careful as to whose hands they should fall into."

He also stated very decidedly that "there are certain details of manufacture which we do not care to have published." So that, apparently, Vice-President Buckner was not quite exact when he implied that there was no secret in government smokeless powder.

The United States Army Regulations provide:

Paragraph 1571: No written or pictorial description of tests by this government *of munitions of war* will be made for publication without the authority of the Secretary of War . . . nor will any information, written or verbal, concerning them which is not contained in the printed reports and documents of the War Department, be given to any unauthorized person. (The italics are mine.)

Paragraph 1572: Except by special authority of the Secretary of War, no persons other than officers of the Army and Navy of the United States and members of Congress in their official capacity, and persons in the service of the United States employed in direct connection with such tests, will be allowed to witness the same.

A committee of Congress would hardly be thought to be "any unauthorized person" within the meaning of Paragraph 1571. And yet so vital did General Crozier regard the mere specifications of the smokeless powder that he objected to certain specifications being shown. *And they were not shown.*

Those paragraphs from the Regulations are perfectly clear and definite in stating that it is of the utmost consequence that our munitions of war, their plans, formulas and tests be guarded with the utmost secrecy. Guarded from whom? Obviously not from plain John Smith, citizen-at-large, U. S. A., who would be among the first to enlist at the first call to arms. What would he want with the secrets of powder and government tests of it?

These secrets are so carefully guarded in order that such information may not pass into the possession of foreign governments—even through the purchased corruption of some wretched John Smith.

And the du Pont Powder Company both as a Trust and in a dissolved condition has been in the habit of selling the identical powder that has been secretly tested and adopted by our Army and Navy—it sells it to foreign governments and has been doing so for years! What should a foreign government care about our secret tests—they can buy the finished product.

Listen to Vice-President Buckner on the stand before a committee of Congress as he stated the practises of his company—the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, formerly the Powder Trust:

"Does your company furnish any other governments with ordnance powder?"

Vice-President Buckner: "Yes, sir."

"Is it similar to that furnished the United States?"

Vice-President Buckner: "Yes, sir, it is similar."

"It is the same kind of powder?"

Vice-President Buckner: "Yes, sir."

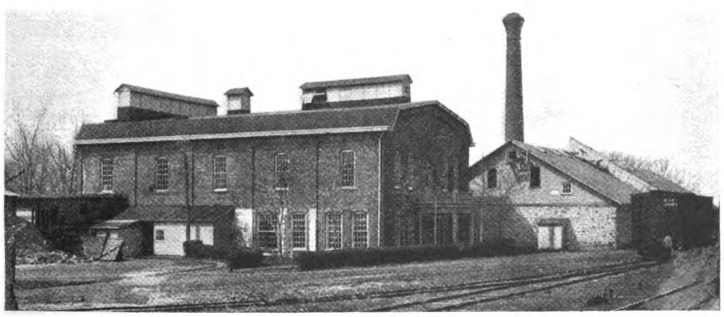
"It is exactly similar?"

Vice-President Buckner: "Yes, sir; I would say that it is the same powder."

"Has that been the custom of your company at all times?"

Vice-President Buckner: "Yes, sir."

"Is the character of the powder you furnish the American Government the result of particular requirements of the Army and Navy?"



Du Pont powder works near Lake Hopatcong, N. J.

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Vice-President Buckner: "Yes, sir; they give us specifications that they want us to fulfill."

"*And is that same compliance with these specifications had in regard to powder furnished other governments?*"

Vice-President Buckner: "*We think that is the best powder and we make it that way.*"

"The result of that being that any other government in making purchases from you obtains the benefit of the furtherance that has been made in the development of that powder by the United States Government?"

Vice-President Buckner: "Yes, sir; that is true."

"The American Government, then, obtains no advantage in the character of the powder manufactured by you?"

Vice-President Buckner: "I should say not."

"On the other hand, the information that they (*i. e.* the Army and Navy) give you in regard to the making of powder of good quality is used by you in making the powder for other governments?"

Vice-President Buckner: "We make powder for them, yes, sir; we have never, however, given the information; we have simply sold the product."

What information do they need to give when *they simply sell the product!* All the precautions, all the carefully wrought secrecy of formulas and specifications, all the advantages of American skill thrust aside for the benefit of the du Pont powder company!

THE laws of the United States are explicit. Read the Revised Statutes of the United States:

Section 5335: Every citizen of the United States, whether actually resident or abiding within the same, or in any foreign country, who without the permission or authority of the government, directly or indirectly, commences or carries on any written or verbal correspondence or intercourse with any foreign government, or any officer or agent thereof, with an intent to influence the measures or conduct of any foreign government, or of any officer or agent thereof, in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States, *or to defeat the measures of the United States;* and every person, being a citizen of or a resident within the United States, and not duly authorized, who counsels, advises or assists in any such correspondence, with such intent, shall be punished by a fine of not more than five thousand dollars, and by a term of imprisonment during a term not less than six months, nor more than three years.

Is not selling smokeless powder to foreign governments, the specifications and tests of which are hedged about by our government with a most careful secrecy, within the view of that statute and clearly an act warranted "*to defeat the measures of the United States?*"

Did Senator Henry A. du Pont know that our carefully guarded powder was sold to foreign governments? It has been the practise of the du Pont powder company at all times. What did Senator Henry A. du Pont do about it as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs? What action did he ever take as a member of the Committee on Expenditures in the War Department?

Mr. Wickersham, the Attorney-General of the Taft Administration did nothing. What does the Attorney-General's office of this Administration intend to do?

And there is another reflection. The higher the temperature of naval and military fever the more powder is bought by the government; this is good for the du Pont powder monopoly. And the higher the grade of powder evolved by our Army and Navy the easier it is to sell it to foreign governments; and this also is good for the du Pont powder mills. Their best profits follow the upkeep of War and War scares; why should they stimulate Peace and lose money! It is as their Vice-President Buckner so emphatically said:

"I can see no reason why the merchants in this country should not be permitted to do a business of that kind!"

In the next instalment Mr. Post will tell of the invention of smokeless powder, and of the way in which this invention was changed from an advantage to American arms into the common property of other nations. The du Ponts were the people who mostly profited by its invention

The Yellow Peril

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

ONCE again we have that familiar figure of one man who would convert a nation to his idea. This time it is Professor Gulick. He is the promulgator of the principle of regulating immigration according to the rate of its assimilation. He sees that the racial relation of East and West is the world-problem of the twentieth century. "Shall eight hundred millions in Asia, united and armed with Western Science, bayonets and battleships, be pitted in race war against the white nations of Christendom armed to the teeth?" That is the problem, and Professor Gulick presents a policy for its solution.

He says:

"An immigration from Asia, swamping the white man, overturning the democratic institutions of the Pacific coast and ultimately of all America, or bringing wide economic disaster to Caucasian laborers and farmers, is not for a moment to be tolerated. California is right in her general policy. She is nevertheless wrong in her mode of applying that policy. Right in principle—wrong in method."

He advocates the limitation of all immigration to five per cent. annually of those already naturalized, with their American-born children. This rate would allow to enter all who might come from North Europe, would cut down immigration somewhat from South and East Europe, and allow only a slight immigration from Asia. This would avoid the objection of differential treatment of the nations and so be in equal harmony with the dignity of all. The principle on which he bases this rate is that we should admit no more aliens from any people than we can assimilate. Assimilation, however, takes place largely by means of those already naturalized, who know the languages, customs and ideals of both lands.

Applied to Germany this 5 per cent. rate would admit as many as 405,000 immigrants, whereas only 27,788 entered in 1912. From Great Britain 363,500 might enter, whereas 82,979 came in that year. Russian immigration would be diminished from 162,395 in 1912 to a possible maximum of 94,000; while immigration from Italy would fall from 157,134 to 54,850. From Japan 220 immigrants would be admitted and from China 738.

Professor Gulick has a right to speak on this new Oriental policy. For 26 years, he has lived in Japan. For the last seven years he has held the chair of Systematic Theology in Doshisha University, and has been selected by the Japanese Government as lecturer in the Imperial University of Kyoto. He was present at the official reception of the government to the heads of 12 Shinto, 54 Buddhist and 7 Christian bodies, and continued that contact with Japan's leaders by helping to organize the "Association Concordia," which was made up of the educational business and political heads of the nation. The aim of the "Association Concordia" is to promote interchange of knowledge between East and West. Professor Gulick was one of the organizers of the Oriental Peace Society of Kyoto, which later united with the Peace Society of Tokyo to form the Peace Society of Japan. He is a vice-president of the American Peace Society of Japan. Of his mastery of race characteristics, the late William James said in speaking of a book:

"I cannot withhold the tribute of my admiration. It makes me understand the Japanese as I never did before. It is a real pleasure to find a book that holds from beginning to end to psychological principles and to the realities of human nature. . . . A genuine work of interpretation and a model for future studies in ethnic character."

WE are in a time that is cultivating the international mind and scheming a universal peace. Professor Gulick believes that he is offering a method as simple as a trade discount, as comprehensive as a climate. Looking with interest and sympathy on such extension and evangelization as that of the Y. M. C. A., under John R. Mott, he feels that it would be more fruitful to let that work continue in the favoring climate of Japanese and Chinese trustfulness than to jam it through against exasperated nations. It is easier to win men who are friendly than those who are irritated and revengeful. Shortly stated, he believes that a policy of flat Asiatic exclusion will lead to progressive armaments.

When California's proposed exclusion began to reverberate in Japan, Professor Gulick came from Kyoto to California and spent three months in study of the local situation.

IT is his desire first to change the inner consciousness of the nation in its reactions on race relationship, and then to change legislation in accord with the new idea. He would have us make the same adjustment of thinking and governmental machinery in dealing with the Far East as Japan has made in dealing with the white man. With ill will felt by East and West, he fears that as India, Japan, and China come to fulness of power, they will increase the armaments. He fears a duel of shipbuilding and of army increase between Asia and America, like the duel between Germany and England.

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The Blue Hood



By

NEITH BOYCE

Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright

SHE was a new little girl at school. She had long dark curls and was pretty; but it was the hood that first captured the boy's attention. Never before had he noticed an article of feminine attire. But this hood was of a really heavenly bright blue, and it fitted fascinatingly about the little girl's face, and her dark curls showed under it in a bewildering manner. The blue set off her pink cheeks and her large dark eyes, and she appeared to Jeff a radiant and startling vision. Her manner was timid as she came into the schoolyard for the first time. She was alone, but some of the other girls went up to her, and Jeff saw her smile shyly and join in a game. He went on with his own scientific game of marbles, and was worsted, for his eye was distractedly on the blue hood.

Jeff never played with girls; he had a lofty attitude toward them and a natural conviction of their inferiority. He rather despised those boys who were interested in them, and especially one slim pale lad who shamelessly preferred female companionship, and who, when he was not walking or talking with the creatures, was drawing sublimated pictures of them —wondrous female heads, with enormous eyes and curly tresses. This boy's name was Philip; Jeff was given to sneering at his unworthy tastes. Jeff was a vigorous boy, a famous fighter, and Philip was afraid to resent the jeers. It followed that he disliked Jeff most cordially. Philip was a very polite boy, with smooth manners, and was known to his teachers as "the little gentleman." Jeff had merely looked down upon him, until now, in the few moments before school, he saw him unmistakably hovering about the blue hood. He had a sudden keen regret that it was not fair to punch Philip, who could not hit back.

The Blue Hood was too young for Jeff's class; she was put in the room below. That day after school he refused to umpire a fight between two of his classmates, and watched the new little girl out of the gate. Oh, joy! she turned up his street. He followed slowly and found out where she lived—in a new house a block from his home. He rode by the house on his bicycle several times that afternoon—trick-riding, too, quite worth anybody's while to look at, if she happened to be about. And toward dusk, after he had done his lessons, he put on his tin helmet and corselet, took his iron-tipped lance in one hand and his sword in the other, and paraded past the fair one's home. This time she saw him; she was in the yard and she came down to the gate, wide-eyed, and stared at him, evidently fascinated. Jeff marched past, very straight, his head well up, his eyes front, and his heart swelling under the tin corselet. A stray dog crossed his path, he made a terrific lunge at it with his sword, uttering a war cry; the cur fled, and Jeff pursued hotly with level lance. However, he would not have hurt the dog. He permitted himself to smite down a chicken now and then, but nothing nobler, though he would have been glad of a real foe, and dreamed often of combat to the death.

He was not very definite in his feelings about the girl with the blue hood. He felt only that she was a strangely attractive object. He did not recant his opinions about girls in general. The conviction that girls were "no good" dwelt side by side in his mind with the charm of this one particular girl. He would still have stood by his conviction manfully—and would certainly not have owned his interest in the girl.

She appeared daily at school, wearing the blue hood; and Jeff noted her coming and going but made no attempt to speak to her. He had learned that her name was Ruth. He continued to perform on his bicycle and to wear his armor after school for her benefit. And then one evening, coming forth with a newly-painted shield, he found Philip at her gate, talking to her. He walked past, bestowing a haughty nod on Philip and receiving in return a half-sneering smile. Philip used to make as much fun as he dared of Jeff's interest in knights and feats of arms; and now he said something to the little girl. Jeff could not hear what it was, but he heard Philip's laugh. Ruth did not laugh. But Jeff's cheeks burned under the tin helmet. He turned abruptly and came back. With flashing eyes he paused opposite Philip and said:

"Would you like to come up and box with me awhile?"

Philip shrank visibly and responded:

"No, I guess not—not today."

"Well, will you wrestle, then?"

"N—no, I don't feel like it today."

"Oh, all right."

WITH a scornful glance Jeff went on his way. This time no laugh followed him. Ruth had looked at him earnestly from under her blue hood. He held his head higher than usual, and poised his lance, as he imagined himself in the lists opposite a caitiff knight, Philip for example, and how he, Jeff, otherwise Sir Tristram of Lyonesse, would strike down out of his saddle that coward knight and then deal him many a sore buffet with his good sword, till he, Philip, cried for mercy.

The next day he overtook Ruth at the corner and was passing her with shyly-averted face, when she spoke to him.

"That's beautiful armor you have, isn't it?" she said timidly.

He looked round at her.

"Oh, I don't know—do you think so?" he said, embarrassed.

"Oh, I think it is lovely! I never saw any before. Couldn't you wear it over some day and let me look at it?"

"Why, yes, if you want me to," said Jeff carelessly but beaming with pleasure.

"Oh, please! And bring your shield. I couldn't see what was on it."

"It's a dragon. I painted the shield myself, and I made the lance and the sword."

"Oh, did you? They're lovely. Can't you bring them over now?"

"Why, yes, I *could*. . . ."

JEFF hurried home, flung down his books and joyfully buckled himself into his armor. In ten minutes he was back at Ruth's gate, and she was there to open it for him. She admired him to his heart's content; pored over the dragon-shield, lifted the lance and the sword, and then nothing would do but she must try on the helmet. It came down low over her forehead, and her rosy face and black glossy curls showed quaintly under the peaked visor.

"It's too heavy for you," said Jeff, gently but firmly lifting it off. "And you look nicer in that hood. Girls can't be knights, you know."

"Oh, can't they?" said Ruth wistfully.

"No! Didn't you know that? Haven't you ever read about the Knights of the Round Table?"

"No. Tell me about them, will you?"

"I've got a book—it tells all about them. I'll read you some of it if you want me to."

"Oh, yes! . . . But weren't there ever any girl knights?"

"No, of course not! How could a girl wear heavy steel armor and fight battles every day?"

"But then, what did the girls do, when the knights were always fighting?"

"Oh, they stayed at home and took care of the knights and stanched their wounds."

"Oh," said Ruth, looking aggrieved.

"And, you know, the knights fought for them," Jeff went on. "They were always fighting for some damsel or other."

"What's a damsel?"

"A damsel's a girl, silly! . . . I mean," Jeff blushed and gulped, "the knights, you see, had to do whatever the dam—whatever the girls told them to do."

"Oh, did they?" said Ruth, looking brighter.

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"Yes, each of them had a lady, and if she wanted him to go and fight for her, any day, he had to do it, and if she wanted anything he had to get it for her——"

"Oh, that was nice!" cried Ruth.

"Well, I don't think it was so nice for the knight—some of the ladies were *awful mean* to their knights——"

"*Why* were they mean?"

"Oh, I'll read you about it, I can't explain it all, it's too long. Shall I get the book?"

"Oh, please do!"

So he rushed home and got the book, and they sat under an apple-tree, and for nearly an hour Jeff read; and Ruth's cheeks flushed crimson and her eyes glowed as she listened; and the two children were lost in a world of strange adventure, of glamour and faërie. . . .





"Look here, you don't need the whole sidewalk, do you?"

AFTER that they met almost every day. Jeff neglected his sports and his comrades for Ruth. He did not know exactly why, but it was fascinating to be with her, to be looked up to and listened to, to instruct her, for she was extremely ignorant of everything he was interested in—but she was so interested! She would listen by the hour. She seldom had an opinion to offer, she only thirsted for information, and received everything Jeff told her with the most perfect faith. And Jeff was not a bad teacher. He was careful, as exact as possible about his facts, and he had good orthodox moral notions, such as the disgusting character of theft, lying and cowardliness, the only sins he knew much about as yet.

He soon became at ease with Ruth, and yet he was very shy about some things with her. He thought her very beautiful, but he never thought of telling her so, or that he liked her; his tongue would have cloven to the roof of his mouth at the very idea of saying such things. In fact it was hardly clear to himself that he liked Ruth and liked to look at her. His feeling about her was very vague—a floating golden sort of thing, like a cloud touched by the sun.

And he was very shy about his friendship. He never walked out of the schoolyard with her. She however was perfectly frank, and she would linger till he came out and then join him. She did not conceal the fact that she far preferred Jeff's society to anyone's else. She snubbed, on his account, two or three of her earlier acquaintances, among them Philip. And Philip never forgot, or forgave either, a snub.

He was standing one day with some other boys on the corner, as Ruth and Jeff met and started up their street. Philip, planted in the middle of the walk, with his shoulder to them, did not move as they came up, but he winked and grimaced to his companions. Jeff put out an arm, caught Philip round the shoulders and lifted him out of the way. The pale boy flushed red and stammered, clenching his fists:

"Look here, you don't need the whole sidewalk, do you?"

"No," said Jeff, turning, "And you don't either, do you?"

Philip only bit his lips. Jeff squared his shoulders and repeated peremptorily:

"*Do* you?"

Philip shrank, as always, before Jeff's superior presence.

"N—no," he stammered.

And Jeff went on, with Ruth proudly trotting by his side.

"I wish that fellow could fight," said Jeff loftily. "He's always acting mean and then saying he's sick. He makes me tired."

"Me too," said Ruth loyally. "But he couldn't fight you, could he, Jeff?"

"No," said Jeff, condescendingly. "I never hit him. Why, even a girl could lick *him*."

But the weak have their weapons too—poisoned weapons sometimes. . . .

This childish friendship had lasted now a month, from apple-blossom time to examination-time. Jeff was working pretty hard out of school hours, making up lost time on his mathematics, and for several afternoons in succession he did not see Ruth. Then one day she failed to meet him at the corner after school. He did not think much of it, but the same thing happened next day. Then he was troubled, and thought he would go over to see her that afternoon, but had a stiff three-hours' struggle with compound fractions instead. The day following, however, he made a point of meeting her, and it was plain that she had kept back to avoid him. When he went up to her she first averted her face, then turned sharp on him.

"Jeff Harrell, I hate you!" she cried, her dark eyes full of tears. "Don't you ever dare to speak to me again!" And with a sob she rushed on.

Jeff was stunned. He stood gazing after her, unable to believe his ears. He saw her fly in at her gate, slamming it after her. Then slowly the color mounted into his brown cheeks. His steady black eyes began to burn. . . . All right! So that was the way she treated him, was it? And what for, he would like to know? . . . Yes, that was the way with girls—silly things—getting mad about nothing. He racked his brain to find out how he could possibly have done anything to anger her—in vain. . . . All right! But if she thought she could behave that way to him. . .! He walked haughtily past her house, swinging his book-strap and whistling loudly. He would show her!

HE thought at first that she would try to make up, when she saw that he didn't, and he resolved that he wouldn't forgive her—not at first anyway, not till she sued for pardon on bended knee, as they did in the book. So he went home and spent a moody afternoon by himself, and could not even study. There was some pleasure in the thought of punishing Ruth when she repented her injustice, but not much even in that. . . .

And Ruth did not sue for pardon and did not try to make up. That was the amazing thing. She avoided him, and when they met by chance the blue hood hid her face from him. Jeff could not understand it. He was deeply hurt, and he hid his wound. When his mother asked him why he did not go to see Ruth any more, he answered carelessly:

"Oh, I don't want to."

And she said: "You know she is going away, when school closes, for the summer?"

"Is she?" said Jeff indifferently, and the subject dropped.

Examinations were on at school. In spite of his utmost effort, Jeff could not keep his mind on those fractions, and he failed ignominiously in his mathematics. He had never known such gloomy days. Ruth went away—she did not even say good-bye to him. Her house was closed, there was nobody in the garden any more, the grass grew long and weedy; and Jeff felt a pang every time he passed the gate. . . . Still, vacation had not lost all its charms—one could fish and swim in the creek and build scows and play baseball—and Jeff began to forget Ruth and the mystery of her behavior to him.

But then came the explanation, and it reopened the wound. Emily, a companion of Ruth's, told him one day that somebody had told Ruth "something horrid" about him. She refused to say what the "something" was, and for a long time would not name the "somebody." But at last Jeff wrung from her that it was Philip.

BOILING with rage, Jeff sought the culprit, found him, threw him down on the sidewalk, and proceeded to try to choke confession from him. But Philip only writhed and screamed and denied. Philip's mother rushed out, and with the aid of other elders separated the two boys, and violently reproached Jeff for attacking a "poor invalid child."



"I'll have it out of you yet, you coward"

"I don't care—he told lies about me," said Jeff, white and panting.

"I didn't," moaned Philip, blue with fright and clinging to the maternal skirts.

"I'll have it out of you yet, you cow-

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ard," said Jeff distinctly, turning on his heel.

The result of this was a note from Philip's mother to Jeff's mother and a serious consultation between Jeff's mother and Jeff.

"Yes, I threw him down and choked him, and I said I would do it again," admitted Jeff sullenly. "And I will," he added.

"You know," said his mother gravely, "that Philip can't stand up against you, Jeff. . . . *Noblesse oblige.*"

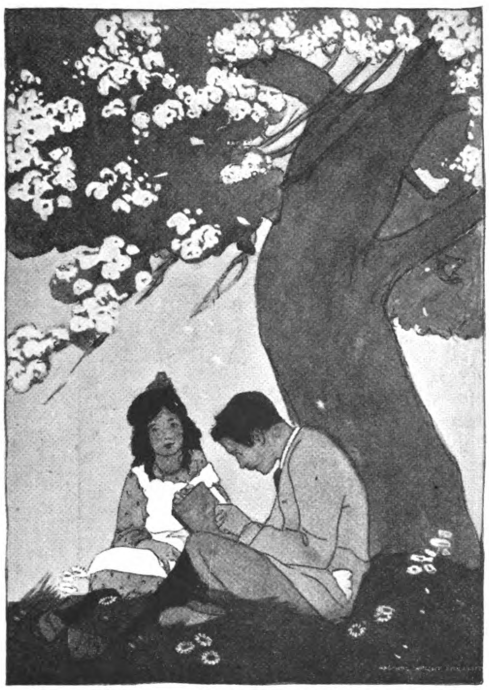
Jeff had had that phrase explained to him, and he lived up to it pretty well. . . . But now his heart swelled and the rare and painful tears came to his eyes.

"Do you think," he asked after a moment's struggle for self-control, "that just because a boy can't fight—he can do anything mean he wants to—and not be punished? . . . Do you think I ought to let that fellow tell lies about me? . . . *I* think he ought to be licked—and I'll lick him too!"

"What lies has he told about you, Jeff?"

It was difficult for Jeff to explain the nature of his wrong, difficult for him to mention Ruth. His mother listened, with now and then a question, until she had the whole case, as far as he was concerned. Then she thought it over briefly, looking at Jeff's downcast face—the candid brow, the level eyes, the firm mouth—the clear sweetness and strength, so appealing, of the child that was almost a man. At last she gave her judgment.

"I think you are probably right," she said. "I mean, that Philip did do what Emily said he did, and that that is what turned Ruth against you. We don't know what he told her, but I feel sure it was something mean and cowardly and untrue.



"Two children were lost in a world of strange adventure"

And now, what can we do about it? Will it do you any good to beat Philip?"

"Yes," said Jeff sombrely. "I'll make him own up and take back what he said."

"Perhaps we can do that without beating him," said Mrs. Harrell. "Then when Ruth comes back in the fall——"

Jeff threw his head back proudly. "I don't care any more about Ruth," he said, his voice trembling. "She didn't need to believe that fellow."

Mrs. Harrell looked sadly at her son, put on her hat and went out. . . . When she returned, an hour later, she saw Jeff in the yard, clad in his armor, and fiercely whacking off the heads of the daisies with his sword. For a moment she was glad to see him so—he had not worn his armor since Ruth's desertion. But when she called him and he came up to her, she perceived that his martial array expressed no playful spirit. His face looked strangely mature under the helmet—the black brows drawn together over the moody black eyes, the square cleft chin set hard. . . .



"Philip's mother rushed out and violently reproached Jeff for attacking 'a poor invalid child'"

HER report was unfavorable. Philip's mother had refused to let her see the boy, had declared he was in bed with a nervous chill, had declined to believe that Jeff had any justification for his attack, and had said that she was going to take Philip away next day, as he was "afraid for his life."

Jeff listened, swishing his sword through the long grass.

"I'm glad I scared him good, anyway," he muttered. Then after a moment he said with a look of bewilderment: "I can't see what made him do it. What did he *want* to be so poison mean for?"

"Philip is a very unfortunate boy," said Mrs. Harrell gently.

But Jeff refused to take this view of the criminal.

"I wish I'd lived in the olden times," he declared. "If a fellow acted mean then it was all right to go and lick him—you could even cut his head off if you wanted to. But now if you even choke him a little he says he has a nervous chill and you say you're sorry for him——"

And Jeff choked himself over the injustice of it all.

"I *am* sorry for him," said Mrs. Harrell firmly. "Sorrier than I am for you. Would you like to be in his place?"

"No!" said Jeff scornfully. "Of course I wouldn't. I guess not!"

"Well, you see he is worse off than you are. . . . It's a punishment for him, Jeff, and perhaps the worst punishment, just to be what he is—weak and a coward."

Jeff pondered this, looking down and drawing lines in the gravel with the point of his sword. Slowly his hard look of anger changed to a puzzled frown. The thing was too complex. But he disliked this treatment of the clear line between right and wrong. He said at last, eyeing his mother resentfully:

"He *ought* to be licked. It might learn him better. . . . And when he comes back to town I'll lick him."

Jeff drew a long breath of relief at having settled the question. His mother held her peace, thinking that time might otherwise settle it.

"And," said Jeff sternly, "Ruth didn't need to act the way she did, anyway." For a moment his lip trembled, but he went on: "I don't like her any more. . . . I'll never like a girl again."

"Oh, Jeff!" his mother protested, smiling a little.

"I won't! I don't like them. They're no good."

He walked away a few steps, and came back to add defiantly:

"There's only one reason I'm glad I'm not a knight. They always had girls around bothering them. Getting them into trouble with enchantments and all kind of things. . . ."

He swung his sword about and meditated on this for a few moments. Evidently there was a certain vague comfort in that thought—a feeling of worthy companionship in misfortune.

"The best knights," he said pensively, "seemed to have the most trouble."

"Yes," said his mother gravely.

Jeff sighed, straightened up and unbuckled his armor.

"Will you please take these things into the house?" he said with manly fortitude. "I believe I'll go fishing."

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

The Importance of Being Belasco

THIS picture of Mr. David Belasco (taken from life) must forever silence the malicious slanderers who would have the world believe that Mr. Belasco does not write the plays that appear under his name.

No one who has actually witnessed a playwright at work will doubt for an instant that the famous Dramatist is here in the very act (probably the second act) of writing a play—unquestionably the second act. The firm grip of his fingers on the pen, the disordered hair, the furrowed brow and tense lips, all indicate more plainly than words that he is at this very moment inserting the "Punch" into the finale of the second act.



As a Statesman

The fact that there *are* no words (the paper on which he writes is absolutely blank) is only an additional proof. In these days of almost universal playgiarism, the use of invisible ink is an only too necessary precaution.

The actual handwriting of Mr. Belasco's play will remain invisible until developed (by a secret process) in a dark room, and transcribed upon a soundless typewriter (a precaution against eavestypers who can read by sound) when the parts are distributed among the actors who are to form the cast.



As a Theatrical Manager

One of the most interesting contributions to *Current Fiction* is the Autobiography of David Belasco in *Hearst's Magazine*. The authoress (to print her name would be a violation of confidence) tells us among other things that David Belasco and San Francisco grew up together.

Startling as this may appear, it recalls a family tradition (no less extraordinary) that has never before been printed.

The founder of the family (according to the legend) was the Marquis D'Ascot (or Ascot) a French nobleman who amassed an immense fortune from the invention of the Ascot tie and died leaving two sons, twins, named respectively William and Alexander Francis. While yet babes all clue as to which was the senior twin was lost owing to the non-washable dye of the red and blue ribbons by which they were distinguished.



The priestly garb is said to have been adopted by the playwright as a compliment to the Church in the person of a friend of his youth. Appended are some pictorial speculations as to how Mr. Belasco might have dressed had the friend of his youth belonged to some other profession

Accordingly, at the age of fourteen the two brothers, each believing himself to be the younger son, emigrated to America. Registering as steerage passengers under the names Bill Ascot and Sandy Francis Ascot they arrived in Boston Harbor just at the moment when the citizens of the Hub were in the act of throwing the chests of British tea overboard. It was in that moment that the dramatic instinct, afterward to become a world power, sprang to being in the soul of Bill Ascot. Having no Tea to his name except the final "T" of Ascot he seized this and (with a gesture that has since become famous) sweeping his protesting brother scornfully aside, cast the "T" into Boston Harbor, in whose icy depths it has ever since remained silent.



As a Policeman

Arriving at the Pacific coast the brothers separated. Sandy Francis plunged southward, William plunged north and discovered a vast territory to which he gave the name Billasko (since corrupted into Alaska). It was here Bill wrote his first play, Du Barry, long afterwards to be purloined by the unscrupulous Jean Richepin.

After a forty years residence in Alaska devoted entirely to playwriting, the great Dramatist, ever in search of new material, plunged southward.



As a Sailor

At the same moment, as though by some psychological impulse, Alexander Francis Ascot, now familiarly known as Sandy Francisco (the final "T" never broke its silence) plunged northward. The meeting of the twins is too sacred to be dwelt upon in print.

On the shore of the rippling Pacific the brothers were united and here as it were at the very dressing room door of the Star of Empire (happily christened by Mr. Belasco the Golden Gate) Billasco and Sandy Francisco—or as they are now known, Belasco and San Francisco—grew up together.



As a Strong Man

With the Comets

I. MARY PICKFORD



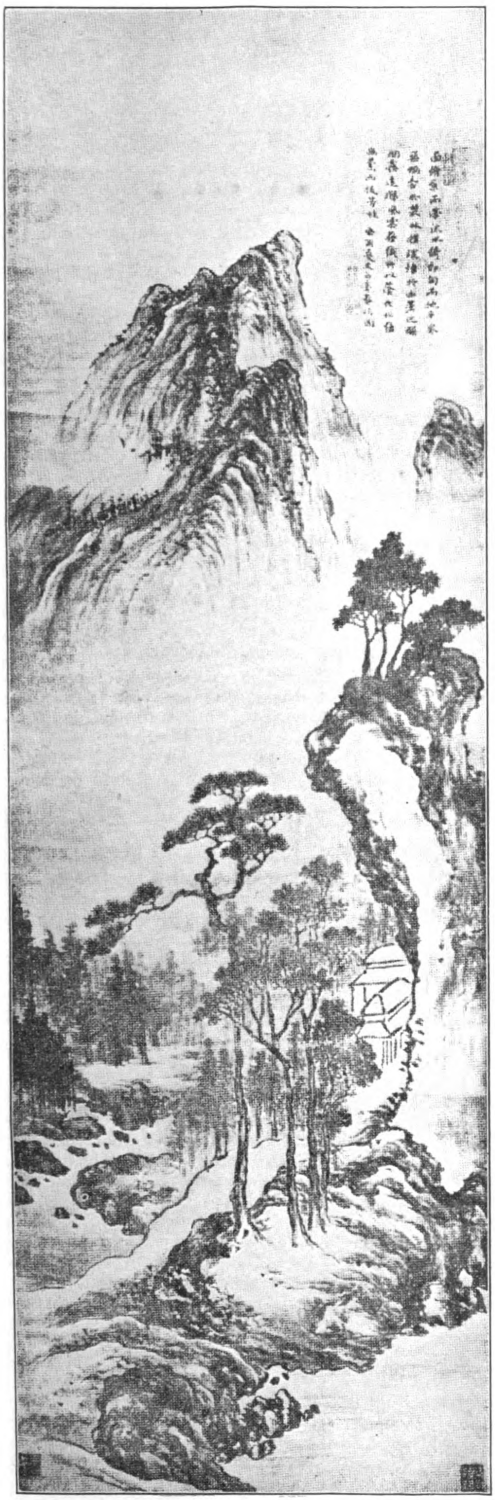
Twinkle, twinkle, little Mary!
You are sure some luminary.

You're no common star, far from it;
You're a Movie Star—a comet!

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Chinese Lyrics

By PAI TA-SHUN



張二水山水（寶倣現齋藏）

Out of Mencius

THE King began his tower
And measured it and planned,
And the people came together
And builded it by hand.

In multitudes they wandered
Outside the pleasure-ground
Where the sleek fat does were lying
And white birds glistened round.

The people died in battle,
Of hunger in the wild.
The King walked in his garden,
The sun looked down and smiled.

The Temple Bell

I HEAR the great bell calling,
Calling with voice of bronze;
The bamboos are aquiver
Along their feathery fronds;
Across the lake the darkness
Makes whiter the white swans.

I hear the great bell calling,
In deep-mouthed undertone,
As if the race that wrought it
Unnumbered and unknown
With dreams to give the ages
Had made its voice their own.

In the Garden

DO you remember, sister,
The golden afternoon
When we looked upon the lotus
And listened to the croon
Of the doves that sat together
Among the flowers of June?

And deep among the valleys
A far, sweet sound was heard—
Some fluter in the forest
That like a magic bird
Sang of the unseen heavens
And mystic Way and Word.

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The Newer Anesthesia

By JOHN B. HUBER, M.D.

THERE is no one of us whose good luck is so infallible that his life may not at some time or other depend upon the skill of a surgeon and the standing of medical science at the time when he needs its help. One of the terrors of the past, and of the ignorant in the present, is the anesthetic for an operation. People will suffer untold agonies rather than be operated upon. Just exactly what this taking of anesthesia means and the practical harmlessness to which it has been reduced by modern science is here told by Doctor Huber

LAST fall, before the New York Society of Anesthetists, it was related how a patient was being operated on for a disease of the mouth. During three hours the surgeon and his associates worked with well-nigh infinite and exhausting care, amongst an amazing labyrinth of vessels, nerves and other vital structures, when a slip of the scalpel or a false move the fraction of an inch might have proved fatal. During those three hours the hypertension of the surgeons and nurses far exceeded that of the patient. No mask touched the latter's face, no ether cone, there was no inhalation of anything other than the ordinary atmosphere everybody in that room was breathing. And yet throughout three hours that patient slumbered as peacefully and as painfree as an infant; and he emerged from his experience as well as when he entered it, and with a beneficent surgical result in the bargain. Another patient, a woman with a cancer, and who had—the dear Lord knows how long and in what agony—been fearing the knife, after such a sleep asked when the operation would be; and was told "it has been!" A hundred and more such miracles as th have thus far been wrought by D., Gwathmey, by his oil-ether-colonic anesthesia which he described on that memorable evening. However, medical science, especially conservative when it comes to the border line between the present and the beyond, will require reports of at least a thousand anesthesias by this method before its standing among other methods can be assigned.

Up to the modern era in anesthetics the field was, by comparison with its present-day expanse, most limited. The surgeon to royalty hesitated to remove so little thing as a wen from the august pate of George Fourth. Operators were well nigh perfect in their knowledge of anatomy, of marvelous skill and courage; they oftentimes thrilled the hospital amphitheaters to tremendous excitement, but patients collapsed and died on the table of terror on the first incision. Operations were amazingly rapid because the patient had to suffer, practically without relief, the psychic shock and the agony inflicted by the knife, the saw and the necessary manipulations. Many an operation was nullified by the patient's struggles, during which the binding straps were not infrequently broken.

But the era of all such torture and shock had its twilight when Sir Humphrey Davy, in 1800, discovered the anesthetic properties of nitrous oxide (laughing gas) of which Horace Wells, an American dentist, made practical application in 1844; nobly laying one of his own sound molars on the double altar of humanity and science.

And medical history relates that two years before Wells, Dr. Crawford W. Long removed without pain a tumor from the neck of one James W. Venable; and this was, so far as is known, the first time ether was used for anesthesia. Thrice besides, in 1842, in the next year and in 1845 Dr. Long repeated this. He seems not to have realized how wonderful was his achievement, and how it was destined to revolutionize surgery; and he made no statement of his experiences until 1849, when his account was called forth by a report he had seen of Morton's work. On the seventieth anniversary of Long's use of ether as an anesthetic a well-deserved medallion to his memory was put up in the University of Pennsylvania.

On October 16, 1846, the dentist and physician William S. Morton successfully gave ether in the Massachusetts General Hospital; and this date is now appropriately celebrated in Boston as "Ether Day."

Oliver Wendell Holmes had witnessed Morton's first etherization; when he created the word anesthesia and later wrote: "The knife is searching for disease, the pulleys are dragging back dislocated limbs, nature herself is working out the primal curse which doomed the tenderest of her creatures to the sharpest of her trials; but the fierce extremity of suffering has been steeped in the waters of forgetfulness and the deepest furrow in the knotted brow of agony has been soothed forever."

AND yet even under such anesthesia there were patients who died, neither from the disease for which the operation was done nor from the operation itself. The knife was not to be feared so much as the means that brought about unconsciousness. Many died of shock brought on by terror, through hearing exaggerated accounts of struggling during etherization that ended in collapse and death. At least twenty years ago this *terror anesthesiae* was well recognized by surgeons, who sought to avert it by giving an anodyne injection beneath the skin; this generally calmed the sometimes greatly overwrought mind of the patient.

About this time it was found that cocaine, when injected directly about the region to be operated on, gave complete anesthesia, the knife hurting no more than when one pares his nails. Such anesthesia was most useful, except for children, excitable, and intractable adults; there was here no occasion to apprehend entering, under general anesthesia, the bourne from whence no traveler returns. But cocaine was not applicable to extensive operations, because so much of the drug would have to be injected that a dangerous poisoning might result. Then Dr. John Bodine and others found that by using solutions of cocaine greatly attenuated, much more of the solution could be injected, with correspondingly less risk of poisoning. And finally it was found that operations for the relief of hernia—which are decidedly in the major and more serious class—could be done safely and painlessly by the injection around the field of operation of pure cold water that had been sterilized. Thus pre-operation injections of morphine and of various analgesic fluids about the operation area have been practiced and continue to be used. But it has remained for Crile of Cleveland to investigate exhaustively the phenomena of shock as related to operations, and to combine the various procedures we have stated in a technique wonderfully scientific.

ANOTHER great advance came with the Bennett Inhaler, by which the anesthetist could begin with nitrous oxide (laughing gas) plus oxygen and "switch off" gradually to ether. One gets under nitrous oxide (which makes tooth-pulling the jocund process the most of us have at one time or another experienced) practically instantaneously—after two or three whiffs: there is thus no more time for terror than there is occasion; nor is there here any distress or struggling or sense of suffocation or nausea such as may attend ether anesthesia *ab initio*.

A number of modifications of the Bennett Inhaler have been made. Indeed the giving of anesthetics has become a specialty in itself; and much ingenuity—genius even, has been evinced in developing new ideas and methods.

Anesthesia by the injection between the lumbar vertebrae, into the spinal column, of cocaine, eucaine or some like analgesic substance has had its day. It proved a dangerous procedure. Some of the cases in which it obtained were sufficiently uncanny to have fascinated Robert Louis Stevenson. A boy of eleven was perfectly conscious and altogether without distress whilst an operation inconceivable without anesthesia was done on him. A woman was operated on for an old fracture of the hip without feeling at all inconvenienced. A young man had had a tumor removed from the forehead. Glands of the neck were dissected out, safely and pleasantly. This anesthesia had abolished for the time being sensation and muscular action, whilst it did not disturb cerebration, and left the sympathetic system in full control of the bodily functions.

Professor Thomas Jennesco, of Budapest, has been considered the originator of this form of anesthesia. But a quarter of a century before him Dr. J. Leonard Corning of New York did spinal anesthesia, using cocaine, with which Dr. Karl Koller of New York had at about that time (1885) revolutionized eye surgery; and Dr. William Seaman Bainbridge, also of New York, had two years before Jennesco injected stovaine into the spinal column, but had abandoned the method as dangerous. And so it proved in certain of Jennesco's cases. It is indeed essential to successful surgery that the patient be absolutely quiet, non-resistant and in no condition to interfere, intentionally or otherwise, with the operative procedures; his reflexes have to be in abeyance.

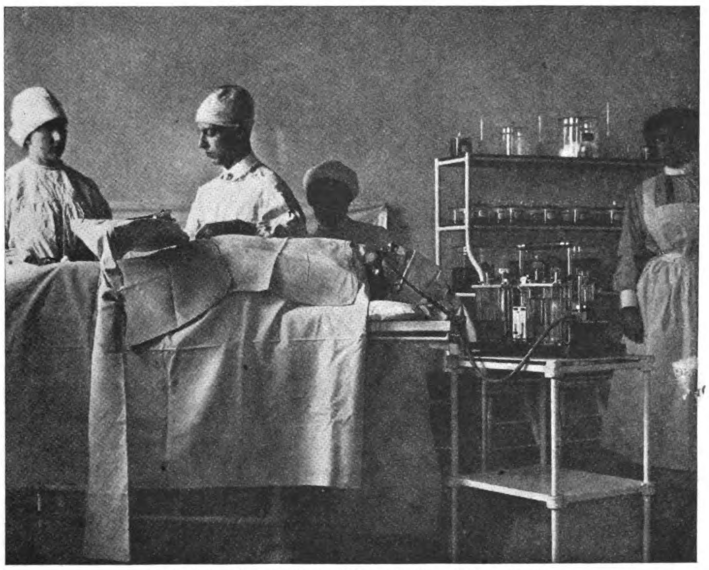
The patient's pre-operation state of mind, especially when a wound is the occasion of the operation, is always a matter of concern to the surgeon. Of all such patients the most to be apprehensive about is the stoic, the man unafraid, with plenty of grit, who likes to chat and smoke whilst

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he is being sliced and sawed up. After recovering from the spinal anesthesia, during which the patient has been conscious, he may walk off as if nothing had happened.

It is narrated in the annals of surgery that a man of large affairs had both his legs crushed in a street accident, so that they had to be amputated. When taken to the hospital and the situation explained to him he insisted on calling for something to smoke and a pad and pencil, and wrote several telegrams and notes of instruction. Then to the surgeons: "Now, gentlemen, I am ready." He died under operation. In all probability he need not have. Why? Because he had squandered his reserve forces, every slightest fraction of which he needed to get him through his crisis.

All this is magnificent, but it is not ideal surgery. Not for the patient, as we shall presently see. Nor is it fair to the surgeon. Contrary to some opinions *all* operations on human beings are done for the benefit of the patients (and all experimental operations on animals are done for the benefit of human beings). Probably very few laymen realize how much surgery takes out of the surgeon, who oftentimes does several operations of an afternoon or morning, some several hours in duration, when there must be constant anxiety lest any one of the manifold factors essential to a successful operation fail. It is high tension work, with a human life at stake, from beginning to end. And if you don't believe it is disintegrating ask some life insurance man how the longevity chances of the medical profession compare with such chances in other lines of work.



Inhaling ether diluted with warmed and filtered air

Dr. Willy Meyer and his brother, a mechanical engineer, devised an apparatus for operations in which the chest wall must be opened. The thorax has indeed been about the last region of the body uninvaded by the surgeon because, in entering the "cage," the tender and resilient lung tissue, no longer protected by the ribs from the normal air pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch, must collapse, respiration become impossible and death ensue. The Meyer apparatus consists of an outer chamber as large as a hall bedroom in which the atmosphere is, by means of a pumping mechanism, so rarefied that a negative (—) air pressure results, about equal to that met at an altitude of 1800 feet above sea level. Inside this chamber is a positive (+) pressure chamber, in which the atmosphere is denser than that ordinarily breathed and which accommodates only the anesthetizer and the head of the patient; the latter's neck is "guillotined" by means of a rubber ring, whilst the rest of his body is in the negative chamber. By such means is the possibility of lung collapse obviated. Whilst this brilliant work was in the experimental stage I saw, by Dr. Meyer's invitation, the whole of a dog's lung removed, under anesthesia of course, and with all the aseptic precautions and all the care that would have been accorded a human being. Several days after, this same friend of man was, with all his wonted joy and gusto, chasing the hospital cat about the premises.

During this great work of the Meyer brothers other physicians were seeking a means of restoring people seemingly dead after the inhaling of poisonous vapors, by introducing a tube into the windpipe, and forcing oxygen, the life sustaining gas, into the lungs. And this latter method proved both another efficient mode of fortifying the lung tissue against collapse in operation within the thorax and also an excellent way to induce anesthesia. Dr. Samuel J. Meltzer discovered how the inhalation of the air cells in the lungs can be accomplished by a continuous stream of air passing in one direction instead of by double movements (of inspiration and expiration) in opposite directions. He and his colleagues, by insufflating air in a constant stream through a tube passed into a dog's windpipe found that the animal could be kept alive for many hours. Then, by allowing the stream of air to pass over the surface of ether in a bottle before insufflation they were able to anesthetize the animal very satisfactorily; and in those dogs thus narcotized it was possible to open both sides of the thorax widely, the lungs remaining uncollapsed—and this for many hours. The only condition essential to success was that the tube should not be of so large a caliber as to prevent the exhalation of gases in the pulmonary process of expiration. Dr. H. H. Janeway then perfected an apparatus on these principles, capable of accurately regulating the supply of ether and its right dilution with warmed and filtered air.

In almost all operations the seat of danger as regards anesthesia is in the brain. Dr. Crile subjected a long series of animals, some to emotional excitement (as fright) before operation; and others to physical injuries under anesthesia: and thus he showed that the final point of meeting of both kinds of impression (psychic and physical) is in the brain-cells of the cortex (the gray matter or surface and convolutions) of the brain; that identical brain-cell changes are caused in either case. Both physical and psychic (mental) stimulation exhaust and deteriorate the substance of the brain-cells.

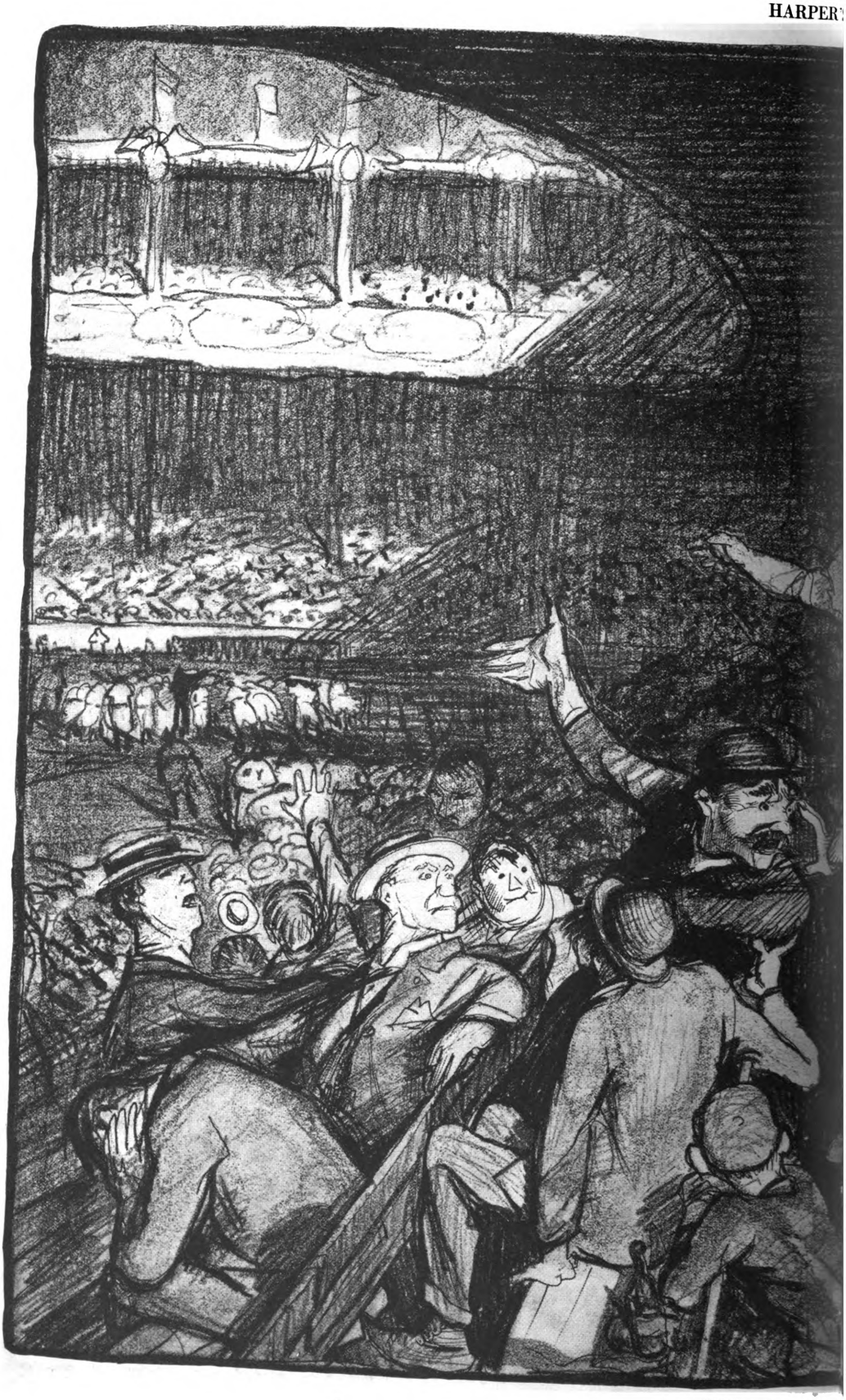
When at night one fears an unknown danger the brain threshold is always lowered, apparently as an adaptation to the more swift and accurate detection of the danger. Likewise, when one has received a crushing physical injury there is a universal lowering of the threshold. During these states of tenseness minor stimuli have major effects; or in other words one is "nervous." The subconscious brain is tortured directly during "unblocked operations," under inhalation anesthesia. The resultant general effect on the brain threshold is as if the injury had been inflicted without anesthesia—that is, after the punishment of the subconscious mind during an operation the patient emerges nervous and exhausted; and since a low threshold is lavish in its waste of nervous energy, recuperation is slow.

Thus Crile concluded from such experiments and reflections: If an operation could be so performed that no "traumatic" impulse (of physical injury) could reach the brain (as it must ordinarily in operations, through the nerve fibers coming from the seat of injury to the brain); and if also all emotional stimuli could be removed or reduced to a minimum, then brain-cell exhaustion or deterioration would be prevented and the dangers of operation would be those only which would result from the local injury inflicted.

UPON such basis then, Dr. Crile evolved an operation method which he named "anoci-association," because by its use all nocuous or noci-associations are cut off from the brain.

In such an operation, the brain-cells have been subjected to no exhausting strain from painful impulses. The Crile principle and procedure have excited the warmest admiration of surgeons wherever civilized surgery is done, and the gratitude of thousands of patients. Whereas in 1898 the mortality rate in one of the hospitals in which Dr. Crile serves exceeded six per cent., his last one thousand cases in that institution, done under his anoci-association anesthesia, gave a mortality of eight-tenths of one per cent. No matter how exhaustive the operation, however weak seems the patient, whatever part is involved, the pulse-rate under this *anoci* technique is at the end the same as at the beginning; and the post-operative sequelae, which are frequently so distressing and sometimes serious, are minimized or wholly prevented.

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THE GREAT A

By Geo

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Woman's Vote in Utah

By ERNA VON R. OWEN

UTAH is a puzzle. It has both woman's suffrage and the Mormon Church. The Church brought women suffrage into Utah. That was in the days of polygamy. Now it would like to disfranchise the women. Why? Mrs. Owen tells some of the things that women are doing in Salt Lake City.

FOR sixteen years, from 1870–1886, the women of the Territory of Utah possessed the franchise. In 1886 they were deprived of it. When Utah became a state, the franchise became an inalienable right of her citizens, men and women, the clause securing it to the women of Utah, under the same conditions that it was granted to men, being an integral part of her constitution.

The Mormon Church has never stood for the advancement or elevation of women in any way. It teaches that to attain salvation, a woman must be married (*or sealed*); it makes her salvation contingent on the loyalty of her husband to the Mormon Church.

Brigham Young habitually spoke of his wives as, "My women." Heber Kimball, among the most prominent of the Mormons, spoke of his wives as "a likely lot of heifers!"

This was the attitude of the founders of the Mormon Church. It is the history of the world, that where polygamy exists, women are enslaved.

IN 1849 gold was discovered in California. The consequent extraordinary race across the continent resulted in bodies of prospectors and miners passing through Utah. Utah's mountains are tremendously rich in silver, gold and copper. As was inevitable, there were some who stopped by the wayside.

By 1870 the "Gentile" (non-Mormon) vote became of such proportions, that Brigham Young saw his ascendency threatened and a bill was passed by the legislature giving the franchise "to all women, wives or daughters of native born or naturalized citizens." This enabled the Mormon Church to swamp the Gentile vote, because the miners and prospectors were living under such conditions as to preclude the possibility of women being with them. Apostle Lunt of the Mormon Church in an address in San Francisco said: "The women of the Mormon Church vote practically as a unit," and though he did not *say* so, it is true that they vote as the Church directs and always have.

The Mormon Church, during the years from 1870 to 1886, established a record as manufacturers of voters—not equaled by Tammany in its palmiest days—for bands of women converts, immediately on their arrival in Utah, were divided up among the resident Mormons and married off with very little delay, and so under the Legislative Act of 1870, became voters.

During those sixteen years when women possessed the franchise in the Territory, protest after protest and petition after petition went to the federal government and finally led to investigation, producing results which crystallized in the Edmunds-Tucker Law, by which all women were disfranchised and all polygamists.

In 1895, after Brigham Young had given solemn promises for the separation of Church and State the state constitution was submitted to the voters of Utah. That the non-Mormons of Utah, and some honest and sincere citizens who were Mormons, believed in the coming of a new dawn, is of record. Men and women worked together for the new bestowal of equal suffrage. There were some who doubted the wisdom of the granting of statehood, but the majority voted for the constitution which made *all* citizens equal in the eye of the law (men and women), and Utah was admitted as a state in January, 1896, with equal suffrage.

For eight years the American Party (non-Mormon) was in power in Salt Lake City. The vote of the women decided the elections each of these years.

Before the American Party came into power, there were no paved streets, lights, sewage or water systems, no street car service worthy the name. In the eight years of their incumbency, Salt Lake City has become as well paved, lighted, provided with sewage and water systems, as any city in the country and far better than many. It has a splendid trolley service.

There are some warm springs within the city limits, which a corporation was on the eve of securing on a ninety-nine-year lease, at a nominal rental from the city. The Mothers' Congress (a Gentile organization) circulated a petition, secured twenty-five hundred names of taxpayers, went down in a body to the City Council and defeated the grab.

A similar project for the steal of City Creek Cañon, one of the gorgeously beautiful playgrounds of the people, was nipped in the bud by the same women at the same time!

Salt Lake City possesses a place of amusement known as Salt Palace. It has a wonderful bicycle track, dancing pavilion and other features. A continual fight is pursued by the management to secure a license. Time and again it has been almost secured, when members of the City Council (men), who were against it, have telephoned to the women to come to their help. As one of the women wrote, "Had not members of the Council phoned when the hearings were to be held, we could have done nothing!" Once they knew when and where the hearings were to be held, the women were on the spot, and owing to their protest, the license was withheld. Mrs. Wight of the Women's Christian Temperance Union did great service in this matter.

UNTIL last fall Salt Lake City's name was blackened by the existence of "The Stockade." This was a large lot in the heart of the city, enclosed by cement walls, in which houses were built which were rented to prostitutes. The place was run by an infamous woman known as Belle London. It was a matter of public belief that various men in official life had money invested in the enterprise.

For two years the Gentile women of the city had moved heaven and earth to accomplish the closing up of the shameful place by appeals to the men. Rev. Elmer Goshen, pastor of one of the large churches, called a special meeting of the men of Salt Lake City and exhorted them to take steps for the abolition of "The Stockade." It was agreed that its existence was a scandal and a shame. But politics was mixed up with it, and the men could not see their way to doing anything. The women then took the field. A committee appeared before the Town Council and demanded in no uncertain tones that "The Stockade" be closed. Fall elections were approaching, the women's vote was of value. In two weeks "The Stockade" was closed by the efforts of representatives of the *women* in conjunction with the Juvenile Court. It has *remained* closed.

THIS all happened just before the fall elections. True or false, the rumors of the connection of some of the prominent officials with this plague spot carried the American Party to defeat. The Commission form of government is in effect in Utah, and the woman's vote was cast against Bransford, the American Party candidate for mayor, and for Park, first mayor of Salt Lake City under the form of government—a Gentile, but having Mormon affiliations.

When the question was brought up before the American Party in convention assembled as to whether they should protest as a body against the use of the Brigham Young design on the silver of the Battleship *Utah*, there was a stormy discussion.

The American Party stands for progress—to it the City of Salt Lake owes its prosperity and beauty. A proportion of the younger Mormons recognize this and vote with the Gentiles in *municipal* elections. If the resolution of protest passed the convention, it would alienate the Mormon vote!

It remained for a woman to address them and by the force of her eloquence put before them the higher view. She carried her point, the Convention passed a resolution of protest and sent it to the President and the Secretary of the Navy!

After the battle was over and the American Party defeated, a letter from the Secretary of the Woman's American Club says, "Don't feel too much depressed by our defeat. We being in power, had to pay for abuses occurring during our time of jurisdiction. It is a good lesson. Perhaps we needed it."

These are a few of the things that can be legitimately laid to the account of the women of Utah!

It is time that it should be known that most of good in Utah is accomplished by the aid of the women voters of Utah, and most that besmirches her name is due to the political dickering that goes on between the Dominant Church in Utah and the "male" voters and their representatives in Washington, D. C.

That anti-suffrage is gaining accessions from the Mormon ranks is true.

As the facts quoted in the beginning of this article show suffrage was given the women of Utah as a political measure to strengthen the position of the Mormon Church; now that the power has come into use to help clean out the Augean stables, the authorities of the Mormon Church would gladly deprive women of the franchise, knowing that no other measure would so quickly put an end to the annoying interference that the machine meets with in Utah.

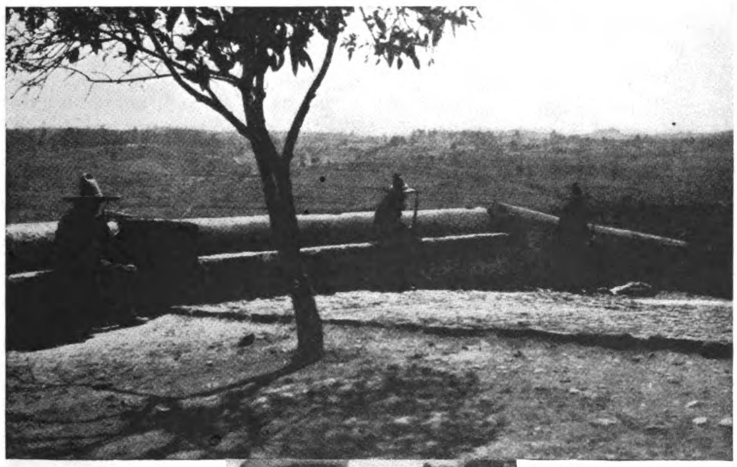
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Mexican Camp Followers

By FRITZ ARNO VON DE ELLEN

THE children of most nations grow into men and women—the Mexicans remain children.

In most Mexican cities there is no body of people corresponding to the great middle class that does the work and fights the battles of a strong nation. There is a small upper class and the indolent lower class that carries in its veins a mixture of Spanish-Indian blood. These people live from hand to mouth. Unless a battle comes to their doorstep, personal pleasures or woes are not affected. They are lazy, easily pleased, easily annoyed, crafty, hospitable and totally irresponsible. A bull-fight, or even a band concert on the Plaza, is of greater moment than the success or failure of Huerta. All these are the traits of children, and they characterize the Mexicans.



Fortress Nulja-Alba



The children as well as the women follow the army

The least impressive army I have seen anywhere is that supporting the Federal Government. Officers with slight knowledge of even the most elementary tactics are placed in command of green men who scarcely know how to handle the modern equipment with which they are supplied. I had an opportunity to study Huerta's forces at their best, for the pick of the troops in Mexico City was drilled before the motion-picture camera, the idea being to impress the outside world with the power behind the Federal cause. But it takes more than uniforms and guns to make a modern army. It is second nature for the trained soldier to obey; but the Mexican is without that second nature. He generally obeys because he is afraid that he will be stood up against a wall and shot. An order to transport troops brings confusion, owing to a woeful lack of system, and a Mexican company in camp would be an astounding spectacle to a foreign officer.



Leaving for the front in a crowded freight car



Soldier-women cooking

The Mexican camp looks like a cross between a Boy Scouts' outing and a picnic

AT Manzanillo I met General Tellez with his command, waiting to be transported by steamer to Mazatland, and here I saw the Mexican soldier stripped of the pretenses of a dress parade. He is often accompanied by his wife and children, or lacking these, his mistress. Herded together in freight cars like cattle, whole families arrived at Manzanillo, and many of the women carried babies in their arms. The camp suggested a cross between a Boy Scouts' outing and a picnic ground. Imagine a commissary department that depends upon women to cook meals for husbands or lovers. Imagine dishevelled females and dirty children outnumbering the men. As a human spectacle viewed in the twentieth century, right next door to the United States, it is interesting. In a military sense, it is pathetic.

These women are generally of the Indian type, totally uneducated, unspeakably dirty, and apparently quite content to undergo physical hardships for the sake of being with their masters. I use the word masters advisedly, for it accurately expresses the relationship of Mexican women to Mexican men. The loyalty of the soldier's wife is more akin to that of a dog to its master than to that of an intelligent woman to her mate. She expects to do the hard work and to be cuffed about for her pains. Her bravery (for frequently she follows her husband into battle) is the bravery of stupidity that does not recognize danger. Popular superstition, abroad at least, pictures the Mexican woman as second sister to the Spanish dancer—nervous, passionate, a charmer with a dagger hidden in her corsage. Nothing could be further from the truth, as expressed by the inmates of hovels, by the shiftless creatures walking the streets and standing in stolid contentment if a band is in the Plaza to entertain them, and by the servants of the soldiers who go to war.

Their features are heavy, their eyes expressionless, and seldom do they give any indication of the imagination without which dread of impending danger does not exist. They are not fighting for a cause. Not one in twenty-five can give even the most fragmentary explanation of the rebellion, and this applies to the men as well as the women.

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Mr. Sothern Plays "Charlemagne"

By JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT

MR. SOTHERN lavishes several tons of scenery, and his associates almost as much lung-power on Justin Huntley McCarthy's "Charlemagne," which received its première at the Garrick Theatre, Chicago. It is the disclosure of a specimen of the long-disestablished routine of romantic melodrama. There is a great deal of roaring and a great deal of somewhat studious rollicking, and there are three hours of chaotic pageantry and yards upon yards of splendiferous words.

Some of the clamor, vocal and instrumental, is inspiriting, but the essential freshness and lift are not there to lay hold of the popular imagination. The dialogue is that brand of diluted Shakespeare that early Victorian barristers used to write for Macready because they thought him an Ornament to the British Stage, and there is a certain swing to it. But it is not near enough kin to genuine poetry to make Mr. Sothern's toil and expenditure in producing "Charlemagne," a labor of love in a good cause. As the piece is of an outworn school of romance, and as Miss Marlowe is not by to play Mr. McCarthy's Desiderata—a loud but not otherwise convincing echo of Shakespeare's Shrew—one wonders why Mr. Sothern gave "Charlemagne" a thought.

Mr. Robert Mantell's Scotch caution served him well in this matter, for he gave this play several thoughts in the last four or five seasons, and more than once announced it as an impending production of his.

But nothing happened until last Monday evening (April 6) when Edward H. Sothern, programmed as "Charles, son of Pepin" but appearing as a more courtly Petruchio and a more ornate Benedick, strode conscientiously, and with occasional and entirely forgivable lapses of memory, through the wilderness of words of the ancient, swashbuckling tale.

"Charlemagne" opens in the busy year 768, when Mr. McCarthy makes young Charles return to Paris after the dashing campaign in Aquitaine to assume the throne of his father, that Pepin, The Short, who like a Charles of later and less distinguished memory than his son, was "an unconscionable time in dying." He dies at his leisure within doors while courtiers, who appear reconciled, chat without, against a noble stageful of piled-up battlements and towers of drawbridges, of matters that every auditor at historical drama ought to know but usually misses because he does not reach the playhouse until 8.20. Among these matters is the character of Desiderata, daughter of Didier, King of Lombardy.

On the capricious nature of Desiderata the plot turns.

"And you praise her as a saint," said a newcomer at court. "But she is a devil," remarked one of the residents.

THESE tributes were sufficiently ample to build up an adequate first entrance even for Miss Marlowe, but in her place came Miss Elizabeth Valentine, who shrilly offered Charles, come from decorous grieving by the deathbed of his parent, amity and alliance.

With his winged helmet and with his brown curls and viking moustaches, his red and green jerkin, his flashing armor and his aplomb, Mr. Sothern suggests that the princess will, in the course of three more acts at most, make maidenly and pleased capitulation to him.

It so comes to pass.

But not until Charles' half-brother Ludovic, "puny and effeminate, a lecher and a reveller, as like to Charles as lumpish lead to red gold," gets the new King turned out of his inheritance by denouncing him as a bastard.

Promising the few nobles who remain loyal to him only a soldier's dangers, but electrifying them with the assurance that with them he will cut the world in slices for them, Charles takes to the woods near Paris.

That princess sends him with an invitation, sent both in pique and in yearning, to be present at her wedding to lethargic Ludovic. He is to come alone. That is a condition of her dubious hospitality, and go alone he does to the castle in Paris from which he had been evicted.

Reaching this point, the play develops melodramatic bustle at last. Charles breaks up the wedding; his faithful warriors, who have followed him in the disguise of monks, save his neck in the familiar and operatic manner of Harry B. Smith's libretto, and, informing Desiderata that he is "a better mate for her than yon anatomy that, flouting God, calls himself King of France," he proposes marriage.

Screaming and scratching, the lady is led to the altar on pain of seeing 50 of her Lombardian knights executed in the courtyard of the castle if she refuses. The ceremony performed, she attempts to cleave Charles from crown to waist with a huge two handed sword. He evades the blow and catching up the ponderous weapon, makes quizzical apostrophe to it as "Beloved little arrow! Cupid's dart."

This pleasantry does not tend to quiet Desiderata, who shows no intention of allowing Charles to catch the little sleep of which he assures her he stands in dire need because, he says, it has been a busy day. He therefore sends her under armed escort back to her father in Lombardy and that monarch receives her as a mixed blessing, for she continues to rail intemperately.

A decent interval for reflection having elapsed, Charles comes with an army to Lombardy to observe the effect of his discipline.

The pageantry of words that heralds the progress of Charles across the Pavian plain is well built up and for several minutes it lifts Mr. McCarthy's "Charlemagne" to the lyric swing of his "If I were King." Charles is a success now and young Ogier of Denmark, who has reached the palace ahead of the army, bids Desiderata take account of the changed conditions. Standing at the window she does that with rising wonder. The good, ringing passage is a kind of antiphonal and Frederick Lewis as Ogier holds up his share of it very well.

Enter then Charles, and the pretty reconciliation between him and his "shrew-sweeting" and "angel-devil" follows as expeditiously as may be.

MR. SOTHERN'S portrayal of Charles is in a strain of melodious vociferation. He manages, in spite of the clamor, to keep it stately and courtly and he enlivens it with flashes of whimsicality. Would there were more!

Without any desire to harry the younger generation of players it still must be said that when they are confronted with dramatic poetry or poetic drama they give no sign of knowing the rudiments. They have no diction, and that fact was the most significant fact brought out by the production of this ornate and futile play.

The Polack

(A Coal Mine Ballad)

By BERTON BRALEY

THAT son of a gun of a Boscovich
That works in the room with me—
If I get a chance I'll bust his head
And batter his nose in, see!
He makes me sick with his furrin' ways
And his dirty old mop of hair,
And his mutterin' style of Polack talk
Has got on my nerves for fair!

I wisht the son of a gun would slip
And fall off the cage some day,
Or I wisht he'd pick in a powder stick
An' blast himself away;
He's a surly brute with an ugly mug
And an eye like a foolish fish,
And to land him one that'll put him out
Is my dearest and fondest wish!

He's raisin' a bunch of Polish brats
That'll grow to look like him—
Oh, I'd like to belt him in the slats
And blacken his fishy glim;
Whenever I see him I want to cuss
And I wish the roof would fall,
And flatten him out like a plate of tripe
Till he wouldn't be seen at all!

What's that? A Polack has broke his leg?
Say, tell me the beggar's name.
Not old Antonio Boscovich?
It is? Well, that's a shame!
Here goes a dollar in my hat,
Chip in, boys, fast and free,
For the sake of this Polish friend of mine
Who works in the room with me!

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Grace George and Conway Tearle in the first act of "The Truth"

"The Truth"

THAT "The Truth," which was produced not eight years ago, should astonish us by its "freshness" is a striking revelation of the ephemeral quality of most plays achieving popular success. Nine-tenths of the dramatic literature of a decade ago is hopelessly old-fashioned today. That Winthrop Ames should have selected "The Truth" for revival is only logical, for about no other in the long list of more than fifty plays that Clyde Fitch either wrote or adapted, has there been so much discussion.

Originally produced with Clara Bloodgood as Becky Warder, the play failed to attract any widespread attention either in New York or in other parts of the country. Abroad, especially in London, where Marie Tempest played the leading part, "The Truth" won substantial success. Grace George who, when Fitch was alive, could not persuade him to write a play for her, acts the leading rôle of Becky. It is not a great play—Fitch never wrote one—but it does do what few American plays have done. It depicts so-called society people intelligently. The American dramatist has always succeeded best when he has chosen his material from the lives of the middle class as Eugene Walter did in "Paid in Full," and Frank Craven has in "Too Many Cooks."

Fashions change in plays. The play of a decade ago, when revived, often seems stilted and disjointed. It is, therefore, another point in favor of "The Truth" that it is so successful in its present revival at The Little Theater. Aside from one or two references in the dialogue the play might have been written in the present year.

Both the cast and production of the present revival are especially good and well up to the high standard which The Little Theater has maintained from the beginning. Grace George, perhaps, has not the glittering brilliancy of Clara Bloodgood in the early scenes, but her handling of the later emotional portions of the play is very fine. Her performance is, on the whole, finished high comedy acting. Zelda Sears, who played the landlady, Mrs. Crispigny, in the original production, again gives her bold characterization of this much overdrawn figure. Ferdinand Gottschalk does Becky's father exceedingly well, and Sydney Booth is straightforward and skilful in the rôle of Tom Warder.

Of the story little need be said now. The wife, who is a confirmed but not malicious liar, is just as faithful a portrayal of a certain type of woman as it was eight years ago. Becky Warder loves her husband, but through a mistaken idea of helping a friend gets herself into a predicament in which her innocence is not believed. Clyde Fitch never preached a moral, and seldom did he try to show influences like heredity as he did in "The Truth." It is a pity, therefore, that he did not finish the play as consistently as he began it. Fitch always began well, and "The Truth" begins uncommonly well. That certain of the later scenes do not carry conviction is due more to the exaggerated characters than to any fault of structure, for the play is deftly, and for the most part, compactly built. Yet it was doubtless the last two acts, which are placed in Baltimore and might have happened anywhere, that made the success of the play abroad. To foreign audiences the picture of Becky's father—a race-track hanger-on playing piquet with his amorous landlady—is more real than the finer-grained comedy of the first two acts.

Fitch's fundamental attitude towards women was Victorian. Yet in spite of an occasional "Hindle Wakes" or a "High Road" the fundamental attitude towards women of all our dramatists is still Victorian. Until the self-reliant, humanly useful woman becomes a social ideal, playwrights will ignore at their peril the demand for the conventional "love interest."

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The Plain Man

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

WE all know the plain man. Some of our neighbors are plain men. Some of business acquaintances are plain men. The plain man is a specialized person. He is a thing all by himself, unique in life and art. He is as given to overdoing it as any other kind of person, but he thinks that he is just like all the rest of the world, and any one who differs with him is a freak. Mr. Galsworthy sees him with the same half kindly, half satirical amusement as he sees his admittedly specialized friends

HE was plain. It was his great quality. Others might have graces, subtleties, originality, fire, and charm; they had not his plainness. It was that which made him so important, not only in the country's estimation, but in his own. For he felt that nothing was more valuable to the world than for a man to have no doubts and no fancies, but to be quite plain about everything. And the knowledge that he was looked up to by the Press, the Pulpit, and the Politician sustained him in the daily perfecting of that unique personality which he shared with all other plain men. In an age which bred so much that was freakish and peculiar, to know that there was always himself with his sane and plain outlook to fall back on, was an extraordinary comfort to him. He knew that he could rely on his own judgment, and never scrupled to give it to a Public which never tired of asking for it.

In literary matters especially was it sought for as invaluable. Whether he had read an author or not, he knew what to think of him. For he had in his time unwittingly lighted on books before he knew what he was doing; they served him as fixed stars forever after; so that if he heard any writer spoken of as "advanced," "erotic," "socialistic," "morbid," "pessimistic," "tragic," or what not unpleasant—he knew exactly what he was like, and thereafter only read him by accident. He liked a healthy tale, preferably of love or of adventure (of detective stories he was perhaps fondest), and insisted upon a happy ending, for as he very justly said, there was plenty of unhappiness in life without gratuitously adding to it, and as to "ideas," he could get all he wanted and to spare from the papers. He deplored altogether the bad habit that literature seemed to have of seeking out situations which explored the recesses of the human spirit or of the human institution. As a plain man he felt this to be unnecessary. He himself was not conscious of having these recesses, or perhaps too conscious, knowing that if he once began to look there would be no end to it; nor would he admit the use of staring through the plain surface of Society's arrangements. To do so, he thought, greatly endangered if it did not altogether destroy those simple faculties which man required for the fulfilment of the plain duties of everyday life, such as: item, the acquisition and investment of money; item, the attendance at church, and maintenance of religious faith; item, the control of wife and children; item, the serenity of nerves and digestion; item, contentment with things as they were.

For there was just that difference between him and all those of whom he strongly disapproved, that whereas *they* wanted to *see* things as they were—*he* wanted to *keep* things as they were. But he would not for a moment have admitted this little difference to be sound, since his instinct told him that he himself saw things as they were better than ever did such cranky people. If a human being had got to get into spiritual fixes, as those fellows seemed to want one to believe, then certainly the whole unpleasant matter should be put into poetry, and properly removed from comprehension. "And, anyway," he would say, "in real life, I shall know it fast enough when I get there, and I'm not going to waste my time nosin' it over beforehand." His view of literary and indeed all Art was that it should help him to be cheerful. And he would make a really extraordinary outcry if amongst a hundred cheerful plays and novels he inadvertently came across one that was tragic; at once he would write to the papers to complain of the gloomy tone of modern literature; and the papers, with few exceptions, would echo his cry, because he was the plain man, and took them in. "What on earth," he would remark, "is the good of showin' me a lot of sordid sufferin'? It doesn't make me any happier. Besides"—he would add —"it isn't Art. The function of Art is Beauty." Some one had told him this and he was very emphatic on the point, going religiously to any show where there was a great deal of light and color. The shapes of women pleased him, too, up to a point. But he knew where to stop; for he felt himself, as it were, the real censor of morals in this country. When the plain man was shocked it was time to suppress the entertainment, whether play, dance, or novel. Something told him that he, beyond all other men, knew what was good for his wife and children. He often meditated on that question coming in to the city from his house in Surrey; for in the train he used to see men reading novels, and this stimulated his imagination. Essentially a believer in liberty, like every Englishman, he was only for putting down a thing when it offended his own taste. In speaking with his friends on this subject, he would express himself thus: "These fellows talk awful skittles. Any plain man knows what's too hot and what isn't. All this tosh about Art, and all that, is beside the point. The question simply is: Would you take your wife and daughters? If not, there's an end of it, and it ought to be suppressed." And he would think of his own daughters, very nice, and would feel sure. Not that he did not himself like a "full-blooded" book, as he called it, provided it had the right moral and religious tone. Indeed, a certain kind of fiction which abounded in "the heaving of her lovely bosom" often struck him pink, as he hesitated to express it; but there was never in such masterpieces of emotion any nasty subversiveness, or wrong-headed idealisms, but frequently the opposite.

THOUGH it was in relation to literature and drama, perhaps, that his quality of plainness was most valuable, he felt the importance of it, too, in regard to politics. When they had all done "messing about," he knew that they would come to him, because, after all, there he was, a plain man wanting nothing but his plain rights, not in the least concerned with the future and Utopia and all that, but putting things to a plain touchstone: "How will it affect me?" and forming his plain conclusions one way or the other. He felt above all things each new penny of the income tax, before they put it on, and saw to it if possible that they did not. He was extraordinarily plain about that, and about national defence, which instinct told him should be kept up to the mark at all costs. There must be ways, he felt, of doing the latter without having recourse to the income tax, and he was prepared to turn out any government that went on lines unjust to the plainest principles of property. In matters of national honor he was even plainer, for he never went into the merits of the question, knowing as a simple Englishman that England must be right; or that, if not right, it would never do to say she wasn't. So conversant were statesmen and the Press of this sound attitude of his mind, that without waiting to ascertain it, they acted on it with the utmost confidence.

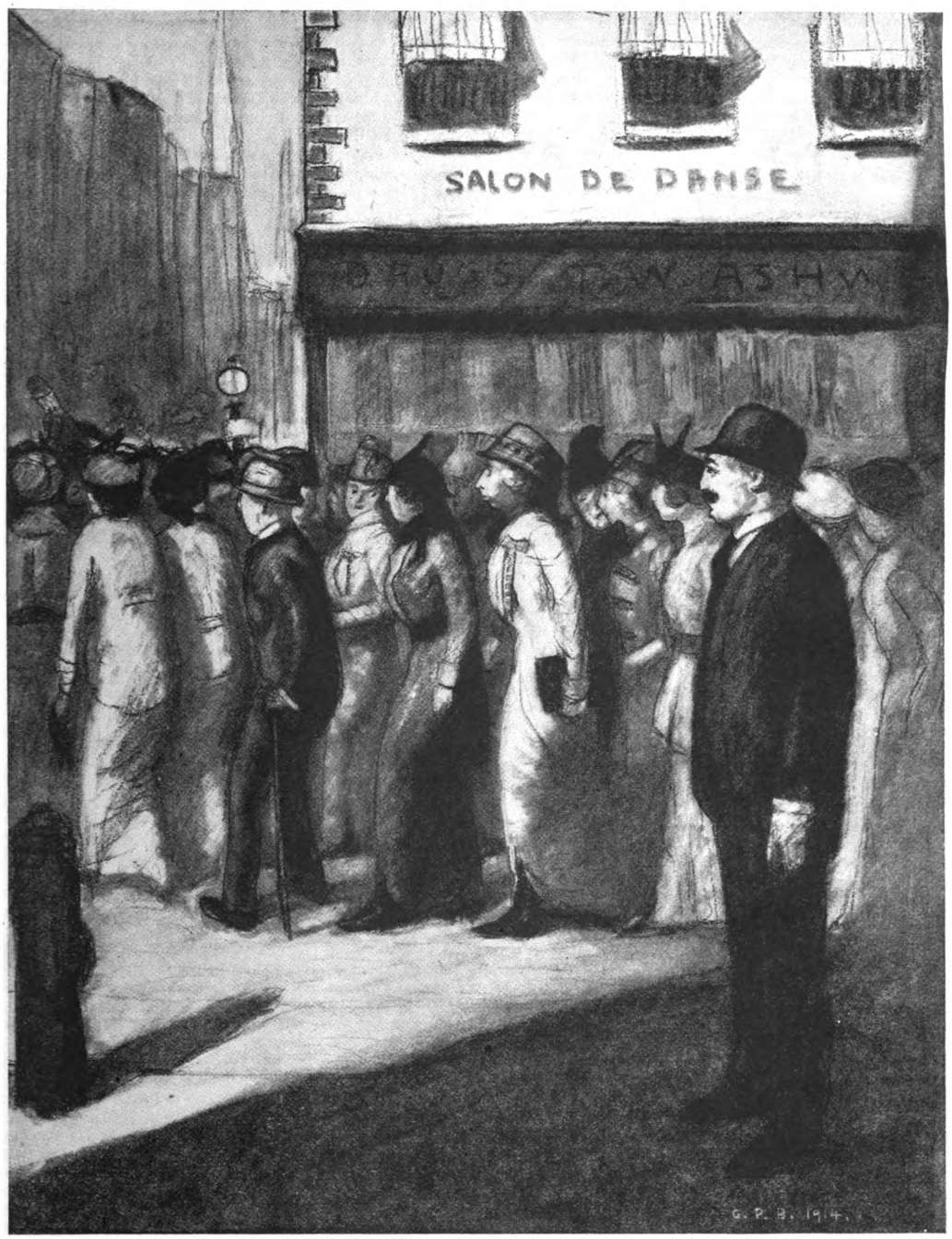
In regard to social reform, while recognizing of course the need for it, he felt that, in practice, one should do just as much as was absolutely necessary and no more; a plain man did not go out of his way to make quixotic efforts, nor did he sit upon a boiler till he was blown up.

IN the matter of religion he regarded his position as the only sound one, for however little in these days one could believe and all that, yet, as a plain man, he did not for a moment refuse to go to church and say he was a Christian; on the contrary, he was rather more particular about it than formerly, since when a spirit has departed, one must be very careful of the body, lest it fall to pieces. He continued therefore to be a Churchman —living, as has been said before, in Surrey.

He often spoke of Science, medical or not, and it was his plain opinion that these fellows all had an axe to grind; for *his* part he only believed in them just in so far as they benefited a plain man. The latest sanitary system, the best forms of locomotion and communication, the newest antiseptics, and time-saving machines —of all these, of course, he made full use; but as to the researches, speculations and theories of scientists—to speak plainly, they were, he thought, "pretty good rot."

He abominated the word "humanitarian." No plain man wanted to inflict suffering, especially on himself. He would be the last person to inflict suffering, but the plain facts of life must be considered, and convenience and property duly safeguarded. He wrote to the papers perhaps more often on this subject than any other, and was gratified to read in their leading articles continual allusion to himself. "The plain man is not prepared to run the risks which a sentimental treatment of this subject would undoubtedly involve." "After all, it is to the plain man that we must go for the sanity and common sense of this matter."

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In an age which bred so much that was freakish and peculiar, to know that there was always himself with his sane and plain outlook to fall back on, was an extraordinary comfort to him

For he had no dread in life like that of being called a sentimentalist. If an instance of cruelty came under his own eyes he was as much moved as any man, and took instant steps to manifest his disapproval. To act thus on his feelings was not at all his idea of being sentimental. But what he could not stand was making a fuss about cruelties, as people called them, which had not actually come under his own plain vision; to feel indignant in regard to such he felt *was* sentimental, involving as it did an exercise of his imagination, than which there was nothing he distrusted more. Some deep instinct no doubt informed him perpetually that if he felt anything that did not disturb him personally, at first hand, he would suffer unnecessarily, and perhaps be encouraging such public action, as might diminish his comfort. But he was no alarmist, and on the whole felt pretty sure that while he was there, with his plain views, there was no chance of anything being done that would cause him any serious inconvenience.

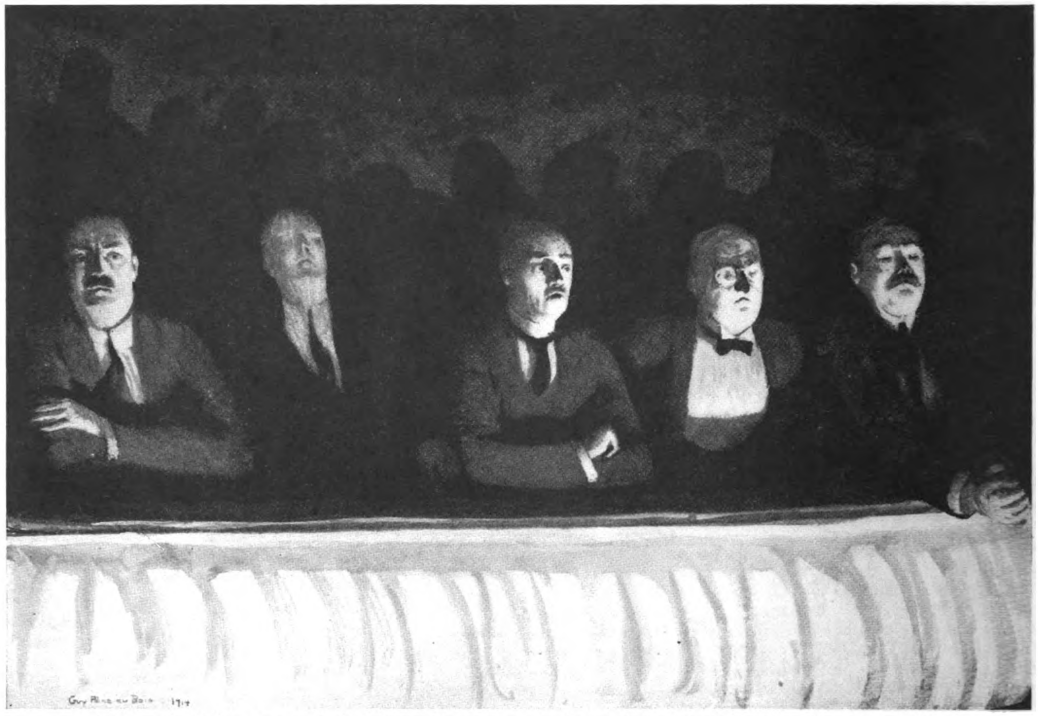
ON the woman's question generally he had long made his position plain. He would move when the majority moved, and not before. And he expected all plain men (and women—if there were any, which he sometimes doubted) to act in the same way. In this policy he felt instinctively rather than consciously that there was no risk. No one—at least, no one that mattered, no plain, solid person—would move until he did, and he would not of course move until they did; in this way there was a perfectly plain position. And it was an extraordinary gratification to him to feel, from the tone of Politicians, the Pulpit, and the Press, that he had the country with him. He often said to his wife: "One thing's plain to me; we shall never have the Suffrage till the country wants it." But he rarely discussed the question with other women, having observed that many of them could not keep their tempers when he gave them his plain view of the matter.

He was sometimes at a loss to think what on earth they would do without him on Juries, of which he was usually elected foreman. And he never failed to listen with pleasure to the words that never failed to be spoken to him: "As plain men, gentlemen, you will at once see how improbable in every particular

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is the argument of my friend." That he was valued in precisely the same way by both sides and ultimately by the Judge filled him sometimes with a modest feeling that only a plain man was of any value whatever, certainly that he was the only kind of man who had any sort of judgment.

HE often wondered what the Country would do without him; into what abysmal trouble she would get in her Politics, her Art, her Law, and her Religion. It seemed to him that he alone stood between her and manifold destructions. How many times had he not seen her reeling in her cups and sophistries, and beckoning to him to save her! And had he ever failed her, with his simple philosophy of a plain man: "Follow me, and the rest will follow itself?" Never! As witness the veneration in which he saw that he was held every time he opened a paper, attended the performance of a play, heard a sermon, or listened to a speech. Some day he meant to sit for his portrait, believing that this was due from him to Posterity; and now and then he would look into the glass to fortify his resolution. What he saw there always gave him secret pleasure. Here was a face that he knew he could trust, and even in a way admire. Nothing brilliant, showy, eccentric, soulful; nothing rugged, devotional, profound, or fiery; not even anything proud, or stubborn; no betrayal of kindliness, sympathy, or aspiration; but just simple, solid lines, a fresh color, and sensible, rather prominent eyes—just the face that he would have expected and desired, the face of a plain man.



"When the plain man was shocked it was time to suppress the entertainment whether play, dance, or novel"

Tango Mad

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

NOT long ago the picture postcard threatened the life of old-fashioned correspondence. Our friends went abroad; and instead of the long literary letter that interested the whole family, we received fluttering white doves of cards, with a few casual words inscribed for us poor stay-at-homes. A hurried line once or twice a week—that was all; and a glimpse of some Alpine peak, or some English glade was the token sent us of old and valued friendship.

Americans are poor enough talkers as it is. But just as we were beginning to gain some hint of background, some touch of beautiful age, and God-fearing folk were about to realize that empty laughter and shallow wit are not everything in life; when dinner-tables were about to become the meeting places for the exchange of real ideas between real men and women; just when a young nation was ready to prove the worth of its individuals by making of them sane conversationalists, along comes the turkey-trot—in a few short months metamorphosed into the one-step, so rapidly moves our modern life—and the rugs are ripped up as the coffee is brought on, there is a crash of music from heaven knows where, and the gay evening begins.

That was a week or two since. Suddenly an enterprising innkeeper to whose well-laden board motorists throng, conceived the brilliant idea of having his guests dance between courses; and another madness has crept into our lives. One could talk a bit—about dancing—at dinner a little while back; but now there isn't time even for that. It is a taste of soup, and then to the varnished floor; a bit of fish, and then a plunge in the liquid notes of the tango; a bit of roast—let the salad go, for that music is wonderful—and talk is lost in the seductive measures of the latest whirl.

I SEE that a vaudeville house has announced that during the intermissions—and they will be much longer now—dancing may be enjoyed in the foyer; and there is consternation among the actors, since fewer "turns" of their kind will be necessary hereafter. And a certain roof-garden has gone even further by stating in its advertisements that while acts are being performed on the stage, "dancing may be indulged in by the audience on the floor." The tables and chairs will be removed by trained waiters, and the tango-mad town need not crush its well-known desires for such a trivial thing as a musical comedy or trained monkeys.

In Chicago a set of society folk have seen to it that the private train they are to take South shall be equipped with one car built for dancing. They cannot bear the thought of looking out of the windows on the trip. Scenery is nothing. Dancing is everything.

And what of the lost art of conversation? For the new steps are so difficult that no one would be brave enough to whisper even a "sweet nothing" in his partner's ear as he whirled and twirled round the room.

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Around the Capital

By McGREGOR

Meaning Well

THE friends of the Repeal Bill in the Senate have been embarrassed no little by the disclosure of the fact that the Carnegie Peace Foundation has interested itself so largely in propaganda work for repeal. It sent out thousands of copies of Senator Root's able speech on the subject, delivered in the Senate, and other well-known methods of propaganda work have been employed. There is a very general apprehension in the public mind against the unwise use of the power of these great foundations for political ends, no matter how disinterested and patriotic they may prove themselves to be. A peace society supported by individual contributors, believing in the justice of their cause, could not be criticized for doing exactly the same thing that the Carnegie Foundation has done in this regard. It is this feeling that has made Congress time and again refuse federal incorporation for the Rockefeller Foundation.

Privately Paid Government Employes

SENATOR KENYON'S resolution of inquiry into the connection between the General Education Board and the Department of Agriculture brought a prompt reply from the Department. In April, 1906, the Department organized its farmers' coöperative cotton demonstration work. On January 15, 1904, the Department, lacking the funds for the prosecution of the work against the boll weevil, the General Education Board offered additional funds for demonstration work. The agreement, in brief, was that the General Education Board should finance the work both directly and indirectly, while the employes were appointed by the Department of Agriculture and are under its control, having the power, of course, of discharge as well as appointment. The work has been supervised by the Department of Agriculture. In order to secure the franking privilege, these employes receive a nominal salary of a dollar a year from the Department. This arrangement has been going on since 1904, and 625 employes are thus paid by the General Education Board and supervised by the Department of Agriculture.

In March, 1913, Secretary Houston entered upon a temporary arrangement, which terminates in July, 1914, for the investigation of markets, rural credits, forms of coöperation and rural organization, which is also financed by the General Education Board, no funds being available in the Department. The director of this new organization, Mr. Thomas Nixon Carver, receives a salary of $1.00 per month from the Department of Agriculture, and $625.00 per month from the General Education Board. It is pretty generally agreed that the principle is unsound. It gives an opportunity, if the General Education Board, one of the Rockefeller Foundations, desired to avail itself of it, for a more than just influence with the Department of Agriculture through this connection. Certainly Uncle Sam is big enough to pay the employes of the Department of Agriculture; and Congress has been unusually generous with this Department, and would undoubtedly have made whatever appropriations were necessary, now paid by the General Education Board, with the facts fairly presented. It is an old principle that no man can serve two masters; and it is an unsound principle of government that any private organization, no matter how disinterested it may be, should pay the salaries of government employes. Nor is it possible for the public mind to distinguish between the wise use of such funds and the sometime devious methods by which the fund itself was accumulated.

The Progressives in Virginia and North Carolina

VIRGINIA and North Carolina have recently organized Progressive Democratic Leagues, which are designed to show the real progressive sentiment of these states. A tremendous meeting was held in Richmond before the close of the Virginia Legislature, which was addressed by Secretary Bryan and Senator Owen. The labor unions and the farmers' union of Virginia, acting in coöperation, made a point of reserving several hundred seats for their members. Just before the meeting, the organizations of working men and farmers sent a telegram to the Virginia delegation in Congress, saying that they had waited a long time for the passage of certain measures in which they were interested, naming 14 of these measures, and appealing to the Congressional delegation to use their influence with the Legislature in having them pass. The appeal amounted to a threat. Some of the progressive members of the House sent word that they sympathized with the measures named, but could not conscientiously use their influence with the Virginia Legislature, which was an indirect slap at the machine; but the machine got busy, and the bills which had been long held up, such as the child labor bill, the bill for a legislative reference bureau, the ten hour bill for women, the caboose bill for freight trains, the molders' sanitary bill, and the telegraphers' surety bill, were passed in the closing days of the legislature, 6 out of the 14 measures.

The President has recently recognized the progressive wing of the party in Virginia in his appointments.

In North Carolina a progressive meeting in Raleigh, with wide representation from all over the state, was addressed by Secretary Josephus Daniels and Senator Pomerene in the interest of progressive measures. The lines are drawn in this state also, and candidates for Congress will do well to heed the demands that are being made upon them by the Progressive Democrats of the Old North State.

Contempt Cases

THE Supreme Court has asked for a reargument in the cases of Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison, Secretary of the American Federation of Labor, in the contempt case in which Justice Wright felt himself aggrieved for an alleged violation of his injunction in the Buck's Stove & Range case. Van Cleave, who made his long fight with the Federation, is dead, and the civil aspects of the case were settled long ago. The Supreme Court reversed the original decision against these men, but left a loophole for its reconsideration. New proceedings were inaugurated before Justice Wright, in which he decided again against the three defendants, Gompers being sentenced to jail for one year, Mitchell for six months and Morrison for three months. And the case, having been once argued before the Supreme Court, is now to be re-argued, with probably one or more years yet before a final decision.

In the meantime, Justice Wright has found himself in trouble through charges preferred against him to the President and the Attorney General by President Wade H. Cooper of the Union Savings Bank, in regard to certain commercial transactions in which Justice Wright figured. The papers in the case were submitted to the House District Committee, and on the strength of the allegations made in this complaint, a member of the House called for the impeachment of Justice Wright. The Judiciary Committee of the House is investigating the matter of impeachment, as it is in the case of Judge Robert M. Speer, a federal judge of Georgia. In the meantime, Mr. Cooper has been indicted for contempt of court, and is asking for a stay in the proceedings until the impeachment case is decided by Congress.

John Lind

JOHN LIND may not know how to speak Spanish, but he knows how to keep silent in English. A strong, reticent man, with an unerring instinct for truth, his reports from Mexico have kept the President well-informed concerning every phase of the troubled situation there. The literary quality of his communications is so fine that when the time comes for their publication they will take their place among the thrillingly interesting annals of the American continent.

Consistent in Opposition

OF course Senator Works is opposed to the Radium Bill. From the point of view of his peculiar faith, he is opposed to any education of the public in the matter of the prevention of disease. He opposed the Children's Bureau because one of the subjects to be investigated was infant mortality. Still, it is pretty generally acknowledged that infants do die and that there is such a thing as cancer. Senatorial courtesy has never been more strained than in the efforts of Senator Work's colleagues to reconcile his religious predilections with the facts of nature as they appeal to the average hard-headed man.

Incorporated in Delaware

DELAWARE seems to have taken the place of New Jersey as the traitor state. The phrase is now, "incorporated according to the laws of Delaware." New York and New Jersey have become inhospitable ground for the organization of predatory corporations. An International American Oil Company, with a capital of $50,000,000 was recently chartered in Dover, with the local attaches of a charter company named as the incorporator. The right of a state to allow one of its creatures to oppress the people of another state is not a real principle of States' Rights.

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Food and Health

By LEWIS B. ALLYN

What Never?—Well, Hardly Ever!

"LET no man halloa he is safe till he is out the woods." A state food and drug commissioner who has in the past rendered excellent service to his state, delivers himself of this astonishing declaration. "Foods do not contain preservative or poisonous colors at the present time—except in few and rather unusual instances. Neither are they misbranded except by ignorant manufacturers."

This reads like an approach to food millennium—but in point of fact the commissioner's statement is a fine fancy. It is true that the use of preservative drugs



"The good old,'rheumatism cure,'can still be found in fruit juices"

is on the decline—thanks to a thinking public and helpfully coöperative manufacturers: many cheap catsups, sauces, mustards, jams, jellies, soft drinks, fish and meat products, and some of higher quality are still preserved with benzoate of sodium. Sulphurous acid is still rampant in fruit juices, molasses, meat, sausages and wines. The good old "rheumatism cure," salicylic acid, can still be found in fruit juices and canning compounds. The poisonous fluorids of sodium or ammonium are not at present unknown in glass-packed asparagus—a "little dope saves much sterilization," recently remarked one who knew.

The undertaker's faithful ally, formaldehyde, is frequently found in milk and cream. And, what is more, the people will continue thus to suffer until such time as a divine providence, and popular demand, force the passage of a "Federal Pure Food Law"—not the poor travesty which exists at the present time.

It is granted that misbranding is sometimes the result of ignorance. It is equally true that it is frequently the result of a careful plan to "get by." How would the commissioner classify a cocoa labeled "Soluble," when in truth and in fact it is over 70 per cent. insoluble? What about cocoas labelled "Double the strength of ordinary grades of cocoa"? What about "triple strength" cocoas? What about a cocoa the front of whose label bears the words "Free from Alkali" and obscurely stamped on the side "Prepared with Alkali"? Is this chicanery the result of ignorance? It seems fair to assume that a manufacturer knows considerable about his product. One class of food products only have been used as an illustration. A score of others might be cited, all of which tends to prove that misbranding is not always confined to the ignorant, but is resorted to through cool calculation. HARPER'S WEEKLY does not believe for a minute that the food situation is going to the dogs nor that it has arrived there. Neither does it believe that the perfection stated by our friend the commissioner, has been attained.

This WEEKLY realizes that there is even now need for food improvement along these lines: Sanitation, Purity, Truth.

Hundreds of clear-sighted manufacturers believe this and are aiding in a strong, efficient manner.

"Hirsute Fertilizers"

GOOD for the hair, scalp, skin or nerves is largely a misnomer, as it is being learned that food has no specific destination. Certain so-called "food experts" treat the diet as one would purchase a ticket to Pittsburg.

A mouthful of this is tagged "for the heart," another morsel "for the brain," a third to be sent direct to the "kidneys." All this doubtless dates to the time when our remote ancestors ate the hearts of their enemies to invigorate their own.

IN his usual effective manner, J. W. Helme, Food Commissioner of Michigan, says a few things worthy of careful consideration. The following appears in the current Dairy and Food Bulletin of the State of Michigan:

"When the Lord of Creation visits the barber shop weekly to have the hair removed from his chin and encouraged on his topknot, he is confronted by a row of bottles on the barber's stand labelled 'Eau de Quinine,' 'Herpicide,' etc., all of which the barber recommends as a fertilizer for the human dome to reforest the barren areas thereon.

"For swatting a small handful of this on the customer's head, the barber charges from 10 cents to 15 cents. Some mathematical sharp has figured it up that at 15 cents a swat the barber clears the tidy sum of $48 on each gallon of dope he disposes of. Some people would think this was a fair profit, but a concern doing business under the name of The Avondale Co., in Detroit, has devised a scheme to give the barber even more profit. This concern advertises a series of imitations of the leading hair restorers at a much less price per gallon. They sell "O. D. Q. Nine" as an imitation of the imported Eau de Quinine; "Hurpoline" as an imitation of Herpicide, and so on through the list. Some barbers take these cheaper imitations and put them in the original bottles of the higher-priced dopes, thereby increasing their profits at the expense of the customer's ignorance. Naturally, makers of the high-priced articles complained of this system, which is a violation of the drug laws of the state. When barbers were threatened with prosecution for using these preparations for the originals, The Avondale Co. came back by sending out a circular which in part reads as follows:

"To begin with, as most barbers know, manufacturers of Dandruff Cures, Hair Growers, etc., are Fakers. They can't grow hair nor cure dandruff—and they know it.

"They defraud the public through lying advertisements, and, we are told, they are now trying to force barbers to continue the using of their high-priced fake goods through a 'bluff' stand-bottle system, which they say is backed up by the law.

"Are Fakers backed up by law? *We should say not.* Laws were made to put Fakers out of business, and not for their protection. Hair Tonic Fakers are legal outcasts—same as gamblers, quack doctors or the slot machine grafters.

"Any time Hair Tonic Fakers talk of prosecuting barbers, because they substitute lower-priced products for high-priced Fakes, they're bluffing—*give them the slot machine laugh.*

"Fakes dare not go into court; they're at your mercy and could be put out of business themselves, by the very law they claim protects them—and they know it. *Now then! Save a couple of 'bucks' on your next order.*

"Barbers are asked to patronize The Avondale Co. because we sell 'Good Stuff' and sell it at a reasonable price."

This will be interesting reading to the bald and near-bald. The Avondale Co. virtually says "all hair restorers and dandruff cures are fakes. We will sell you something equally as good at a less price." We are inclined to think this statement is correct. If there was any



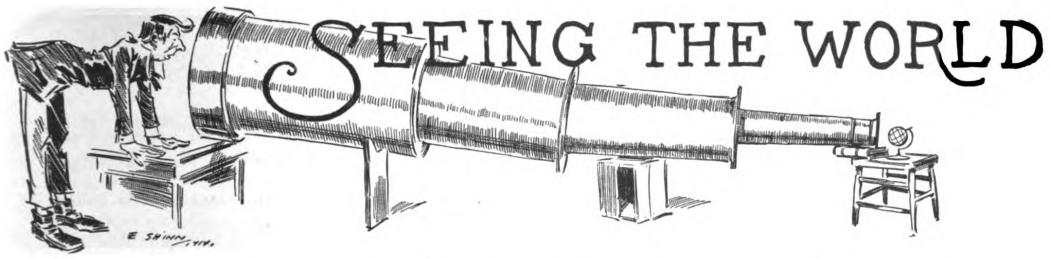
"For swatting a small handful of this upon the customer's head the barber charges from 10 cents to 15 cents"

medicine that would cure bald heads, would we smooth pates endure the shots of the girls at the burlesque shows when we sit on the front seats? Never! Not if ten dollars' worth of hair grower would produce a second growth of pasture on top of our cerebellums. The Avondale dopes are probably as efficient as any in getting a man's money without delivering the goods. Barbers are warned, however, that if Avondale or other goods are placed in bottles of other manufacturers, they invite prosecution under the drug laws.

To be sure the "Avondale Co." agrees to protect their customers but the Secretary of State's office shows there is no such company as the "Avondale Co." Such a company was incorporated on June 12, 1911, but it filed a dissolution notice on November 20, 1911, and has not had a legal existence since that time. Its guarantee, therefore, is as worthless as it admits its products to be.

There is just one sure cure for bald heads and that is to wear a wig or be a woman.

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Read This Page

If anybody knows any news of importance, for goodness sake let's have it.
—Barrymore Cor., Jerome (Idaho) *Times*

W. I. T.

Mike Meredith and Billy Randle were driving their cows home one day last week, when all at once they saw an airship sailing over their heads. Mike said the rich ride on the highways, while us poor fellows go on the byways. To which Billy added, the rich ride in the zephyrs while we have to drive in the heifers.
—Ogamaw Cor., Camden (Ark.) *Herald*

Alas, Poor Winter!

The voice of the frogs in the rain soaked lane proclaim to the world that spring has came. The chirp of the birds in the bosky dell remind us that winter is all shot to pieces.
—Gower (Mo.) *Enterprise*

The Noblest Roman of Them All

What has been said of Miss Graham will hold good with Mr. Chapin in every respect. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Chapin, and a young man who is highly respected, industrious, and a man who will respect the rights of the lady of his choice, and we doubt not will not consider the marriage vow lightly and only as a means to an end to be broken at will or as one may feel inclined. Mr. Chapin has the reputation of being honorable and just.
—Prophetstown (Ill.) *Echo*

Sound but Difficult

The man who will try and induce another man to change and vote according to some fool prejudice, should take a rope, climb up in a sapling, and after waiting a short time to look at himself, climb down again and tell himself that he is going to try and do better.
—Auburn (Neb.) *Granger*

A Playful Pet

While Mr. William Conklin was exercising his old pet horse recently, he slipped on the ice, giving the horse a chance to turn, and kick him in the face, whereby a few stitches had to be taken, but now is quite comfortable.
—Salisbury Cor., Connecticut Western *News*

Good Name for a Dancer

Miss Mable Gallup attended the St. Patrick's dance in Chillicothe.
—Hallock Cor., Chillicothe (Ill.) *Bulletin*

Propriety Among the Presses

It is amusing to note how little the average person knows about how to conduct himself in a newspaper office. Persons come into the *Sentinel* daily and proceed to read copy intended only for the use of the compositor. This is a violation of an unwritten law in every newspaper office. If you want to know the news, wait until the paper is out and then read to your heart's content, but don't—don't for the love of Mike, edge up behind the little girl at the case and go to "rubbering."
—Scobey (Montana) *Sentinel*

The War Correspondent



—The Sandusky (O.) *Register*

The Way It Takes Hold of Some

Rachel Green, colored, suffered a dislocated and badly sprained knee last night while she was attending religious services at Main Street Colored Baptist church and another woman began to shout and jumped into her lap.
—Hopkinsville (Ky.) *New Era*

In the Social Whirl

Gladys Roberts has the mumps.

Henry Royal has the mumps and Charles Royal is just getting over them.

Misses Lizzie and Lima Gass have the mumps quite badly.
—Macon Cor., Mansfield (Mo.) *Mirror*

A Mother's Devotion

Mrs. Mary Young called on her son, Tuesday, and they planted potatoes.
—Cheerful Valley Cor., Mansfield (Mo.) *Mirror*

The Freedom of the Press

If you don't take the *Sun*, don't kick about what it says. If you are a subscriber and don't like what it says, buy it and run it to suit yourself. But you can't make it talk to suit you just for a measly old dollar.
—Salem (Ark.) *Sun*

Fight for your Homes

Swat the guy that knocks on his home town to every outsider that comes along. He's like a traitor in the camp. Like as not the good old town has provided him a fat living for several decades and the fatness thereof has soured on his stomach.
—Moundbridge (Kas.) *Journal*

A Modern Cinderella

A big home-grown, corn-fed girl may not be able to tango as gracefully as her slender hot-house sister, but she is there with bells on when it comes to doing the kitchen scrub and the dust rag dip and the broom stick balance and the cook stove canter.
—Gadsden (Ala.) *Times News*

An Attractive Offer

As there are a number who are behind in their subscription to the *Herald*, we will make this offer. All those who are in arrears one year or more who will come forward and pay up at once we will give a first class obituary notice gratis in case it kills them.
—Ottawa County (Ohio) *Herald*

Unanswerable

There was a singing at C. C. Smith's Saturday night. A large crowd was present and I haven't heard any complaining so I suppose everyone had a good time.
—Oak Grove Cor., Ozark (Ark.) *Spectator*

What's in a Name

At the musicale given in the M. E. church a number of charming vocal selections were rendered by Miss Glorine Hoots.
—Ashland (Ohio) *Press*

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Mostly About Pitchers

By BILLY EVANS

What Makes a Pitcher

GOOD speed, a fast breaking curve, a puzzling slow ball and a deceptive change of pace are four wonderful assets for any pitcher. Give a twirler three of those four assets, and he has a pretty good chance to make good. Yet there is one decidedly essential thing he must learn before he is a finished pitcher. The successful big league pitcher must be the possessor of a good move when runners are on the bases. He must have a motion to first that will hold the runner close, yet escape the balk penalty. He must shorten his pitching motion with men on any of the bases, in order to prevent them from running wild.

When a young pitcher shows promise of having enough ability to stick, he is immediately instructed in the art of pitching with men on the bases. Although many fans probably do not realize it, pitching with men on, is entirely different from working with the bases empty. There are many twirlers who are wonders, just so long as they can keep the runners off the paths; once men get on their troubles commence. There are a half dozen major league clubs carrying veteran pitchers for no reason other than to instruct the young pitchers in the art of working with men on the bases.

Perhaps no rule in baseball is less thoroughly understood than the nine sections pertaining to the making of a balk. There is no rule in the book that creates so much trouble for the umpire. Manager's instruct their pitchers in as deceptive a motion as possible, that will escape the balk penalty. These moves curtail base running. Every manager insists his pitchers are working properly, while all opposing pitchers are working incorrectly, making a very nice situation for the umpire. Ten balks were called by American League umpires last year. Probably a thousand other moves were disputed as balks. The balk rule is a trouble maker, but there is no getting away from the fact that a strict interpretation of this feature of the game greatly aids base running, one of the great charms of the sport.

Some Facts About Johnson

WALTER JOHNSON, pitcher-extraordinary of the Washington club, is not only a wonderful pitcher but an equally wonderful fellow. I saw Walter Johnson the night he arrived in Washington to report to Joe Cantillon. I umpired the first game he worked as a big leaguer. I have since officiated in many of the remarkable games Johnson has pitched. He was a diamond in the rough when he joined the club, he is baseball's most brilliant pitching star today.

Success and prosperity have not changed Johnson in the least. He is the same modest, unassuming chap today as when he walked around to Manager Cantillon's hotel one hot summer evening in 1907 and made known his presence. Few stars could have stood the praise that has been heaped on Johnson, without suffering a slight inflation. Not Johnson, for in victory he is always able to show where some fielder by a marvelous stop greatly aided his chances, or by a timely hit sent across enough runs to give him a commanding lead to work on.

I umpired the plate in the game in which Johnson suffered his first defeat after a run of sixteen straight victories two years ago. Needing only four more wins to break the record, most pitchers would have been rather particular about when and where they worked. When late in the game, St. Louis got two men on and only one out, Manager Griffith was none too certain of the game, with only a one-run lead as a margin. His team was fighting for the pennant, the game meant much. Tom Hughes who had been pitching brilliantly was showing unmistakable signs of weakening. Griffith requested that Johnson relieve Hughes, although the great pitcher didn't even have time to warm up properly. He struck out the first man to face him. Then in trying to get all his speed on the ball, he uncorked a fast one that got away from his catcher, allowing both runners to advance. A lucky single sent two runs across the plate, winning the game.

It was ruled that the defeat should be charged to Johnson breaking his run of victories. Many critics insisted Hughes should be charged with the defeat. They argued Hughes had allowed both runners to reach first, because he had issued a base on balls to each man. This question was put to Johnson on the bench the next day in discussing the affair. I shall never forget his answer. "Tom may have put the runners on first and second, but he didn't make the wild pitch that allowed them to advance to second and third, nor was he pitching when the batter singled scoring two runs. The defeat belongs to me, not Hughes." Not many players with a wonderful chance to break a world's record would have accepted so severe a reverse in such a manner. I regretted the outcome of that game a great deal, for it seemed a bit unfair to credit the defeat to Johnson. I was really glad when on his next time out, St. Louis defeated Johnson in a regular game, wiping out a chance for an endless discussion, had Johnson annexed four more wins before a defeat.

Collins vs. Johnson

RAY COLLINS, famous left-hander of the Boston Americans is the direct opposite of Walter Johnson, yet Collins was the pitcher who gave Johnson the most trouble last year. Twice he blanked Washington with Johnson opposing him by the score of 1 to 0, while on another occasion he lost a fifteen-inning battle by the same score. Johnson has terrific speed, and seems unhittable, Collins has very ordinary speed and seems easy to solve. Yet in his way, Collins is as remarkable a pitcher as Johnson. Players rave when they fail to hit Collins, and they usually do a lot of raving every year for the Boston southpaw is a pretty successful heaver. It is really a mystery, Collins and his delivery. Clyde Engle offered the best explanation I have yet heard, one day last summer, just after Ty Cobb had popped up to the infield. Ty was berating himself for his inability to hit nothing as he termed the ball served to him. "That is just the trouble," said Engle with a smile, "you see a lot, Ty, when that slow one comes sneaking up, but you hit at nothing."

Sheridan, Dean of the Umpires

JACK SHERIDAN, dean of the umpires, deserves a hero medal. This will be Sheridan's thirtieth year in the rôle of arbitrator. He insists that he has worked in every league that ever existed, and has been mobbed at least once in every city worth while. He still prides himself on his good appetite, which is proof positive that he has thrived on the life. Sheridan has assured President Johnson that he will be on the job as usual, unless old age suddenly makes it necessary for him to take to crutches.

Denatured Baseball

COLLEGE baseball is certainly going to be awful polite this year. It would not be at all surprising if some limitation would be placed on the rights of the fielder to touch the base runner, particularly in reference as to how hard the runner might be touched. It seems the college authorities seek to have baseball without noise, which would prove just about as listless as football without cheering. To many people the most spectacular feature of a college football game is the cheering of the crowd. A pitcher on striking out a batsman will probably proceed immediately to delay the game by asking his pardon. Possibly all the reforms contemplated will go through, but I'll wager the collegians will still persist in protesting the decisions of the umpire, and arguing over the officials for the big games.

The Spitball

SEVERAL years ago there was considerable agitation for the abolition of the spitball. Many critics insisted that the spitball would abolish itself if given enough time. Pitchers who were meeting with success, through using the moist delivery laughed at the idea; they scouted the belief that it would work a permanent injury to the arm. In the last six years, I wager I have seen a score of pitchers drop out of the majors, because of the strain placed upon their arm through using the spitball. A half dozen years ago, a recruit joining the majors was given little consideration, if the spitball was not his main stock in trade. Now managers look on a pitcher depending on the "spitter" with much disfavor. The spitball has brought about its own abolition as was predicted. The "Iron Man," Ed Walsh, paid the penalty last year. He insists he is going to be as good as ever this season. I hope so, for when right he is a truly wonderful twirler. I seriously doubt, however, if he will be able to gain old-time form, judging on what he showed me late last fall.

"Big Time" Only

DICK ALTROCK, former great pitcher, now comedian and coacher, was recently offered a chance to appear in a small Virginia city. A very good salary was offered, but Nick gracefully declined, giving as his only reason that he played nothing but "big time."

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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Large Incomes and Safety

WHAT every investor wants is the largest return on his capital consistent with safety. This is human nature and business nature. We all want all we can get without risking anything. It is a natural and commendable desire, but, uncurbed, results in continual loss and suffering. Almost every reader of this magazine who writes to us for general information or advice on the subject of investments, asks for a bond or stock which will afford the highest possible income and still be safe.

There are a few persons wholly satisfied with a low return upon their investments provided there is no question as to the safety of the principal. There are other persons who would like a large income, but seem to be reconciled to the necessity of sacrificing it for the integrity of their principal. But the great majority of investors neither recognize nor are reconciled to the real or supposed inconsistency of large returns with complete security.

But even a casual study of the subject of finance reveals a most suggestive fact, namely the existence of several classes of bonds and mortgages which for special reasons, not primarily connected with any defect in their fundamental integrity, combine relatively high returns with safety. One of the important classes of securities which come under this head are the bonds of public utility companies.

Strictly speaking, the designation, Public Utilities, should include steam railroads, and express companies, as well as many other classes of corporations. But in financial parlance, the meaning of the term has been narrowed down to electric street and interurban railways, electric light and power companies, gas, telephone and telegraph companies. Even the last named, telephone and telegraph companies, may be eliminated from this article. While they are in every sense public utilities, they have been financed and managed in such a way that they should be classed rather with the great railroads and manufacturing companies whose securities are actively dealt in upon the stock exchange than with the so-called public utilities. In other words, we are dealing this week with the bonds of gas and electric companies alone, leaving out of the latter group those of telephone and telegraph concerns.

Marvelous Growth

IT is unnecessary here to relate statistics showing the growth of electricity. The development of this business in the last five or ten years possibly exceeds that of any other one great industry. If actual statistics do not bear out this statement, at least the social and economic importance of the industry does so. Moreover, there seems to be few discernible limits to the continued expansion in the use of electricity for lighting and power as well as for interurban traction. From the investment standpoint, the essential fact about this industry is its stability of earnings. In 1913, for example, while the gross of all steam railroads in this country increased 4.72 per cent. the net earnings fell off 3.52 per cent. By taking the total of 242 leading electric railways

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or systems of railways, there was an increase of nearly six per cent. in net earnings as well as in gross earnings. Indeed, for the last ten years, there has been no failure on the part of electric railways as a whole to show a steady increase in both gross and net receipts. Probably the same results would be shown by a similar compilation of the earnings of the leading power companies.

But the electric industry is relatively new. Its phenomenal expansion is a matter of the last ten or fifteen years only, and only within the last five years has it become the custom for holding companies to buy up scores of public utilities throughout the country. In other words, we are dealing with a business which is far newer than the railroads and in a sense newer than large scale manufacturing. Now, it is a well recognized principle of finance that a new industry must pay more for capital than an old one. Therefore, it has been necessary for the public utilities to offer higher rates for capital and the investor has profited accordingly.

How the public utility is regarded by the leaders of finance is well shown by a recent speech made by Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York:

> In spite of the vast proportions that the electrical industry has already reached, the huge total of capital investment which it represents, the substantial standardization of the business, the complete social and industrial necessity which your work has created and met, electrical securities are still regarded by the general investor, the capitalist, as occupying a new and only moderately seasoned and tried field for investment.
>
> The time has now come when no man with capital to invest in corporate securities can longer hold back from the study of public utility investments. The experimental inventive stage is past. The business has a background that has now become broad enough so that one can make valuable comparisons and sound deductions. It has ceased to be a business of only small units.

The steam railroads are beginning to feel the competition of the public utility for capital. W. H. Williams, Third Vice-President of the Delaware and Hudson Company, in a statement to the Interstate Commerce Commission in connection with the proposed advance in freight rates, has furnished striking figures to show how the public utility is pushing the steam railroad in the world's markets for capital. "These companies," he says, "are no longer local concerns dependent upon the welfare of one community, but are national and international in character. Electric and other apparatus connected with the furnishing of public utilities has become standardized, thus minimizing instability of value and losses due to obsolescence."

One important fact regarding these securities as investments is the way in which they have been financed. For the most part, public utility companies have been financed through investment banking firms and their securities have not been listed upon the stock exchange. It is true that between two and three billion dollars of public utilities are listed, but these are largely made up of the telephone and telegraph companies and a few of the traction companies in such great cities as New York. The great bulk of the bonds and stocks issued by the hundreds of electric and gas companies have been sold directly through investment banking firms to their clients. Thus these bonds and stocks have gone directly to the ultimate investor rather than through intermediary channels of speculation. This is one reason why the

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return upon them is higher than upon many other classes of securities, for listing on the stock exchange costs something in more senses than one, and it is especially true that stocks and bonds which enjoy an active market on the big exchange always sell at higher prices than the same class of unlisted securities.

It must not be supposed that the public utility is without hazard. George B. Caldwell, President of the Investment Bankers Association of America, says the hazard is manifold and he mentions "actual and potential competition, private and municipal, diminution of revenue and retrogression of plants by the progress of the art, growing burdens of labor and taxation and political agitation." But the obvious merits are the great stability of earnings already referred to and the fact that while public utilities may have local political troubles they are not affected by general conditions and do not respond to the depression caused by changes in tariffs, anti-trust laws, and other national measures.

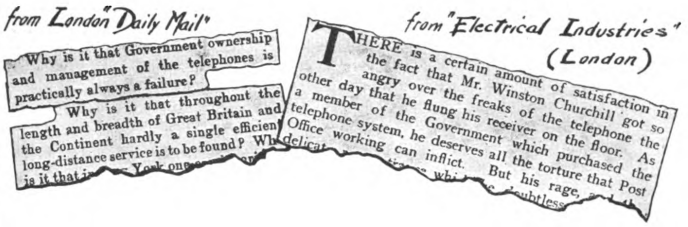
In the last few years, several promoters of public utility holding companies have vied with each other in buying up everything in sight. Indeed, there has been a perfect scramble to purchase plants and place them under new holding companies. Then these holding companies would issue notes or short term bonds to yield 6 per cent., 7 per cent, or even 8 per cent. These are not the sort of securities which a conservative investor desires to buy. There are manifold advantages to the public utility company itself in being financed by a holding company, but the latter concern is usually an equity corporation only. That is, it merely has an interest in the stocks of many underlying companies, these companies in turn usually having plenty of bonds of their own. It is only fair to say that as yet there have been practically no disasters or wrecks in this field. Indeed, the marvelous piling up of new holding companies without disaster is one of the most astounding feats of magic in financial history. It is certainly an abiding testimony to the soundness and stability of the business as a whole. And yet, the conservative investor had better limit himself to the actual mortgage bonds of operating companies. The interest on such bonds should be earned twice over, and as a rule such companies should operate in towns of at least 50,000 population or more, although there may be exceptions to this latter rule.

Comparatively few actual first mortgage bonds whose interest is earned twice over and which are secured by the property of well established utilities in moderate sized or large cities can be had to yield more than 5½ per cent. But there are practically innumerable safe bonds of this class to be had to return from 5 per cent. to 5½ per cent. When it comes to buying the bonds or notes or preferred stocks of the holding companies to return from 6 per cent. upward, all that may be said is that these are attractive looking speculations.

It is difficult to recommend specific bonds because nearly all of the many securities of this type have been put out by banking firms which retain some form of interest in the property and to mention the securities of any one firm is unfair to other houses.

For the investor who buys to keep, the public utility affords striking opportunities. And it should be mentioned that many firms which specialize in these securities will take them back or trade them for other bonds when there is any need of it.

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Herr Wendel, in the German Diet.

"I refer here to Freiberg. There the entire telephone service is interrupted at 9 o'clock p. m. Five minutes after 9 o'clock it is impossible to obtain a telephone connection."

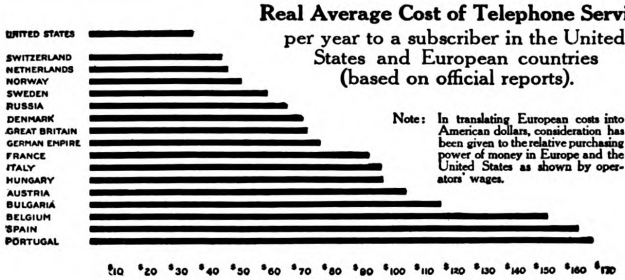
Herr Haberland, Deputy, in the Reichstag

"The average time required to get a connection with Berlin is now 1½ hours. Our business life and trade suffer considerably on account of this lack of telephone facilities, which exists not only between Dusseldorf and Berlin and between Berlin and the West, but also between other towns, such as Strassburg, Antwerp, etc."

Dr. R. Luther, in the Dresdner Anzeiger

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Sports

By HERBERT REED ("*Right Wing*")

A Poughkeepsie Contender

THE easy victory of Washington University over California and Stanford in the Coast regatta recently insures the presence of the Far Western victors in the Poughkeepsie regatta, and from all I can learn from Western friends and critics, the eight will be quite as formidable as it was a year ago, when it finished third after a bruising race. Last year there was no boat load on the river that could compare with the visitors in the matter of physique, and this year's eight is quite as husky although not quite so heavy, which is a change for the better. However, in the fast company at Poughkeepsie Washington will have to turn out an eight that knows a little more about racing—that can produce more than one spurt should the conditions prove favorable. The stroke is a common sense one, but so far these big fellows have not been able to shoot it up as they should. With the addition of a little more spurting ability, a little more "whip," the men from the Coast will make trouble for any eight.

Columbia's Crew

JIM RICE is beginning to talk hopefully about his Columbia crews in spite of the dearth of promising material, and I should not be surprised to find them winning all their early races. The Poughkeepsie test is quite another matter, and the Light Blue and White will have to forego duels with physically stronger crews early in the race in order to be up at the front or near it in the final half mile rush. Rice is a man who profits by experience, and I doubt if he will let this year's crew go out as did last year's in the effort to "kill" Cornell or any other eight. This is not racing wisdom in an event with an entry list of more than two. Indeed, with last year's experience in mind probably all the eights will row a more conservative race, for I suspect that all of them are going to be up to the high standards of recent years, with the exception that Pennsylvania should show marked improvement.

The Javelin Throw

FOR some occult reason the colleges refuse to add the javelin throw, an Olympic event, to their program of field events. Given a tall, fast man, who can come up to the mark on the jump, and the event is as pretty as one would care to see. If added to the college games it would provide for athletes—a host of them—who can find nothing else to do. As long as we do not take up events of this kind we may expect to be beaten by Finns, Danes, or any other people that sticks to it. We laugh at the English for their failure to specialize in such events as the hammer and shot and yet are quite as conservative as they.

Track Athletics in England

HERE is the real reason why there has been decadence in track and field athletics in England. The trouble begins in the schools. Rugby, for instance, is known as a "Rugger" school, which is natural enough, the unfortunate feature being that those who try for other teams are apt to be looked down upon by the mighty young men of the Fifteen. The track candidate is neglected, considered, indeed, a none too necessary evil. Others of the great schools, such as Eton, Harrow, Charterhouse, are known as "soccer," rowing or cricket schools, as the case may be, and there is not one in the list that is known as a "sports" school, "sports" being the English term for track and field athletics. There has been something of a revival at Oxford and Cambridge recently, but the great schools will have to make the "track blue" an honor as much to be coveted as any other "blue" before the Britons will have hold of the situation by the roots.

Spring Football Practice

FOOTBALL, they tell us, is out of season, yet all the squads have been out for the Spring practice, and the preparations now going forward are more thorough than they have been in many a year. All of which leads me to a little story about Mike Dorizas, the wonderful Greek wrestler of the University of Pennsylvania, whom George Brooke is trying to make into a football player, Dorizas, admirable character that he is, nevertheless has yet to show the real football temperament. Dorizas is as good-natured as he is huge. Not long ago he was out with the squad practising, and was sent into the regular line-up to run through signals. "Fifteen, five, twenty-one, eighteen," yapped the little quarterback, and the play was off. But not Dorizas. To him rushed the coaches asking what was the matter.

"Why, I have the answer," said Dorizas, smiling, "It's fifty-nine."

Harry Payne Whitney and the Polo Match

IT is extremely doubtful if Harry Payne Whitney will appear in the first polo match in defense of the cup, but should the Americans lose that game, he is quite likely to go into action in the second, in the interests of that wonderful combination play that has made the "Big Four" famous. At this writing it seems practically certain that both the Waterburys and Milburn will be members of the team, and that the fight for the fourth place lies among Rene La Montagne, Malcolm Stevenson, and Foxhall Keene. The last named is rich in experience, and in spite of years in the saddle is playing brilliantly today. In the last few years, however, he has seemed unable to fit into any combination successfully, and for that reason his value is problematical. La Montagne has come along very fast in the last two years, and only his lack of experience in very important matches stands in his way. Stevenson is probably a great deal steadier, but as individual players, and players thoroughly versed in the modern game of extreme pace on what are nearer chargers than ponies, there is so little to choose that the fight for the place is a very pretty one. Betting on an international polo match is a false measure of the standard of the competing teams, and without having seen this year's English four, I venture to say that the man whose confidence leads him to give odds on either side is simply guessing. Even the early games of visiting teams are misleading.

The British Golf Championship

I WONDER how many enthusiastic golfers who are looking forward with apparent confidence to an American victory in the British Championship realize the great difficulties that will beset Francis Ouimet and Jerome Travers when they go to the first tee at Sandwich. The slightest slip will put either or both out of the competition, for the matches are at eighteen holes, not thirty-six, the latter the American custom, and one bad hole cannot be atoned for by brilliant play elsewhere in an eighteen hole match as it can in one of thirty-six holes. In the British Championship only the final goes the full thirty-six holes. Now in working through even so far as the semi-finals the Americans will have to put out a number of men of whom Americans have perhaps never heard, but who are nevertheless in the very first flight. Should any one of these men strike an unusually good day Travers and Ouimet would be hard pressed to win at all, let alone comfortably, and the strain of such matches is quite as great as that of semi-finals. The Americans will have to come through a field that will severely test not only their nerves but their stamina.

Fencing

FENCING is too good a sport to ruin by erratic judging. Such a state of affairs as marked the decisions in the novice class for the Clemens medal ought never again to prevail. Judged by the Olympic system a three-man tie would have been broken at once, but after having decided in favor of that system the judges reversed themselves, and made the boys fight it out. This again resulted in a tie, but the medal was awarded "on form" to a boy who would have been beaten under the Olympic system. Fencing has suffered more than any other sport from erratic and sometimes plainly biased judging. In the Intercollegiates there were so many protests that the bouts dragged and became extremely uninteresting. Incidentally, Columbia accomplished the really remarkable feat of beating the Navy for the individual and team championships in foils, and the championship (in this there is only an individual title) in sabres. The Navy swordsmen do not like to be beaten in anything that approaches a martial exercise.

Mike Donovan

MIKE DONOVAN, the veteran boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club, is to be pensioned after thirty years of service. Here is a personality that would have graced any sport, and hundreds of the best known business men in New York count him as a friend. If all boxers were like Mike there would be less fault found with that stormy sport.

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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

PRICE TEN CENTS

MAY 9, 1914

Ray Stannard Baker

John Galsworthy

Lincoln Steffens

Charles Johnson Post

McGregor

John Sloan

Oliver Herford

Everett Shinn



THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS

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Contents for May 9, 1914

NORMAN HAPGOOD, EDITOR

A Mosaic of the Circus ..... Frank Walts 2

Editorials 3

Around the Capitol ..... McGregor 6

Signs of the Times as Seen by Mr. Taft .. Ray Stannard Baker 7
He believes in spankings

Training Public Service Experts ..... Marvin W. Wallach 8

Chinese Lyrics ..... Pai Ta-shun 9
The Hermit; The Deserted Garden; Wild Geese
Illustration from an old Chinese print

Free Speech, With and Without ..... Lincoln Steffens 10
An experiment in mob rule
Illustrated by John Sloan

Huerta and the Other Leaders .. McGregor 12
Illustrations from photographs

Canal Tolls and the Shipping Trust 14

Putting the Old Sleigh up in the Hay Loft
A Drawing Everett Shinn 16

Food and Health ..... Lewis B. Allyn 18

The Powder Plot ... Charles Johnson Post 19
Smokeless powder and the arrangement with Germany
Illustrations from photographs

A Searchlight on Industry ..... George P. West 21

When Your Girl's Engaged ..... Edmund Vance Cooke 21
Verse

The Superlative ..... John Galsworthy 22
Who thinks he knows it all
Illustrated by Guy Pène du Bois

Seeing the World 24

Baseball Notes ..... Billy Evans 25

Sports .... Herbert Reed ("Right Wing") 26

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 27
The Domestic Cabaret

Mrs. Durand — A Twentieth-Century Product ..... Sarah Comstock 28
Feminism and Cows
Illustrations from photographs

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 30
Some Recent Bonds

What They Think of Us 31

In Next Week's Issue

Of all Willy Alsorandolph's lies, among the meanest were the ones he told about the Rockefeller Institute and some of the New York Hospitals. Hearst and the anti-vivisectionists together made a combination which for falsity and absurdity it would be hard to beat. Next week there will be an article describing the ludicrous collapse of their campaign in New York State. It is an astonishing exposure of faking.

Who is the tallest Senator; who is the fussiest; who comes in late every day; who has to have his signature blotted for him? These questions and others equally human and amusing are answered in FRED C. KELLY'S article next week. The pictures are by HERB ROTH.

JOHN J. FINEGAN is in Ulster. What he sees there will interest you, for Mr. Finegan can understand what he sees as well as write about it. You can't read his articles in any other paper. He is writing exclusively for us.

Our new departments get better every week. Don't miss McGREGOR. He knows the inside stories of what is going on in Washington; nor DR. ALLYN, whose food page is authoritative; nor SEEING THE WORLD, and PEN AND INKLINGS for a jolly laugh, nor SPORTS and FINANCE, and WHAT THEY THINK OF US.

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A MOSAIC OF THE CIRCUS

By Frank Walts

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Our President

"HOW well he seems to have managed it—this whole sordid business of going to war; how fair he has been; how patient, how dignified, how infinitely gentle and kind. No bluster, no threats, no snicker of anticipation; no licking of the nation's chops—just a simple-souled, brave, soft-hearted, hard-headed man. It is sad enough to go into war of any kind at any time; but it is less sad to go knowing that every honorable means has been taken to keep away from war. And this consolation President Wilson has given us by his wise, forbearing, Christian attitude before the provocation of a foe mad and desperate and foolish.

"The good God, who knows all and watches over all, and sees all, and directs all, was in our hearts deeper than we knew, when as a nation we chose this great, serene soul to lead us."

This editorial by William Allen White in the Emporia *Gazette*, was written forty-eight hours before the news of the acceptance of the A B C offer of mediation. The Western papers have understood better than those in the East the difficulties which the President has faced and his consummate ability in dealing with them. The Eastern papers have, as a rule, been inadequate to the appreciation of Wilson's aims. They have prepared for the worst at each national crisis instead of expecting that a man who could adequately cope with one difficulty would, in all probability, stand a chance of coping well with the next. Only occasionally have the Eastern papers risen to a proper appreciation of the place that Wilson takes in the nation as in the New York *Times* for April 27 which said: "And herein is another evidence of the curious efficiency with which the democratic principle manages, in times of confusion and doubt, to work itself out. An able and upright but inexperienced man in the office of President, with immense power, in a crisis of great gravity, succeeds, by the exercise of his best judgment and by the light of conscience, in shaping his policy so that it fairly embodies the best opinion and purpose of the nation, fixes high its standard of conduct, and rallies to his support the great mass of the right-minded and honest among his fellow-citizens."

The President's Efforts

FOUR groups have condemned the President's conduct of the Mexican situation.

1. Certain investors and standpatters generally. This group includes those who believe Indians, Dagos, Greasers, and people generally except themselves need to be "governed by a strong hand" like that of Diaz. This group is also strong for the protection of an American citizen wherever he may be, and especially for honor and the flag. It usually believes that in strike troubles, in Colorado or elsewhere, all acts by troops, private or state, are justifiable, and any men, women and children of the laboring class who are shot deserve what they get.

2. Some party opponents. The members in general of the other parties (the rank and file, to coin a phrase) have been notably fair, but this does not hold of some of the "leaders."

3. Yellow journals at large. This species of newspaper has done good in the world, along with harm, but when war, or any fierce and salable excitement, is in question its showing is a poor one.

4. Those fair-minded observers (and there are many) who, with no self-interest and no bias, think the President assumed too much when he undertook to help the poorer Mexicans against exploitation by bandits and by the less conscientious investors. (For let it not be forgotten that some of the investors in Mexico are among the most honorable and just of men.) Those in power are held responsible not only for sound general principles but also for their astute and safe application. Accepting this doctrine of the double burden of responsibility, we nevertheless declare our belief that the President's policy has been sound. Perhaps he may have reflected somewhat thus:

"The Monroe Doctrine was formulated by John Quincy Adams a long time ago, as a statement of what our safety then demanded. Since then, the negative side of it (all there was to it then), defining what foreign powers may not do, has been often questioned but steadily upheld. Lately the tendency has grown to ask whether, in keeping other countries from doing police work anywhere to the south of us, we can permanently refuse also to do any policing or regulating ourselves, for the general benefit of all countries, in this age of close commercial intercourse, an intercourse which, on the whole, tends to raise the civilization of the more backward countries. Since our own insistence on our "rights" in Asia, and since our interference in Cuba, with its consequences in the Philippines, our logical difficulties have increased. It is impossible to draw a hard and fast line. It is unconvincing to say we should never interfere at all, as the Monroe Doctrine itself is the most aggressive and constant interference with the affairs of the whole world, and as the "open door" doctrine was still more an interference, not to speak of Cuba or the Philippines. If I recognize Huerta, I shall be holding back the day when Mexico can achieve

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a life more satisfactory to herself. I will take the risk, therefore, of trying to avoid force but using other influence to help develop a government with some semblance of constitutionality, progress and chance to the poor devils who are now without hope. If there is any modern sense in the Monroe Doctrine, why not accept this degree of responsibility for the welfare of our nearest neighbor?"

If the President's mind did work like that, HARPER'S WEEKLY for one is unable to say that it was not a rational and noble stand. Even if the long growing hostility of the Mexicans, or the inadequate *morale* of some of the Constitutionalist leaders, or the yellow press and other barbarous influences in this country, cause our part to be more direct and continued than the President wishes, will the world not reap a benefit in the end from his elevated spirit, even as Lincoln's attitude at the beginning of the Civil War has more than justified itself, although a swifter and less reluctant behavior would have been of immediate military advantage. The President's course has had much to do with the chastened and semi-Christian spirit in which this country is assuming its burden and will have much to do with the possibility of our getting out as soon as we have helped the Mexicans to establish a government which will be a little nearer to the standards of this era. He, we fancy, has acted as Lincoln or as Gladstone might have acted, and whatever burden is now cast upon the United States comes unaccompanied by any record for which we need to blush.

A False Impression

THERE is a general impression that there have been numerous outrages upon the persons of American citizens committed by the Constitutionalist authorities and that this government has been unwilling to demand reparation. This impression is probably due to the adroit speech of Senator Fall on Mexican atrocities, in which he went back for a starting-point to the year 1911, and mentioned indiscriminately the Americans killed by firing across the line, as at El Paso, those killed by bandits not connected with any command, those by the rebels against Madero's government, and those burnt to death in the railroad tunnel by the bandit Castillo whom Villa pursued and captured. But neither Union nor Confederate armies were responsible for the outrages of guerrillas and bushwhackers in the Tennessee and Kentucky mountain regions. In the debate on the Lodge substitute for the Senate resolution justifying the use of the Army and Navy by the President, Senator Reed, always a merciless cross-examiner, asked the question whether any one "could name a single instance save the one under consideration in which the governmental authorities in Mexico have authorized the killing of a single American citizen." To this Senator Fall made reply by naming one man who was killed by Federal troops who occupied Juarez before Villa captured it. There is no proof in Senator Fall's speech of the murder of a single American citizen by the Constitutionalist forces who took arms against Huerta. Life and property are never safe with armies in the field and many Americans have lost their lives in Mexico, but their death cannot be laid to the door of the Revolutionists who are fighting against Huerta; as a matter of fact, along the Mexican border, from Arizona to the Gulf, there have been fewer deaths by violence than in the ordinary horse- and cattle-stealing days of peace.

Trapped

THE trial of the Sterling Debenture Corporation is over. Few recent verdicts and judgments will give pleasure to so many thousands of persons as the "Guilty" and the "Six Years" attached to the persons of the three chief thieves. Judge Anderson of the Federal Court deserves public praise for his realization of the enormity of the offense committed. The Sterling Debenture are the flamboyant promoters who, under the thin disguise of Telepost, the Telegraphone, and the Oxford Linen Mills, tucked away as promotion-fees large sums received from the American public, that thought their money was going to spin towels, and send messages. These men, facing their victim, cut a poor figure in court. We have seldom seen a set of men so muddy as this crew of the Sterling Debenture plunderers. In the midst of their high-handed robbery of ignorant poor men and women, of laborers, of the aged, they were caught and stopped. There were the famous pair, Shumaker and Middlebrook, who have left a wake of ruin since they hoisted their pirate ensign and set sail from Beloit College. There was poor Harry Platt, who was meant to be an honest mediocre clerk, instead of a meteoric promoter.

The Judge spoke of "the criminally manipulated books"; the $4,500 sent up by the Sterling to the Oxford Linen Mills to pay a fake dividend, so that more stock could be sold and more plunder pocketed; their perjury on the witness stand; the immense sums which they fraudulently took.

Here are a few of the choice bits that slipped out in testimony. "What entry would you suggest making on the books to cover the commissions paid to the Sterling Debenture Corporation?" "The correspondence which I carefully destroyed." Harry Platt writes concerning a newspaper correspondent that he is to be reached "either by subsidizing or some other way, never to print anything about the Oxford Linen Mills" without an official's O. K. In 1909, Platt writes a fellow conspirator that "I have written myself a letter"and dated it March of 1908, so that it can go on file to mislead a possible investigation. Shumaker described an untrue statement of fact, made by him in sending out circulars, as "an application of the aorist tense."

Only a fortnight before the end, our old friend, the indefatigable F. W. Shumaker, again bobbed up with light in his eye and honey on his tongue. Though staggering under government indictment, and facing a trial with a jail sentence in the tail of it, even while shades of the prison house were gathering, has been circularizing 48,000 of the Sterling's clients concerning the "Imperial Valley Cotton Growers' Corporation."

There are various types who live by fraud. This crowd is one of the worst. Hence the satisfaction in the success of the prosecution.

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The Cost of Courage

AMONG those things for which we have to thank Byron is his saying that freedom's banner streams *against* the wind. The man who would retain his own soul must renounce much, and often he must wage war unceasingly. Judge Lindsey's life has been brave and free. What he endured years ago is told in "The Beast." What he is enduring now, only a few understand. A few months ago, he married a young wife. His busy, slanderous enemies then found two beings to wound instead of one. Mrs. Lindsey expected to become a mother. Some of the new crop of scandal reached her. She was going through a difficult time anyway. A miscarriage came the night after she heard the stories. She had never known that this kind of fighting existed in the world. She had lived in an atmosphere of peace and happiness. She knew she had married a hero, but she did not know what modern heroism means. No wonder the world seemed dark as she thought of the murder of her hopes and the spirit in which the murder was committed. Brighter thoughts will come. She admires and loves her husband; no one knows better than she the unspeakable falsity and malignity of these attacks; possibly other hopes will come later: but today for the young wife is tragic. Lindsey's enemies range from the respectable standpatter to the most reckless of assassins. The Woman's Protective League, The Denver *News*, the Denver *Times*, and certain clergymen ought to be careful about their part in a campaign which for harsh untruths has had no equals. They ought at least to do what they can to see that Mrs. Lindsey is not too specifically and directly slandered.

Dropping Old Customs

KING GEORGE and Queen Mary are not remarkable for originality or daring. When therefore they dropped the tradition against guests starting new subjects in conversation with royalty, they doubtless responded to the drift of opinion. Edward was full of tradition and so was his able mother. They were full of belief in etiquette and other protections to royal dignity. The new scheme has the advantage of allowing royalty to learn a few things. It frees it from the need of pretending to know everything. Therein it helps to put it more nearly on equality with other statesmen, by enabling it to keep in touch with facts and opinions. The old tradition was more than absurd. It was obstructive.

Loose

A BRILLIANT young business man, discussing the future of American business, said: "Times are never going to be so loose again as they have been in the United States." "Loose" is the word. It is a much better word than to say they are never going to be as good again. Probably business is going to be on a better basis than it has ever been, but it will not be conducted so carelessly, so extravagantly, and it will require a higher standard of efficiency. That will mean merely that we are not using up great natural resources, but are contributing to the actual wealth of the community, which is a very different thing from hastily cashing in the natural wealth we already had.

The Renaissance of Steffens

TEN or twelve years ago Lincoln Steffens was one of the clearest, most forcible, and most influential writers in the country. Later he passed through a stage of vagueness in which his influence diminished. Now he has emerged, and has as much definiteness and "punch" as ever he had. Therefore we expect of his writings a long new period of strong and helpful influence.

On page 10 is one of his articles.

Are We so Smart?

IT is the custom of many Americans, including the editors of HARPER'S WEEKLY, to talk as if this were a time particularly characterized by new ideas. We believe it is, but once in a while we are a little upset by our reading. For example:

"The anxious and narrow-minded modesty by which society at the present day is characterized has its root in the consciousness of a great and general wrong-headedness and depravity. But where is it to end? It is bound to spread farther and farther. If people are perpetually on the lookout for what is immodest, they will end by discovering it in every domain of thought, and all conversation and social intercourse must cease—utter depravation and the perfect education by which man returns to innocence, both do away with modesty; in the first case, true modesty as well as false is destroyed; in the second, it ceases to be a thing to which much attention is paid or much importance attached."

How long ago do you suppose that was written? It was written about one hundred years ago by Schleiermacher, the German "romantic" theologian. If you will take a good, solid course in the reading of the revolutionary and romantic literature of 1789 to 1820, you will come across enough advanced and ultra-modern theories propounded with enthusiasm to strike your imagination with the irony of the fact that they now have to be propounded all over again. Possibly one of the chief differences is that the radicals of a century ago used much better English than we do.

Confidence

SOMETIMES, we grow timid of our changes. We dread our militant women, our crusading reformers, the sons of thunder who head rebellions. These modern women, these Syndicalists and Socialists, these earnest destroyers make us fearful, lest they bring the universe toppling about our ears. But the welter of our times is well within laws that have not broken down. Our muddled tampering does not endanger order. We can not, if we would, violate the laws that governed force before our earth was shaped out of night. Our hand will never offend the central government. Tumult and anarchy are inside that proud dominion. We need not be anxious for the permanence of immortal things. The haughty will that released its creative impulse into space and time will not be intrenched upon by our daring. His universe will not be wrecked by our remodeling. Our audacity will not weaken his calm sovereignty. We can not affront the eternal.

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Around the Capitol

By McGREGOR

Quick Change Artists

THE wisdom of President Wilson in urging prompt acceptance of the resolution, "that the President is justified in the employment of the armed forces of the United States to enforce his demand for unequivocal amends for certain affronts and indignities committed against the United States," was dramatically proved by the military necessity of entering Vera Cruz to prevent the landing of a German vessel, the Yparanga, containing 200 guns and fifteen million rounds of ammunition. Had the resolution been promptly adopted, it would have been probably necessary only to declare and make effective a blockade of the coast in order to prevent the landing of the ammunition for Huerta's army. While opinions may differ as to the wisdom of the President's request of Congress, and men were privileged to vote against it, the futile delay can be justified only by extreme partisanship. In a matter of this sort character and record count more than patriotic pretensions. Henry George, of New York, voted against the resolution, as everybody knows, for conscientious reasons; so did Bartholdt, of Missouri, one of the leading peace advocates of the country; so did Kent, of California. Kent's language is always picturesque. He said:

> The honor of our flag is no more in the keeping of Mr. Huerta than it is in the keeping of a Papuan cannibal who might have eaten an American missionary who had a flag in his valise.

But the members of the House, who have been trying to make party capital in ridicule of the policy of "watchful waiting," suddenly changed sides when the period of "watchful waiting" had ended. Mann, of Illinois; Kahn, of California; Campbell, of Kansas; Ainey, of Pennsylvania; and Mondell of Wyoming, are conspicuous examples of this class. It has been difficult to prevent these gentlemen from declaring war with Mexico while the President was exercising the spirit of forbearance. Sisson, of Mississippi, also belongs to this group. The President had to take him in hand in a personal interview nearly a year ago in order to tone down his jingo speech. Stevens and Witherspoon, of Mississippi, also seem to have a chronic grudge against the President's policies. A majority of 300 in the House was cast for the resolution.

Oratory by Senators Lodge and Root

NOR did Lodge and a few of his colleagues in the Senate display themselves to any better advantage. Lodge recently put himself on record in a sharp rebuke to Bristow, of Kansas, for his assault upon the President in the tolls question, declaring that for him partisanship ceased at the "water's edge." and that when the President as the head of the nation, spoke concerning international matters, he was ready to follow his leadership. Lodge's substitute resolution was virtually a declaration of war against the whole of Mexico. It is just as well to embalm the resolution in this recital of facts, to show how evidently this is true:

> That the state of unrestrained violence and anarchy which exists in Mexico, the numerous unchecked and unpunished murders of American citizens and the spoliation of their property in that country, the impossibility of securing protection or redress by diplomatic methods in the absence of lawful or effective authority, the inability of Mexico to discharge its international obligations, the unprovoked insults and indignities inflicted upon the flag and the uniform of the United States by the armed forces in occupation of large parts of Mexican territory have become intolerable.
>
> That the self-respect and dignity of the United States and the duty to protect its citizens and its international rights require that such a course be followed in Mexico by our government as to compel respect and observance of its rights.

Senator Root's advocacy of this resolution, in an impassioned appeal for peace, was another example of disingenuousness. In the meantime, while the Senate debated, according to its right, Admiral Fletcher ordered the seizure of Vera Cruz as a military necessity to prevent the acquisition of guns and munitions of war which might be turned upon our soldiers in time to come. The loss of four American sailors and, according to reports, 200 Mexicans, killed by the unerring fire of the marines, is the price that was paid for attempted partisan advantage.

The Mexican Policy and the Fall Elections

IT is evidently recognized by the more partisans of the minority that the Administration's policy in Mexico deprives them of the only remaining issue against the Administration in the fall election. If any one chooses to believe that President Wilson has taken this position in view of the principle which was laid down in Lincoln's second election, that it is unwise to swap horses while crossing the stream, there is nothing except President Wilson's character to stand in the way of this suggestion. It is difficult to see, however, how conditions could have been changed by the adoption of the Lodge substitute, which in effect would have permitted this government to take sides against the Constitutionalists as well as against Huerta in the restoration of order. Fortunately for the honor of the Senate, while the delay in the adoption of the resolution was unavoidable, the vote in its favor was 72 to the beggarly and unlucky minority of 13.

Government Under a Blanket

Government under a blanket is possible under the rules of the Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union, which allow divisions and counting by tellers, but not a roll-call. On the Legislative-Judicial Appropriation bill the Committee of the Whole voted down the amendment regarding the actual payment of expenses, as against the old mileage plan, for Congressmen. It also increased the payment of the congressional secretaries from $1,500 to $1,800. But when the roll was called in the House itself, the old twenty-cent mileage plan was voted down as was the increase in secretaries' salaries. On restoring the Children's Bureau appropriation to the amount estimated for by the Department, the test vote in the Committee of the Whole was 113 to 95 in favor of it. On roll-call in the House the vote was 276 to 47!

The Appropriation for the Children's Bureau

THE victory of the friends of the Children's Bureau, in securing the whole appropriation asked for by Miss Lathrop, was an indication of the immense popularity the Bureau has already obtained. Of the 47 members who voted against the Bureau, 8 were members of the Appropriation Committee, which was unable to find any way in which the appropriation could be granted. The House found a way, however, without any trouble. There were 9 opponents of the full appropriation from the North, and 38 from the South: Texas furnished 10; Georgia, 7; South Carolina, Tennessee and Mississippi, 3 each; and Louisiana, Virginia, North Carolina and Oklahoma, 2 each. The two from New York who voted against the increase in appropriation were Fitzgerald and Driscoll, of Buffalo. The progressive Democrats seem unable to convince a part of the southern contingent in the House that their reactionary attitude on human welfare lines is the chief menace to the continued triumph of the Democratic party. A large majority of southern Democrats, however, voted for the appropriation.

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Signs of the Times as Seen by Mr. Taft

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

HE says his father spanked him when he was a little boy, and that that was one of the things that made him what he is. He thinks that spanking the bad people by the good people is the way to govern the country. He doesn't like to have the people govern themselves. But his defense of the old order and the aristocratic idea of government helps us a lot to understand the other point of view



The Hon. William H. Taft

AT the present time this country is blessed with two very interesting ex-presidents. It is good to have them both among us — as ex-presidents. It is good to have them both continue to take such a keen interest in public affairs.

The other evening I went to hear an address by ex-President Taft. He called it "The Signs of the Times" and it presented the political situation in America as it now appears to him—a detached and philosophical observer who has had, recently, an unusual opportunity to reflect upon the vicissitudes of American politics.

While I found myself in [illegible] hearty disagreement with nearly every position he took (but he is inured to disagreement) still I was [illegible] interested both in the man himself and in what he said. He is a really significant figure today in our public life: he represents a definite point of view.

While Mr. Taft was in the White House he never seemed quite real. He was always a little out of focus —subdued by his environment. He deferred, more than most of our presidents, to the counsel of party leaders or acted upon the advice of personal friends.

The other night, listening to his address, I felt that here, at last, was the real Mr. Taft—saying with great vigor what he believes— and has always believed. He is now a free man, he is seeking no office, no one is trying to sway his opinions or influence his actions. He is expressing no one but himself—and is able to be as great as he can be. And behind his words one feels the full thrust of his sincere and robust personality.

He looks even happier than he did when he was in the White House. He *is* happier, his friends say. He is much in demand as a lecturer at colleges, and as a speaker at banquets and conventions, and as he loves to travel about and meet new people, he finds life pleasant. Moreover he believes he has a message to deliver to the American people: thinks himself, indeed, as he said half humorously in the address I heard him deliver, a sort of prophet crying in the wilderness.

As usual, he had a manuscript before him while he spoke, but did not confine himself to it. He told a good many stories, and while not a natural-born story-teller, told them pretty well. He told them pretty well because he himself enjoyed them keenly, and the infectious chuckle with which he introduced them—as though he were relishing them in anticipation—added both to their charm and their humor. He gave anew an impression of sincerity, simplicity and geniality—qualities which have ever endeared him to his intimate friends.

Next to having the old order attacked, the most fortunate thing for progress is to have it ably defended. And the defense becomes peculiarly valuable if the defender himself happens to be a fine representative of the old order—as Mr. Taft certainly is.

In his address, then, Mr. Taft not only defended the old order, but criticized stoutly most of the reforms suggested for the new order. He was especially severe in his denunciation of the initiative, referendum and recall; he was against woman suffrage; he criticized many of the activities of labor organizations; he spoke of Socialists as "insane," and deplored what he considers a prevailing tendency toward relaxation of authority and the discipline of criminals or of children.

WHILE he did admit that some of the conditions in politics and industry are evil and need correction, he was apparently pleased with little or nothing that has been done thus far to change these conditions. Asserting that he is in favor of progress, he wants it to come quietly, in good order, without hurting anybody, by using the machinery we already have—especially the courts.

He represents, sincerely, a position held by many Americans, especially in the East—and Americans particularly of the comfortable and prosperous class. And most of these are, also, sincere men who if you venture to suggest that they are "conservatives" or "reactionaries" will declare, almost angrily, that they, too, are in favor of progress. They don't want dishonesty in politics or in business: they do want better government.

Now, this points the distinction between what Mr. Taft means by "progress" and what a large proportion of the American people (represented in varying degrees by Mr. Wilson, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. La Follette and Mr. Debs) mean by "progress."

Mr. Taft wants to progress merely toward a better government of the kind we already have and by the same kind of people: while most Americans want *a greater degree of self-government.* And there is a vital difference between these ideas of progress.

IT is characteristic of political development, as far back as we have any record of civilized society, that good governments are being constantly threatened or overturned by the people in search of a greater share in

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government. Good government is always temporary while the passion for self-government is elemental. A benevolent despot—a truly enlightened ruler—let us say an administrative genius like Goethals of Panama could probably govern New York City, or the state of Massachusetts, with more economy and efficiency than it is now governed by the halting suffrage of the people; but the people are willing to sacrifice the order and prosperity of government even by the most benevolent of despots in order that they may develop the far more precious power of social self-consciousness and social self-discipline. What mankind has been yearning, suffering, struggling for through all the ages, is not merely a peaceful, comfortable, prosperous government, but the ability to think and act in constantly enlarging social units.

A youth could probably be steered quite safely through life by obeying the commands of a wise and good grandfather—and become, thereby, a perfectly unobtrusive and well-disciplined milk-sop—but every sturdy youth will wish to make the venture of life for himself, take the consequences of his blunders, and make a man of himself. The good government of one age is always progressing toward the venturesome self-government of the next—but this tendency Mr. Taft, in holding to the wisdom of the past and the comforts of the present, does not see.

Thus he is still possessed of the idea that democracies should elect *rulers:* not *servants:* and that these rulers should somehow be regarded as divine during their elective terms of two or four or ten years or for life; that the people should submit themselves decently and obediently to the laws these rulers enact, or adjudicate, or execute. But the people are getting it firmly fixed in their minds that elected officials should not be rulers, but servants, and that if they do not behave themselves, these servants should be discharged—or *recalled.* They do not think that this power of recall would need to be frequently exercised—but they want the power.

NEITHER would Mr. Taft permit any meddling by the people in their own affairs by such nefarious practices as the initiative and referendum. He desires that people shall delegate the power of initiating ideas and legislation to elected men, and abstain from expressing their direct approval or disapproval (under the referendum) of laws which they will afterwards be forced to obey. Authority has always sought its continuance by arguing that large masses of people are incapable of thinking or acting for themselves: and progress has come through the demonstration by these masses of men that they can and must think for themselves.

There is indeed something almost pathetic in hearing Mr. Taft jeer at the struggle of the state of Oregon to control its own affairs to the uttermost. He sees nothing in it but grotesque failure. He thinks, no doubt, how much better a few competent men—educated men, good men, business men—could handle the affairs of Oregon. He thinks the loss of a few salmon to the packers on the Columbia River through a confusion in the use of the referendum is somehow more important than the earnest effort of a state to control its own affairs. He has caught no spark of the new spirit which underlies these outreachings, however awkward, however crude. He is neither warmed by the faith, nor stirred by the courage, manifested in the struggle of cities and states for the realities (and not the mere forms) of self-government. He does not see that the very blunders which he recounts with such charming irony, the very willingness to sacrifice property and endanger prosperity, which he dreads so fervently, are in themselves evidences of the breadth of the people's vision and the soundness of their courage.

Mr. Taft also thinks that we, as a people, are losing our sense of discipline. He sees it—and fears it—in the spread of revolt against institutions, he sees it in strikes, he sees it in what he calls sentimentalism in the punishment of criminals and the treatment of prisoners. "Is not crime, crime?" he asks. He even deplores what he believes to be a tendency in America toward a let-down in the discipline of children in the home.

THIS idea of discipline is the natural corollary of Mr. Taft's views of government. He sees government only as a form of force, not as an expression of brotherhood. He would have some of the people, those whom he esteems "good," force all the other people to be "good"—according to their idea of good. He does not see that a tyranny by elected men or good men (men as good as Savonarola or John Calvin, or our own Puritan forefathers) is as intolerable as any other kind of tyranny. But the people are somehow coming to believe that men cannot be legislated into virtue, nor children spanked into goodness, nor criminals purged of their crimes by the barbarity of hanging, herding, striping, penning.

I was interested in what Mr. Taft said. It may set men to thinking more keenly upon the principles of government. It is perhaps as important to have honest men who hold back, as it is to have honest men who go ahead. And it is important not to go too far or too fast. But I do not think that Mr. Taft has caught the slightest glimpse of the true spirit of his country, as it is now expressing itself, or that he understands in the least the real "signs of the times."

Training Public Service Experts

By MARVIN W. WALLACH

WITH the end in view of making it easy to be honest in governmental endeavor, a committee has been formed from the American Economic and American Political Science Associations to prepare experts for public service. The organization, with Charles McCarthy of the Wisconsin Legislative Reference Library as chairman, believes our nation's greatest needs are first—to build up governmental administrative machinery, and then to train a body of public servants to make this organization serve its purpose. Sounds like a big order for those "theoretical and unpractical" college professors! But your professor is no longer an intellectual dilettante. Reinsch goes as ambassador to China, Goodnow is constitutional adviser.

"My own experience, both as commissioner of accounts and as president of the board of aldermen," announced Mayor Mitchel of New York, "has convinced me that the type of men qualified to perform even the work of minor subordinate positions in the city government is so rare as to be almost unattainable."

The total financial receipts thus far are as follows:

Vincent Astor	$1,000.00
Walter Sterns, Milwaukee	750.00
A. Fulton Cutting, New York	250.00
Niel Grey, Jr., Oswego, N. Y.	10.00
James A. Patten, Chicago	250.00
Charles R. Crane, Chicago	250.00
V. Everitt Macy, New York	250.00
Anonymous	500.00
American Political Science Association	25.00
Total receipts	$3,285.00

Each of seventy investigating committees appointed by our state legislatures in 1913 could have used an expert in drawing the report, in making the recommendations, and in drafting advisory laws. Kansas, with her much copied "blue sky" law, is dependent on the state engineering college for investigations that are far-reaching and impartial. The same is true of her study of Kansas oils and building stones. Yale and Columbia have established courses in diplomatic training. New York has opened a training school for public servants in the Bureau of Municipal Research. Legislative reference libraries have sprung up in thirty-five states of the union. President Wilson has appointed a Commission on Economy and Efficiency.

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Chinese Lyrics

By PAI TA-SHUN



三之鍔段九田石收

The Hermit

AMONG the giant cedars
I have my bamboo hut
Where the gates of heaven are open
And the gates of earth are shut.

With the ancient scrolls to ponder
And music of the kin,
With peace that floods the valleys
And wraps the spirit in.

Nature unrolls her picture
And pageant of earth and sky:
Mountain and mist and sunset
And moon and stars pass by.

There are visions that come, and voices
Within the bamboo hut
Where the gates of heaven are open
And the gates of earth are shut.

The Deserted Garden

I HEAR no more the swish of silk
Along the marble walks;
The autumn wind blows sharp and cold
Among the flowerless stalks.

In place of petals of the peach
Fast drifts the yellow leaf;
And looking in the lotus-pond
I see one face of grief.

Wild Geese

HOW oft against the sunset sky or moon
I watched that moving zig-zag of spread wings
In unforgotten autumns gone too soon,
In unforgotten springs!

Creatures of desolation, far they fly
Above all lands bound by the curling foam;
In misty fens, wild moors and trackless sky
These wild things have their home.

They know the tundra of Siberian coasts,
And tropic marshes by the Indian seas;
They know the clouds and night and starry hosts
From Crux to Pleiades.

Dark flying rune against the western glow—
It tells the sweep and loneliness of things,
Symbol of autumns vanished long ago,
Symbol of coming springs!

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April 4—Law and Order: Mass Meeting of Une

Free Speech, With and Without

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

Illustrated by John Sloan

NEW YORK has free speech. Not many places in the United States have that. The Constitution guarantees it, but—what's a little thing like the Constitution between enemies? Law-abiding citizens, judges, lawyers, mayors, the police of many cities—San Diego, Spokane, Seattle, Lawrence, Philadelphia—a lot of communities have gone on record, often anarchistically, against this "American" liberty, when the test came. And the test of free speech is hard.

Free speech is free speech.

It is the liberty of any one to say anything. Not for some people to say some things; not for some people to say things which will please other people; not even that the things said shall be true or wise or in good taste. No. That is only what some people think is free speech. So some people don't believe in free speech at all. They may think they do. And they only find out that they don't when some "horrid people" come along and say some "horrid things." That's the test before which city after city has fallen down in the United States.

And that's the test New York has survived.

All winter long, the city had been troubled with a large number of men and women out of work. Estimates ran all the way from 100,000 up to 220,000, but no one really knew how many there were. All we all knew was that there were a great many human beings among us in very real distress. Some actually starved or killed themselves; some accepted charity; and the rest "got along" somehow. The most distressing observation I made, however, was that they were all so dumb.

The unemployed in New York were silent.

Unemployment is, in general, no one's fault. It is due to economic causes. The remedy is economic; which means that the rules of the game of life have to be changed so that some people won't get so much and others so little. This means a general readjustment which will affect everybody. And this in turn means that everybody must want to help rearrange things—fundamentally. How could everybody be made to feel the need of such a radical remedy, if the unemployed kept out of sight and hearing?

Hunger had to find its voice!

Some young men and women in New York saw the problem in some such way as this, and they set about solving it. They wanted to get the unemployed to speak and, perhaps, parade. They wanted more than that, really. They were anarchists and I. W. W.'s, and they were agitators.

They were not professional ag
They were not great leaders. The b
ers and agitators like Bill Haywo
Emma Goldman, kept away. It
be a spontaneous movement of the
ployed, and some of the young, u
people who planned it were of the
ployed; not all; and not all wante
clothing, shelter and jobs. That
the idea. It was not a movement
relief and work for a few individua
was to be a class demonstration.
to "start something" that would
the unemployed and show the ne
wholesale solution of the labor pro

The condition of labor was to be

Several meetings were held befor
was hit upon, but finally somebo
gested public speaking in Rutgers
a poor quarter, till a crowd ga
then to go to some church to dem
lief. The newspapers would h
notice and advertise such a crusad
was one thought. Another was
churches might respond to such
appeal and give some relief and s
tention to conditions. But there
third thought. These young
thought that, if all else failed, an
of the unemployed to Christian c
would "show up" the churches



April 11—Anarchy and Mob Rule: The same Mass M

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ıion Square, with the police keeping the peace

movement such attention in the ɔapers that all the unemployed and of the employed in New York would of it and—come together.

e plan was carried out, and, except in particular, was successful. Labor to play its part. The press did all was expected of it. The newspapers ied" it; not correctly, of course; not y. Some of them expressed against the ment the spirit of the most militant hists in the movement. The *Times* to incite the mayor and the police olence, calling for "heavy sticks." of the churches gave food and shelthers money, but a few refused any nd comfort, and one of them called ıe police reserves and had 191 of the 'unemployed" arrested. This was limax of the demonstration. The ıtrate who tried the 191 cases, gave k Tannenbaum, the boy leader, "the "—one year and $500 fine.

th this to go on, the Conference of ıployed called for big public massings, without permits, in Union e. And here is where the free speech was raised and settled. Permits to ıble and speak are not required by aws of New York. There's a Free ch League there which was appealed ıce to send some one to Rutgers re, where the first meetings were and the police made some illegal ts. The Leaguers learned there the police orders were in accordance law. The right of assemblage and speech were to be respected, and rouble had been due to "over-zeal" on the part of individual cops on duty. The attitude of the administration appeared again at the first big mass meeting in Union Square. The police let the "mob" walk up Fifth Avenue. There was some disorder, and the press exaggerated it, but Mayor Mitchel himself had seen enough of the "parade" to know what was what. So he stuck to the law. He forbade a parade, without a permit, but not the next big mass meeting. The newspapers protested, and spread such alarm that a great crowd gathered in Union Square on April 4. And the police were there in force. The crowd was fenced in by policemen in uniform with the "heavy sticks" called for by the *Times;* there were mounted police back of the foot men and squads of them in side streets; and weaving in and out of the excited mass were forty detectives and plain clothes men.

This was force against force.

This was law and order and—folly. And the result appears in John Sloan's first cartoon, which is a picture of facts. I was on the scene, and I saw the charge of the mounted men into the crowd. And I saw some of the clubbing, too. It was outrageous, and—was personal. The policemen did it, often without orders (except from the press); and they did it gladly. And there was no cause for it, since the Unemployed Meeting wasn't held at all. There was a meeting of Organized Labor (A. F. of L.) in the Square that day; the Unemployed declared it was called to spoil their meeting; but—to show the solidarity of labor (which doesn't exist)—the Unemployed called off their meeting, postponing it till the next Saturday. It was after that that most of the arrests and police violence occurred. No wonder the Unemployed blamed the police and the courts took the same view.

The magistrate discharged all the prisoners, rebuked the police and demanded an inquiry.

During the next week I saw Mr. Arthur Woods, the mayor's secretary, who was about to become Commissioner of Police. He said the police policy, as I had inferred it, had been directed from the mayor's office. He inquired into the events of Saturday; and, after he took over the police department, he decided to renew those same instructions. There was clamor in the press. But Commissioner Woods has nerve. He put Chief Schmittberger in charge on April 11. He let him have a big force at hand, but away from the crowd and mostly out of sight. There was no show of force at all, and no abridgement of free speech. The crowd was large, about 5,000 men; it was so large that not all could hear the speakers. And shrewd agitators took advantage of that fact to start up opposition "meetings"; at one time there were seven orators at work, offering seven conflicting philosophies. It looked as if anything might happen. But nothing did happen. There was no repression, no police force, no force of law and order; so there was no disorder.

It was an experiment in liberty, and liberty worked, as John Sloan's second cartoon shows.



the police mostly out of sight and all unemployed

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Huerta and the Other Leaders

By McGREGOR

THE barbarity of Mexico is not always as unreasoning as it seems to us. The Revolutionists have had something to say for themselves. They believe themselves to be fighting against a rebel and a traitor. This is an account of their point of view

THE arrest of United States sailors in uniform, at Tampico; the arrest and detention in prison, at Vera Cruz, of a uniformed mail carrier; the delay in the transmission of dispatches to Chargé d'Affairs O'Shaughnessy, with an effort to censor them, were all parts of a program. They have a direct relation to the overwhelming victories of the Constitutionalists at Torreon and San Pedro, in which the flower of the



Brigadier-General Juan G. Cabral

Federal Army was destroyed, making the fall of Saltillo and Monterey certain and imminent, and thus opening the way for the victorious armies of the revolution to reach Mexico City. Huerta, in his desperation, determined to involve himself with the Government of the United States in order to make a final appeal for Mexican unity, under himself, for a united defense against invasion by the "Colossus of the North," which is newspaper Mexican for the United States. What Huerta evidently did not count upon was that the Wilson Administration would understand his motives and bring his plans to naught. He knew of the almost passionate desire of the Secretary of State that there should be no war during his occupancy of that office. In the meantime, through dallying and defiance, Huerta could pose as the great Mexican patriot and condemn Carranza as the tool and ally of the United States. On the other hand, if Carranza should follow the lead of Huerta in announcing his attitude toward the Government of the United States, he would be regarded in Mexico as a mere echo of the patriotic Huerta and would at the same time forfeit the sympathy of the American people for the Constitutionalist cause. For the Constitutionalist Army is on the point of moving into central Mexico where the cause has thus far found few followers and circumstances might decide whether Carranza would find a friendly or a hostile population in the most thickly settled part of the country.

It was a shrewd political trick to insult the uniform of the United States. Followed, however, the demand to salute the United States flag, and the backing of the demand by the assemblage of the most powerful naval armament that ever floated in the waters of the New World. Huerta suddenly found himself in a position from which he could not extricate himself. To bow to the demands of the United States would not only be humiliation to his régime but might endanger its existence from an uprising in the Capital itself. To reject these demands invited the blockade of the seaports of Mexico and a cutting off of the means of escape from the victorious Revolutionists. So Huerta has been hoist with his own petard. Resentment at the humiliation of Mexico before a foreign power will be directed against the Usurper. The reproach that Carranza has been seeking intervention is proven false, since the Constitutionalist position had become one of certain victory in the near future, and the time for the necessity of aid from the United States had passed.

THE President has made it clear there should be no war between the United States and the people of Mexico; that he earnestly desires only to help the people of Mexico in the establishment of constitutional government and the maintenance of constitutional liberty. He refused to justify his action on the ground that patience had been exhausted; but recognizing that insults and injuries might proceed too far if the series were not checked at the beginning, his demand for reparation and apology was in the interest of peace. Carranza's note to President Wilson is recognized as a political necessity, and the President's reply enables him to save his face, while conveying a distinct warning. Only in the event of anarchy in Mexico City, through the collapse of the existing régime, or through further hostilities by Huerta will it be necessary to send troops thither for the protection of American lives and the lives of foreigners. But the fact that the foreigners live in a separate quarter of the city and that they are well armed and able to defend themselves, except against trained soldiers using artillery, is practically a guaranty of their protection. The blockade of the coast save where cities are occupied by the Constitutionalists will probably be all that is necessary by way of a show of force, with the seizure of Tampico as well as Vera Cruz, where the offenses against the dignity of the United States occurred.

It is worth while therefore to consider the progress of the revolution since the publication of the three articles on Mexican affairs, in the December numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY. At that time Villa had taken Torreon the first time, and Juarez, by a brilliant night attack, in which he had used a railroad in the hands of the enemy to transport his army, under the guise of reinforcements, from Chihuahua to within the walls of Juarez. Upon this, followed the battle of Casa Grandes between Juarez and Chihuahua, in which the Federal Army under Salazar and Orozco met with a heavy reverse. Before Villa could lay siege to Chihuahua again, the Federal Army marched across the desert, with refugees from Chihuahua, to Ojinaga, on the Texas border, and after standing a siege for several days, upon Villa's approach marched incontinently across the border and were taken prisoners by the United States Army, and afterward conveyed to El Paso, where they are imprisoned.

Soon afterward followed the lifting of the embargo on arms, an act by the President of the United States which inaugurated the final phase of the revolution. Villa waited until a sufficient supply of the munitions of war, including cannon, in which the Constitutionalist Army had been sorely deficient, had been secured, and then proceeded to besiege and assault Torreon, winning the decisive victory of the war. Torreon had been reoccupied



General M. Perez Romero

by Federal troops while Villa was engaged on the northern border and Huerta recognized the strategic nature of the place and the importance of victory there to his side. So he sent all the reinforcements he could possibly spare, under the best of his remaining generals, the hard-fighting Velasco. Following the successful assaults upon Torreon, Villa's army continued the pursuit of Velasco's decimated forces and after many rear-guard attacks finally brought them to a stand at San Pedro, between Torreon and Saltillo, which lies due east of Torreon, with Monterey a little northeast of Saltillo. The Federal garrisons from these two cities sent reinforcements in vain to Velasco.

The fall of Saltillo and Monterey will leave undefended the only two garrisoned towns remaining on the northern border, that of Piedras Niegras, opposite Eagle Pass, Texas, and Nuevo Laredo, opposite Laredo. If these garrisons do not follow the example of the one at Ojinaga and cross the border they will join the forces at Saltillo and Monterey, which

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may in turn be evacuated to make a last stand at San Luis Potosi, south of Torreon, on the railroad leading most directly to Mexico City.

ACTING independently of Villa's command is General Pablo Gonzales, Commander of the Army of the Northeast, having under his direction, in the states of Coahuila, Nuevo Leon, Tamaulipas and San Luis Potosi, scattered commands amounting to ten or fifteen thousand men. Part of his command has been intermittently attacking Tampico, which it would have taken except for the two Federal gunboats there. It has been a problem to get Gonzales' army supplied with arms and ammunition. General Candido Aguilar, under General Gonzales, is in command of the first division of the Army of the Northeast. He was formerly chief of Rurales, and has been operating in northern Vera Cruz and southern San Luis Potosi. His chief-of-staff is General M. Perez Romero.

On the west coast, General Obregon, who has been most closely associated with Carranza in the pacification of Sonora and Sinaloa, is marching through Sinaloa toward Mazatlan, which may be taken or left bottled up as Guaymas has been, while Obregon, with eight thousand men, well supplied with small arms and cannon, marches southward through Tepic to



General Candido Aguilar

the second city of Mexico, Guadalajara, capital of Jalisco, a city of 175,000 population. Acting with General Obregon is Brigadier-General Juan G. Cabral, an accomplished officer, who drove the Federal forces out of Sinaloa; and General Lucio Blanco, who, as Commander of the Army of Tamaulipas, captured Matamoras on the seacoast, and drove the Federals out of that state. He was transferred to the west coast by Carranza, and is now operating with General Obregon. On account of the impassable nature of the Sierra Madre mountain range, it will be impossible for Obregon to unite with Villa's army until he has taken Guadalajara. But it has been the consistent plan of the Constitutionalists to prevent the convergence of the Federal forces by making simultaneous attacks upon widely separated garrison cities. The plan of campaign by which the forces under Villa, Gonzales and Obregon would unite in the march upon Mexico City was outlined in the article in HARPER'S WEEKLY of December 20.

Zapata, on the South, after being quiescent for several weeks, suddenly marched from Morelos into Guerrero and captured its capital, Chilpancingo, whose evacuation by the Federal garrison created a panic in Mexico City. It is easily seen how desperate had become the case of the Usurper, ere he tried the experiment of deliberately affronting the Government of the United States.

Villa may be as cruel and as unprincipled as a Nero, but it is about time for sensible Americans to stop referring to him and his generals as mere bandits. He has displayed martial courage and military genius of the highest order. He has been able to inspire his soldiers to deeds of desperate valor, as the storming of the defences of Torreon and the five days' battle of San Pedro well attest. It will be recalled that in the crisis of the French Revolution, when France was threatened by the combination of European nations without and by treachery within the walls of Paris itself, word was sent to Marseilles for "men who knew how to die." When the grim battalion that responded to this summons marched into Paris, it gave the inspiration for the famous battle-hymn of the French, the Marseillaise. Surely these revolutionary soldiers to the south of us have earned the reputation of "men who know how to die."

THE Benton incident showed Villa in a bad light. Benton had retained his British citizenship, though he was a large land-owner in Chihuahua through his marriage to a Mexican woman. He had been driven from his ranch and had sought safety in El Paso, where he might have continued in safety. All accounts agree that he left El Paso to visit Villa in Juarez for the purpose of remonstrating with him concerning the treatment accorded him. He was never seen alive afterward by his friends. The British commission after investigation came to the conclusion that there had been a scuffle in Villa's office and that Benton, there or thereafter, had been stabbed to death. The Carranza commission reported that he was shot on the train going to Chihuahua, after having been arrested by Villa's orders, and that he was buried somewhere between the two cities; that he was killed by Captain Ferrero, who is now in prison in Chihuahua City, awaiting trial for his crime. The story of the court-martial and formal execution, sent out by Villa or his misguided legal advisers, is thus demonstrated to have been a silly falsehood. Ferrero may have thought that he was carrying out Villa's wishes or may have been executing Villa's orders. The right of the United States Government to stand for the protection of all foreigners in Mexico has been yielded by Carranza, upon better advice than that upon which he first acted. The political effect upon the people of Mexico of any apparent alliance with the United States on the part of the Revolutionists has to be considered by Carranza at every turn. He has now established his capital in Chihuahua City and the rumors of Villa's disloyalty and of his own dread of putting himself in Villa's power seem to have disappeared.

The situation has vastly changed since Villa reigned supreme in Chihuahua, with Carranza lingering in Sinaloa and Sonora. The very size of the central army has made it necessary for Villa to associate with himself several other officers, all acknowledging their allegiance to Carranza as the Chief of the Revolution. First among these is General Felipe Angeles, the noted artillery commander. He was for many years superintendent of the military school at Chapultepec, is the idol of the officers of the army, and beloved by the people, who point to the fact that he is a poor man, though for so long an army officer, in proof that he is honest. He was educated in Europe and is well known in the United States among military and civil officials who have been stationed at Mexico City. During the bombardment of the Capital in the uprising against Madero, Angeles realized that Huerta was not making the proper effort to take the Citadel, held by Felix Diaz, and offered to take it himself, if Madero would furnish him the soldiers and cannon. But Madero was unable or unwilling to distrust Huerta. After the assassination of Madero, General Angeles went to Europe, where he left his family, and, returning to America, offered his services to Carranza. It will be well to bear his name in mind. Some observers who doubt



General Alvaro Obregon

the ability of Carranza to rule Mexico consider General Angeles the strong man of the Revolution. It was doubtless through his influence as Villa's chief-of-staff and artillery commander at Torreon, that the rules of civilized warfare were regarded in the assault upon that city. Another of Villa's officers at Torreon was General Maclovio Herrara, one of the natural born soldiers developed by the revolution. He was formerly a quiet business man of Chihuahua City, who espoused the cause of the revolution under Madero. Another is General Torribio Ortega, also of Chihuahua, who won a captainship during the Madero Revolution. Still another is General Aguirre Benavides, born in Coahuila, of an aristocratic family, and well known throughout Mexico. He played the leading part in the battle of San Pedro and in the pursuit and rout of Velasco's army. Then there is General Thomas Urbina, the well-known military expert, enlisting during the Madero Revolution. Villa, though Commander-in-Chief of the Central Army, must divide his fame with these, in his recent victories.

THE failure, up to this time, of the people of Central Mexico, from the states surrounding the Capital, to take an active part in the Revolution is variously explained. It is contended that Carranza has been slow to announce his renewal of adherence to the "principles of the Revolution," as set forth in the Plan of San Luis Potosi, the same being political liberty and the restoration and division of the lands; that if Carranza aims at being Dictator, the people would as lief have Huerta as Carranza. On the

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other hand, it is said that the people of Central Mexico are naturally a more peaceful people than those of the northern states, that they have been less influenced by contact with America and Americans, that they are unfamiliar with the use of military arms, and, chiefly, that they are without arms altogether. It is claimed by the Constitutionalists that when Villa's army marches farther southward, he will have more volunteers than he can supply with arms. It is reasonably certain that he will march through an unresisting country, save where Huerta's soldiers may be able to withstand him. And so many of these are conscripts, more than willing to desert to the Constitutionalist side that the Federal cause is liable to sudden and complete collapse at any time by a wholesale going over of Huerta's soldiers to the enemy.

American readers are naturally distressed at the excesses of the soldiery.

THE following are extracts from official documents at the State Department, which have not been printed in the Associated Press. The first is an apology for the hanging of deserters, and reads as follows:

> Of this crime (desertion) were the companies of St. Patrick palpably and undeniably guilty. They had fought in the ranks of the Mexican army at the batteries of Churubusco. They were deserters, and many of them were taken prisoners; 29 of them were found guilty and sentenced each one of them to hang by the neck until dead. Among the three whom General ——— found not legally subject to the penalty of death, because they had deserted previous to the commencement of the war, was the notorious Riley, the commander of the deserters' company. His sentence was commuted so that he was lashed and branded.

Regarding the execution of suspicious persons, we have the following official statement:

> A great many houses were broken open by our men with crowbars and axes, many suspicious persons taken prisoners and some killed. The orders were to blow up every house from which a shot was fired.

Concerning the levying of contributions upon a city:

> In consideration of the foregoing protection, a contribution of $150,000 is imposed on this capital to be paid in four weekly instalments of $37,500 each.

And this is sanctioned by the highest authority as follows:

> I deem it proper, in the exercise of an undoubted belligerent right, to order that military contributions be levied upon the enemy.

Concerning the unspeakable crimes that too often accompany warfare, we have this rather pathetic remonstrance:

> It is not without great grief and indignation that I have received communications from the cities and villages occupied by the army of your Excellency in relation to the violation of the temples consecrated to the worship of God, to the plunder of the sacred vases, and to the profanation of the images venerated by the Mexican people. Profoundly have I been afflicted by the complaints of fathers and husbands of the violence offered to their daughters and wives, and those same cities and villages have been sacked in violation of the sacred principles proclaimed and respected by civilized nations.

The reader will forgive the palpable hoax. These documents relate to the Mexican War of 1847, conducted by the United States, a war of invasion. The General whose name is left blank in the first paragraph is General Winfield Scott. The second paragraph is an account of the storming of Mexico City written by Lieutenant of Engineers Gus W. Smith. The third concerns the levying of a fine upon the conquered Capital by order of A.A.A. General H. L. Scott, of the American Army, and the high authority endorsing it is James K. Polk, President of the United States. The remonstrance against iconoclasm, looting and rape is addressed by President Santa Anna of Mexico to General Winfield Scott, and numerous documents sustain the truth of Santa Anna's allegations.

DOUBTLESS the world has moved forward since the year 1847, to say nothing of the period, 1861—65. It has formulated new ideas concerning the conduct of war. But in this Mexican strife, the soldiers and civilians of one side are held by the opposing side to be rebels against constituted authority and therefore outlaws. And Huerta's soldiers, the volunteers, especially, are considered traitors to the former President of Mexico and by sympathy his assassins. In each case, it is "your life or my life." Certainly the American people are hardly in position to condemn the Mexican soldiery for acts which were committed by American officers and privates some sixty years ago. In the American Revolution, the glorious victory of Kings Mountain, for instance, was marred by the hanging of numerous and sundry Tories. Yet our forefathers did not thereby prove that they were unfit for the liberty for which they fought or for the enjoyment of the constitutional government which they established.

Canal Tolls and the Shipping Trust

THE greatest hoax practised upon the American people since the discovery of the North Pole by Dr. Cook and the revision of the tariff downward by Senator Aldrich is the widely disseminated notion, adroitly fostered by Senator O'Gorman, that the transcontinental railroads opposed the "free tolls" provision of the Panama Canal Act and are behind the movement for its repeal. In a recent debate in the Senate, Senator O'Gorman, now Chairman of the Committee on Interoceanic Canals, held triumphantly aloft a bulky document containing the hearings before that committee in 1912 and said:

> For a period of six or eight weeks the Committee on Interoceanic Canals, while considering the bill which was then pending for the government of the Panama Canal, had before it citizens from every section of the United States, calling attention to the grinding monopoly of the transcontinental railroads. It was pointed out that the best way to compel the transcontinental railroads to reduce their freight rates to a proper basis was to make it possible for the boats using the Canal to go through at a minimum cost of expenditure. Their opposition was presented to our committee; indeed, they were the only ones in opposition to the bill.

In answer to a question from Senator McCumber, whether it is necessary to bribe a monopoly by granting them a commission in order to obtain fair rates from the railroads, Senator O'Gorman adroitly quoted Judge Prouty and Secretary Lane as to excluding railroad-owned ships from the Canal and identified this with "the plan which we have incorporated in the Panama Canal Act."

A careful perusal of the hearings referred to indicates absolutely no ground for Senator O'Gorman's contention. There has been a deliberate attempt to confuse the public mind by mingling together the free tolls provision which is contained in Section 5 of the Act with the provision of Section 11 which divorces competing steamship lines from railroad partnership. The two distinct propositions were put together in one plank of the Baltimore platform, as Senator O'Gorman confesses because he and others (probably including Lewis Nixon) "deemed it prudent to have a declaration such as was inserted in the Democratic platform."

In the same section of the Canal Act, which provides for separation between the railroads and railroad-owned ships, the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission was extended to the carrier of property by rail and water, in order to establish physical connection between the rail carrier and the dock of the water carrier; to establish through routes and maximum joint rates over such rail and water lines; and to establish maximum proportional rates by rail to and from the ports to which the traffic is brought. It was this section of the Act against which the railroads protested in the hearings before Senator O'Gorman's committee.

By far the ablest speech made in the House debate on this subject was by Mr. Stevens, of Minnesota, Republican. He was asked by Mr. Manahan:

> Is it not a fact that the Hill railroads in the Northwest are vitally interested in getting this repeal which the gentleman advocates?

Mr. Stevens said in reply:

> I have been on the Committee of Interstate and Foreign Commerce for more than ten years, and during all the time that this legislation has been in force, and not one single representative, not one single man, directly or indirectly representative of any railroad or transportation company, has ever come to any member of the Committee, that I know of, urging in any way the repeal of free tolls. It is time that kind of talk was stopped in the discussions in the House of Representatives.

In the testimony before the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals, Colonel Goethals opposed any exemption for vessels in the coastwise trade, as did Dr. Emory R. Johnson, Special Commissioner on Panama Canal Traffic and Tolls, who was lately falsely accused by Senator O'Gorman of having lectured for the Carnegie Foundation for pay while he was employed by the United States Government.

Mr. Richard Reid Rogers, general counsel of the Panama Railroad Company, and Mr. Edward N. Drake, vice-president of the company, opposed exemption from tolls, regarding it as a subsidy.

Secretary of War Stimson was then of the opinion that the payment of tolls for coastwise shipping would not interfere with the traffic, and that the coastwise trade, being already protected by an absolute monopoly, had much less reason to receive exemption from tolls than American foreign traffic.

Mr. Prouty and Mr. Lane, then of the Interstate Commerce Commission, argued against the joint ownership of railroad

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and steamship lines, but had nothing to say on the tolls question.

THOSE who argued in favor of free tolls were Mr. Joseph N. Teal, of Portland, Oregon, representing Pacific coast commercial bodies; Mr. Adrian H. Boole, for twenty-five years engaged in the over-sea steamship business; Mr. William K. Cavanagh, president of the Lakes to Gulf Deep Water Way Association; Mr. Horace Turner, of Mobile, Alabama, lumber exporter; Mr. Bernard N. Baker, of Baltimore; Mr. William R. Wheeler, of the Traffic Bureau of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. But these gentlemen were mainly concerned with compelling bona-fide competition between the railroad lines and the steamship lines, in accordance with the provisions of Section 11 of the Act, the free tolls question being merely incidental. Mr. Maxwell Evarts, counsel for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, controlled by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company; Mr. Joseph W. Powell, of the William Cramp & Sons Ship & Engine Building Company; Mr. Edward C. Buckland, vice-president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company; Mr. R. P. Schwerin, vice-president and general manager of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, who took up more of the time of the Committee than anyone else; Mr. Lincoln Green, freight traffic manager of the Southern Railway Company, and Mr. Thom, also counsel for this company, were all opposed to the provisions of Section 11, divorcing the railroads from the steamship lines; and none of them had a word to say about exemption of coastwise shipping from the payment of tolls. The fact is, that with these provisions of Section 11 changed as the railroads wished them changed, the railroads themselves would have been large beneficiaries of the free tolls provision.

It is reasonably argued on the other hand, that the sole beneficiary of tolls exemption will be the shipping trust and the railroads belonging to the same combination. Traffic through the Panama Canal will be shipped at a rate from 20 per cent. to 60 per cent. below the cost of transporting freight by rail from one side of the continent to the other; and this calculation is made on the supposition that coastwise shipping will pay the tolls. This differential in the rate is sufficient, when enough ships are provided, to move all the freight that would naturally be sent by sea from coast to coast. It is true that the exemption from tolls may enable this freight to be shipped inland by the railroads from the coast cities into a wider territory than might otherwise be reached. But this is the only way in which the transcontinental lines are affected by the exemption of coastwise shipping from the payment of tolls.

That there is a shipping trust is at least indicated by the three suits now pending, brought by the Department of Justice when Mr. Wickersham was Attorney General, two of which are of especial importance in this connection. In the case of the United States of America, petitioner, versus the American Asiatic Steamship Company and others, defendants, the defendants, including the Anglo-American Oil Company, the United States and China-Japan Steamship Company, the Lancashire Shipping Company, and the Isthmian Steamship Company, the government petition, after discussing pooling agreements and conferences, says that the defendants "are, and for a long time have been, combining and conspiring together to monopolize, and have in fact monopolized and do monopolize that part of the trade and commerce of the United States with foreign nations which consists in the transportation of freight between ports on the eastern, or Atlantic coast of the United States and ports in China and Japan and other countries in the far east." In the case of the United States of America, petitioner, against the Prince Line, Limited, the petition says, discussing the various traffic agreements, pooling agreements and conferences, that the defendants "are, and for five years past continuously have been, engaged in a combination and conspiracy to destroy all competition among and between themselves in the business of transporting passengers and freight by steamships between ports in the United States of America and ports in the Republic of Brazil." That is, the Department of Justice thinks that there is a shipping trust, a matter which, of course, can only be finally determined by the court of last conjecture.

BUT in the meantime the House Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries have been conducting exhaustive hearings, published in three volumes, and have prepared a report on steamship agreements and affiliations in the American, foreign and domestic trade. As to traffic on the Great Lakes, for instance, the report shows that the through traffic from the western gateways of the Lakes, such as Chicago and Duluth, to the eastern seaports, via Buffalo, is controlled exclusively by six boat lines owned by the trunk line railroads connecting the east and central west. The railroad control of the Erie Canal is an interesting topic, especially to the people of New York, who have expended such vast sums of money upon the Canal. In discussing the water carriers of the Great Lakes, the Committee arrived at this conclusion: that the inter-relations between the eight leading groups of boat carriers and the twenty-nine other groups of lesser importance are so numerous and intimate as to warrant the conclusion that the entire list of thirty-seven groups, comprising 105 companies, firms and managements, represents a vast community of interest, which, if found necessary, could easily be dominated by the leading interests therein, as regards rates and business policy.

The main point to be noticed, however, is the affiliations between the steamship companies of the Atlantic and Gulf Coast. Such relations are discussed as those of traffic arrangements between rail and water carriers; the methods adopted by the established lines in opposing the establishment and maintenance of independent lines, and the refusal of railroads to enter into through routing and pro rating arrangements on package freight with independent lines. The report says:

> In the entire Atlantic and Gulf coastwise trade, 28 lines, representing 235 steamers, furnish the line service. Of this number of lines, 10 are railroad owned and represent 128 steamers, or 54½ per cent. of the total number of steamers in the trade, and 61 9-10 per cent. of the tonnage. Seven lines, operating 71 steamers in the coastwise trade, belong to the Eastern Steamship Corporation and the Atlantic, Gulf and West Indies Steamship Lines. Combining the two interests, it appears that the railroads and two Atlantic coast-shipping consolidations control nearly 85 per cent. of the steamers and nearly 94 per cent. of the gross tonnage engaged in the entire Atlantic and Gulf coastwise trade.

On the Pacific coast only about 50 per cent. of the steamship lines are thus controlled.

SO it appears to be beyond controversy that the transcontinental railroads are not interested in the question of free tolls; that the charge of $1.20 a net registered ton on coastwise traffic, equivalent to 60 cents a cargo ton of 2,000 pounds, would not alter the ability of the steamship liner to compete successfully with the transcontinental lines; that there would be no benefit to the shippers or to the general public by this exemption of tolls, and that in fact it would be simply a subsidy paid out of the United States Treasury to the shipping trust, largely controlled by railroads themselves.

For many years the shipping trust has been besieging Congress for a ship subsidy, and through each succeeding Administration there have always been enough opponents of the subsidy to prevent congressional action in its favor. During all these years, Senator Gallinger has been the foremost advocate of the subsidy plan. He is one of the strongest opponents of the repeal of this subsidy slipped into the Panama Canal Act and smuggled into the Baltimore platform. But the shipping trust has over-reached itself and has invited the attention of the American people to its monopolistic control of traffic on the sea. The next great problem before the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Department of Justice is the breaking up of this monopoly. President Wilson knew whereof he spoke when he said in his letter to Mr. Marbury: "*The exemption constituted a very mistaken policy from every point of view. It is economically unjust; as a matter of fact it benefits for the present, at any rate, only a monopoly.*"

We have just received from our special correspondent in Ulster, John J. Finegan, the first instalment of his series of articles on the situation there. Mr. Finegan can interpret Ireland to Americans as he knows both countries intimately. This article is the picturesque and accurate account of the way the Ulster people feel, throwing sidelights upon the way the rest of Ireland takes this quarrel. It will appear in next week's issue

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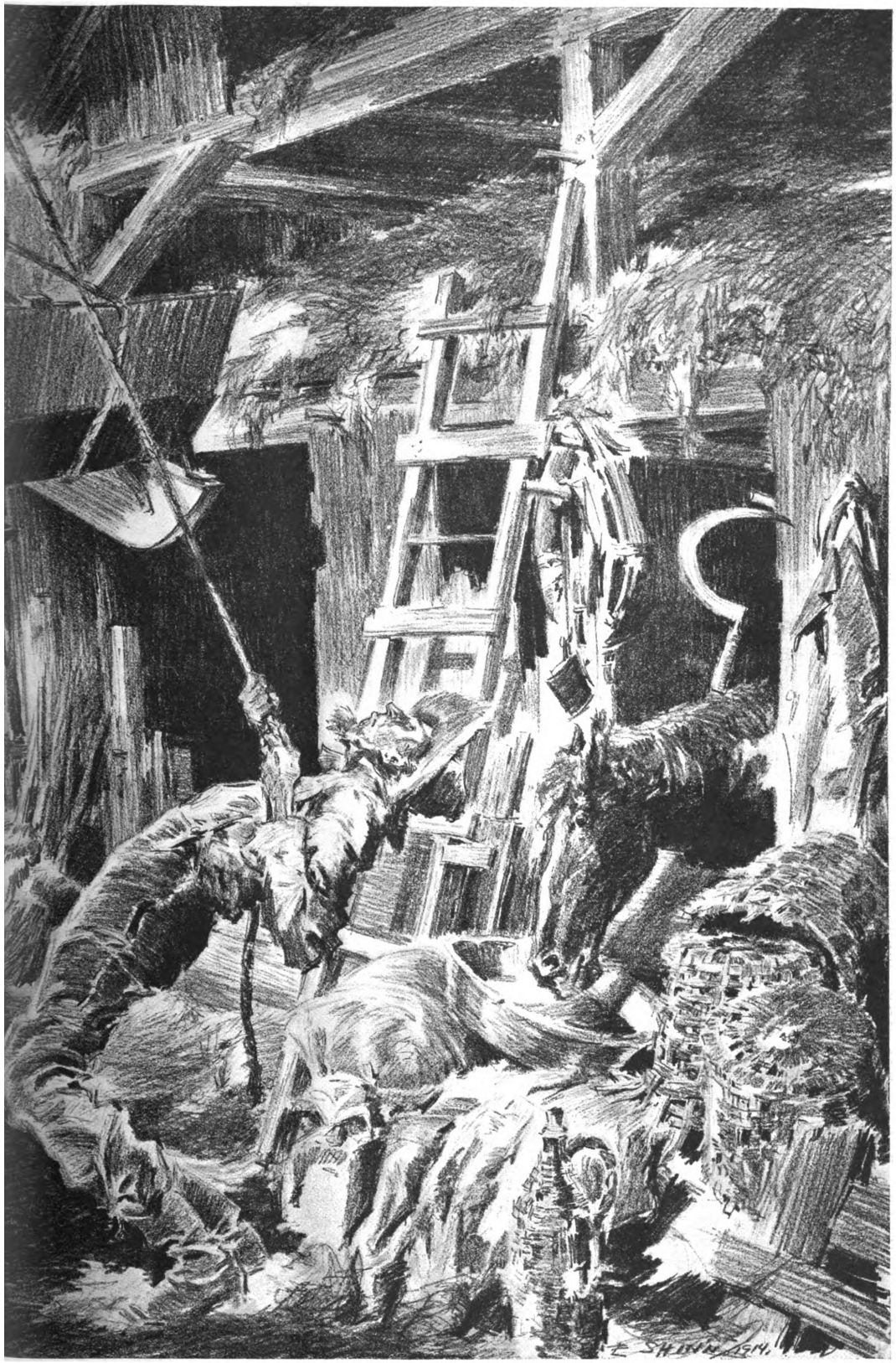


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Food and Health

By LEWIS B. ALLYN

A Food Book Worth While

THERE has recently come from the Yale University Press at New Haven, Conn., a much needed book.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for the popular writer to give an adequate idea of the theory of nutrition, and equally difficult for the scientist to state the theory in terms relatively understandable by the mass of readers. Too often the former is superficial or misleading. Too often the latter are cumbered with an almost unknown phraseology.

In November, 1913, Professor Graham Lusk of the Cornell University Medical College delivered the anniversary address of the New York Academy of Medicine. The merit of the lecture was so obvious, and couched in terms so simple yet pointed, that it was printed for public distribution. While much more might have been said, "The Fundamental Basis of Nutrition" cannot fail to interest and instruct the student of dietetics. Says Prof. Lusk: "The great practical importance of food fuel, in sufficient quantity for the human machine in health and disease, warrants its consideration in greater measure than has heretofore been given it. Pure food is necessary. Foul food should be strangled at its source."

The somewhat heavy tables of Atwater and Benedict are made clear and helpful.

Discussions of "Habits of Diet," "The Curious Disease of Beri-Beri," and "Criteria of the Monetary Value of Foods" are enlightening and helpful to both manufacturer and consumer.

Appeal is made to the understanding of physicians and of the educated people of this country to take interest in this subject of nutrition to the end that enlightened activity for the welfare of mankind may follow.

A New Food Directory

NEARLY four years ago while editor of *Collier's Weekly*, Mr. Norman Hapgood conceived the idea of publishing the names of makers of pure food products as a matter of public interest and benefit. Accordingly a list of some thirty manufacturers together with their products was made public. For years much publicity had been given the bad and next to nothing said about the good. Mr. Hapgood established a precedent when he reversed this policy by putting the emphasis where it belonged. Outside of its advertising columns no magazine, with the exception of *Collier's* and the *Ladies' World*, has made a practice of listing foods of merit.

The New York *Globe* has blazed a trail which should be generally followed throughout the realm of newspaperdom. Some fifteen months ago the *Globe* began a searching investigation of local conditions and published its results without fear or favor. So abhorrent were many of the conditions discovered by Mr. McCann that a reaction was bound sooner or later to set in. To quote from a recent editorial in the *Globe:*

But while many now know what not to eat, there is still lacking sufficient knowledge of what is safe and where to get it. This information the *Globe* hopes to make accessible to its readers. Many thousands of them have asked for it. Through its news columns, however, the paper could not supply it without invidious distinction; nor did it feel inclined, while destructive criticism occupied most of Mr. McCann's attention, to call on purveyors of sound foods to use its advertising columns.

But a new era is at hand. Exposure of bad foods having largely accomplished its purpose, the time is opportune to make known the facts about good food. Nothing so effectively removes the wrong as to displace it with the right, and the public having started a demand for the right that cannot be denied, the goal sought is no longer hard to reach.

The standard adopted by the *Globe* is modeled after that of the Westfield, Massachusetts, Board of Health and is as follows:

The *Globe's* standards are higher than the law. These standards demand absolute freedom from benzoic acid, boric acid, hydrofluoric acid, sulphurous acid, or their salts, or any other non-condimental preservative. They demand absolute freedom from coal tar dyes or any poisonous vegetable color. They demand that all foods shall be free from fillers and that they shall not be processed, bleached, coated or stained in any manner calculated to make them appear better than they really are. Dishonest, misleading, extravagant or obscure statements on the label will not be countenanced.

The press in general is not slow to realize the importance of radically changing our present Food and Drugs Act to make it more fully protect the interests of the consumer and the high grade manufacturer.

Food from the Gin

POSSIBLY Eli Whitney builded even better than the present generation is accustomed to think. The fiber and seed of the cotton plant go on widely different journeys. For many years a valuable edible oil has been pressed from the seeds and from the residue, cottonseed meal, a stock or cattle food of merit, is made. The April *Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry* has a suggestive article called "Cottonseed Flour as a Possible Food for Man."

In a paper read before a section of the Association for the Advancement of Science, at Atlanta, Mr. C. A. Wells calls attention to an interesting possibility. Mr. Wells points out that some fifteen years ago a company of people were served with bread and other food products prepared from cottonseed flour. On two different occasions the writer has eaten bread and preparations similar to flapjacks made from this substance and found them patatable. The best "flour" for such purposes consists of the finely bolted meal which is thus freed from an excess of crude fiber. Such cottonseed flour is high in protein if prepared from choice stock. "Cottonseed flour," says Mr. Wells, "contains little kneading principle, and more than twice as much protein as meat. In order, therefore, to facilitate the making of bread and at the same time reduce the protein content of the latter, the flour is usually mixed with some other substance such as wheat flour. Most of the cottonseed flour bakery products found on the market are prepared in this way."

Although a substance may be high in protein it does not follow that it is a desirable article of food, for not all forms of fat and protein are in a state or condition to be assimilated by the body. It is estimated that about eighty-five hundredths of the fat and protein of this flour is digestible for man. Because of its low percentage of starches and sugars (carbohydrates) it is thought by some to be specific food for diabetics. Commenting on diabetic flours, John P. Street, of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, remarks that the "Jireh Patent Cottonseed Flour with its high protein (49 per cent.) and fat (13 per cent.) and relatively low carbohydrates (21 per cent) is not without merit, as less than one-third of the latter is starch. The company's claim that it contains five times more proteid and one-third less carbohydrates than wheat flour is reasonably accurate."

THE theoretical energy value of contonseed flour expressed as protein calories shows that for six cents one can purchase as many protein calories in the form of cottonseed flour as for $1 in the form of steak.

A quotation from Bulletin 128 Texas Agricultural Experiment Station is of interest in this connection: "We have no reason to believe that cottonseed flour will not be a wholesome food, when used in small amounts to replace meats, or to reinforce a diet poor in flesh food. We are inclined to believe that the maximum amount of cottonseed meal which should enter into the diet is two or three ounces per day. That the conditions under which such a diet may prove injurious must be established and that only experience and experiments can tell us the part which cottonseed flour should play in nutrition and under what conditions it may prove wholesome."

Mr. Wells goes on to say "that while there are no reported cases of injury from the use of the meal as a food for man, it is possible and indeed quite probable that this is due to its so far limited use for this purpose. The assumption of its unwholesomeness for man naturally grows out of the well known injurious effects which it produces when fed to stock. Investigations are now under way to ascertain the true nature of cottonseed meal toxicity. If this can be done, cottonseed meal or flour may be given to the world as a new and exceedingly inexpensive food with an almost unlimited source."

Improvement

THE monthly bulletin of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts has begun its 1914 series in a manner calculated to be helpfully constructive. The policy of the board in previous issues has been to publish lists of misbranded and adulterated food and drug products. In addition to the usual matter, are now published lists of food and drug products in which no adulteration is detected. This meets a genuine need, as the consumer may now read both sides of the question. He learns to select as well as to discard.

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The Powder Plot

By CHARLES JOHNSON POST



T. Coleman du Pont

GUNPOWDER is the life of battle. Upon the kind of gunpowder used depends the outcome of war. Smokeless powder is the finest powder made. This is the story of how the du Ponts got the formula which was invented in government laboratories, and the arrangement with Germany whereby they divide the market for smokeless powder between themselves and that country

THE development of smokeless powder in this country does not go further back than about the year 1890, and at the time of the Spanish War in 1898 it had not come into general use in the Navy. But our government wanted a smokeless powder and had made efforts to develop it through outside channels, without success. Finally it took hold of the question itself, through the Navy, and the problem of a smokeless powder was solved. In his report of 1892 the Secretary of the Navy said:

"It is a gratifying fact to be able to show that what we could not obtain through the assistance of others, we succeeded in accomplishing ourselves, and that the results are considerably in advance of those hitherto obtained in foreign countries."

Our private enterprise had apparently not been showing up very well in the du Pont Powder Company. At that time they were bending every effort to secure their sale to our government by entrenching themselves in a monopoly.

The first step taken by the United States Government looking to the development of a smokeless powder was the establishment in 1886 of a laboratory at the torpedo station which shortly after engaged in the testing of samples of smokeless powders obtained in Europe, and in the investigation of the whole subject of smokeless powder, with a view to finding a suitable powder of this description for use in the Navy. Professor Charles E. Munroe, who had for twelve years been professor of chemistry at the Naval Academy, and who had achieved marked distinction as an expert in explosives, was placed in charge of this particular branch of the work, as the chemist of the station.

THE necessity for smokeless powder had come with the improvement in firearms permitting the rapid discharge of the gun through the breech-loading device. It was found that the work of the gun was very much retarded by the smoke and gases generated in the use of ordinary gunpowder, and in addition to this, the bore of the gun became foul after a few discharges. The work undertaken at the torpedo station was to discover a powder that would be practically smokeless, which would be entirely consumed in the course of the explosion, and in addition give a muzzle velocity as great, and an internal pressure no greater than that of gunpowder.

Commander Goodrich of the Navy was in charge of the station when this work began and he was succeeded by Commander Jewell. In his annual report of 1901 the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Tracy, announced the invention of a smokeless powder by Professor Charles E. Munroe, of the torpedo station, and in commenting thereon stated that the results had exceeded anticipations. In connection with this work there was invented at the station along with other work, machines of a novel design for the manufacture of smokeless powder.

In his last annual message to Congress President Harrison refers to the invention of smokeless powder as one of the achievements of his Administration.

The results of the work at the torpedo station up to this time were covered by a patent taken out by Professor Munroe who stated that at the time of taking out the patent he had requested the Chief of Ordnance—the position now occupied by Admiral Twining—to secure the patent in order to protect the government in the work he had done in perfecting a smokeless powder. As that officer declined for some reason to take out a patent Professor Munroe did so with that end in view.

The torpedo station passed under the command of Commander George A. Converse of the United States Navy, later an Admiral, and, upon the resignation of Professor Munroe, Lieutenant Bernadou of the Navy took active charge of the experimental work. In 1895 these two officers, acting together, took out two patents on smokeless powder, in their own names. Then, following, Lieutenant Bernadou took out four patents on smokeless powder in his own name. *And these patents were not turned over to the United States Government;* instead they granted to the United States merely a license, for sums of from $1 to $120, to manufacture and use the powder.

In 1899, on April 12, according to the records of the Patent Office, Bernadou and Converse sold their first four patents outright to a Charles A. Rutter of Philadelphia who, a few months later, sold them in turn to the International Smokeless

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Powder & Dynamite Company. This latter company was a few years later absorbed into the Powder Trust.

These six patents of Bernadou and Converse dating from 1895 to 1901, and representing the success of the work at the government experiment station and the sale of the titles to the patents to private manufacturers, are dated just on the eve of the introduction of smokeless powder into the Army and Navy and its appearance among powder manufacturers as an item of great economic value. This is shown by the report of the Secretary of the Navy for 1896 where he "earnestly recommends that an appropriation be made for a supply of powder to be available in an emergency." He said:

"Several private firms in the United States have indicated their willingness to undertake the manufacture of smokeless powder on the specifications prepared by the department, and contracts for this purpose will be shortly made."

And in 1897 the Secretary of the Navy estimated that it would require $6,500,000 to at once refill all of the vessels of the Navy with smokeless powder.

To sum it up, the modern smokeless powder used by the United States Government was a product of government officers working in government laboratories. And in confirmation of this Mr. Haskell, Vice-President of E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Co., in commenting upon the early stages of the industry, refers to the fact that the government furnished the manufacturers with the formulas to work upon. And the Secretary of Commerce and Labor during the 60th Congress stated that:

> From a careful study of the whole process of development (of smokeless powder) however, it seems reasonably certain that the progress in the art and the practical employment of the various formulas are all based directly upon the experiment work done at the torpedo station, under the direction of the Navy Department.

The United States Government had established, you will recall, its laboratory at the torpedo station for experiments and tests with smokeless powder, in 1886. *Now in 1889* the powder-making du Pont family—it was a family partnership then—entered into a contract with the *Vereinigte Rheinisch Westphalische Pulverfabriken*—the United Rheinisch Westphalian Gun Powder Mills; and this contract was to give the United States a monopoly as far as German powder competition was concerned. The great German powder-makers agreed not to

> directly or indirectly sell or cause to be sold in any portion of the United States of America or in any other territory now or hereafter belonging to the United States of America, any brown powder or nitrate of ammonia powder; and will not sell any brown powder or nitrate of ammonia powder with the intent that the same shall be used by the United States of America or in the United States of America, or such territory.

It was a fairly comprehensive monopoly. True, the du Ponts had a protective duty on powder that protected them from German competition, but it was not enough of a monopoly. So they added the protective duty to their prices and could raise them as much more as they chose since they had bought off competition. Brown powder was the standard cannon powder at that time, and nitrate of ammonia powder was the smokeless powder. Of course they had to pay for establishing themselves in a monopoly; the Germans were to receive $100,000 in royalties—and this of course would be and was added to the price paid by our government for powder—so that really they paid out nothing.

But the du Ponts paid more. They also agreed that any improvements made in the formulas or manufacture of such powders would be immediately imparted by them to the German powder-makers—the United States Government working out the problems of smokeless powder at its torpedo station and turning information over to the du Ponts. And the du Ponts—the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company—had privately agreed to reveal improvements to the German powder-makers. Here is the actual wording of the contract:

> Tenth. That any and every improvement upon said processes of either of them made by either of the parties hereto at any time hereafter shall forthwith be imparted to the other of the parties hereto.

The du Ponts had paid still more for their monopoly. *They had agreed to keep their German friends informed at all times of all powder furnished to the United States Government, stating in detail its quality and characteristics!* They were the monopoly paid spies of a foreign country.

Here is the exact language:

> Thirteenth. That the parties of the second part [the du Ponts] will as soon as possible inform the party of the first part [the Germans] of each and every contract for brown powder or nitrate of ammonia powder received by the parties of the second part from the Government of the United States or any other contracting party or parties, stating in detail quantity, price, time of delivery, and all of the requirements that the powder called for in such contract has to fulfill.



Guard stationed in the woods leading to powder mills

The contract was drawn to run so long as the du Ponts made powder; and they held the active helm until they sold themselves to themselves in the Powder Trust in 1902.

So there never was a time between those dates when Germans were not fully informed as to every pound of powder that was in the magazines of our Army and Navy; there was not a time when they did not know its exact qualities; and during that time all the results of the energies of United States Army and Navy officers who added to the superiority of American powder were promptly transmitted to Germany. Do you recall the friction with Germany in 1898 over the German naval squadron in Manila Bay? A German Admiral brought on a situation that might have held momentous consequences. And Germany knew to a pound what our powder reserves were and what their qualities were.

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The names attached to that contract were:

Eugene du Pont,
Francis G. du Pont,
H. A. du Pont,
Wm. du Pont,

Trading as the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company.

And in the United States Senate today there sits Senator H. A. du Pont, of Delaware, the home of the du Pont powder mills, member of the Committee on Military Affairs and up to last year Chairman of it, and also a member of the Committee on Expenditures in the War Department.

Just so long as we must have war let us keep the profits out of munitions of war, so that minds that are trained to weigh nothing but profits cannot sell out the resources of a country's court of last resort.

As for the officials of the separated Powder Trust, the du Ponts, and every man engaged in selling the powder so carefully guarded to foreign governments, or in transmitting formulas or methods of manufacture of special government powder, or of giving information as to the supplies of powder for war purposes in our government's magazines, they are guilty of a criminal offense under Section 5335 of the Revised Statutes of the United States. What will the Attorney General do?

As for Senator du Pont of Delaware, it is for the Senate to decide with whom it cares to associate or shield.

A Searchlight on Industry

By GEORGE P. WEST

THE United States Commission on Industrial Relations, created by Congress after the dynamiting cases and recently organized, is to use the searchlight as well as the microscope.

Dropping metaphor, the Commission will supplement the work of its experts and investigators with public hearings in many of the large industrial centers from coast to coast.

Congress directed the Commission to inquire, during its brief existence of less than two years, into "the underlying causes of dissatisfaction in the industrial situation." In translating that vague phrase into a working program, the Commission has had ever in mind the men of the rural mail route, the city clerk in his suburban home, the business and professional men whose contact with industrial problems has been at second or third-hand. It is they, their wives and sons and daughters, who must decide whether we shall have industrial peace or war. And through its public hearings the Commission hopes to give them some of the evidence required for an intelligent judgment.

The Commission has decided that one of its duties is an effort to get the public to see and feel the great drama of industrial and social unrest. It believes that this is quite as important as for the Commission to find the causes and to propose constructive remedies. Most of us have witnessed a scene or two in the drama. Not one in ten of us, the country over, has grasped an outline of the plot, has seen this incident or that in its relation to the whole, has known whether it is a sordid melodrama, or a hopeless tragedy, or a noble epic of one of the great movements in the progress of mankind. Yet it is a drama in which all of us are actors, —actors ignorant of our parts, ignorant of the course of the play, and with only a babel of voices to direct us.

The first hearing of the series outside of Washington will be held in New York beginning May 4. A staff of eight investigators—alert men and women possessing social vision and responsibility—worked for a month in New York in preparation for the hearings. They looked for situations that were significant and for witnesses whose testimony would help to unravel the badly-tangled skein of industrial relations. Among the matters to be considered in New York are conditions of employment in the building trades, the department stores, on the subways and street railway systems, and in the garment making industry. The New York hearing probably will continue for three weeks. The Commission will then go to Paterson, N. J., where the situation in the silk mills since the strike of 1913 and the strike itself will be studied. This will involve an investigation of the I. W. W. and its methods, and some of the I. W. W. leaders now in New York will be among the witnesses. Later the Commission will visit Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco and other cities.

The decision to hold public hearings undoubtedly will be criticized from many sources. Those of the let-us-alone school will condemn any plan that calls for a thorough airing of the industrial problem. It is a school to which many on both sides of the labor struggle belong. But Congress when it created the Commission decided against them. Then there will be the more friendly and enlightened critics who would have the Commission enter upon a scholarly research, to be conducted in private by experts, and emerge at the end of a year or two to proclaim ex cathedra what is wrong and just what Congress and the various legislatures should do about it. These are the men and women who put all their faith in legislation, in machinery, in what they call constructive measures. The Commission has adopted their view to the extent of retaining specialists who are engaged in gathering and coördinating data, examining legislation in force abroad, and preparing tentative remedial measures for the Commission's consideration. The Commission in all its work has the advice and active services of such men as Prof. George E. Barnett of Johns Hopkins, an authority on trades unionism, and W. M. Leiserson of Wisconsin, perhaps the leading American authority on unemployment and the various problems of distributing labor. But Chairman Walsh is something of an expert in human nature, in human relations—in democracy. He knows how impossible it is to effect any social reform in America without the intelligent cooperation and support of the people. And along with faith in constructive measures, he has a still greater faith in the power of ideas, in the theory that any problem tends to dissolve and any evil to vanish very soon after it is seen and understood. He knows that a public without vision and understanding would read and soon forget the most eloquent indictment of industrial evils and the most comprehensive program of remedial measures. Everywhere are rapidly-growing groups who do understand something of the need for intelligent action. But how alarmingly in the minority these are has been shown time and again by the ease with which intelligent populations have been wrought into hysteria during crises in the relations of employers and employees. Nothing so depresses and alarms the student of industrialism as this utter failure by our great intelligent ruling middle class to see the issues clearly when those issues are joined before their eyes as at Lawrence, Paterson, and Calumet.

When Your Girl's Engaged

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

THERE'S a song in her heart that is buoyant and new
(As new as her mother's before her!)
There's a light in her eye which was never for you,
Or for even the mother who bore her.

Your heart overflowed at her first little cry
And leaped at her first little laughter;
But now there's a note, half a song, half a sigh,
For all of her years to come after.

You know never Galahad shattered a lance
Who was fit to presume to possess her,
And tho' glad of her gladness, you eye him askance
And rebel that he dare to caress her.

She is flesh of your flesh, she is bone of your bone,
You have known all her gladness and sorrow,
But the call of a new blood has entered her own
That the world shall be peopled tomorrow.

Oh, the old must grow old and the new must renew;
So rejoice at the New Joy before her;
But oh, there's that look which was never for you!
Or for even the mother who bore her!

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The Superlative

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

YOU often wonder, which is not surprising, what the people are like who create the wildest extravagances in art and literature and reform. What manner of creature it is who draws his pictures upside down and tries to start a paper to destroy all existing forms of government. This sketch is a word picture of such a man as he looks to a real artist like Galsworthy

THOUGH he had not yet arrived, he had personally no doubt about the matter. It was merely a question of time. Not that for one moment he approved of "arriving" as a general principle. Indeed, there was no one whom he held in greater contempt than a man who had arrived. It was to him the high-water mark of imbecility, commercialism, and complacency. For what did it mean save that this individual had pleased a sufficient number of other imbeciles, hucksterers, and fatheads, to have secured for himself a reputation? These pundits, these mandarins, these so-called "Masters"—they were an offence to his common sense. He had passed them by, with all their musty and sham-Abraham achievements. That fine flair of his had found them out. Their mere existence was a scandal. Now and again one died; and his just anger would wane a little before the touch of the Great Remover. No longer did that Pundit seem quite so objectionable now that he no longer cumbered the ground. It might even perhaps be admitted that there had been something coming out of that one; and as the years rolled on, this something would roll on too, till it became quite a big thing; and he would compare those miserable Pundits who still lived, with the one who had so fortunately died, to their great disadvantage. There were, in truth, very few living beings that he could stand. Somehow they were not—no, they really *were not*. The Great—as they were called forsooth—writers, artists, politicians—what were they? He would smile down one side of his long nose. It was enough. Forthwith those reputations ceased to breathe—for him. Their theories, too, of Art, Reform, what not—how puerile! How utterly and hopelessly old-fashioned, how worthy of all the destruction that his pen and tongue could lavish on them!

For, to save his country's Art, his country's Literature, and Politics—that was, he well knew, his mission. And he periodically founded, or joined, the staff of papers that were going to do this trick. They always lasted several months, some several years, before breathing the last impatient sigh of genius. And while they lived, with what wonderful clean brooms they swept! Perched above all that miasma known as human nature, they beat the air, sweeping it and sweeping it, till suddenly there was no air left. And that theory, that real vision of Art and Existence, which they were going to put in place of all this muck, how near—how unimaginably near they brought it to reality! Just another month, another year, another good sweeping, would have done it! And on that final ride of the broom-stick, he—he would have arrived! At last some one would have been there with a real philosophy, a truly creative mind; some one whose poems, and paintings, music, novels, plays and measures of reform would at last have borne inspection! And he would go out from the office of that great Paper so untimely wrecked, and, conspiring with himself, would found another.

This one should follow principles that could not fail. For, first, it should tolerate nothing—nothing at all. That was the mistake they had made last time. They had tolerated some reputations. No more of that; no—more! The imbeciles, the shallow frauds, let them be carted once for all. And with them let there be cremated the whole structure of Society, all its worn out formulas of Art, Religion, Sociology. In place of them he would not this time be content to put nothing. No, it was the moment to elucidate and develop that secret rhyme and pulsation in the heart of things hitherto undisclosed to any but himself. And all the time there should be flames going up out of that paper, the pale red, the lovely, flames of genius. Yes, the emanation should be wonderful. And, collecting his tattered mantle round his middle so small, he would start his race again.

For three numbers he would lay about him and outline religiously what was going to come. In the fourth number he would be compelled to concentrate himself on a final destruction of all those defences and spiteful counter-attacks which wounded vanity had wrung from the Pundits, those apostles of the past; this final destruction absorbed his energies during the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth numbers. In the ninth he would say positively that he was now ready to justify the constructive prophecies of his first issues. In the tenth he would explain that unless a blighted Public supported an heroic effort better, genius would be withheld from them. In the eleventh number he would lay about him as he had never done, and in the twelfth give up the ghost.

In connection with him one had always to remember that he was not one of those complacent folk whose complacency stops short somewhere—his was a nobler kind, ever trying to climb into that heaven which he alone was going to reach some day. He had a touch of the divine discontent even with himself; and it was only in comparison with the rest of the world that he felt he was superlative.

IT was a consolation to him that Nietzsche was dead, so that out of a full heart and empty conscience he could bang upon the abandoned drum of a man whom he scarcely hesitated to term great. And yet, what—as he often said—could be more dismally asinine than to see some of these live stucco moderns pretending to be supermen. Save this Nietzsche he admitted perhaps no philosopher into his own class, and was most down on Aristotle, and that one who had founded the religion of his country.

Of statesmen he held a low opinion—what were they, after all, but politicians? There was not one in the whole range of history who could take a view like an angel of the dawn surveying creation; not one who could soar above a contemptible adaptation of human means to human ends.

His poet was Blake. His playwright Strindberg, a man of distinct promise—fortunately dead. Of novelists he accepted Dostoievsky. Who else was there? Who else that had gone outside the range of normal, stupid, rational humanity, and shown the marvelous qualities of the human creature drunk or dreaming? Who else who had so arranged his scenery that from beginning to end one need never witness the dull shapes and colors of human life not suffering from nightmare. It was in nightmare only that the human spirit revealed its possibilities.

In truth he had a great respect for nightmare, even in its milder forms—the respect of one who felt that it was the only thing which an ordinary sane man could not achieve in his waking moments. He so hated the ordinary sane man, with his extraordinary lack of the appreciative faculty.

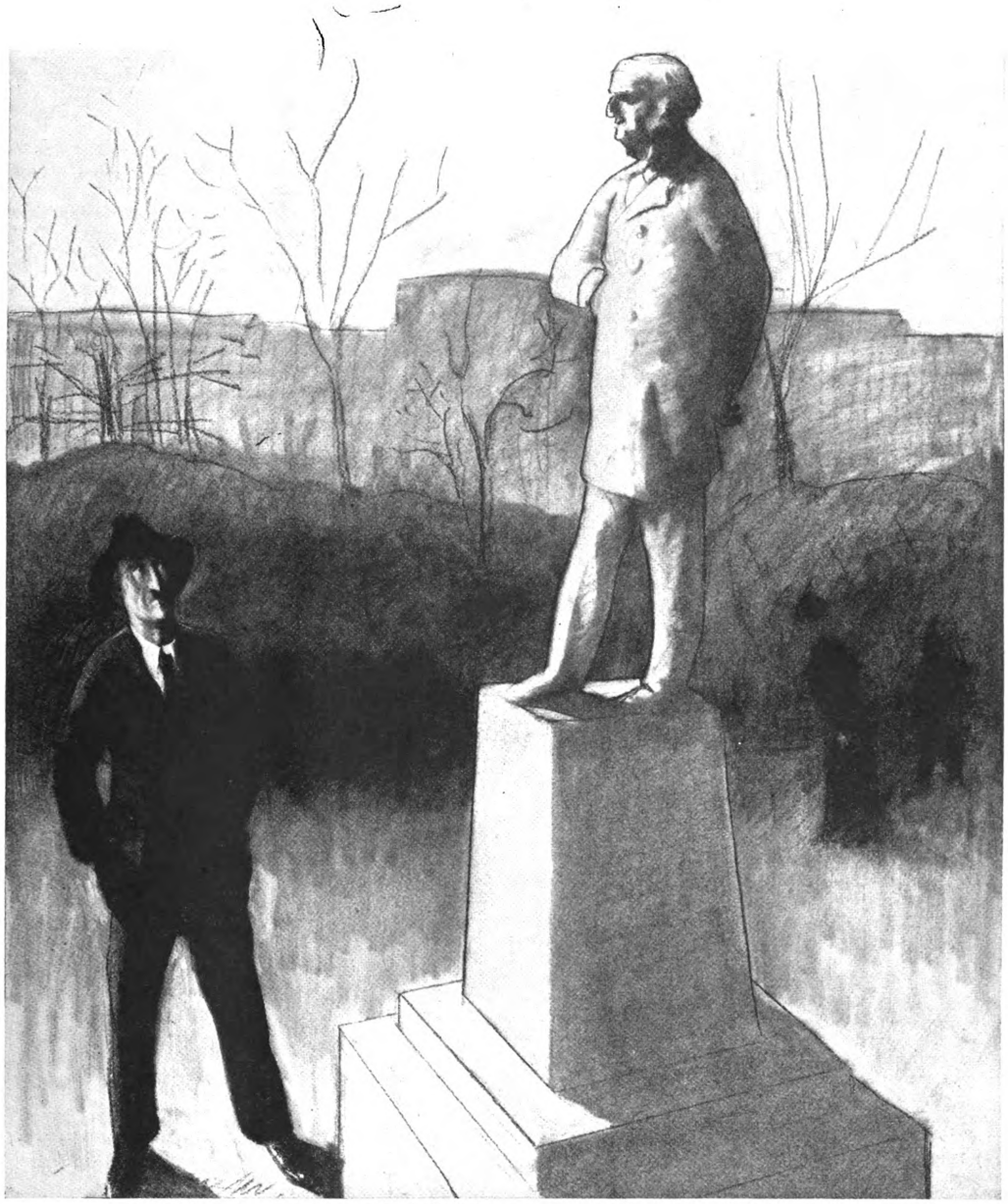
In his artistic tastes he was paulo-post-futurist, and the painter he had elected to admire was one that no one had yet heard of. He meant, however, that they should hear of him when the moment came. With the arrival of that one, would begin a new era of Art, for which in the past there would be no parallel save possibly one Chinese period long before that of which the Pundits—poor devils—so blatantly bleated.

HE was a connoisseur of music, and nothing gave him greater pain than a tune. Of all the ancients he recognized Bach alone, and only in his fugues. Wagner was considerable in Parsifal. Strauss and Debussy good men, but now *vieux jeu*. There was a Finn. His name? No, let them wait! That fellow was something. Let them mark his words, and wait!

It was for this kind of enlightenment of the world that he most ardently desired his own arrival, without which he sometimes thought he could no longer bear things as they were, no longer go on watching his chariot unhitched to a star, trailing the mud of this musty, muddled world, where even the ethics, those paltry wrappings of the human soul, were uncongenial to him.

Talking of ethics, there was one thing especially that he absolutely could not bear—that second-hand creature, a gentleman; the notion that he—*he*, full of the Holy Ghost, should be compelled by some mouldy and incomprehensible tradition to respect the feelings or see the points of view of others—this was indeed the limit. No, no! To bound upon the heads and limbs, the prejudices and convictions of those he came in contact with, especially in print, that was a holy duty. And, though conscientious to a degree, there was certainly no one of all his duties that he performed so conscientiously as this. No amenities defiled his tongue or pen, nor did he ever shrink from personalities—his spiritual honesty was terrific. But he never thrust or cut

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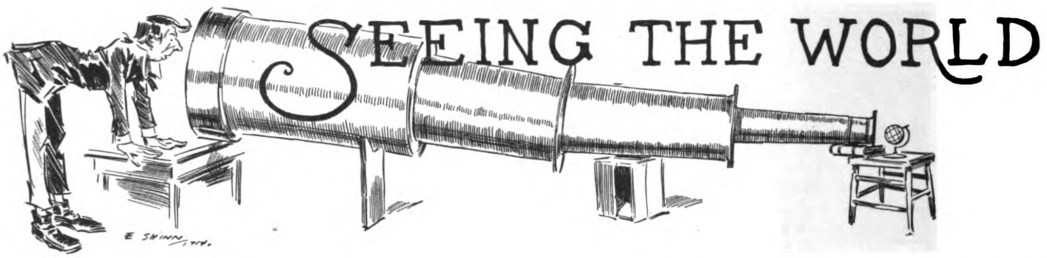
"Indeed, there was no one whom he held in greater contempt than a man who had arrived"

where it was not deserved; practically the whole world was open to his scorn, as he well knew, and he never went out of his way to find victims for it. Indeed he made no cult at all of eccentricity—that was for smaller creatures. His dress, for instance, was of the soberest, save that now and then he wore a purple shirt, gray boots, and a yellow ochre tie. His life and habits were on the whole abstemious. He had no children, but set great store by them, and fully meant when he had time to have quite a number, for this was, he knew, his duty to a world breeding from mortal men. Whether they would arrive before he did was a question; since, until then, his creative attention could hardly be sufficiently disengaged.

At times he scarcely knew himself, so absorbed was he; but you knew him because he breathed rather hard, as became a man lost in creation. In the higher flights of his genius he paused for nothing, not even for pen and paper. He touched the clouds indeed—and like the clouds, height piled on vaporous height, his images and conceptions hung wreathed, immortal, evanescent as the very air. It was an annoyance to him afterwards to find that he had neglected to take them down. Still, with his intolerance of all except divinity, and his complete faith that he must in time achieve it, he was perhaps the most interesting person to be found in the purlieus of Soho.

In next week's issue there will be a page of camera snap-shots of Ellen Key in her home in Norway. They are intimate pictures of a charming old lady in a charming setting

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International News

A Canadian carpenter, while in a fit of anger, threw a hammer at a fellow-workman and swallowed a screw he had in his mouth. It was an unfortunate affair, but still it was better than throwing the screw and swallowing the hammer.

—Hot Springs (Ark.) *Sentinel.*

Cutting Up

Lyle Flanagan is helping his brother Silas cut wood and numerous other things.

—Arland Cor. Barron (Wis.) *Shield.*

A Composing Room Difficulty

Last Saturday night Harry Hames attended a soiree at his best girl's house and on his return he became entangled among the debris and unfortunately lost his chapean. Mr. Hames is grieving very much over the loss of his cheapean and says that the next time he will either attend a matinee or stay at home and write his girl a billets-dionx instead.

—Alpha Cor. Dardanelle (Ark.) *Democrat.*

A Casualty of Courtship

Audry Richardson, while visiting his sweetheart in Freedonia last Sunday sprained his arm severely and won't be able to use it for ten days.

—Altoona (Pa.) *Tribune.*

Unknown Heroes

In the midst of all this political turmoil and strife let us not forget to say a word of encouragement and approval of the boys and girls who are engaging in the work of the corn and tomato clubs. All honor to them.

—Florena (Ala.) *Times.*

What the Early Bird Misses

A few nights ago a citizen of this village happened to look out the window of his home and saw a rig stop near his house. It was midnight; the snow was piled high on each side of the street and no chance to drive to the curb. Consequently the stop in the middle of the street.

A young man got out of the rig and helped a young woman out also. He held the lines in one hand, his other arm hanging idly by his side, while he gave the girl a couple of imitation kisses, so the man says, about like a chicken pecking at a grain of corn.

What was the matter with his right arm? Why didn't he throw it around her, draw her to him and kiss her in a way to do some good? The night was cold and any healthy girl would have appreciated a good warm hug also.

—Twin Valley (Ohio) *Echo.*

Coöperative Building

Charley Greeler had a bee Friday to haul home a carload of bricks from Kurth, he intends to build a brick house in the spring.

—West York Cor. Neilsville (Wis.) *Times.*

A Bully of a Metropolis

We wonder what is the matter with our little place, Alford, we never hear from them. Wake up Alford, and don't be so bashful, tho we can't help but sympathize with you, but maybe some day you can be in our class.

—Kynesville Cor. Marinana (Fla.) *Courier.*

When We Were Kids



—The Indianapolis *Star*

The Turnin' Pole

"Leg grinders ain't nothin'! Git down and let me turn a muscle grinder!"

All Save Only Fannie

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Noland, Utiewa Fisher, Lolie Smith and young Woodrow Smith were seen out driving Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Lee Ferguson and Maggie Sutton were seen out driving Sunday.

Mr. Hardie Grayham and Martha were seen strolling around Saturday.

Mr. Shookie Ferguson visited Miss Nansie Whites Sunday.

Mr. Hubert Rubeans and Marie Ferguson were seen together Sunday afternoon.

Lawyer Dunnie Green and Miss Manday Ledford were seen out riding Sunday afternoon.

Miss Fannie Green was seen out driving all alone Sunday.

—Waynesville (N. C.) *Enterprise*

A Man About Town

Ed Wilhelm took dinner at Job Standafer's last Sunday. In company with Raphael Standafer, he spent the afternoon at Emil Pankonin's, and wound up the day by visiting at Walter Erlewine's that evening. Ed evidently believes in being neighborly.

—Grant (Mo.) *Tribune-Sentinel*

Busy Days for the Dulls

Earl Dull's baby is very sick at this writing.

William Dull and wife and Frank Dull and wife, visited at John Dull's Sunday.

Grandma Dull is quite sick with a severe cold.

Velma Evers visited her sister, Mrs. John Dull, last week.

Hay bailers are in the country, were at Earl Dull's and Bert Ehorn's.

Erma Ayers visited with Flossie Dull over Sunday.

John Ewers called at Frank Dull's Sunday.

We will not receive stock at Soldiers' Grove until further notice on account of the servcies on the R. R. which refuses to take stock only on morning train.

EHORN & DULL

—Kickapoo (Wis.) *Scout*

Rhetoric with Force

Jim Dain, in the course of a barber shop argument on the subject of Mexican intervention, is reported to have made such a vicious swipe at an imaginary Greaser that he threw his arm out of joint.

—Osawatomie (Kans.) *News.*

Where News Reporting Is Profitable

Your correspondent is nursing a swollen jaw and a sprained wrist, received while endeavoring to manipulate the newly acquired gas wagon.

—Garfield Cor. (Idaho) *Falls Times.*

A Jealous Metropolis

There is a man named Angel living in Blanca, but we don't know what he is doing there.

—La Jara (Colo.) *Chronicle.*

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Baseball Notes

By BILLY EVANS

Passing the Star Batter

NOTHING delights the fan more than to have the star batter step to the plate, with men on the bases and a run or two needed to win. It is a situation in baseball that appeals to every red-blooded American. Players who can hit the ball are in great demand. Managers, owners, and scouts welcome athletes who can bat. If a player is only fair at other branches of the game, he is certain of a good trial, if he can wallop the ball.

Fancy prices are freely paid for good hitters. In nearly every game some situation presents itself when the star batter steps to the plate with men on the bases. These great hitters get big salaries for their ability to fill such rôles, yet time and again the fans are deprived of a chance to see the stars meet the emergency, because of strategy employed by the pitcher. It has become a common habit for pitchers to pass men with reputation as hitters, and take a chance on some player not considered so dangerous with the bat. Such action, while rated as good baseball, deprives the fan of a chance to see the star enact one of the rôles he gets a big salary to portray.

In this connection I recall a game played by the Cleveland club, in which Jackson and Lajoie were twice passed to take a chance on one of the other players of less prominence. In one case with a man on third, Cleveland a run behind, and one out, the opposing pitcher passed both Lajoie and Jackson, filling the bases. The next batter was slow of foot and the infield played back, hoping for a double play. That is just what happened, retiring the side. It surely must have been a big disappointment to the crowd of Cleveland fans to see Lajoie and Jackson both passed in the pinch. That was just such a situation the fans like to have on tap, when either of these two great batters step to the plate. The crowd was sore. A few innings later, the Cleveland pitcher got into a tight hole with Cobb and Crawford up. He passed both men, just as the Tiger pitcher had purposely walked Jackson and Lajoie. He got out of the hole through resorting to this so-called strategy. This incident proved the fickleness of the fan. When the Detroit pitcher walked Jackson and Lajoie he was roundly hissed. When the Cleveland pitcher passed Cobb and Crawford, he was wildly cheered for taking the chance and getting away with it.

It does seem a shame to deprive the fans of seeing the great batsman hit, with something at stake, but such is very often the case. Many reforms have been proposed to so penalize the pitcher that he won't purposely pass the batter. One of the few suggested that has met with favor is to allow all runners to advance when the batsman is purposely passed. The chief objection to this rule is that it puts it up to the umpire to determine whether or not the pass is intentional. Such a rule would soon break up the practice, as the penalty would bring about the very thing desired to be avoided, the advancing of the base runners.

"Fed" Players

In commenting on the big league stars gathered by the Federals in the raid on the majors, much emphasis is placed on the names of players like Mullin, Willett, Falkenberg, Seaton and others of that class. The first three named are corking good men, but they are veterans in the baseball service, Mullin and Falkenberg in particular. When at his best there were few greater pitchers than George Mullin. He had great speed and a dazzling curve, which with a good change of pace thrown in made him a hard man to beat. The Mullin of today is not the Mullin of four or five years ago. Perhaps the Federals place so much stress on the names of the veterans because of their reputation in the baseball world. There are some youngsters who have jumped to the Federals who will be far more valuable to the organization, if it weathers the storm, than the players who are now being so much advertised.

I have in mind a young pitcher with the Boston American Club last year, Earl Mosely. He was secured by the Red Sox management from the Youngstown club of the Inter-State League. At first glance one would have pronounced him too small for major league service, but Mosely was one of those big little men. He has splendid speed, a very fair curve and a mystifying spitter, which he slipped in to advantage. He was wise enough not to resort to the spit ball very much, realizing he had enough stuff to get along, without the delivery that has proved so destructive to pitching arms. With the Boston club, which finished fifth, Mosely won nine and lost five games, giving him a percentage considerably better than that of his club. Mosely is with the Indianapolis club of the Federal League, which is under the management of Bill Phillips, who brought the youngster out. Boston will miss Mosely and Mosely will miss Boston, for he would have profited much having such backstops receive him as Carrigan, Cady, Thomas and Nunamaker.

The New Third-Base Rule

It is possible to follow the rules of baseball too closely. Every now and then a dash of a little common sense helps some. In a league game a few weeks ago, a player knocked the ball out of playing territory into the bleachers, entitling him to a home run. As he rounded third base, the manager in glee patted him on the back. The umpire declared him out, giving as his reason the new rule, which prohibits the coacher from touching a base runner.

Hitting

MAKING a base hit, to use the words of the late Ed. Delahanty, is "hitting the ball where they ain't." It doesn't seem such a difficult feat to turn that trick five times in a game, yet baseball records prove that such a happening is the unusual. In the American League last year 39,136 batters stepped to the plate and connected for a total of 10,220 hits. Yet of all those hits only two players during the season were able to bunch five of them in a game. Eddie Collins, the great Philadelphia second sacker, and Ed. Sweeny, the clever catcher of the New York Highlanders, were the two American Leaguers to perform the feat. In the National League 41,301 players went to the bat, making 10,812 hits. Five players in the older organization, Cravath and Becker of the Phillies, Maranville and Mann of Boston, and Oakes of St. Louis were able to make five safe drives in a single game.

The Former Boss of the Red Sox

JIMMY McALEER, former president of the Boston Red Sox, according to report is being groomed to run for mayor of Youngstown, O. This should be a very quiet summer for Jimmy. From running a team that won the World's Championship two years ago, Jimmy is doomed to spend the summer in a big city that is without a baseball team.

Early Season Surprises

CLASS will always assert itself, is an old saying, yet it did not run quite true to form in the opening games of the season. Walter Johnson proved that he was the same old pitching mystery by blanking Boston in the opener 3 to 0. Ty Cobb demonstrated beyond a doubt that he was just as dangerous as ever with the stick. After going hitless for a dozen innings, Cobb jumped into the limelight in the last half of the thirteenth. With two men on the bases, and St. Louis leading 2 to 0, Cobb hit for three bases, evening up the score. A moment later he crossed the plate on a short fly to the outfield, on which the average player would not have dared to take the chance. Cobb and Johnson ran true to form. On the other hand one would have hardly expected the Yankees to trim the World's Champions, yet Chance's team turned the trick in easy style. "Bullet Joe" Bush, one of the heroes of the big series, was early knocked out of the box. Equally surprising was the 10 to 1 trouncing handed the Giants by the Phillies, reputed to be shot to pieces by the raids of the Federal League. Class will eventually assert itself, but not always at the start.

Chance and the Yankees

IF New York fans are patient with Frank Chance, he will very shortly give them a team that will be a credit, not a disgrace, to the big city. When Chance assumed charge of the Gotham entry in the American League, he was admittedly the leader of a forlorn hope. His team sadly lacked major league class. There was nothing for him to do but start at the very bottom and rebuild. He so expressed himself after looking over his material, and immediately proceeded to carry out his intention.

Of his original infield of Chase, Knight, Hartzel and Midkiff, Hartzel is the only one of the quartet still wearing a New York uniform. Cree, Walters and Daniels, his outfield, have all passed to the minors. For a fancy price he secured third baseman Maisel, a corking good ball player. In a trade with Cleveland he got Peckinpaugh, a mighty brilliant infielder. In a deal with the Athletics he managed to get Connie Mack to part with Jimmy Walsh, a finished outfielder. Holden and Cook are two likely looking recruits. Chance has surely cleaned house. In a year or two his efforts are sure to show. His youngsters are gradually acquiring a big league polish. In a short time the title "Peerless Leader" may again be a very appropriate one for Mr. Chance of California.

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Sports

By HERBERT REED

Where the Experts Disagree

ROWING is perhaps a greater instigator of controversy than any other sport. Surely in England, the home of rowing, thought I, one should be able to buy for a few shillings the works of an authority, and thereafter cease from troubling. The quest led to a bookseller's in Ludgate Circus. Many volumes were inspected, and at last I asked "Which of these is the last word in rowing?" The bookseller, himself an oarsman, spread out both hands and remarked pleasantly, "Any one who writes of rowing in this country might as well be in Colney Hatch." Colney Hatch is the British for "funny house." It is much the same in this country. There is less common sense in the discussion of rowing than in the treatment of any other sport.

Just now there is a war of words over the relative merits of the three-mile and the four-mile races. I shall make bold to venture an humble opinion. It is not the distance that matters, but the time in action and the pace of the current, or tide. The English universities row from Putney to Mortlake, a distance of four and a quarter miles, but it is probable that each crew actually travels nearly a quarter of a mile further. Yet the distance is covered in the same or less time than it takes to row four miles at New London, and on very fast water in which rowing is comparatively easy.

Fast water means good spacing, with the least amount of effort, and therefore there is less strain on the oarsman. In other words the four and a quarter miles on the English Thames are less trying than the four miles on the American Thames. The Poughkeepsie course is less trying, because faster, than New London, in spite of the terrific battles at the finish to which lovers of boat racing have become accustomed. What may be right at Poughkeepsie, and perhaps right in England, may be all wrong at New London. Before changing a "classic" race, therefore, it might be well to reduce the arguments to minutes instead of miles.

English Rowing Coaches in America

THE eyes of most followers of college boat racing are on Guy and Vivian Nickalls, the two Englishmen who are handling respectively the Yale and Pennsylvania eights. Both men have thrown overboard many of the theories of English university rowing. Yet in the matter of rigging there is a marked difference of opinion between the two brothers. Vivian has installed the old-fashioned English thole-pins in the Pennsylvania shells, and probably will keep them there for the big race. Guy, on the contrary, has adopted the Belgian swivel, perhaps the most advanced and possibly the best fulcrum-grip for a sweep. The Belgian oarlock has one fixed thole-pin, tapered from top to base, and on this the swivel is geared. Perhaps the best thing that can be said for it is that an old and experienced English coach has adopted something foreign—more, something Belgian. A pretty good recommendation, that.

The Rowing Coach at Yale

INCIDENTALLY, a word about the Yale coaching system. It cannot endure. It was a compromise from the start. Three men working together cannot make a winning crew and never could. In rowing, if in no other sport, there must be a master. The temporary master at Yale is Guy Nickalls. It was inevitable from the start that he would be. Denials of friction at New Haven have been plentiful, but friction there has been none the less. Nickalls has slammed down his fist and demanded absolute authority. He has it now, although it is possible that he may have to fight for it later. However, I doubt if the Elis are any nearer a solution of their rowing problem than they were a year ago. There is a lull in the talk, and that is all. Yale will not win with any degree of consistency on the water until the Blue takes unto itself a permanent, salaried rowing coach with absolute authority. As an ideal graduate coaching is pleasant to contemplate, but I fear that it has become an anachronism.

The Pennsylvania Trainer

BY the time these notes appear in print the Pennsylvania relay races will have been won and lost. The result can hardly affect the criticism of George W. Orton, who has been rambling about in the shoes of the late Mike Murphy as trainer of the Quaker runners. Obsessed with the idea of breaking the mile relay record, Orton took from his four-mile team, which was to meet the invading Englishmen, Ted Meredith, at this writing the best man in the country at any distance from and including the quarter and the mile. If not patriotism, then at least hospitality, should have impelled Orton to send his best possible team against the Oxonians. Pennsylvania athletics are sorely in need of a man of better judgment and better knowledge of technique than Orton. Three runners have already broken down under his tutelage—all good ones.

Carrying a Baton

IT is to the credit of Pennsylvania that that institution insisted upon the Olympic rule requiring the passing of a baton from man to man in the relays, and this despite the British protest. America lost one Olympic relay because the man carrying the baton was so unaccustomed to running under such conditions that he dropped it. The baton is neither so important as a mince pie or a message to Garcia. It is simply a magnified lead pencil, and no more troublesome to carry than the ordinary hand grip affected by most runners. It is of vital importance, however, as a guarantee of the absolute fairness of the change in the relay, and as such belongs in the game. We talk to weariness of our ability to specialize in preparation for the Olympics, yet we are woefully slow to adopt Olympic conditions. There will be a tug of war at Berlin under rules to which this country is a stranger. An American team will be entered. Will it know anything about the conditions under which it must pull? Probably not.

The Foursome in Golf

MAX BEHR is the latest to come forward in defense of the foursome in golf as against the four-ball game. His arguments are both sound and appealing. This is the country of team play, and the foursome is an excellent sample of team play, while the four-ball is not. As a purely private game, played for fun, there can be no objection to the four-ball match, but when the stake is a sectional championship, admittedly between teams and not individuals, the four-ball game is both too selfish and too risky.

Playing on Two College Nines

CHARLEY HANN, the old Harvard baseball star, is a student in the Columbia Law School, and is playing first-base on one of the best teams Columbia has had in years. The inevitable happened. The time came when Columbia was to meet Harvard, and the propriety of Hann's playing against his old institution came up for discussion. Hann wrote to President Butler of Columbia and President Lowell of Harvard, and fortified with their answers on the ethical point at issue decided to go into the game. There is not a better nor a heartier amateur in the college world than Hann, and he is admirably suited to the task of breaking down a childish prejudice. There is a great gulf between Hann's case and that of the tramp athlete.

Choosing a Gridiron for the Army-Navy Game

THE young men whose duty it was to select a place for the Army-Navy football game chose to go about it with an air of secrecy that was, to say the least, undignified. No set of baseball magnates could have done more ducking and dodging, backing and filling. The whole matter could have been settled in an hour by an average body of civilians, and without anything approaching a star chamber session. The public has not only interests but something approaching rights even in the athletic activities of the two branches of the service.

A Novel Test of Fitness

HERE is a real novelty from Detroit. Candidates for Y. M. C. A. leadership in the "City Beautiful" are blindfolded and told that at the count of three they will be struck somewhere by a medicine ball hurled by one man and by a paddle wielded by another. Nothing is really done, but if the candidate shows the slightest sign of wincing his mentality is declared unfit. I went down the "football line" in the downtown section of the city and put the problem to more than a dozen old-timers. I gather that it would be unwise to try it on them. Almost without exception the reply was, "I'd get at least one of them."

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD



THE DOMESTIC CABARET

or

How to Keep Grandpa at Home in the Evening

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Mrs. Durand—A Twentieth-Century Product

By SARAH COMSTOCK

WHEN the next speaker was announced at a certain farmers' institute, a small, urbanly-gowned woman, not advanced enough even to do without an imported crab-apple-blossom extract on her hand-embroidered handkerchief, rose before a long hall full of veteran dairymen. One of the horny-handed sons of toil gave vent to a muffled grunt and left the room.

"What d' the managers think this convention's fur?" he grumbled outside the building. "S'pose she's goin' to tell some hifalutin' new ways o' tyin' pink bows to the stanchions."

For a half-hour he continued to grumble, while even tobacco failed to soothe. Then the audience issued from the building. A friend joined him.

"You—missed—it!" the friend announced impressively, and added an epithet pertaining to the depths of folly. "When a woman can prove to you that she's cleared from twelve to fifteen thousand a year off'n her own dairy farm, an' show you how she done it, I'm ready to listen!"

As a matter of fact, dairymen have ended by listening in every case where Mrs. Scott Durand has addressed them. It has happened at farmers' institutes in every part of the Union. It happened in the Gulf States, when a number of government experts were sent by the Illinois Central Railroad to deliver lectures on farming and Mrs. Durand was asked to join them. She, a woman, not then out of her thirties, small, wearing a rose upon a flawlessly-tailored coat, had the effrontery to instruct throngs of bent and bearded farmers. Her effrontery was based upon the fact that on her Illinois dairy farm she was making money like some portly owner of a corner grocery or some lean old treasurer of bonds. And it was borne out in every statement she uttered that her success was due to no one but herself.

WHEN I looked down over a stretch of snow—not Chicago snow, but the suburban kind, all laundered and starched—to her group of brand new buildings, quite as laundered and starched in appearance as the snow, freshly white, with their tiled red Normandy roofs, their little green blinds, and the Normandy tower (which is a silo in disguise) rising behind them, I didn't at all wonder at the man who, with a through ticket in his pocket, got off at the Lake Bluff station because he couldn't go on until he knew what those buildings were. He found them to be the product of nine years' experience, of two years' planning and building, of seventy-three thousand dollars, and of Mrs. Durand. And Mrs. Durand is that much-discussed and rarely found quantity—a Product of the Twentieth Century.

SHE met me at the cottage. "So sorry not to send the motor-car for you, but my man and his wife have left—he was chauffeur and engineer, and she was cook. So we're a bit upset. You're frozen from that trolley ride—we'll have some cherry bounce before we go to look over the buildings." She set it forth—delightful old silver and glass from an antique sideboard. "And I'll have to arrange for lunch before we go. My sister's going to help get it. We'll have fried oysters," she told the sister, "and green peas—consommé of course—and let's have pimentoes on the lettuce. And one of our own preserves—strawberries, grown on the place. . . . Yes, Jack (this to her fourteen-year-old son) your pigeons came this morning. You'll have to go and arrange their quarters in the tower. Now I must telephone a man whom I'm advising in the purchase of some Alderneys; and then, while we're looking over the buildings, I'll stop and see what I can do to straighten out the trouble in the power house, since the engineer's gone. I'll have to adjust the valves."

It was like a moving picture. It raced on, from cherry bounce to pimentoes, to the boy's pets, to the selecting of cattle, to the valves of the power plant. Hostess, housekeeper, mother, dairy farmer, engineer—a breathless panorama of Twentieth Century Woman. It took no longer than a movie and it told as much; in a few flashing moments it unreeled a whole drama—namely, Mrs. Durand.

There she is. It takes two hundred and seventy acres to comprise her. She is in every ton of alfalfa cut in her fields. She is in every quart of milk and cream shipped from Crab Tree Farm. She is in every fireproof hollow tile that went into the construction of her five remarkable dairy buildings. She is in every element of the home-making, even to a little boy's interest in thirty-two new pigeons, and the jar of strawberry preserve. It's the foundation of all her success—this obedience to a simple old adage. Every detail of work on her entire place she attends to herself.

Nine years ago she started—with a double handicap.

"But you have an income of your own," her husband reminded her.

"I know it."

"Furthermore, I have an income of my own; and what's mine. . . ."

"I know that too; but I want to do it. I want to play the game."

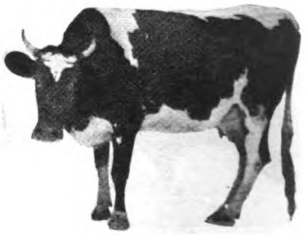
It sounded like the "society leader turned farmer" of the Sunday papers. Mrs. Durand was not aided and abetted by the having to do it. And yet she did it.

IN the beginning she laid her own plans. She bought some Holsteins and Guernseys, mixed the two products for baby milk, and established a high-priced market in Chicago, based on her pure and sanitary product. She worked it out by reading dairy books and journals, by talking with dairymen, above all, by doing. She made the farm pay for three or four years before she took the time off to perfect her knowledge. Then she went to Wisconsin's College of Agriculture and took a course, which she absorbed like a thirsty sponge. She already knew much; now she seized upon all that modern science had to offer to add to what she had learned by doing. To her initiative, she adds the power to assimilate what comes from outside sources; and it's a power with which some persons' initiative refuses to do team work.

And so for seven fat years her prosperity waxed. Her farm grew famous. It is a wonderful stretch of land fronting for more than a half-mile on Lake Michigan's shore, ending in a bluff which rises eighty feet above a sandy bathing beach. Wild bits of woodland are scattered over it; we traced tiny soft, padded prints in the snow, and sharply pointed ones. Luxurious meadows have pastured aristocratic cows—all this within forty-five minutes of Chicago. Covetous eyes have looked upon the acres of woods and meadows, bluff and beach—eyes of Middle Western millionaires. Once a newspaper announced that a certain fashionable







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country club had purchased the land and was about to begin work thereon, laying out links and erecting a house.

"I hadn't heard it mentioned," observed Mrs. Durand when she read the news. She smiled an impertinent smile and refused the next offer, of twenty-five hundred per acre.

She continued to oversee her score of men, her two hundred head of cattle, her hundred-and-twenty-five milkers, her truck garden, and complacently to clear say a dozen thousand of dollars every twelvemonth. She established a reputation for sanitary methods. Chicago babies cried for her milk. Chicago club men, if not reduced to tears, nevertheless made it emphatic that they wanted her cream in their breakfast coffee and would accept no substitute. Seven railroads stocked their dining-cars with her milk and cream.

So the climax of the seven fat years found Mrs. Durand supplying many private families of Chicago, many of its leading hotels, clubs, restaurants and tea rooms, and several important railroads. Altogether her greedy patrons were consuming some thirteen or fourteen hundred quarts each day and clamoring for more. She was yielding to the temptation to expand.

It is the temptation that comes with every form of success. If ten cows will yield *xy*, then twenty cows will yield *2xy*. Mrs. Durand had been continually accepting more orders. She had bought more and more cattle. She had taken on more and more men.

Then something happened. The Crab Tree plant burned down.

Some of Mrs. Durand's friends drew a sigh of relief. It really had looked as if dear Grace were overdoing things a bit—of course she was wiry and could stand a good deal, but there was a limit.

"I'M going to build my new barns after the model of a Normandy peasant's cottage," dear Grace observed one day.

"Grace Durand, when the Lord burns you down in time to save your health, don't you know enough to stay burned?" indignantly demanded one of the friends.

"The reason I was burned down was probably so that I could start afresh—and better," Mrs. Durand replied.

That was two years ago. She has spent these two years making her fresh start, and if she had something before to tell to dairymen, she has more now.

Where before she kept on expanding, she made her new start by beginning to compress. Where before she elaborated, she suddenly took to simplifying. It is intensive dairying, this new method. It wears and tears less, it pushes up the price of her product by improving it, it draws the whole work of the farm closely within her grasp where before it was about to run away, beyond her reach. This all came of a trip to Denmark.

When Mrs. Durand was ready to buy cattle for her new barns she determined to have them direct from their native isles



of Guernsey and Alderney, and to pick them out herself. It was characteristic. She sailed for the Channel Islands, spent weeks among the quaint families there, making friends with them. It was when she suddenly came to covet a young bull named Royal George that trouble arose.

The old man who owned him raised his hands in horror. Royal George? To the States? George was sired by the Governor of the Chene, the most famous bull on the Island. His dam was a noted producer of milk and butterfat. George—taken away from Guernsey?—perish the thought.

The reason the thought refused to perish was that it belonged to Mrs. Durand. She ceased to plead. She merely went away and came back. She brought a very charming gift to the old wife.

She came again. A grandchild was ailing. She trotted it a bit, hummed to it a bit, administered a very simple remedy—it got well. She came again and yet again. George astonished every one by permitting her to caress his royal nose.

It all reached its proper climax on the day she was saying good-bye. The old man grew a trifle throaty, but said, of course, "We want you to take—George." It might be a tale of racking pathos if the family had not made at least a running start toward living happy ever after on the sum which was left in George's place.

HE and the forty-two cows which Mrs. Durand had chosen were shipped under her personal supervision to their barn at Lake Bluff. That barn and the four smaller buildings which flank it, as well as the silo, are the tangible result of a remarkable imagination. It takes imagination to be a Mrs. Durand. She visualized the whole thing in that swift brain of hers, and his work was already half done before she called in an architect.

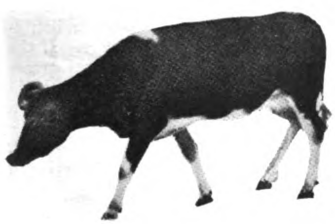
SHE has fought. She has been too successful to keep out of the way of jealousy. She has rolled up lingerie sleeves and battled for her rights against envious dealers. On one occasion she learned that a dealer was copying the little fat jugs which are exclusively hers and on which she has a U. S. design patent. The dealer knew that the jugs had "caught on"; why not use Mrs. Durand's idea to improve his own trade?

"And so," says Mrs. Durand, "I came down on him with my patent attorney and he had 50,000 to ditch."

She has fought other fights of a less personal nature. The forcing of dairy cows, she contends, is neither humane nor fair, and she battles against it wherever she speaks in public. To wreck a cow by high-speed feeding accomplishes nothing but some fictitious advertising for the owner. She has fought, too, along commercial lines: she declared herself this year at the Tri-State Milk Producers' Association for a coöperative milk retailing company, and a squelching of the middleman.

(Incidentally, she had just stepped daintily upon a chair and quelled a riot which not a man present could handle, and which was on the verge of disrupting the entire gathering of two hundred men.)

She can plan, she can execute, she can fight, she can play the game. And she has gone a step ahead of the procession of successful, engrossed business women; she has caught the trick of enjoying her prosperity, as a man does. From the luxury of imported perfume to the luxury of entertaining a thousand Chicago-caged babies on her farm in one summer, she delights in what success brings her.







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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Some Recent Bonds

IT is a peculiar trait of many investors to prefer recently issued bonds to those which have long been on the market. In reason, the seasoned bond should be preferable. But there is an intangibly attractive quality about the new security. It excites curiosity and appeals to the love of novelty which is inherent in the temperament of cold hearted investors no less than in the make-up of other persons.

Then, too, it is rare to find any one who has not a bit of the speculative about him. The idea of buying even bonds and mortgages for their income solely is one of slow growth. The line between speculation and investment is always blurred. We pass from one to the other easily and without a jolt. The man who is perfectly satisfied with a safe bond that has no chances of moving a trifle higher is a rare bird indeed.

The old well-known, tried-and-never-found-wanting type of bond has proved its inability often both to rise or fall. It is a known quantity without mystery or possibility. But who can say that the newly authorized and issued security will not demonstrate an ability to climb. It is a well known fact that when shares are first listed on the stock exchange they are almost always certain to rise several points the first day. Bonds, of course, do not go up as fast, but there would be far fewer participants in underwriting syndicates if the members did not think there was a chance for a nice little profit. It is the hope of a chance to turn the goods over at a considerable advance which induces so many firms to agree to take a share in the new underwritings. Often this hope is bitterly disappointed, but then again it is realized. Much advertising, and solicitation upon the part of salesmen, both personal and by letter writing, together with favorable notices from the financial press, serve to create the feeling in financial and investment circles best designed to successfully market an issue of securities.

The principle is perhaps no different from that employed in the marketing of other goods. Every merchant would like to see more than a coldly calculated minimum profit on the products which he handles. But in the investment field, there are innumerable middlemen. A railroad sells a large issue of bonds to one or perhaps two or three great banks or international banking firms, such as J. P. Morgan & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., the National City Bank and the First National Bank. Then these institutions invite a score or more of smaller banking firms to join with them in an underwriting syndicate. Each member takes a proportion of the total bond issue but does not necessarily sell to the ultimate investor. The members may turn them over to other banking firms and brokers and this process may continue through four or five stages before the bonds reach the ultimate investor or consumer. Such a long process is not necessarily the rule, but there is enough of this so-called "trading" to make it desirable from every point of view that prices should continue to rise as much as possible.

These remarks are especially applicable now because, ever since the first of the year, the bond market has shown an uncertain, at times, and an irregular, but none the less plainly discernible, tendency to improve. Barring unforeseen calamities, I see no reason why this tendency should not continue. The turn has probably come in the bond market. We need not predict or expect great buoyancy in either bonds or stocks, but expert opinion daily becomes more unanimous in holding that the great long downward swing in the prices of investment securities has about reached its end.

Thus, it is but natural that those who have money to invest should display interest and curiosity toward the bonds which are now being offered for their consideration. If these securities are safe, there is no good reason why they should not sell at higher prices in the course of the next ten years, irrespective of any immediate fluctuations.

Strength of the Metropolis

PERHAPS the most conspicuous recent issue of securities has been the sale to a syndicate of $65,000,000 of New York City 4¼ per cents. This was the most successful sale from the point of view of the city since 1909. The bonds were sold on a basis to net 4.18 per cent. and were shortly thereafter offered by bankers to return 4.15 per cent. to the individual investor. These bonds run for fifty years and their owners are not required to make a statement of income derived therefrom in connection with the Federal Income Tax or even to declare their ownership to the Federal authorities. The bonds also are free from all local taxes to residents of the State of New York. They are legal for the investment of trust funds and savings banks in the State.

New York City has outstanding a very great quantity of bonds indeed. On January first of this year there were $898,013,402. Of these, however, $270,595,647 were self-sustaining, being issued against water works, rapid transit and docks. There are those who regard the debt of New York City as dangerously large, but the assessed valuation of the real estate subject to taxation is more than $8,000,000,000, and there is certainly no question that the value of the property taxable in New York is constantly and rapidly increasing. The completion of subways now under way, for which the city supplies part of the capital and private enterprises the remainder, will still further increase the taxable property by many hundreds of millions of dollars.

Furthermore, the fact that New York City has such a very large debt makes its bonds a readily salable security. One does not have to take New York City bonds to one or two dealers to dispose of them. Not only are they actively dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange, but there is probably not an investment banker in the entire country who does not deal in them, certainly not one in New York City. Any broker or investment banker will sell them and there is an active market for New York City "corporate stock," as its bonds are technically known, in many European countries. Yet it is a fact that these bonds while far from being the bargain they were a year ago yield a higher return at this writing than do the obligations of such cities as Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, and only a shade less than such a relatively unimportant place as Atlantic City.

Another great municipality which has recently put out bonds is Cleveland. These are obtainable to return about the same return as those of New York City, perhaps a fraction less. They, too, are free from the Federal Income Tax and are legal for savings banks and trust fund investment practically everywhere, but do not have the advantage of being unquestionably free from local taxation in the State of Ohio. The City of Chicago recently put out a few in $100 amounts, but the number of such "baby" bonds issued was so small that they are now difficult to obtain. Although there has rarely been such a quantity of high grade municipal bonds on the market as at the present time, none of these issues have been anything like as large as those of New York City. Unlike New York City corporate stock, other city bond issues are not listed on the stock exchange and are obtainable only through a few investment banking concerns.

From New York to Buffalo

THE next most recent notable bond issue is that of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company. These new refunding and improvement mortgage 4½'s represent in part the steps now being taken by that company to consolidate into itself the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad, a majority of whose stock it owns. The bonds are being sold widely to net 4.70 per cent. on the investment. They may be had in $500 as well as $1,000 amounts, and their life is for 100 years. They are exempt from personal taxation in the State of New York. They are in no sense a first mortgage on the New York Central. Ahead of them are close to $300,000,000 obligations. But they are followed by $225,861,100 stock of the New York Central itself, upon which 5 per cent. is being paid and perhaps not quite barely earned. However, in the last five years, on the average, the company has earned $14,082,000 a year for its stock or nearly $3,000,000 a year more than the needed 5 per cent. Since 1869 the New York Central has paid annual dividends on its stock of not less than 4 per cent.; since 1900, the rate has not been less than 5 per cent. Moreover the New York Central has an undistributed equity in the Lake Shore Railroad which has amounted to an average of more than $5,000,000 a year during the past five years.

Perhaps in time the New York Central may be obliged to reduce its dividend, but its net earnings will have to decline more than $11,000,000 a year before the new issue of bonds is threatened, without taking into account the large undistributed surplus of the Lake Shore. If the railroads should be permitted to increase freight rates, the New York Central will be in a much stronger position, and even if such permission is not given, and the absorption of the Lake Shore is effected, its position will be much strengthened over that now obtaining.

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What They Think of Us

Detroit (Mich.) *Saturday Night*

It was a distinct service HARPER'S WEEKLY performed for the country in the publication of the Louis D. Brandeis series on "Other People's Money and How the Bankers Use It," which is now reproduced in book form by the Frederick A. Stokes Co. Not the least interesting part of the volume is a personal estimate of Mr. Brandeis by Editor Hapgood, who thinks Mr. Brandeis's work on railroads "will turn out to be the most significant" of the many Brandeis undertakings in economics. Everybody will not admit that Brandeis is a great man. Railroad managers and bankers in considerable number insist that their critic is not as practical or as sound as he assumes to be. One railroad manager dismisses some of the Brandeis philosophy of efficiency with the curt remark that "you can't shovel gravel by Christian Science." Nevertheless Mr. Brandeis has made the business men of America think more profoundly and keenly, if only in self-defense, than they ever thought before. He has been instrumental in arousing them to a more wholesome appreciation of their opportunities and possibilities. "The future of America" said Mr. Hapgood at Tuesday's banquet of the Adcraft Club of Detroit, "lies in the hands of the business men of America." To make the business man realize his broader duties of citizenship is the mission of a Brandeis. Your critic must be answered before he can be condemned. There will be more attention to the rendering of actual service in business, and less to crass money-grabbing for what Mr. Brandeis has done.

W. D. Lewis, Principal, William Penn High School for Girls, Philadelphia, Pa.

As a schoolman I want to thank you most heartily for your educational articles in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Heaven knows we need a little common sense and a little agriculture-culture. For consummate asininity, it would be hard to beat our present high school program. It has utterly failed to keep step with the progress of the world. The schoolmen are divided into two hostile camps—first, those who believe that without the shedding of Latin there is no remission of ignorance—they, like Marley, are "dead to begin with." Second, a few who are trying to break down traditions and make the high schools really serve the people.

St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer Press*

"Uncle Joe" Cannon has put the seal of his approval on the tango. Now watch Norman Hapgood begin hammering the tango in his HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Los Angeles (Cal.) *Tribune*

Ralph Durst, one of the men whose hop field was the setting of a tragedy last year, requests a full investigation of sanitary conditions, as they were at the time of the outbreak. Investigations so far have been so derogatory to Durst that he is not satisfied.

If Mr. Durst really wants to know, and wants the public to know, he could not accomplish the object more effectively than by reading and distributing a re-



He Mops In Misery Without B. V. D.

A TYPICAL summer day—a typical office scene—a round of smiles at the mingled *discomfort* and *discomfiture* of the man who hasn't found out that B. V. D. is "*the first aid*" to coolness. *You*, of course, have B. V. D. on or ready to put on. If not, march to the nearest store and *get it*.

For your own welfare, fix this label firmly in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. If he can't or won't, *walk out!* On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed



This Red Woven Label

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B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

The B.V.D. Company,
NEW YORK.
London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

No-Rim-Cut Tires
Dropped 28%

During 1913 No-Rim-Cut tire prices dropped 28 per cent. As a result, 16 makes of tires now cost more than Goodyears—some almost one-half more.

Yet the facts are these:

No-Rim-Cut tires have become—by sheer merit—the most popular tires in the world.

They were once the high-priced tires. They used to cost one-fifth more than other standard tires.

They embody four costly, important features found in no other tire.

First, the No-Rim-Cut feature, which we control.

Second, the "On-Air" cure, which adds to our tire cost $1,500 daily, but saves tire users millions of dollars in blow-outs.

Third, the rubber rivets which we form in the tire to combat tread separation.

Fourth, the double-thick All-Weather tread—the smooth-face anti-skid.

No other tires at any price offer you these features.



Up to 10,000 a Day

Goodyear prices are due to the fact that we make as high as 10,000 motor tires a day. We make them in a new factory, perfectly equipped. And we sold them last year at an average profit of 6½ per cent.

They offer you all that a tire can give, so far as men know today. They offer four great features found in no other tire. And they offer all this at a price below 16 other makes. That is why so many men go to Goodyear dealers.

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Edward Mott Woolley

the famous writer on business topics, has made a study of the A. A. C. of A. and their work, as well as of the plans for the Toronto Convention. He has embodied the result in a little book, "The Story of Toronto". This book paints a graphic, inspiring picture of what this great movement signifies.

It will be sent free to all business men asking for it on their business stationery — together with detailed facts as to the convention program and rates for accommodations

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A SUGGESTION

If you are particularly impressed by any article in HARPER'S WEEKLY, mention it to those of your friends who might be interested in it.



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cent number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, wherein the matter is touched with no light hand, and no intent to tickle Mr. Durst.

According to the HARPER writer conditions at the Durst ranch were horrible, demoralizing and intolerable.

Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle*

Mr. Norman Hapgood in his HARPER'S WEEKLY is telling Gov. John M. Slaton what kind of appointments he should make. So kind of Mr. Norman Hapgood, to be sure.

Cleveland (Ohio) *Leader*

Louis D. Brandeis, who has been much before the public of late years because of his exposes of high finance and particularly since his showing up of the bad financing of the New Haven lines, goes after the money trust hot blocks in his new book, "Other People's Money and How the Bankers Use It." (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) He seeks to enlighten the average citizen as to the workings behind the scenes in our banks and insurance companies and gives his side of the issue in his usual incisive style. Norman Hapgood furnishes the preface.

San Francisco (Cal.) *Bulletin*

Louis Brandeis followed on the trail of the Pujo committee, or rather he constructed a broad highway of logic where the committee had only blazed a trail, in a brilliant series of articles, first printed in HARPER'S WEEKLY, which have now been assembled in book form under the title of "Other People's Money."

New York (City) *American*

Norman Hapgood, after printing a Chinese poem, remarks:

"We like these lyrics of Pai Ta-shun and shall publish them frequently. Some of them are pure lyric quality. Others have deep philosophy."

Which reminds us of a boarding house landlady who used to say:

"Some prunes ain't so good as others, but they're all good food, and they'll stay on the table till you've et 'em, whether or no."

El Paso (Tex.) *Herald*

Here are some added guesses as to whom the President was talking about when he telegraphed Norman Hapgood that he regarded somebody as "certainly one of the most nobly useful men in the world." These are selected from several hundred received since we printed the dispatch:

Guesser	Guess.
Chas. E. Murphy*	Mayor Mitchel
William T. Jerome**	Harry Thaw
W. J. Bryan	Charles F. Murphy
Geo. W. Perkins***	Theodore Roosevelt
Lincoln Steffens	Lincoln Steffens

*Copper this.
**Accent the word "useful."
***Also in reverse order.

Denver (Colo.) *News*

HARPER'S WEEKLY states the cause of the Western athlete this week with fine sanity and friendliness. For many years the West has not had fair treatment from the Eastern coaches and critics. —The Hapgood HARPER'S has consistently been larger minded than Walter Camp could ever be. It is a hopeful sign.

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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

MAY 16, 1914
PRICE TEN CENTS



Hearst—Liar

See pages 13 and 16

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NEW YORK

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Alone in the Dreaded African Veldt

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Contents for May 16, 1914

NORMAN HAPGOOD, EDITOR

Captains of Industry 2
VI—Harrison Fisher J. Montgomery Flagg

Editorials 3

When the Senate Opens ..... Fred C. Kelly 6
And the way the Senators dispose themselves
Illustrated by Herb Roth

Around the Capitol ..... McGregor 9
Some side-lights on Mexico

What Happened in Ulster 10
John J. Finegan
A strange mixture of religion and politics
Illustrated from photographs

A Campaign of Lies 13
Katharine Loving Buell
Hearst and the Anti-Vivisectionists
Illustrated

Vivisection ..... Boardman Robinson 16
Cartoon

The Philosopher ..... John Galsworthy 18
Illustrated by Guy Pène du Bois

A Sermon in One Man ..... Mary Austin 20
Conrad's new book

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 21

The Production of Genius .. Havelock Ellis 22
The best age at which to have children

A Drama Display ..... H. O. Stechhan 23
A suggestion for the Panama-Pacific Exposition

The Land of the Giants 24
Verse William Rose Benet

Seeing the World 25

Baseball Notes ..... Billy Evans 26

Sports ..... Herbert Reed 27
Illustrations from photographs

Forward! Feminists of France 28
Robert W. Sneddon

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 29
Perfectly safe bonds

What They Think of Us 32

In Next Week's Issue

Do you know what our neighbors the South Americans really think of us? Would you like to know? Read what J. A. HAMMERTON says. He knows.

The PRIVATE WAR IN COLORADO is attracting the attention of the world. Every one should be informed as to what is really happening there. We have some of the best pictures obtainable and authoritative information.

QUEEN ELEANOR of Bulgaria is coming to America. VLADIMIR TSANOFF knows her well and has written a sketch of her unique and fascinating personality.

Our special representative in ULSTER has shown keen appreciation of the Irish character and the English point of view as they manifest themselves in this last crisis. His analysis is intelligent and his anecdotes are funny.

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Captains of Industry

By James Montgomery Flagg

VI—Harrison Fisher

The man who made the pretty girl the trade-mark of contemporary fiction

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Mediation

THE offer of mediation between the United States and the Huerta régime on the part of the A B C republics of South America—Argentina, Brazil and Chile, is an event of world importance and of far-reaching consequences, regardless of their success or failure in restoring constitutional government in Mexico. It is an open secret that the Vatican has taken an interest in these proceedings, and perhaps was most influential in persuading the Usurper to accept. It is well to bear in mind the distinction between arbitration and mediation. When two parties in controversy submit to arbitration, they are bound to accept whatever award the arbitrators decide upon, but in mediation neither side is bound to accept the proposals of the other or to recede from its own demands. That the elimination of Huerta from Mexican affairs was one of the demands which the United States would make, was a foregone conclusion; and those who have studied the history of Mexico for the last three years know that the failure of the Madero government was due to his compromise with the old Cientifico element. The Constitutionalists are just now in a position to make some demands of their own. Huerta's efforts to unite them with him in resisting invasion by the United States seem to have failed utterly; and it was good policy on the part of the authorities at Vera Cruz to allow a large number of its citizens to go unhindered to Mexico City, there to tell the story of American efficiency and of the size of the American fleet in the harbor. Huerta's policy of misrepresentation through the press of Mexico City was bound to come to an end at last. The three South American countries followed the example of the United States in not recognizing Huerta, but the disinterestedness of this country has been shown in its willingness to accept the good offices of these sister republics to the south of us.

Tories and Liberals

THE issue has been fairly drawn in Congress on the line of sympathy for or antagonism to the Constitutionalist movement. Those whose habit of mind makes them supporters under all circumstances of the established order, overlook the crimes of which Huerta has been guilty and are persuaded that the Revolutionists are all bandits and that their triumph would mean anarchy. On the other hand, those who see in the Constitutionalist cause the effort of a people suffering under hoary wrongs to cast off the yoke of oppression, are equally willing to condone the crimes that have been committed in the name of liberty. It was not the fact of intervention in Mexico which some of the Congressmen refused to justify but the idea that war should be begun against Huerta which would not include the Revolutionists in its scope. There are only two real parties in any Government, call them what you will, and the Tory and Liberal elements are as clearly defined in Congress as in Parliament. Mondell of Wyoming belongs to the former type:

> If the Administration is really desirous of maintaining our honor and dignity, of protecting our people and their property, it should make its demands not upon the federal government presided over by Huerta but upon Carranza and Villa.

So Mondell voted against the resolution justifying the President. So did Kent of California, but for reasons that were antipodal to those suggested by Mondell. In discussing the Mexican question later, Kent said:

> The history of our people in Mexico has been scandalous until recent times. We have sent down there our outlaws, our promoters, our grafters, our refugees, and these have uniformly and always despised the common people. They have treated them with contempt; they have killed the men and they have not dealt fairly with the women, and we have participated in the larceny of their land. Now we wonder that our protestations of our good intentions are not taken at their face value by the people of Mexico.

Kent's tribute to Villa was a notable one:

> There is one strong man in Mexico today,—Villa, bandit to be sure, who began an outlaw career because he was robbed, insulted, abused, who started out on the theory that he must make war against Mexican society in accordance with the only code he knew, and that code justified barbarous methods. With the little education he had he proved himself to be a great leader of men. That man has been continually growing, not alone in power but in knowledge of what the civilized world demands of him and in knowledge of the needs of his country. The testimony I have received from private sources is that he is a brave man who keeps his word. He has, in a crucial time, had the courage of his convictions and the enlightenment, almost alone among his people, to believe our protestations of disinterestedness and seems to possess such a marvelous power of leadership as to hold his people in leash. We have now before us the choice of whether, in view of all the facts, we are willing to recognize this man as, in a measure, our ally, whether we are willing to accept his good offices, or whether we feel it incumbent upon us to go into Mexico and to declare war on the Mexican people, 15,000,000 in number.

The issue between Mondell and Kent is the issue between Huerta and Villa. Mondell prefers Huerta; Kent, Villa. The British Tory still regards Charles Stuart a martyr and Cromwell a murderer. The French Royalist still longs for the "man on horseback." In Germany the Liberal is a Socialist; in Russia, a Nihilist. In America, now that the Mexican question has been so vividly brought to our attention, you will find the Tory denouncing that "murderous and illiterate bandit, Villa" and the Liberal characterizing Huerta as a traitor and a bloody tyrant.

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A Fifth Group

LAST week we spoke of the various groups who have opposed the President's conduct of the Mexican affair.

There is another group also that deserves consideration, although it seems a little remote. The name of Miss Jane Addams is enough to indicate the exceptionally high quality of some who belong to it. This group feels that even when the President had made up his mind that Huerta was pursuing a steady and calculated course of insult and injury to the American nation, in the persons of its official representatives in Mexico, he should not have been punished. It is in the main the same group that thinks we should let go of the Philippines tomorrow, that England should do likewise in India and Egypt, and that the march of the allies to Pekin was wrong. This group holds up the banner of the ideal; but it holds it a little high. No. That is not the way to say it. It is not a matter of height. The Abolitionists did not take a higher stand than Lincoln; they merely accepted fewer elements in the problem. Tolstoi, great spiritual light that he was, did not in "What Is Art?" do justice to the rôle of beauty in the world; he did not in the "Kreutzer Sonata" take a sane view of human love; and in his many works on non-resistance, also, he simplified the world too much. The person guided by one principle is often extremely useful to the world, but we need also, and constantly, the man of large judgment, open to many conflicting principles, and able to shape his conduct on the broadest grounds; for that is wisdom.

Excelsior

READING the newspapers all over the country, we find nobody quite so anxious to have this country take general charge of Mexico as Col. Harrison Grey Otis and Col. William Randolph Hearst. Both of these gentlemen have property interests in Mexico. No wonder the President hates the Diaz-Huerta-Hearst-Otis situation, and has gone as far as he dared toward helping the real Mexicans to find the path that might give them stake in their own land.

Prejudice

SPEAKING of his parroquet, Calverley says:

> He'd look inimitable stuff'd,
> And knows it—but he will not die!

Of a certain newspaper proprietor and would-be statesman of whom, were it not against the spirit of our time to be so harsh, we might speak like that—even adding another line from the same poem:

> He's imbecile, but lingers yet.

Love of Country

SIXTEEN years ago, we entered into a war with a people living in a semi-tropical, dirty and unsanitary country. Clean young American men left their homes in the North and went down in the heat of summer to crowded, unsanitary encampments along the coast of Florida and in Cuba. Train-load after train-load came back from the war, never having heard a single shot fired or seen the seat of war. They were sick, and many of them came home to die from the epidemic of typhoid fever which swept over the steaming encampments. Today, young Americans are going down into a semi-tropical country among unsanitary surroundings. They may be killed in battle. They may occasionally be afflicted with obscure tropical diseases, but they will not sicken and die from the two worst scourges of white men in the tropics, malaria and typhoid fever. For wherever compulsory inoculation is possible and sanitary precautions can be enforced, as they can be in the Army, the men of science, the so-called Vivisectionists, whom the patriot Hearst has slandered so fiercely, have wiped these two diseases off the earth.

Private War in Colorado

AFTER a vain effort to secure from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., one of the directors of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, representing the Rockefeller interests which own some 40 per cent of the stock, to consent to an arbitration of difficulties, the President, upon the request of the Governor of Colorado, who seems to have made a fine mess of affairs himself, consented to send Federal troops to the distracted coal regions of Colorado. This highly organized corporation, itself a factor in a great community of interests, has persistently resisted all efforts at organization on the part of its employees, and has refused to recognize the United Mine Workers of America as having any title to protect the interests of the miners. The bloodshed in Colorado, where many more lives have been lost than all the American citizens who have perished in Mexico during the three years of revolution, indicates how pressing are our domestic problems as compared with the undertaking of new duties outside of our own domain. The testimony of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., before the House Committee on Mines and Mining, while it disclosed what seemed to be wilful ignorance on his part concerning the true conditions in the mine regions, indicated with equal clearness the steadfast determination of the Rockefeller interests to emulate the example of the United States Steel Company in preventing organization among the employees. But what more directly concerns the welfare of American institutions has been the organization of the hired mine guards into a state militia, so that the company has really conducted private warfare against its former employees. This had become an intolerable situation when the United States intervened in Colorado.

The Limit

IF the so-called Democratic party of New York State puts through the idea of nominating Glynn for his present office and Hearst for the senatorship, which seems to be the tentative deal just now, the Republicans need only show a little sense in order to win; unless, indeed, Roosevelt decides to run for governor, in which case it will be a full-sized job for anybody to beat him. If the state were more nearly civilized, there would be a citizens' ticket to straighten out the present mix-up, just as there was last year in New York City.

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The Taboo

ALL the forces of convention are aimed at suppression. Let a man speak a true word of marriage, that it is a battleground of the spirit, where gains are made not without dust and heat, and straightway the Philistines will be upon him. They will insist that he speak of it as a haven of peace, where no ills invade. Any recognition, of difficulty and struggle is felt to be traitorous to the general welfare. Where many have agreed to speak flatteringly of the human situation, a voice that states the facts of life and the truth about life is drowned in disapproval. It is as if a soldier in wartime were to expose the weakness of position in the fatherland's army. Straightway his companions fall upon him as one who would contribute to defeat. Let a truth-teller speak of the suffering element in life, and he invites reprisal. There exists an almost universal conspiracy of silence about personal suffering. It is the American convention that everything is well with us. Our business is bright; our home is happy; our life triumphant. Life is no longer a full circle, as in the days of Greek drama. It is always on the up-curve in our public utterance. In the interests of beauty, some of that climb should be tempered by a falling away. And in the interests of truth, that harsh insistence on achievement and prosperity is a deviation from what man actually undergoes.

Boasting

MANY baseball managers are like prize-fighters, telling what they are going to do. Not so the manager of the world champion Athletics. Connie Mack likes to explain how doubtful it is whether his team will win again. Also Connie Mack is the most interesting figure now in baseball, not excepting Christy Mathewson or Frank Chance.

Tragedy and Melodrama

HOW easy it would be to tell the story of "Othello" or "Macbeth" so as to make of those tragedies sheer melodrama. How completely tragic is "Lear", and yet how easy would it be to make it a complete melodrama full of "sob stuff" and the crudest contrast between virtue and vice and nothing else. The story could be the same in either case. It is the soul of the author breathed into the tale that lifts it to those heights that we call tragic.

Clergymen Progressive

A REMARKABLE and permanently interesting book is Martin Van Buren's "Inquiry into the Origin and Course of Political Parties in the United States." We seldom look into it without being stimulated. Here is an example:

"There are two classes in every community whose interference in politics is always and very naturally distasteful to sincere republicans, and those are judges and clergymen. Their want of sympathy, as a general rule, for popular rights, is known throughout the world."

Van Buren, as the spokesman of Jackson's Democracy, felt bitterly because the bench and the pulpit on the whole had opposed his party. The man who was the leader of one party, and made President of the United States by that party, would scarcely be the most impartial of judges. The judgment, if expressed today, would be fairly true of the bench, although with very many exceptions; but it has ceased to be true of the clergy. That body is rapidly becoming one of the most effective progressive forces we have. No established institution can expect to be wholly satisfactory to extreme radicals of the I.W.W. type, but observant progressives of the more impartial type will today emphatically acquit the clergy of the charge which Van Buren brought against them.

Gospel of America

WHY is it that since the Civil War the intellectual quality of American life has been below the level of most of our civilized competitors: below Russia, for example, in spite of her despotism; below Germany in science, history, drama, fiction, foreign trade; below Switzerland and Denmark in politics and social progress?

Probably it is because we have been too much interested in wealth, too little in ideas and ideals. Tolstoi once observed that Americans seemed to be occupied with devices for saving time and then with devices for killing the time they had saved. That was said a number of years ago. Recently we have seen a renaissance in one direction, and a renaissance in one direction is likely to mean a renaissance in many directions. When a nation is aroused with some general spirit, it often shows it in the by-products of literature and art. You can trace this truth in Greece, Italy, Holland, England. The United States is now aroused along one line of professed importance. It is trying to make its life more just, more kind, we may say more Christian. It is embittered against the lay mind, which is in its origin the mind of the person who has a special advantage and fears to lose it. We are ceasing to confine our spiritual remarks to an hour on Sunday morning. We are beginning to see a little actual sense in talk about brotherhood. We are beginning to try to apply it a little. The change shows in our politics. It is the basis of the most notable legislation of today. It stirs business men. It is leading the clergy to throw their churches open to the arguments of the dissatisfied. It is trying to persuade even lawyers and judges to reconsider the procedure they have built up and the phrases of which they have been the slaves. It is leading us to examine our schools and colleges and try to bring it about that they do more to fit the average boy and the average girl for the duties of the average life.

Every time must have a gospel, if it is to be a noble, productive time. We are developing the Gospel of Democracy. Democracy does not mean playing on the weaker souls of the multitude. It means getting at the underlying needs and thoughts of the multitude. It means constitutionally interpreting the multitude. Our country is now watching a contest between the love of money, of luxury, of special advantage, on the one hand; and humanity, light, and truth, on the other. We will be a just country if this contest reaches a white heat of faith. This will be a great country if we live up to the phrases which we all use; if what we think we also dare.

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When the Senate Opens

By

FRED C. KELLY

Illustrated by Herb Roth



Henry Cabot Lodge is the senatorial Little Lord Fauntleroy



Atlee Pomerene seems to give himself up to utter despair



John Sharp Williams proceeds at once to his seat

AS the Chaplain of the United States Senate finished his prayer that morning, Senator James Martine, of New Jersey, leaned over to a colleague and declared with enthusiasm, in a low, confidential, hand-up-to-mouth tone:

"That's the best d—n prayer we've had here this year."

The remark was fairly authoritative, too, for Mr. Martine gets in ahead of the Chaplain oftener than any other Senator. He is the habitual First-on-the-Scene—the most persistent Earliest Arrival. Twelve o'clock noon is the hour fixed for the daily opening of the Senate—or, as the *Congressional Record* puts it, 12 o'clock meridian. At exactly five minutes before noon, meridian, Senator Martine enters the chamber and sinks unostentatiously into his seat down in the Senate parquet. The only other vertebrates in the chamber when Senator Martine comes are the clerks and the little page boys who lurk about waiting for the performance to begin.

Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, also trips into the scene a little in advance of meridian, but usually anywhere from a minute to a minute and a half after the early-rising Martine. By leaving home one cup of coffee sooner in the morning, Smith might gain two minutes and take unto himself the glory that is now Martine's, but arriving second seems to satisfy his ambition.

Then comes young Morris Sheppard, Senator from Texas, with a great stack of papers under his arm, and looking so fair-skinned and boyish that one instantly thinks of the Senate chamber as a big schoolroom. He trots right to his seat and seems to be studiously working out his algebra examples, though in reality he is signing letters he has written to folks in Texas regarding post-offices, radish seeds, and all manner of grave subjects.

When both hands of the clock exactly overlap the XII—not a second before, nor yet a hair's breadth later—Senator Page, of Vermont, enters from the rear door—which is the main entrance to the chamber—and slides briskly into his seat near by. Each day at precisely 12 o'clock he enters that door. He would no more come ahead of time than he would come behind time, for he is our most methodical Senator. Over in his office in the Senate office building, along about 11:30, Page puts his watch in front of him and makes up his mind whether he will walk over to the Capitol or ride in the cute little subway car. Whichever he decides, he knows just how many minutes and seconds to allow, and if he were to take home a report card, like a schoolboy, at the end of each month, it would read: Times Tardy—0.

Senator Overman, of North Carolina, works a similar stroke of enterprise and sometimes he and Page *aprèsvouz* their way through the door together.

Now, while these and a few others have been sauntering in, Vice-President Marshall has been sitting in an ornate room, across a green-carpeted corridor, complacently smoking a medium-priced cigar, and uttering bits of quaint philosophy. At about two seconds to 12, a doorkeeper, acting under strict orders from the Sergeant-at Arms, goes to the Vice-President's door, watch in hand, and looks solemnly, ominously, at Marshall as if to say:

"The fatal hour is at hand. You must open the Senate."

Marshall gets up, takes a final puff on his cigar, lays it aside, brushes the ashes off his vest, and walks into the Senate chamber with a quick,



Senator Henry Algernon du Pont, known as "Gloomy Gus"

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Senator Sherman has his trousers made with the pockets opening horizontally, as in overalls

Senator O'Gorman

little walk, like that of a man en route to breakfast. Right at the Vice-President's heels is the Chaplain.

During the brief prayer it may be noted that no two Senators behave exactly alike. Senator Stephenson leans over and grasps his desk by the front corners and steers it carefully through the invocation. Senator Smith, of Michigan, places his finger tips gently yet firmly on the back of his chair, and Senator Bristow lays his palms flat on his desk as if about to turn a handspring. The little page boys with bowed heads range themselves in a semi-circle against the front desks and look so guileless and innocent that one would scarcely suspect the ruthless manner in which they have nicknamed practically every Senator on the floor. Mr. Myers, of Montana, and Mr. Simmons, of North Carolina, are known as Mutt and Jeff; Mr. Pomerene, of Ohio, they call the Madonna, because of his sad, earnest face; Senator du Pont is Gloomy Gus; Reed Smoot is Lord Longbow, and——

Ah! Here comes Smoot now, dashing in madly like a frightened horse. He hasn't even had time to leave his hat in the cloakroom but hands it to a page boy, and continues on his way down the aisle as if he were about to shout:

"This marriage must not take place!"

NEARLY every day at about thirty seconds after the hour, Senator Smoot prances into the main entrance in just that way. Always he gives the impression of having overslept and had to call a taxicab to reach the scene ere it is too late. One almost expects to find that he has left off his collar or necktie in his mad rush. But, unhappily for the humor of the situation, he has not. There is a reason, however, for his haste. For he has a speech to deliver. This is it:

"I move that the further reading of the journal be dispensed with."

Smoot makes a great many other speeches, but that one is inevitable and if he were to be too late, the Clerk might go on and read the entire journal of the previous day's proceedings.

By this time a great many other Senators have arrived or are arriving. Lawrence Y. Sherman, of Illinois, wanders in and takes his rear seat alongside of Senator Stephenson. They are the two most plainly dressed men in the whole chamber, and if one were not assured that they are Senators one would guess that they were members of a country grand jury. Senator Sherman has his trousers made with the pockets opening horizontally, as in overalls, and he can put his hands in his pockets and twirl his thumbs outside all at the same time, which gives him just that much advantage. He wears iron-rimmed spectacles, and when he leans his head a trifle to one side and squints through these, his face has all the quiet amiability of an old-fashioned maiden aunt. Isaac Stephenson, the other grand juror, sits ruminatively fletcherizing some mysterious something. Though he is the oldest and wealthiest member of the Senate, he has little to say. In fact, about the only time he has addressed the presiding officer this year was about a week ago. The Vice-President had stepped down from the rostrum to stroll outside when Stephenson stopped him.

"What rooms have you got at your hotel?" asked Stephenson.

Marshall told him the numbers.

"The same rooms I used to have," observed Stephenson, disgustedly. "But I didn't like 'em. They were noisy." And he walked away shaking his head.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge sits beside Senator Elihu Root and engages him in conversation, while Root rests his chin lightly on his thumb and strokes it learnedly with two fingers. Lodge is the senatorial Little Lord Fauntleroy. That is, he is about the most aristocratic of the bunch and he wears clothes that give the impression of being a trifle too small for him, as was the case with the boys who wore Little Lord Fauntleroy suits some twenty-five years ago. He has curly hair, and he stands, too, as if his folks had recently put him in shoulder-braces. Soon he leaves Root and goes nervously about, mingling and matching con-



Henry Hollis of New Hampshire. The only Senator, it seems, who ever smiles

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versational pennies, as it were, with other Senators on a basis of entire equality. Lodge does more visiting around the chamber than almost any one else, thereby upsetting the popular notion that he stands aristocratically aloof from others of humankind and devotes himself to raising a tropical profusion of icicles.



Senator J. Ham. Lewis. A happy little page boy blots the signature

OVER on the Democratic side Senator Kern is circulating about considerably, but that is because he is the Democratic floor leader, and mixing with his fellows is part of his job. Just as soon as he can follow his own personal tastes in the matter, Kern goes to his chair and sits down on his shoulder blades and tucks his thoughts away in the warming oven of utter silence. He entices his left thumb over between the thumb and index finger of his right hand and when it walks into the trap he catches it and holds it there. Sometimes he will sit clutching his thumb in just that way for an hour at a time.

Now with Senator Bristow it is altogether different. He is of a more nervous temperament and could not possibly sit still half as long as Kern does. He walks in with a light, springing stride and sits down, and then he gets up and walks right out again. When he does remain in his seat he keeps placing himself in all manner of funny positions. Sometimes he gets both hands, both elbows and his chin all on his desk at once. Then he'll take a sudden notion to festoon himself over the back of his chair. Next to watching a man eating with his knife, there is nothing more fascinating than noting the clever angles that Bristow can form with himself. His movements are full of dramatic uncertainty and non-predictableness. He——

BUT hark! Who is the immaculate figure approaching down the center aisle, taking off his gloves one finger at a time like a man in an act of a problem play, while from all around his face there gayly squirts a showery spray of light sorrel whiskers? Who is it, oh, who is it? Why it's James Hamilton Lewis, that's who it is! Look at him closely, for he is our most sumptuous Senator. He is all encompassed and implicated with the richest, rarest and most acoustic productions of the loom. Furthermore, J. Ham. Lewis was born to the knack of making anything he puts on look expensive. A $2.50 brown derby on J. Ham. Lewis would appear costly and plausible. No wonder that two page boys rush forward, each anxious to be intrusted with his hat and gloves and cane. Any one who can look so thoroughly correlated with so much gay garb is born to be waited on. After he has greeted each Senator contiguous to the path between the main aisle and his chair, James Hamilton Lewis sits down and begins to sign a number of important looking documents, taking his nose glasses off and putting them on again, ever and anon. As rapidly as the Senator affixes his name, a happy little page blots the signature. Still other smiling pages hover about eager for the time when they, too, shall have their turn. It is indeed a pretty little scene.

The second instalment of Mr. Kelly's story will appear in the next issue





Senator Owen of Oklahoma

Senator Chilton of West Virginia



Ollie James, largest of Senators



Young Morris Sheppard, Senator from Texas

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Around the Capitol

By McGREGOR

IT was something of an experiment for the Washington *Post* to try the same methods here that have made the Hearst papers acceptable to their readers in New York City. Ours is a more than usually intelligent community. It was amused to note a telegraphic communication from a correspondent in Indianapolis to the effect that Senator Shively was risking defeat for the senatorial nomination by his course on the tolls question, when it was pretty generally known that the Senator had been nominated at a convention held in Indianapolis three weeks before. And then the night extras on the war! Washingtonians went to their rest one evening, having read in the papers that Villa was at Juarez and Carranza was in Chihuahua, a hundred miles away. They were awakened by a *Post* Extra stating that Villa had put Carranza in jail, the news coming by way of Albuquerque, New Mexico. The following morning the *Post* had Villa still in Juarez and Carranza still unjailed in Chihuahua. What Washington would like to know is whether New York really likes that kind of a newspaper.

A Common Scold

BRISTOW has developed into a common scold and sometimes makes a weary Senate regret that the ducking-stool has become a cruel and unusual punishment and therefore unconstitutional. Speaking against the resolution justifying the President in his demand for reparation, Bristow said: "I do not believe that it adds to our glory to bow to Great Britain, to shiftily avoid a controversy with Japan and then, with a lion-like boldness, attack Mexico, as has been done this day." From that one might have supposed that he would welcome the news of an even distant hope of peace through the mediation of the South American Powers. But the President is as unable to please him as he is to impress Penrose favorably. This is Bristow's published comment on the plan of mediation: "It is incomprehensible. Here is a man whom this government recognizes as nothing but a bandit and we have accepted an offer of three nations to mediate between us and this bandit. Armed troops would be proper parties to conduct negotiations with a bandit."

Murdoch

MURDOCH is not only patriotic but politically wise in supporting the President without reservation in the Mexican business. His course will contrast favorably with that of Bristow when Kansas voters are making up their minds about the Senatorship. Murdoch can claim the votes of the friends of the Administration for his support of all the President's policies, while inviting the suffrages of Progressives on the ground that he would have liked to go farther than the Democrats would allow. He is certain of the nomination of his party, which gives him the advantage over Bristow, who may be defeated by Curtis, if the Republicans prefer a consistent reactionary to an intermittent Progressive. Then Murdoch possesses a sense of humor, an element that was left out of Bristow's composition entirely. Bristow does not know how to play. He is like the children of the market-place to whom their fellows cried: "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced. We have mourned unto you and ye have not wept."

Huerta's Allies

COLONEL HARVEY is, of course, the Great American Adviser, nevertheless his advice to the President to recognize Huerta as the Constitutional President of Mexico did seem a little belated when published in the April number of the *North American Review* and republished in the *Congressional Record* of April 21. Nor was his long address to the President very much strengthened by the quotation from the Washington *Post* as the first authority demanding that President Wilson acknowledge his error in failing to recognize Huerta. There are still numerous critics of the President's policy, but at this present date the three still insisting upon the validity of Huerta's claims are Henry Lane Wilson, Major Gillette, and Colonel Harvey.

Disastrous Delay

O'GORMAN delayed the progress of the Canal Tolls Repeal by insisting upon having a new set of hearings before his Committee, though the same committee had full hearings two years ago. The result can hardly have been very gratifying to him. Ex-Senator Foraker who has been consistently on the wrong side of every public question and Bourke Cockran who has been inconsistently on all sides, were O'Gorman's star witnesses, and they hardly compared with Choate and Andrew White, who were witnesses for the President's position. Meantime, the delay carried the tolls discussion past the beginning of the Mexican trouble, when international good-will was shown to be quite an asset, and the majority for Repeal will be increased in the Senate. No one need be surprised to see O'Gorman himself climb down as he did in the currency matter and find a plausible ground for supporting the President after all.

Popular Government in the South

SOUTHWARD the course of popular government takes its way. Arkansas is initiating, by petition, a model child labor law to be voted upon by the people. Mississippi's Legislature has adopted a constitutional amendment providing for the Initiative and Referendum both for statute laws and future constitutional amendments. This amendment is to be voted upon in the November elections. In both Texas and Florida these measures of popular government were accepted by the House of Representatives, but defeated in the Senate. Better luck next time! Maryland proposes a referendum. It is a most unpleasant position for a politician desiring the suffrages of the people to have to tell them that they are not competent to pass upon the laws which he wishes to enact for them.

Arkansas and South Carolina

SENATOR JAMES P. CLARKE was renominated in the Arkansas primaries by a narrow margin of votes, nomination being equivalent to election. The defeat of the representative of the Jeff Davis faction by Senator Clarke gives one hope that the voters of South Carolina may retire Blease from public view by leaving him at home this year. Blease's latest outrage upon the proprieties is his assault upon Secretary Garrison because of a difference as to the location of the military encampment in South Carolina. Blease styles the Secretary of War a "pug-nosed Yankee," which is almost a contradiction in terms. There may be one Bleaseism too many. The Senate retains the right to be the sole judge of the qualifications of its members, and it is within the bounds of possibility for Blease to disqualify himself, even though elected.

Senatorial Manners

A NEW rule has been proposed in the Senate forbidding Senators to speak of the President of the United States in terms not allowed when a fellow Senator is the subject of discussion. Senator Jones of Washington has the honor of having suggested this resolution by reason of certain more or less scurrilous extracts from newspapers which he read into the *Record*. Senator Bristow not long ago called down upon his head the rebuke of Senators of his own party from an insulting remark about the President. Both are candidates for reëlection to the Senate. But other Senators have been guilty in the same regard, through newspaper interviews. Macaulay refers to William III as the only gentleman of England who could not afford to resent a mortal insult. So the President of the United States is defenceless, when it comes to abuse by members of Congress. Perhaps it is just as well for the people to take the measure of his critics while noting their manners.

A Family Debt

A NOTEWORTHY case has just been reargued before the Supreme Court —the suit of Virginia against West Virginia, involving the obligation of the daughter state to pay a part of the debt of the mother. The debt of Virginia amounts to about $18,000,000, borrowed before the Civil War for the construction of railways, canals, and other public works, part of which were in the part of the state which is now West Virginia. The case has been pending for eight years and three years ago the Supreme Court decided that West Virginia owed $7,300,000, principal, on the debt and suggested that the two states get together and agree upon the amount of interest involved. They have been unable to agree and West Virginia has been asking for a diminution of the amount of principal formerly adjudged to be owed by that state. In the meantime, the best way for a West Virginia politician to commit political suicide is to admit that West Virginia owes anything. He would be in the position of a Baltimore citizen who would agree that Richmond was entitled to the Federal Reserve Bank.

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What Happened in Ulster

By JOHN J. FINEGAN

IT is difficult for those of us who live in America, where a variety of nationalities and religious beliefs have dwelt peaceably together for so long, to realize the strength of passion aroused in Ulster by the Home Rule contention. Mr. Finegan has been in Ulster during the latter part of the trouble, and here gives us some of the details which have not reached us through the daily press

"WHO is going to support the Home Rule government?" is a favorite query of Unionist orators. "Ulster has the industries, the wealth, the resources. Are we to be taxed to maintain a government at Dublin which will be inimical to our interests and of which we will be the chief financial asset?" The Nationalists affect to believe that the entire organization of the Volunteer Army is part and parcel of blow-hard Tory politics. It is an undisputed fact that the funds for the equipment and organization of the Orange Army were supplied from the campaign chests of the Conservative or Unionist party in England and were intended primarily for political effect. It is hardly within the realm of probability that Sir Edward Carson, himself, ever seriously contemplated the possibility of armed resistance in Ulster. The entire program was undoubtedly intended as an appeal to the sympathies of Protestant Scotland and England and to hasten the dissolution of the present Ministry.

But the harm has been done. The appeal to passion and to prejudice has been made. It remains to be seen whether or not the Unionist leaders can continue to curb the Frankenstein monster which they have reared in the North of Ireland.

Signs are not wanting to indicate that they are anxious to retrace their steps. In spreading sedition among the officers of the British Army, in exciting mutiny, in inviting the wholesale resignations of Tory officers, they have forced the Premier of England to adopt an unprecedented course. When Mr. Asquith assumed charge of the War Office in order to cope with the situation in the Army every vestige of tradition was cast overboard. It brought sharply to the attention of the electorate of the United Kingdom the now dominant issue—"Army vs. Parliament." The question of Home Rule has been submerged. It is extremely doubtful whether even the most rabid and reactionary of the Tory party leaders would care to appeal to the country in a general election upon such an issue as, by their tactics, they have now created.

In the meantime, throughout the length and breadth of Ulster the Unionist volunteer army is openly drilling. Through the streets of Belfast companies of khaki-clad Orangemen are marching and countermarching to the skreel of the Irish warpipes. The citizens line the sidewalks in impassive silence. No one ventures either to applaud or jeer. A chance remark may precipitate a street brawl or prove the cause of a serious riot. In awkward, ill-drilled lines they pass, each face set grimly, eyes unsmiling, until the last straggling squad, with shouldered drill-staves, has turned the corner and is lost to view.

The skreel of the pipes, screeching defiantly the notes of "The Boyne Water" and "Croppies lie down" die away. The spectator steals a surreptitious glance at his neighbor and heaves a sigh of relief. Then for the first time comes a realization that the air has been vibrant with the electricity of suppressed emotion. The crowds begin to dissolve. The clash between Orangeman and Nationalist has not yet arrived.

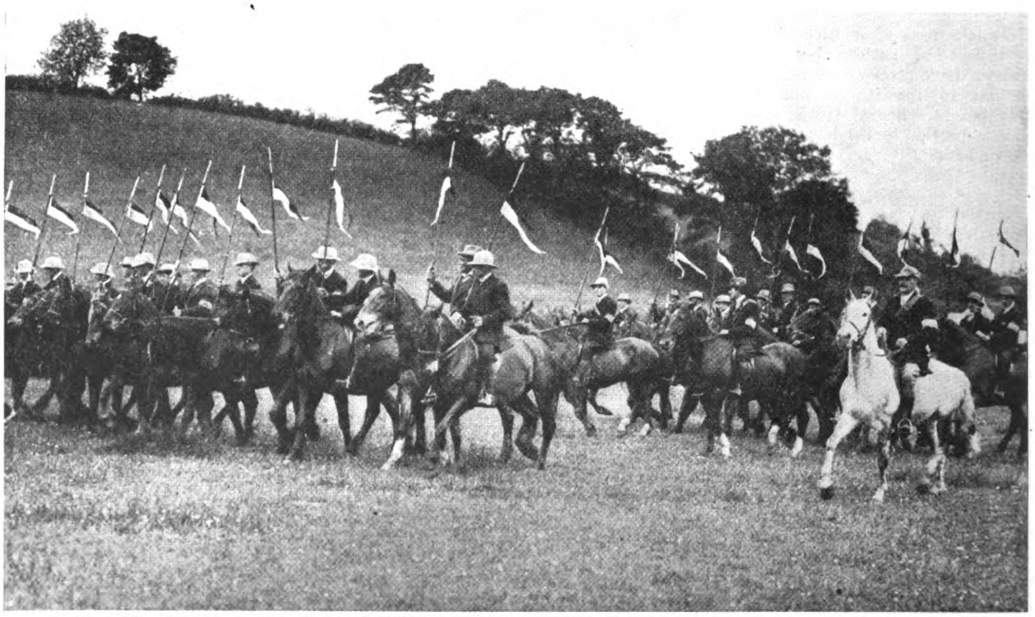
Surely, however, here can be found the seeds of fratricidal strife. These men are not actuated by any other motives than those of sincere belief—however misguided that belief may be. They are of the stern stuff in which Cromwell found his Roundhead army. Their detestation of the Church of Rome is in most instances equalled only by the enthusiasm with which they sing "God Save the King" while raising an army against His Majesty's Ministry and the people's Parliament.

It is not in Belfast, however, but in Portadown, a small township in the County Armagh, that the Orange or Unionist sentiment is to be really probed or sounded.

In the "pub" are grouped a number of loyal Orangemen. Over their drinks are voiced enthusiastic toasts to the "damnation of the harlot of the seven

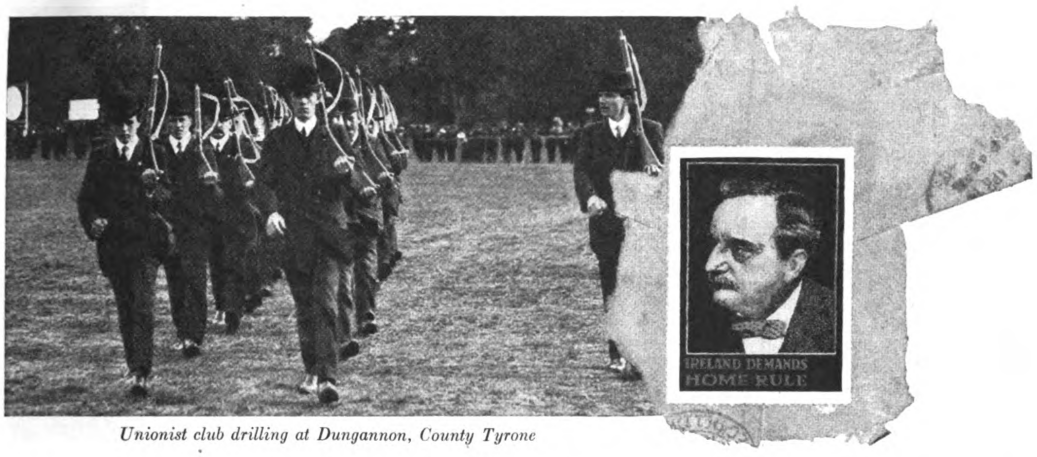


General Sir George Richardson, Commander-in-Chief of the Ulster Unionist forces. Photo taken in Donegal



The Enniskillen Horse—headquarters, Enniskillen, County Fermanagh. The only mounted volunteer regiment in Ireland. Strength over six hundred

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Unionist club drilling at Dungannon, County Tyrone

hills" and "bad luck to the Papists." Anathema against Redmond and the Irish Party follow as a matter of course. A stranger enters.

"To Hell with the Pope!" is the succeeding toast.

When the new comer shows no sign of provocation to wrath, he is approached cautiously. The abomination of your average Unionist or Orangeman is an American.

"Be ye from the States?"

"Nay, Glasgow," is an open sesame, notwithstanding the fact that practically all of the population of Portadown is pure Irish Gael. Glasgow represents a city of Dissenters—who, however, are four-fifths Home Rulers; but, first fact is enough for your North of Ireland Protestant.

"Glasgow, aye lad! Ye'll join us! To Hell with the Pope."

"But," protests the stranger, "I have no grievance against the Pope."

"Neither have we," is the unanimous response, "but he has the devil of a hard name in Portadown!"

THAT experience alone is an explanation of the attitude in Ulster on the part of the Orange forces. This is true, however, only in the counties of Armagh, Derry, Antrim and Down. In the remaining five counties of Donegal, Monaghan, Tyrone, Fermanagh and Cavan—all included within the province of Ulster—the majority of the population is of the Nationalist party; in many townships regardless of creed—although all of these counties are predominantly Roman Catholic. Monaghan, for example, is approximately 82.1 per cent. Catholic and 86.4 Nationalist in the political affiliations of its electorate.

But it is in the popular ballads and ditties, sung and recited with much gusto throughout the province of Ulster, that the visitor really sounds the depth of popular sentiment. Most of these are mere doggerel lines set to familiar airs. One of the favorites is entitled: "The Saviors of Ulster" and is dedicated to the "Immortal One Hundred"—indicating the officers of the British Army regiments who resigned their commissions sooner than serve against Ulster. The verses, chanted to an indescribable air, are popular wherever the foes of the threatened "Papist invasion" are gathered:

One Hundred Noble Officers, of England's pride today,
Have stood upon the Curragh Camp a summons to obey,
Their General said: "I've orders that to Ulster you must go
And there shoot down their loyal men, as you would a foreign foe."

The Government of England, in the hands of roguish knaves,
Gives orders: "Spite of conscience, you must this Home Rule save,
For we're pledged to John Redmond, them to Roman bondage drag,
Their only crime we must confess is loyalty to the flag."

CHORUS.

But it is a famous story, proclaim it far and near,
Of this noble band, One Hundred, who stood for honour dear,
And refused to go to Ulster, their rights to take away,
Or be a party to this plan to give John Redmond sway.

Still another ditty, almost equally popular as the one quoted above, is entitled: "The Orange Parrot." It consists of innumerable verses, which would be impossible of collection, as they are added to daily and are circulated on postcards and through other channels until the original version, although of recent origin, has been almost lost in the volume of doggerel which succeeded its publication. Many of the stanzas are unfit for print, containing as they do the most bitter allusions to the Catholics and Nationalists, as well as to the Protestants who have espoused the Home Rule cause. Inasmuch as the popular songs may be regarded as indicating the trend of sentiment, however, the following lines are noteworthy:

Sir Edward Carson had a parrot,
Its name I can't remember,
And every time he fed the bird,
It yelled out, "No surrender."

The traitors tried to shoot the bird,
Or choke it with some soap,
But the parrot flapped its wings and cried
"How I wish you'd choke the Pope."

On the bill-boards throughout Belfast are placarded the Unionist stamps showing the Red Hand of Ulster—the old symbol of the warlike O'Neills—and the motto, "We will not have Home Rule." These are purchased in sheets of ten for a penny by the ardent partisans on the Unionist side and are pasted wherever opportunity offers. Still another popular placard used by the Unionists both in poster and postcard form reads as follows: "One Crown, One Parliament, One Flag. We will not have Home Rule." Underneath this motto appears the verse:

Shall we from the Union sever?
By the God that made us, never;
Wave the flag we love, forever
Over us and you.

It sounds like an exaggeration to one not familiar with the utter ignorance of some of the Irish peasants in the country towns, but in cycling through the County Down the wayfarer is constantly confronted with a most unique argument against Home Rule.

"It's the ixcise, mon. Can't ye see it plain. Sure it's no more shtout an' whiskey we'd be havin' but the product of the Pope's own vineyards—bad cess to him an' all of his crew. They'd desthroy the counthry entirely, mon."

Bigotry breeds bigotry and your Roman Catholic of the North is not lacking in creed prejudice, especially in the rural districts.

"They have black hearts, the Orangemin! The power of putting the pishogue (curse) on us is wid thim. King Billy gave it to thim. Red Tom McCall, who lives beyant, has the evil eye. He soured the belly on a new milch cow an' she died. He's a ba'ad wan, is Red Tom!"

These instances on either side, however, are rare. Today the percentage of illiteracy in Ireland is exceedingly small and it is only among the most densely ignorant of the populace that such examples as those quoted can be found.

As has been stated before, one of the chief differences between the people of Ulster and the rest of their fellow-countrymen lies in the utter lack of a sense of humor in the North. Take, for example, the recent *opera bouffe* performances at Craigavon, the home of Captain James Craig, Unionist member of Parliament for the district of West Down. Craigavon is always chosen by Sir Edward Carson as his headquarters on his frequent visits to Ulster.

On the occasion of Carson's recent melodramatic exit from Parliament, following his heated debate with Joseph Devlin, Nationalist member for the Division of West Belfast, the Unionist



Volunteers at Baronscourt, County Tyrone, the residence of the Duke of Abercorn. Curate commands squad of volunteers which includes his own rector

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leader set forth post-haste for the Ulster capital. The news of his coming preceded him and caused intense excitement in the circles of the so-called Provisional Government located at Old Town Hall in Victoria street, Belfast.

Two companies of the Unionist Volunteers were hurriedly mobilized at the quayside station to "protect" their leader from expected arrest. Volleys of revolver shots greeted his arrival. When the blank cartridges of the volunteers were expended, the parliamentary leader was solemnly escorted under a guard of some two hundred men to Craigavon. Sentinels were posted about the grounds until every hedge was bristling with bayonets.

The noise and clamor bewildered the local authorities, and it was finally decided to send two detectives to Craigavon to ascertain what all the fuss and fury was about. The sleuths gained access to the grounds by creeping under a hedge, but were promptly detected and placed under arrest. They were solemnly locked up for safekeeping in the stable and two hours later were haled before a military tribunal for court-martial.

MUCH amused by the experience, the two policemen resolutely declined to answer any queries or give any account of themselves whatsoever. This placed the "officers" of the court-martial in a peculiar quandary. Long and serious discussion ensued as to what course should be pursued with the two "spies." After much debate the prisoners were released with the grave warning that in the event of a second visit to Craigavon they should present themselves to the sentries at the lodge and inquire the countersign.

All of this mummery was enacted with as grave regard for the traditions of military procedure as if the two culprits were about to be hanged at daybreak. Even more ludicrous, however, was the incident which marked the culmination of the manoeuvers, when the volunteers presented a demand to the Cabinet of the Provisional Government for remuneration at the rate of three shillings and sixpence per day for the time they had lost in the shipyards and at the looms of the linen mills. After due deliberation the claims were paid and the patriots returned on tram-cars to the city.

"Sure, ye can't expect the lads to lose their wages until there's real fightin' to be done," was the defense urged by one of the volunteers, now dubbed by the Nationalists as "Carson's mercenaries."

No psychological study of the situation in Ulster at the present time, however, would be complete without some allusion to the mental attitude of the Nationalists in that province. Although little is heard about the existence of such a body, it is nevertheless a fact that throughout the nine counties of the North Nationalist troops are drilling nightly. These Irish Volunteers, as they style themselves, do not expect that the threats of civil war will be fulfilled, but they propose to be ready should an emergency arise. They are equally as determined that the Home Rule Bill shall pass as the Unionists are resolved that it shall not.

THE plaint of the Nationalist is that the needs of Ireland have been slighted by the Imperial Parliament since the Act of Union, principally because the stress of imperial business has permitted little or no time for the consideration of Irish bills. The average Nationalist believes that important industrial and economic reforms can be secured through the reëstablishment of an independent national legislative body at College Green in Dublin.

Again, too, the Nationalist is wearied of the tactics pursued by the Tory party in England for the past century, during which time the Irish question has been used as a political football. Since the year 1801, when Pitt resigned because he could not carry out any relief for the Catholics in fulfilment of the promises which he had held out at the time of the Union, down to 1886 ten British Ministries of various parties have fallen on the Irish question. Always has the appeal to religious prejudice been made successfully and the Nationalist is resolved that it must not succeed again.

In demanding the permanent exclusion of Ulster from the operation of the Home Rule Bill, the Nationalist believes that Sir Edward Carson is not seeking a concession but the payment of the Unionist claim in full, to the utter disregard of the wishes of the five Catholic counties of the province. He is resolved never to consent to the permanent partition of his native land and stands firm in the resolve that a referendum vote by counties, through which the exclusion of any or all sections can be secured for a period of six years, is as far as honorable compromise can go in dealing with Ulster.

But already there are signs of the dawning of a better day. There is no dearth, fortunately, of generous-minded men on either side. In Scotland the Ulster Unionist envoys, with their appeal for support in a religious civil war, have been coldly received by their Non-Conformist brethren. David N. Mackey, a Presbyterian Scot and prominent barrister in Glasgow, has thus voiced the reply of his fellow countrymen to the Ulster appeal:

"Let us face the question at once. Is Protestantism at stake in Ireland, in Ulster, or anywhere else at the present time? I believe that it is, but the danger does not come from the Roman Catholics. It comes from the political adventurers who are willing to make Protestantism a matter of politics."



Campaign literature as seen in Ulster today

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A Campaign of Lies

By KATHARINE LOVING BUELL

THE crusade against doctors and the only method by which they can reach a complete solution of the problems of disease—vivisection, is carried on spasmodically in different parts of the country. This year the crusade was in New York. At another time it may be in San Francisco. Hearst has in this case aided the Anti-Vivisectionists with his New York dailies

YEAR after year the opponents of science wage an intermittent guerrilla warfare against those men who are devoting their time and trained energies to the investigation of disease and its cure. Because much of the work has to be carried on through experimentation upon living animals, a group of animal lovers and their paid assistants keep up this scattering annoyance. Always shown to be absurd when subjected to the light of common sense, this year they have beaten their record. Though they have been busy in a minor way in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, they concentrated their recent efforts upon an energetic campaign in New York, and there met with their downfall. William Randolph Hearst, principally through his daily, the New York *American*, put into this campaign the element of publicity which made its collapse so complete and so ludicrous.

There are three principal Anti-Vivisection Societies, belonging respectively to Mrs. Diana Belais, Mrs. Farrell, and Mr. Frederick Bellamy. It was Mr. Bellamy who accomplished the alliance with Hearst. All Anti-Vivisectionists are difficult to pin down to the simplicity of facts and the rules of logic. Mr. Bellamy is one of the most skilful quick-change artists of the group. He is a lawyer, among whose clients has been a certain Miss Gazzam, a lover of animals and an ardent Anti-Vivisectionist. It was in her behalf that Mr. Bellamy inaugurated his campaign. Until 1910 all expenses of the Society for the Prevention of Abuse in Animal Experimentation, which is the Society he represents, incurred in attempting to secure Anti-Vivisection legislation, were admittedly paid by Miss Gazzam. Since then no report has been made of the source of supplies for the Society, but it is probable that Mr. Bellamy's client is still financing his humanitarian enterprise.

Beaten in his first campaign which was patently Anti-Vivisectionist, although he never admitted that he himself was of that persuasion, Mr. Bellamy changed his base and began a campaign for investigation by a Bi-partisan Committee "which shall consist of seven members, two of whom shall be physicians or persons experienced in the practice of vivisection and residing within this state, two of whom shall be active members of some organization within this state having for its purpose the prevention of cruelty but who shall not be physicians, and the remaining three members of which commission shall be lawyers residing within this state." The result of such a committee would be to make two reports inevitable, one by the members of the committee who represented disinterested responsible persons, and the other by the two Anti-Vivisectionists. Such a double report is so much ammunition in the hands of the Anti-Vivisectionists whose ability to use material favorable to themselves, regardless of its source, is well known. A British Commission similar to the one suggested by Mr. Bellamy made an investigation of vivisection in England. The majority of the Committee handed in a report so exhaustive and complete that it filled seven large pamphlets, completely vindicating the scientists and disproving entirely the charges made by the Anti-Vivisectionists. The members representing the Anti-Vivisection Societies handed in testimony giving their view of the matter. Much of this testimony was disproved. Nevertheless the Anti-Vivisectionists have continued to quote from the discredited report as though it were the side which had been justified.


merican

GREATER NEW YORK.

PRICE ONE CENT

PLEDGES
RIES AND
LS WITH
TRIUMPH

Experiments on 1,000 Babies
Dr. Holt Inoculates Them
His Method of Vivisection

DR. NOGUCHI, of Rockefeller Institute, who is investigating the most hideous of all blood diseases. He acknowledges thanks to fifteen noted New York physicians who permitted him to inoculate forty-six of their patients. Practically all were in public hospitals.

COL
SIX
SNOWS
GRIPS

Dr. Noguchi Thanks Doctors for Sending Him Patients for Inoculation.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt, who reports having inoculated one thousand juvenile patients with tuberculosis serum.

Gen. Porter's Widow for $26,000

This is one of the newspaper articles attacking Dr. Holt and Dr. Noguchi for human experimentation. What these two doctors actually did is described in this article

A good many of the misstatements of these animal lovers are quite childish, but as the ordinary citizen does not take trouble to verify them, they are widely believed, and add fuel to the prejudice that often smoulders in the minds of the ill-informed. For instance, in one of their recent congresses, Richard Cowan, who subscribes to their views, was put down as a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgery. There is no *Cowan* to be found, but there is a *Cowen*. The "Royal College" to which he is related is that of Ireland only. Even in that he is not a fellow. He is even not a member, he is only a licentiate. He has been a licentiate since 1887, and in those twenty-seven years he has not risen above the lowest rank. Another popular argument is that Great Britain has no trouble with rabies although it has no Pasteur Institute. Of course, they leave out the fact that the quarantining order prevents any possible attack by dogs suffering from rabies as such dogs are excluded.

It is not only the misuse of facts and of statements which have actually been made that distinguishes the Anti-Vivisectionist, but many of their allegations are pure inventions. Mrs. Henderson, Vice-President of the American Anti-Vivisection Society, promised the editor of this paper the numbers of the pages in Doctor Crile's book in which she stated that the words "no anesthesia" occur. But although the promise was made months ago and she has since been reminded of the matter several

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NEW YORK AMERICAN — MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 191

THE ages of these children (from left to right) are six, eight, ten, fourteen, three and twelve years respectively. Two of them went to the hospital suffering from scarlet fever and a third from the measles. All three came home afflicted with a dreaded disease. The other three children and the father and mother became infected from them. The authority for these statements is Mrs. Clinton B. Farrell, President of the Vivisection Investigation League. She vouches for the trained investigator who obtained the facts. The names of these children, known to The American, are omitted from consideration for the family. The photograph was taken by The American yesterday, parents consenting.

BRONX FAMILY OF SIX VICTIMS OF VIVISECTION

BELLAMY SAYS INOCULATION IS

SIGSBEE MAINE TELLS

Dramatic Account

Informed of

"Bill" A

The above picture and the accompanying text state that the children were inoculated, and conveyed the impression that the "dreaded disease" was syphilis. Not one case of syphilis was found among the children whose names were supplied to the Board of Health, nor had any been inoculated. The injustice to the children photographed is apparent

times no such information has yet been received in this office. Another favorite trick is that of quoting opinions without telling how long ago the man lived, so that a careless reader does not realize that the comments date from the time when anesthetics were unknown. One of the most recent attacks on progress by these people relates to typhoid inoculation in the Army. The facts are striking. In 1909 and 1910 protective vaccination was entirely voluntary and gradually won its way. The results were:

1909	173 cases	16 deaths
1910	142 cases	10 deaths

On September 30th, 1911, vaccination was made compulsory. Notice the sudden drop:

1911	69 cases	8 deaths
1912	27 cases	4 deaths
1913 (first six months)	0 cases	0 deaths

Not a single case in the United States, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Panama or the Philippines occurred from January to June, 1913, although the Army had increased in numbers from about 69,000 to 83,000, and many of the troops had been taken out of barracks where artificial drainage prevails and stationed on the Texas border in camps of their own making. Yet the Anti-Vivisectionists insist that no good is accomplished by inoculation for typhoid.

BUT Mr. Bellamy fortunately was not successful in passing legislation which would force the scientists to undergo an investigation by the people with the foregoing habits of thought. The fight against animal experimentation ended in defeat. Then Mr. Bellamy had a brilliant idea. Surely the topic of *human vivisection* would be sensational enough to create a scare and give him a popular backing. He prepared and introduced into the legislature in Albany a bill to investigate the problem of human vivisection. The important section of the bill was as follows:

Such commission shall fully investigate and report upon: (a) The present condition and extent of the practice of experimentation upon human beings without their consent; especially upon children and other patients in hospitals, public institutions or elsewhere within this state, by inoculation or by any other form of treatment or tests not undertaken for the direct benefit of the individuals experimented upon and not having relation to their individual necessities. It shall also report what further laws are necessary to protect such persons from any injury or any interference with their personal rights by such practice or by the abuse thereof.

Before the bill came to a hearing he journeyed about the country to the various conventions of the Humane Societies asking to be allowed to address the assembled delegates. These societies refused to listen to him. He, therefore, sent them a circular letter hoping to rouse them to join his campaign:

The most serious aspect of this question is found in the well authenticated instances of cases where healthy children in some of our public institutions have been "by the courtesy" of physicians in charge, submitted to experimentation to which it is inconceivable that any sane parent would voluntarily submit his healthy offspring. This is the natural sequence of unlimited animal experimentation. Every physician in large practice knows this to be a fact.

It was at this point that Alsorandolph Hearst entered the game. The subject was one of the kind particularly suited to a class of periodical that appeals to the passions of an unenlightened class. Articles were printed in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* by well-meaning sentimentalists. The quality of the thinking in these effusions is illustrated by the following paragraphs from an article by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

The craze for operating upon human beings, which has been growing so rapidly the last ten years, is an outgrowth of the vivisection mania. When physicians begin to thirst for the sight of blood, and to lose all sense of pity or sympathy in their desire to cut and slash and experiment, they cannot be satisfied with using only dumb creatures as victims.

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Every physician who advises an operation should be made to put his statement into writing, saying it is the only remedy which can save the patient's life. Should the patient recover without an operation, the physician should forfeit the respect of the public.

But just before the legislative hearing began the Hearst dailies were brought to bear on the situation. New material not being immediately available, old matter that had been news five or six years before and had since been forgotten was dug out of the files and printed with large scare-heads as "disclosures."

THIS scare-head material was based upon two pieces of scientific work which the Anti-Vivisectionists have been misrepresenting for years. Both happen to be conspicuous illustrations of one of the most important discoveries of medicine—the discovery that a body which is infected with a disease and which is accordingly in a state of internal warfare with the germs of that disease, will respond differently from a healthy body to contact with an extract of the germs it is fighting. The patient does not have to be infected or inoculated with the living germs but merely with an extract that bears about the same relation to the germs that beef-tea bears to a bullock. Tuberculin, an extract of tubercle bacilli, is a diagnostic aid of this sort, and is used everywhere in detecting incipient tuberculosis. A drop dropped upon the abraded skin or into the eye has no effect if the patient is not tuberculous. But if he has tuberculosis even in so mild a form that it is not otherwise apparent, a small spot about the point abraded will appear red and inflamed for a few days, or the eye will look like a case of pink eye for a short time. Such a patient must be treated for tuberculosis. After the tuberculin test had been used and recommended Dr. L. Emmet Holt began applying it in the Babies' Hospital. He used both eye-test and skin-test. He discovered a number of unsuspected infections and reported on the first 1000 cases. He made these tests for the *benefit of his patients* and *reported his experience afterward* for the benefit of doctors who had less opportunity for observation, as an honorable physician of such large practice is pretty sure to do. His report of his observations has been called an *admission* that he *experimented* on 1000 babies, as the cover and illustrations show.

The desirability of a similar test for latent or inherited syphilis can hardly be exaggerated. Dr. Noguchi, of the Rockefeller Institute, who first found out how to grow the germs of this disease in quantity in the laboratory, made an extract from them, and called it "Luetin." He thought this might be used as a diagnostic. He knew in advance that Luetin could no more give syphilis than a dish of bean soup could produce a bean crop, and he knew that if he put a drop of it into the skin of two patients the inflammations about the point of injection in the syphilitic patient and in the non-syphilitic would probably be different. But he didn't know whether this difference would be apparent enough and uniform enough for the test to be of use to doctors. He applied the test to several hundred patients of various ages, some supposed to be infected, some supposed not to be, but in no case without the approval of the physician in charge of the patient. He found that the test was valuable and it is widely used today. There was no danger in this to any one. Many of those who had syphilis developed a distinctive but temporary pimple at the point of injection. The well suffered literally the prick of a needle. Mr. Bellamy now confines his criticism of Doctor Noguchi's work to a legal point. He says the needle-prick was a trespass on the persons of the patients who were too young to understand. But he states this so as to give uninformed hearers the impression conveyed by the Hearst papers that the health of the patients was jeopardized.

It was upon this inadequate foundation that the terrific head-lines, some of which are reproduced on the cover of this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, were built.

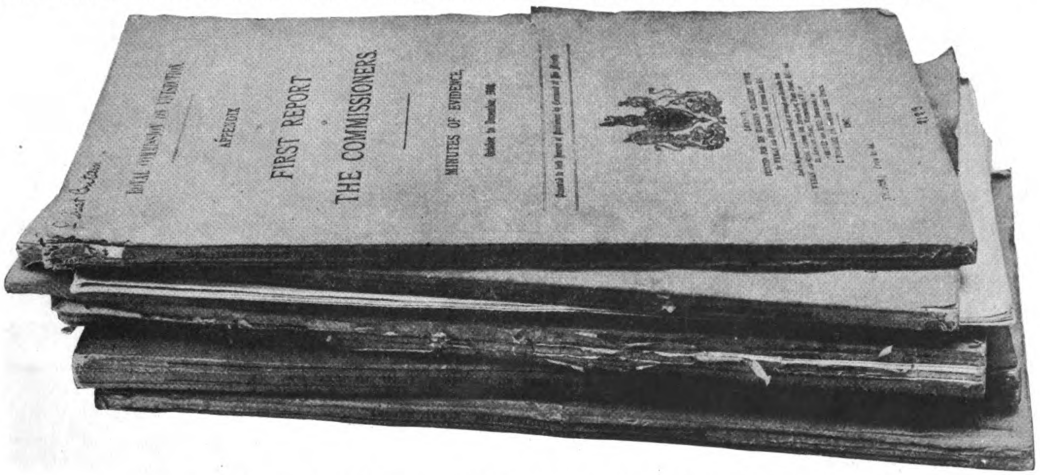
THEN the Hearst papers began reporting that law-suits were being brought by distracted parents in the Bronx against two hospitals, the Willard Parker and the Riverside Hospital, for infection of their children. A settlement worker named Deutsch, alarmed by these reports, began to pull Bellamy's chestnuts out of the fire. He complained to the District Attorney that forty-eight children had contracted syphilis at these institutions. He and Bellamy then went to Superintendent Maxwell of the New York schools with the list of forty-eight names asking him if he did not think that these children should be excluded from the schools. Mr. Maxwell was alarmed and asked the Board of Health to investigate. Then all the phalanxes marched to Albany to join in the hearing before the legislature. The principal point of debate was "How could these children have contracted syphilis? Was it through direct inoculation or was it through criminal carelessness in the hospitals?" Either explanation was horrible. The story went all over the country, properly displayed by headlines. In the meantime Commissioner Goldwater of the Department of Health had the matter investigated, and this is what he found:

"Two physicians, representing this Department, visited forty families named in the Deutsch list. Of this number *fifteen were not found at the given addresses.* Interviews were obtained with twenty-five families in which there were thirty-four children. *Among these, not a single case of syphilis or of suspected syphilis was found.* There was no evidence of the inoculation of any of these children with serum or vaccine."

The tale was fiction from beginning to end. That ended the matter for this year. The charges against Noguchi had been taken up by District Attorney Whitman *four years ago*, investigated, and dismissed as trivial, as Bellamy, who had appeared before the District Attorney in the matter, well knew.

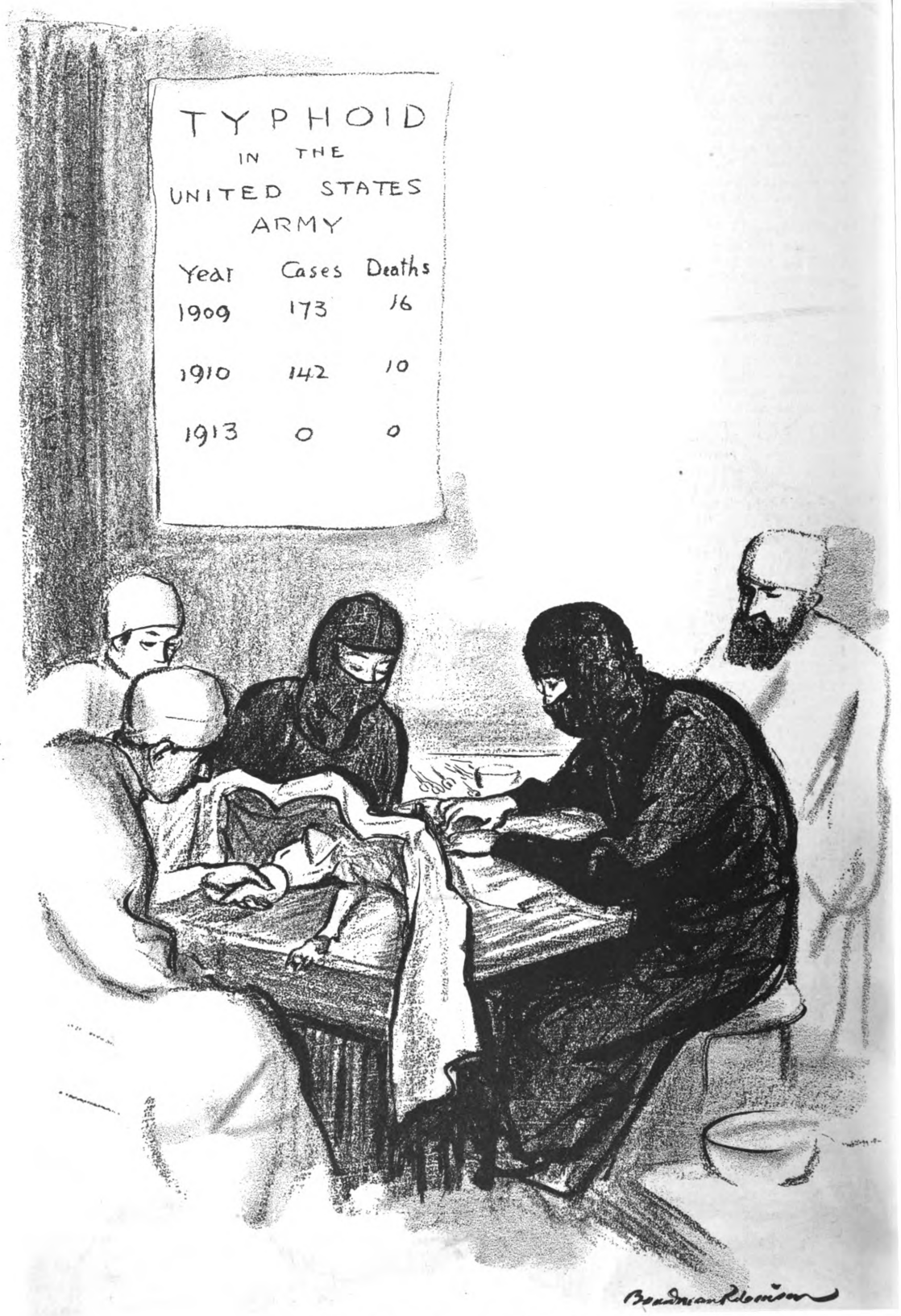
IF the annoyance to busy men of science who are working hard for the benefit of humanity was the only harm done by this particular kind of faking it would be a comparatively small matter; but the Hearst papers are read largely by the poor and ignorant who are afraid of authority wherever they find it, and who already have a deep-rooted prejudice against the medical profession. At all times it is difficult to get these people to report their sick to the doctors, more difficult still to induce them to take the proper sanitary and medical measures necessary to preserve themselves and their children in health. Whenever Hearst indulges in a scare of this sort, not only is the work of preventive medicine retarded, but cases of contagious diseases are concealed from the doctors. Frightened mothers refrain from taking their sick babies to the hospital. Families conceal their tubercular members until the entire family is affected, and even cases of acute diseases, like scarlet fever and diphtheria, are hidden until a whole tenement or neighborhood may become infected, and an epidemic ensue. For every one of these headlines innocent children and helpless sick people may have lost their lives.

The collapse of this year's campaign could not have been more complete and ridiculous; but there is nothing to prevent the Anti-Vivisectionists from taking the same trumped-up charges four years hence, when the present fiasco has been forgotten, and making an equally alarming and sensational "exposure."



This is a photograph of the reports of the British Commission giving the facts about vivisection in England, in spite of which Anti-Vivisectionists continue to quote discredited testimony

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HEARST DENOUNCES VIVISECTION

He considers it too cruel to be tolerated. The dog is under anaesthetics, and the utmost care is being taken that he shall not suffer. This form of scientific research is carried on for the benefit of humanity, as shown by the wall chart.

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HEARST DEMANDS WAR

He says that patriotism requires it. Young American citizens would be left after a battle to lingering death in the desert. One of the principal gains would be the protection of Hearst's interests in Mexico.

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The Philosopher

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

Illustrated by Guy Pène du Bois

THE Puritan way of thinking has by no means died out of America or England. No public movement is spared the meddling of the Puritan mind either opposed to it or trying to modify it to suit itself. And the element of humor in contemplating people of that persuasion is added by the fact that they consider themselves profound philosophers

HE had a philosophy as yet untouched. His stars were the old stars, his faith the old faith; nor would he recognize that there was any other, for, not to recognize any point of view except his own was no doubt the very essence of his faith. Wisdom! There was surely none save the flinging of the door to, standing with your back against that door, and telling people what was behind it. For though he did not know what was behind, he thought it low to say so. An "atheist," as he termed certain persons, was to him beneath contempt, an "agnostic," as he termed certain others, a poor and foolish creature. As for a rationalist, positivist, pragmatist, or any other "ist"—well, that was just what they were. He made no secret of the fact that he simply could not understand people like that. It was true. "What can they do save deny?" he would say. "What do they contribute to the morals and the elevation of the world? What do they put in place of what they take away? What have they got, to make up for what is behind that door? Where are their symbols? How shall they move and lead the people? No," he said, "a little child shall lead the people, and I am the little child! For I can spin them a tale, such as children love, of what is behind the door." Such was the temper of his mind that he never flinched from believing true what he thought would benefit himself and others. Amongst other things, he held a crown of ultimate advantage to be necessary to pure and stable living. If one could not say: "Listen, children! there it is, behind the door! Look at it, shining, golden—yours! Not now, but when you die, if you are good. Be good, therefore! For if you are not good—no crown!" If one could not say that what could one say? What inducement hold out? And he would describe the crown— There was nothing he detested more than commercialism. And to any one who ventured to suggest that there was something rather commercial about the idea of that crown, he would retort with asperity.

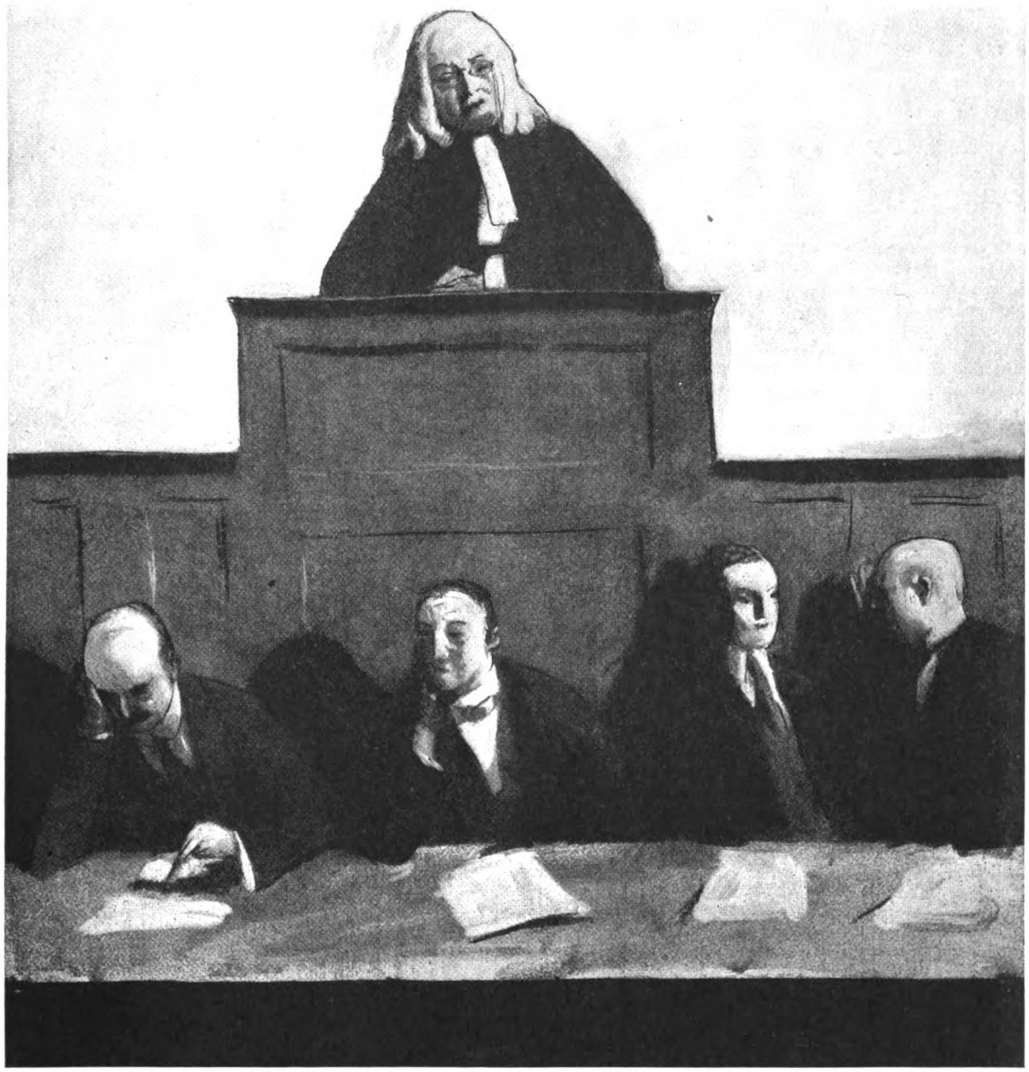


"His was a virile intellect"

THE creed that good must be done, so to speak, out of a mere present love of dignity and beauty—just as a man, seeing something he admired, might work to reproduce it, knowing that he would never achieve it perfectly, but going on until he dropped, out of sheer love of going on—he thought vague, futile, devoid of glamor, and contrary to human nature, for he always judged people by himself, and felt that no one could like to go on unless they knew that they would get something if they did. To promise victory therefore was most important. Forlorn hopes, setting your teeth, back to the wall, and all that, was a bleak and wintry doctrine, with no inspiration in it, and led to nothing. And he abominated that other philosopher, who, not presuming to believe in anything, went on, because—as he said—to give up would be to lose his honor. This seemed to him most unpoetic, as well as the very negation of faith; and faith was, as has been said, the mainspring of his philosophy. Once indeed, in the unguarded moment of a heated argument, he had confessed that some day men might not require to use the symbols of religion they used now. It was at once pointed out to him that if he thought that, he could not believe these symbols to be true for all time; and if they were not true for all time, why did he say they were? He was dreadfully upset. Deferring answer, however, for the moment, he was soon able to report that the symbols were true—er—mystically. If a man—and this was the point—did not stand by *these* symbols, by which could he stand? Tell him that! Symbols were necessary. But what symbols were there in a mere Humanitarianism; a mere vague following of one's own dignity and honor, out of a formless love of the world? How put up a religion of amorphous and unrewarded chivalry and devotion, how put up a blind love of Mystery, in place of a religion of definite crowns and punishments, how substitute a love of mere abstract Goodness, or Beauty, for love of what could be called by a Christian name? Human nature being what it was—it would not do, it absolutely would not do. Though he was fond of the words Mystery, Mystical, he had emphatically no use for them when they were vaguely used by people to express their perpetual (and quite unmoral) reverence for the feeling that they would never find out the secret of their own existence, never even understand the nature of the Universe or God. Mystery of all that kind seemed to him very pagan, almost Nature-worship, having no finality. And if confronted by some one who said he believed in a Mystery, which *if* it could be understood would naturally not be a Mystery, he would raise his eyebrows. It was that kind of loose, specious, sentimental talk that did so much harm, and drew people away from right understanding of that Great Mystery which, if it was not understood and properly explained, was, for all practical purposes, not a Great Mystery at all. No, it had all been gone into long ago, and he stood by the explanations and intended that every one else should, for in that way alone men were saved; and though he well knew (for he was no Jesuit) that the end did not justify the means, yet in a matter of such all-importance one stopped to consider neither means nor ends—one just saved people. And as for truth—the question of that did not arise, if one believed. What one believed, what one was told to believe, *was* the truth; and it was no good telling him that the whole range of a man's feeling and reasoning powers must be exercised to ascertain Truth, and that, when ascertained, it would only be relative Truth, and the best available to that particular man. Nothing short of the absolute truth would be put up with, and that guaranteed fixed and immovable, or it was no good for his purpose. To any one who threw out doubts here and doubts there, and even worse than doubts, he had long formed the habit of saying simply, with a smile that he tried hard to make indulgent: "Of course, if you believe *that!*—"

BUT he very seldom had to argue on these matters, because people, looking at his face with its upright bone formation, rather bushy eyebrows, and eyes with a good deal of light in them, felt that it would be simpler not. He seemed to them to know his own mind almost too well. Joined to this potent faculty of implanting in men a childlike trustfulness in what he told them was behind the door, he had a still more potent faculty of knowing exactly what was good for them in everyday life. The secret of this power was simple. He did not recognize the existence of what moderns and so-called "artists" dubbed "temperament." All talk of that sort was bosh, and generally immoral bosh—for all moral purposes people really had but one temperament, and that was, of course, just like his own. And no one knew better than he what was good for it. He was perfectly willing to recognize the principle of individual treatment for individual cases; but it did not do, in practice, he maintained, to vary that treatment. This instinctive wisdom made him invaluable in all those departments of life where discipline and the dispensation of an even justice were important. To adapt men to the Moral Law was—he thought—perhaps the first

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"Judges, of course, give expression, not to what they feel themselves, but to what they imagine the State feels"

duty of a—philosopher, especially in days when there was perceptible a distinct but regrettable tendency to try and adapt the Moral Law to the needs—as they were glibly called—of men. There was, perhaps, in him something of the pedagogue, and when he met a person who disagreed with him, his eyes would shift a bit to the right, and a bit to the left, then become firmly fixed upon that person from under brows rather drawn down; and his hand, large and strong, would move fingers, as if more and more tightly grasping a cane, birch, or other wholesome instrument. He loved his fellow-creatures so that he could not bear to see them going to destruction for want of a timely flogging to salvation.

He was one of those who never felt the need for personal experience of a phase of life, or line of conduct, before giving judgment on it; indeed, he gravely distrusted personal experience. He had opposed, for instance, all relief for the unhappily married long before he left the single state; and when he did leave it, would not admit for a moment that his own happiness was at all responsible for the confirmation of his view that no relief was possible. Hard cases made bad law! But he did not require to base his opinion upon that. He said simply that he had been told there was to be no relief—it was enough. His was a virile intellect.

THE saying "To understand all is to forgive all" left him cold. It was, as he well knew, quite impossible to identify himself with such conditions as produced poverty, disease, and crime, even if he wished to do so (which he sometimes doubted). He knew better, therefore, than to waste his time attempting the impossible, and pinned his faith to an instinctive knowledge of how to deal with all such social ills. A contented spirit for poverty, for disease isolation, and for crime such punishment as would at once deter others, reform the criminal, and convince every one that Law must be avenged and the Social Conscience appeased. On this point of revenge he was very strong. No vulgar personal feeling of vindictiveness, of course, but a strong State-feeling of "an eye for an eye." It was the only taint of Socialism that he permitted himself. Loose thinkers he

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knew dared to advance the doubt whether a desire for retribution or revenge was not a purely human or individual feeling like hate, love, and jealousy, and that to talk of satisfying such a feeling in the collected bosom of the State was either to talk nonsense—How could a State have a bosom?—or to cause the bosoms of the human individuals who administered the justice of the State to feel that each one of them was itself that Stately bosom, and entitled to be revengeful. "Oh! no!" he would answer to such loose-thinking persons; "Judges of course give expression, not to what they feel themselves, but to what they imagine the State feels." He himself, for example, was perfectly able to imagine which crimes were those that inspired in the bosom of the State a particular abhorrence, a particular desire to be avenged—blackmail, burglary, assaults upon children, and living on the earnings of immoral women; he was certain that the State regarded all these with peculiar detestation, for he had a peculiar detestation of them himself; and if he were a Judge, he would never for a moment hesitate to visit on the perpetrators of such vile crimes the utmost vengeance of the Law. He was no loose thinker. In times bedridden with loose thinking and sickly sentiment he often felt terribly the value of his own philosophy, and was afraid that it was in danger; but not many other people held that view, discerning his finger still very large in every pie—so much so that there often seemed less pie than finger.

It would have shocked him much to realize that he could be considered a fit subject for a study of extravagance; fortunately he had not the power of seeing himself as others saw him, nor was there any danger that he ever would.

A Sermon in One Man

By MARY AUSTIN

TO stand in a summer-stifled, man-smelling city street and to feel suddenly a fresh salt wind from the far-off pastures of the sea—this is the sensation when one comes, in the ruck of modern novels, upon a new book by Joseph Conrad. And this is not absolutely because Mr. Conrad's novels deal with the life of the sea and have great open, heaven-blue spaces for their backgrounds, but because the winds which fill the sails of his literary ventures blow straight off all the human verities. That is why in the flood of "problem novels" poured out on the English-speaking, "Youth," "Lord Jim," and all the other "Children of the Sea" are the only really notable attempt of our time to solve the great problem of the human heart. At every port at which his imagination puts in, one feels a sense of the continuity of human experience running freely through Conrad's tales as runs the sea about its thousand shores.

For Mr. Conrad has nothing whatever to say to the special little tangle of today; his are "problem" novels only in the sense that "Hamlet" is the greatest problem play of four centuries. He deals everywhere with the struggle of man with his environment and the forces within himself. At no point has he committed himself to a social philosophy such as we associate with the names of Wells and Galsworthy and other of his contemporaries. All of his literary aptitudes, as fine and keen as a surgeon's kit, are arrayed to show you man as he appears on the seas and in the islands of the sea. Mr. Conrad's method has so little of egotism in it, that you wonder if he is aware of how completely he has demonstrated that the assault which man's environment makes upon his spirit derives its only sanction from the man's own soul. It is not the superiority of his moral scheme, but Conrad's superior artistry, which enables him to discard all modern extenuation and deal with character as simply as the Greeks did, as a struggle between man and the gods.

In his new book "Chance" we are made to see afresh the insulating power of character in Mr. Conrad's delineation of the ruined financier, De Barral. In the hands of any other of his fellow novelists, De Barral would have appeared the overgrown product of an iniquitous "system" riding on the necks of the virtuous poor. Here he is shown far more convincingly as a man of a little cheap cunning and otherwise a good deal of a fool.

Mr. Conrad never makes a moral point; he leaves you free to make it yourself and if you do finally come to the conclusion that most iniquity is of itself a monstrous folly, you have all the sense of having derived this freshly from life. The same fine restraint is discernible in the handling of Mrs. Fryne and the tormented Flora. You never think in reading Conrad, as you might with Balzac, for instance, "Here is a man who knows a lot about women." But when all is done, there is the woman alive and walking about in your memory as some one you might have known.

The new story is developed in the same manner as "Lord Jim," filtered through the personality of Marlow, the retired Ships Captain, a manner which perhaps appeals to Mr. Conrad because of its being the veridical way in which stories do come to us, a little from this angle, a little from that, heightened in effect by the personal values of the narrator. It is, perhaps, because Mr. Conrad is so rich in personality himself that he has acquired such a fine taste in individual flavors.

THIS was the first impression he made on me when I went down to find him in his English country home three years ago. It stood out all the more vividly for the unmistakable traces of the illness from which he was just recovering. Here was a man who convinced you at the instant of contact, that sickness and misfortune and even death itself are very trumpery devices to be employed against the invincible human spark. And the next was that the man was inescapably a romanticist. He was one to whom Life had chosen to reveal herself in that guise. To begin with, there was the figure of the man himself, the thin frame, the long face with its dark, burning eyes, the preternaturally long hands, white and nervous, plucking at his beard. Behind him there was the dramatic heritage of exile, his unpronounceable Polish name, his strange calling to the sea and his youthful passion for the tongue (not the one he was born to) which his writing has so enriched.

I hadn't, however, dropped in on him without some preliminaries. There had been letters, an exchange of books, "the first voice out of America" he had called my earlier appreciations. "I stand on the shore and make my shout" he had written, and up to the time of my first letter, nothing had come out of the dark. Yet in spite of assurances that he would receive me, my sense of his distinction among all men of his craft was so great, that at the last I was afraid, and sent the boldest of our party on ahead to prepare the way for me. We had motored down from London that morning through the unending green of English turf and the rolling lands of Kent. The house at which he was staying while "Capel House," his present home, was being prepared for him, was one of those quaint old English farm buildings of which the lower floor has been used as a storehouse, with living rooms above. As I climbed up the unlighted stairway to his study with all the evidences of unremitting work lying about, with all the evidences, too, of the struggle that great genius must always make before it comes into its own, I was struck anew with the pitiful insufficiency of our means of expressing the difference in human values. I could see that the world had said too little where I was afraid of saying too much.

HE was already at work on a new book, though evidently not fit for it. "There is so much to do," he smiled, "and so few years left." Mr. Conrad did not begin his literary work until he had already lived one full life at sea.

New recognitions were coming now from America, he said, and he was greatly cheered by them. But "work, work!"—that was the sum of all his counsel to me; it was the expression of his most personal conviction—"do the best book you can and then do another one." It was pure creative energy that burned in him, untroubled by any "message" or any "isms." Life as he saw it was its own message. He had a very simple faith; I suspected him of being a man who read his prayer book regularly. I tried to discover if his neglect of the modern element of the Crowd was due to his never having had in his sea life an opportunity to study crowds, or because he found them relatively unimportant. "A ship's crew is a crowd," he insisted. There is a sentence something like that in the new novel "Chance:" "Two men—or three—can behave like a crowd."

Then I remembered "The Children of the Sea" which I had first known under its original name "The Nigger of the Narcissus," and I realized that there is little Joseph Conrad does not know about the reactions of men upon one another enclosed in a common employment, a ship or a factory. It would be strange if this lonely soul, working in his somewhat restricted medium of seafaring life, had stumbled on the solution that our sociological novelists grope for in vain. He finds it in the secret recesses of a man's soul, in character rather than in systems. That is one of the things that makes a new book by Conrad an event. Mr. Conrad does not preach a sociological sermon; he tells a good story. What, after all, if the good story *is* the solution and the sermon in one—man, by virtue of what is in him, triumphant over his environment. That at the least is the way Captain Anthony triumphs, by something in him as necessary to manhood as salt is or bread to life.

"Chance" by JOSEPH CONRAD; Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

The Man Who Talks to Himself Has a Fool for His Audience

"I OFTEN talk to myself," says Mr. G. K. Chesterton, speaking in defense of the stage soliloquy. "If a man does not talk to himself it is because he is not worth talking to."

The deduction is obvious, but it is based upon false premises. If Mr. Chesterton is worth talking to, it is certainly not because he talks to himself. It is impossible to imagine a more foolish waste of energy than that expended in talking to one's self. The man who talks to himself is twice damned (as a fool). First, for wasting speech on an auditor who knows in advance every word he will utter. Second, for listening to a speaker whose every word he can foretell before it is uttered.



G. K. C. as Weber and Fields

Mr. Chesterton's argument, failing as it does to prove that he is worth talking to, is still less happy as a defense of the stage soliloquy.

A character in a play talks to himself not, as Mr. Chesterton would have us believe, because he is worth talking to, but to enlighten the audience on points which the inexpert playwright has otherwise failed to make plain.

The stage soliloquy is only permissible as an indication of the character of one who talks to himself in real life. For instance, if I wished to dramatize G. K. Chesterton, since he often talks to himself, I should have him soliloquize upon the stage. I might make it a double part with two Mr. Chestertons dressed as the two Dromios or as Weber and Fields. As a stage device the soliloquy is only a confession of weakness on the part of the playwright. It has been justly condemned to oblivion.



G. K. C. as the two Dromios

Its only hope for a stay of judgment is to retain (at great expense) Mr. Root or Mr. Choate to argue that since it is established by long precedent that the "fourth wall" of a stage interior shall be removed in order that the audience may view the actions of the players, it is therefore permissible to remove the "fourth wall" of the players' heads so that the audience may view the action of their brains.

And Mr. Root and Mr. Choate would probably "get away with it."

Social Precedence in Pittsburgh

PITTSBURGH, Pa., April 2.—At the Mercy Hospital here two Pekingese poodles valued at $1,000 each, and seven members of prominent families of this city are under Pasteur treatment as a result of the dogs running wild and biting the patients last Tuesday evening.



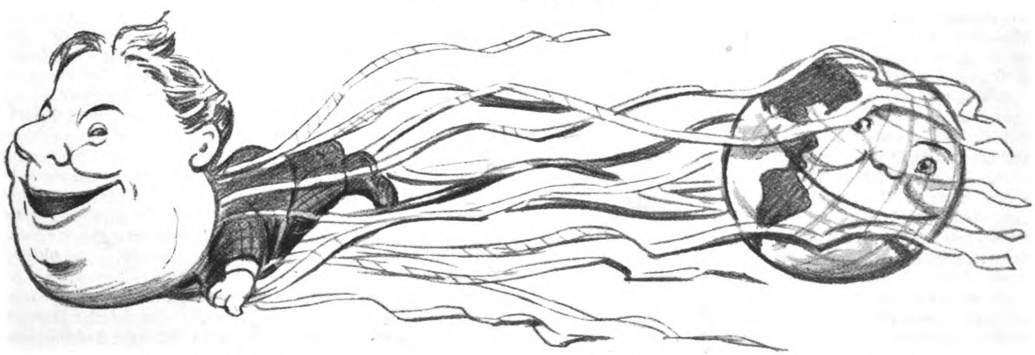
Apropos of Nothing

It is not fair to visit all
The blame on Eve, for Adam's fall;
The most Eve did was to display
Contributory negligé

With the Comets

(Movie-Stars)

II—JOHN BUNNY



The Filmy Phantom of his mirth
Has wreathed a smile around the earth,
Until we wonder which is greater—
John Bunny's smile, or the equator.

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The Production of Genius

By HAVELOCK ELLIS

THE average man's chance of having a child who is a genius is very small, but most people hope to have children of ability. It is possible to find out what has been the age, occupation, and mode of life of the fathers and mothers of most of the distinguished men in the world's history. Havelock Ellis here gives a brief summary of these studies

THE growing interest in eugenics, and the world-wide decline in the birth-rate, have drawn attention to the study of the factors which determine the production of genius in particular and high ability in general. The interest in this question, thus freshly revived, is not indeed new. It is nearly half a century since Galton wrote his famous book on the heredity of genius, or, as he might better have described the object of his investigation, the heredity of ability. At a later date, my own *Study of British Genius* collectively summarized all the biological data available concerning the parentage and birth of the most notable persons born in England; while numerous other studies might also be named.

Such investigations are today acquiring a fresh importance, because, while it is becoming realized that we are gaining a new control over the conditions of birth, the production of children itself has gained in importance. The world is no longer bombarded by an exuberant stream of babies, good, bad, and indifferent in quality, with Mankind to look on calmly at the struggle for existence among them. Whether we like it or not, the quantity is relatively diminishing, and the question of quality is beginning to assume a supreme significance. What are the conditions which assure the finest quality in our children?

A German scientist, Dr. Vaerting of Berlin, has lately published a little book on the most favorable age in parents for the production of children of ability (*Das Güngstigste elterliche Zeugungsalter*). He approaches the question entirely in this new spirit, not as a merely academic topic of discussion, but as a practical matter of vital importance to the welfare of society.

The most easily ascertainable and measurable factor in the production of ability, and certainly a factor which cannot be without significance, is the age of the parents at the child's birth. It is this factor with which Vaerting is mainly concerned, as illustrated by over one hundred German men of genius concerning whom he has been able to obtain the required data. Later on, he proposes to extend the inquiry to other nations.

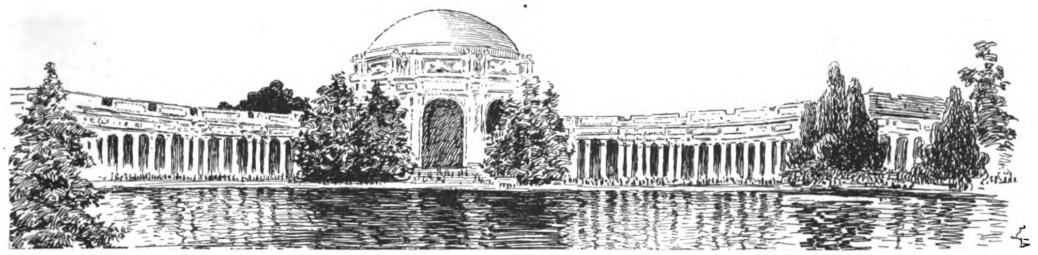
Vaerting finds—and this is probably the most original though, as we shall see, not the most unquestionable of his findings—that the fathers who are themselves of no notable intellectual distinction have a decidedly more prolonged power of procreating distinguished children than is possessed by distinguished fathers. The former, that is to say, may become the fathers of eminent children up to the age of forty-three or beyond. When, however, the father is himself of high intellectual distinction Vaerting finds that he was nearly always under thirty, and usually under twenty-five years of age at his distinguished son's birth, although the proportion of youthful fathers in the general population is relatively small. The eleven youngest fathers on Vaerting's list, from twenty-one to twenty-five years of age, were (with one exception) themselves more or less distinguished, while the fifteen oldest, from thirty-nine to sixty years of age, were all, without exception, undistinguished. The elderly fathers belonged to large cities and were mostly married to wives very much younger than themselves. Vaerting notes that the most eminent geniuses have most frequently been the sons of fathers who were not engaged in intellectual avocations at all, but earned their livings as simple craftsmen. He draws the conclusion from these data that strenuous intellectual energy is much more unfavorable than hard physical labor to the production of ability in the offspring. Intellectual workers, therefore, he argues, must have their children when young, and we must so modify our social ideals and economic conditions as to render this possible. That the mother should be equally young is not, he holds, necessary; he finds some superiority, indeed, provided the father is young, in somewhat elderly mothers, and there were no mothers under twenty-three. The rarity of genius among the offspring of distinguished parents is attributed to the unfortunate tendency to marry too late, and Vaerting finds that the distinguished men who marry late rarely have any children at all. Speaking generally, and apart from the production of genius, he holds that women have children too early, before their psychic development is completed, while men have children too late, when they have already, "in the years of their highest psychic generative fitness, planted their most precious seed in the mud of the street."

THE eldest child was found to have by far the best chance of turning out distinguished, and in this fact Vaerting finds further proof of his argument. The third son has the next best chance, and then the second, the comparatively bad position of the second being attributed to the too brief interval which often follows the birth of the first child. He also notes that, of all the professions, the clergy come beyond comparison first as the parents of distinguished sons (who are, however, rarely of the highest degree of eminence), lawyers following, while officers in the army, and physicians, scarcely figure at all. Vaerting is inclined to see in this order, especially in the predominance of the clergy, the favorable influence of an unexhausted reserve of energy, and a habit of chastity, on intellectual procreativeness. This is one of his main conclusions.

My results, like Dr. Vaerting's, show a special tendency for genius to appear in the eldest child, but there is no indication of notably early marriage in the parents. The most frequent age of the father was thirty-two years, but the average age of the father, at the distinguished child's birth, was 36.6 years, and when the fathers were themselves distinguished their age was not, as Vaerting found in Germany, notably low at the birth of their distinguished sons, but higher than the general average, being 37.5 years. I made some attempt to ascertain whether different kinds of genius tend to be produced by fathers who were at different periods of life. I refrained from publishing the results as I doubted whether the numbers dealt with were sufficiently large to carry any weight. I made four classes of men of genius: First, Men of Religion; second, Poets; third, Practical Men, and fourth, Scientific Men and Sceptics. The average age of the fathers at the distinguished son's birth was, in the first group, 35 years, in the second and third groups 37 years, and in the last group 40 years. (It may be noted, however, that the youngest father of all in the history of British genius, aged sixteen, produced Napier who introduced logarithms.) It is difficult not to believe that as regards, at all events, the two most discrepant groups, the first and last, we here come on a significant indication. It is not unreasonable to suppose that in the production of men of religion, in whose activity emotion is so potent a factor, the youthful age of the father should prove favorable, while for the production of genius of a more coldly intellectual and analytic type more elderly fathers are demanded. If that should prove to be so, it would become a source of happiness to religious parents to have their children early; and *vice versa*. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the age of the mothers is probably quite as influential as that of the fathers. Concerning the mothers, we always have less precise information. My records, so far as they go, agree with Vaerting's for German genius, in indicating that an elderly mother is more likely to produce a child of genius than a very youthful mother. There were only fifteen mothers recorded under twenty-five years of age, while thirteen were over thirty-nine years; the most frequent age of the mothers was twenty-seven. On all these points we need controlling evidence from other countries.

Vaerting, who is alive to the practical character which such problems are today assuming, realizes how inadequate it is to confine our study to genius. Marro, in his valuable book on puberty, some years ago brought forward interesting data showing the result of the age of parentage on the moral and intellectual characters of school-children. But we need to have such inquiries made on a more wholesale and systematic scale. Vaerting proposes that it should be the business of all school authorities to register the ages of the pupils' parents. This is scarcely a provision to which even the most susceptible parent could reasonably object, though there is no cause to make the declaration compulsory where a "conscientious" objection existed, and in any case the declaration would not be public. We should be, once for all, in a position to determine authoritatively the exact bearing of one of the simplest and most vital factors of the betterment of the race. We should be in possession of a new clue to guide us in the creation of the man of the coming world. Why not begin today?

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A Drama Display

By H. O. STECHHAN

LITERATURE and art and architecture have all had their chance at the world's fairs of the past. Why should drama be left out? An interesting exhibition at the Panama Pacific Exposition would be an exhibit of the work done in dramatic art of the last decade

A DRAMA DISPLAY is one of the novel innovations that has been suggested to the directors of the exposition to be held in San Francisco in 1915, to celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal. Fair after fair has had its machinery hall, fine arts pavilion and the numerous other special buildings in which were exhibited proof of the onward march of man and the relics of what has been before. In most essentials, all the big expositions resemble each other. As in the case of circuses, if you have ever seen one, you've seen them all.

And it is much the same way with the so-called world's fairs, largely because their organizers and managers persist in keeping to the same general program that was laid out for the first international exposition, many years ago, instead of striking out boldly along original lines. While their primary purpose is to show what progress has been made in various human activities, the expositions themselves do not seem to have progressed very much. True, they have grown steadily in magnitude and expenditure but show little advance in novelty and invention. Before passing through the gates, you know you are going to see a lot of buildings devoted to manufactures, transportation, agriculture, fisheries, etc.

With no intention to detract from or to minimize any of the foregoing departments, it has always seemed to me that one of the most interesting of all human activities is that which has grown up around the Drama; or should we call it the Stage? And from the widespread interest generally taken in matters pertaining to the theater, it is remarkable that this activity has been completely overlooked at all past world's fairs, aside from the meager exhibits made under the group head of "theatrical appliances and equipment."

The first person to whom I suggested the matter of a Drama Display wanted to know what there was in the realm of the theater that could be displayed interestingly at a world's fair. This seeming far-fetchedness of the proposal is probably one of the main reasons why it has never occurred to exposition directors before; or if it has, why the thought has not been made a reality. It is like the question that was raised several years ago about the advertising business, when some one suggested that it ought to be advertised. "How can you advertise advertising?" was asked; and so it seems to be a natural query as to how you are going to make a display of that activity which is itself largely one of display.

Yet an instant's reflection only is needed to recall that the Drama has so many different aspects that a department devoted to it could be crowded with all sorts of interesting exhibits. It could be treated architecturally, historically, commercially, from the standpoint of its literature, its art, its personnel, its mechanics, etc. In fact, there is an infinite fund to draw from, considering its past and present, to say nothing of the future, of this great factor in the amusement and education of the people.

For the beginnings of Drama, it is necessary to go back, almost to the very beginning of recorded history. And ever since that beginning, there has been a steady evolution in the development of the theater, the art of acting and dramatic literature. In this light, no extended argument should be necessary to demonstrate that the Drama, as an activity, constitutes a subject worthy of recognition at all world's fairs. With this admission, it is to be regretted that past expositions have overlooked it and no chance should be let slip that future fairs do it justice.

GRADUALLY but surely, the Drama has come to touch every phase of our many-sided lives, for which reason it is really the most plastic of all the arts. Almost every one is interested in attending some form of stage production — the so-called legitimate, operatic, vaudeville and moving picture entertainments. Millions of people frequent the world's playhouses annually; and it has become a byword that hundreds of thousands aspire to become playwrights. The public libraries and the publishers testify that the demand for dramatic literature is steadily growing. The capital invested in the theatrical industry, if it may be so-called, far exceeds that of Standard Oil, if statisticians are to be trusted. These are but a few of the more obvious reasons for believing that there would be widespread interest in a comprehensive Drama Display.

From an architectural standpoint, the exhibit would properly include models and other representations of the famous theaters of the world, ancient, medieval and modern. No doubt arrangements could be made with Professor Matthews of Columbia University to borrow his collection of models, illustrating the evolution and development in theatrical construction. In this connection would come also the exhibits of mechanical progress made in scenery and staging, such as the latest English and German lighting methods, the revolving stage and other innovations.

THE exhibit relating to the history of the Drama could be made equally wonderful. Beginning with the choric dances in honor of Dionysius, the development of the Drama could be traced by means of books, pictures and other relics through ancient Greece and Rome to Western Europe. Then, step by step, its transition to the miracle play, its assumption of new forms under the renaissance and the gradual evolution into the modern Drama could be shown entertainingly. The state of the actor, from the old Roman slave who acted for his master's financial benefit down to the artists of today, might also be portrayed.

The Drama Display would also embody rightfully a comprehensive collection of dramatic literature, making careful selections from among the hundreds of noted writers on the subject, from Aristotle down to the present time. The nations of Europe could be induced to lend relics and exhibits of their famous dramatists such as Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, Schiller, Voltaire, Ibsen and many others. Not the least interesting feature would be a collection of portraits of famous playwrights and players, past and present, of all countries.

Naturally the Drama Display should be kept out of the hands of modern theatrical commercialism, to the end that it would be truly representative and catholic. However, arrangements could be made to give the professional managers, as a part of the display, opportunity to show their wares. The commercial interests of the prominent producers native and foreign as well as the leading writers for and of the stage, supplemented by their public spirit and patriotic desire to see all that pertains to the Drama creditably represented at a great universal exposition, would probably induce them to cooperate in such a display.

If possible, the Drama Display should be housed in a building of its own, of ample proportions and in keeping with the dignity of this cultural activity. Herein, a full-sized, modern theater of the latest and most approved type might be

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provided, where an all-star stock company could be housed during the exposition. Notable players from all parts of the world might be invited to appear here, supported by the resident stock company, in the revival of historic and epoch-making plays.

Then, too, a play competition might be held—inviting the playwrights of the world, known and unknown, to participate, like the *Saengerkrieg* of old—with performances of the successful *Festspiel*.

Professor George Pierce Baker of Harvard, who is doing such valiant service for the cause of the drama in our country, is an enthusiastic champion of the proposed Drama Display and declares that it should be made an integral part of the exposition, by all means. In selecting a man to organize this new department, the San Francisco exposition managers would be hard pressed to find any one better qualified for the work than Professor Baker. Madame Sarah Bernhardt, while in San Francisco last winter, warmly commended the proposal and said she would cross the Atlantic in 1915 just to see the Drama Display, because she felt sure it would be well worth going any distance to inspect and study, for the professional as well as the layman. All things considered, it seems odd that, at the dozen important international expositions held in the last fifty or sixty years, no department has ever been organized for a comprehensive display of the Drama in its larger aspects. From this brief outline, it can be seen that there is subject matter enough to make a live show. And it will be singularly appropriate for San Francisco to add this innovation to future programs, since the Golden Gate has always been noted as a patron of Thalia, Thespis and Melpomene.

The Land of the Giants

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE land of the giants is an old and dark and cold land.
Aye, still it frowns around us, as of old we read and knew.
'Tis a cruel Do-your-worst and a gloating All-for-Gold land,
Far truer than the fairy-tales. Would God it were not true!

The land of the giants! Like a thunder-cloud it cumbers
The skies of song and dream; and afar its shadow falls;
And still we hear the breathing of the giants in their slumbers
As they loom on high above us. Yet a song my heart recalls

Saith: "*Louder still and shriller whistled Jack the giant-killer,*
With his darning-needle sword flashing dauntless as it whirled.
And he strode with defiance through the land of the giants,
His heart aflame with valor for the righting of the world."

'Twas a day gray as this when he balanced on the beanstalk
And climbed to their kingdom through the mirk that hangs abhorred
Like a shroud above our cities, like a pall of heavy pities,
And he'd just his heart for buckler, and a darning-needle sword.

Though that land than death was stiller, whistled Jack the giant-killer,
"I've a charm for all harm! I am little, but I'm bold!"
So he mustered self-reliance, in the land of the giants,
And he marched on their mountains with a shrug against the cold.

The land of the giants! In their valley lay they sleeping,
Supine colossal shadows; and the bones of men of might,—
Of sages, and reformers, and of champions, were heaping
The ruined waste around them, thickly strewn and ghastly white.

The hills behind were covered with their castles' walls and towers
That crouched like shackled gryphons in the yellow-vapored gloom;
And a bell among the mountains dinged and donged the dragon hours
With a deep sonorous clangor like the tocsin-bell of doom.

The darning-needle sword caught a shaft of light, and glinted
Like love beneath oppression, as our Jack, with catlike tread
Came swiftly round the rocks 'mid the sleepers; and he squinted
With watchful, narrowed eyes at each huge and snoring head.

Then he pricked, now here, now there. Then he leaped. The giants blundered
With bellowing to their feet. Loud they questioned each of each.
Then they grappled each the other, and their fighting roared and thundered,
Reëchoing to the mountains; Jack just dancing out of reach!

So—ah, the tale is old!—as they roared and raged and rumbled,
Jack's sword-pricks still beset them; till, with sudden earthquake sound,
At last in mortal agony each monstrous giant tumbled
Disastrous from the heavens, and lay gasping on the ground!

And far away the mountain bell went tolling their disaster,
While Jack just wiped his darning-needle sword, and winked an eye.
"Ha! ha!" he said. "Ho! ho!" he said. "The little man's your master!
You only had to meet with me to know the reason why!"

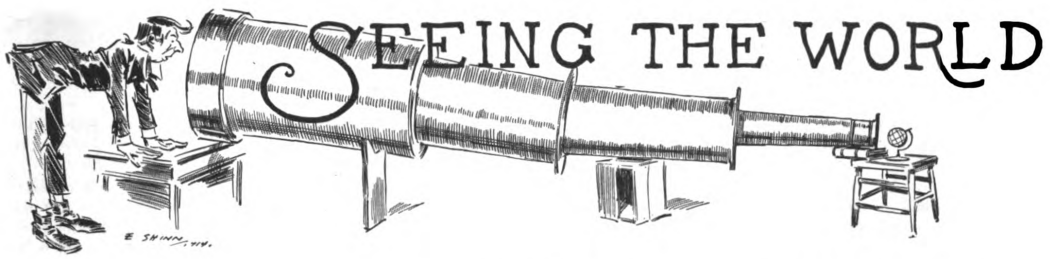
And louder yet, and shriller, whistled Jack the giant-killer,
And sheathed his sword, and faced about, and marched him back again,
With a strut of proud defiance, through the land of the giants.
And he left their heavy corpses lying prone upon the plain!

. . . . . .

When too high seems the sky, and God's justice long withholden;
When too dark seems the night, and the day too gross with pride;
When the hulking giants loom o'er our world as in the olden
Days of fairy-legends—may Jack Dauntless be our guide!

For: "*Louder still and shriller whistled Jack the giant-killer,*
With his darning-needle sword waving dauntlessly before.
And he strode with defiance through the land of the giants;
In his might he laid about him; and—the giants were no more!

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Accuracy

We wish to make a correction in one of the Defiance items in regard to the dance at Mr. Burr's. It was not a dance; it was a party.

—Guy Cor., Rosenberg (Texas) *News Herald*

Health Note

Miss Bertie Glasco has been on the puny list.

—Brushyknob (Mo.) *World's Cresset*

Music Hath Charms

WANTED—A steady, respectable young man to look after garden and care for cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in choir.

—Adv. in New Franklin (N. Y.) *News*

In the Spring

Mr. Rudolph Meyer made a pleasant call at the home of Miss Annie Zemmanek and had a delightful buggy ride.

Mr. Anton Sitta took Miss Tommie Kuteg to the band practice to his brother-in-law, Joe Kouar.

Mr. J. H. Walcik and Miss Filemina Sitta are getting along nicely.

Mr. Ferdinand Cloudt and Mr. Willie attended the dance last Sunday night at Mrs. Jannie Kanak and heard they enjoyed it well and caught themselves nice sweethearts.

Mr. Chas. Luchma visited Miss Ada Cloudt last Sunday night.

Mr. Joe Horak tooked Miss Emma Bassak to the band practice to Mr. Joe Mikeska, Sr.

Mr. Kocourek came to see Miss Emma Kalar last Tuesday.

Mr. Frank Gretchel went to see Miss Emma Shrader Wednesday evening.

—Guy Cor., Rosenberg (Tex.) *News Herald*

Secret Service

A. W. Service, who is something of a fashion fan when it comes to the point of springing the season on headgear, is flashing a new beaver, which he claims is handworked, hot air proof and a perfectly good hat, suited quite to his quiet style of beauty, and the envy of the neighborhood, but he didn't give out any information where he got it.

—Pocatello (Idaho) *Tribune*

Reassuring the Shoppers

I understand it has been currently reported that I have the measles and that there is also danger of one catching mumps at my store. I wish to state there is not a word of truth in it. I had the measles twenty years ago and the mumps sixteen years ago.

I have paid out my money to advertise my big bargain sale, and I hope no one will be scared away from my store.

Come on. I assure you that there will be no one allowed to come to my store with either measles or mumps.

—J. E. Woods, Green Forest (Ark.) *Tribune*

More Signs of Spring



—Duluth (Minn.) *Herald*

Mr. Homecrofter is busy with his cellar gardening

Poetry and the Farm

Strange as it may seem farming has another than the poetical side. Among other things it is necessary to plow the ground each succeeding corn season in order to get the best results. That isn't essentially a merry, merry job though it approximates merriment nowadays much more than it did 40 years ago when a 12-inch plow and a pair of 1,000-pound horses and a miserable youth constituted the outfit. Fixing a fence on a rainy day with a spade, a maul and a dozen wet and dirty posts in a wagon box isn't a wildly hilarious employment. And there are other things that would detract from the poetic conception of farming as one long sweet song if the poetically inclined were exercising his body instead of his imagination down on the farm.

—Marshalltown (Iowa) *Times*

An Inflated Circulation

It may be flattering to the management of the *Herald-Democrat*, but it is sometimes embarrassing to them and aggravating to the subscriber, when the paper is stolen from the door by some appreciative thief. To the thief we would suggest that a careful perusal of the ten commandments would be of more benefit than reading a stolen copy of the *Herald-Democrat*.

—Leadville (Colo.) *Herald-Democrat*

A Good-Natured Spy

Not long since in this village a young man of rather muscular development was seen with two heads on his shoulders. Both heads were fully developed, with rather handsome features, one with golden hair and the other with light blond. The young man is not a freak as might be supposed. The other head was the property of his sweetheart and would not have appeared in such a deformed position had it not been for the young lady's neglect to lower the window shades. We wouldn't mention any names and our reason for mentioning the incident is as a warning to other young people.

—Polk Co. (Wis.) *Ledger*

His Own Medicine

An even dozen new names added to our list in the last few days. Keep a-coming, we have room for more, and can use the money from new as well as old subscribers. The typesetter made a bad mistake last week in leaving out an s. The article read that we need money to buy food and clothing for the kid, it should have read kids, we have six of them going to school and one working every day. It costs something these days to feed a healthy family of nine and one hired man.

—Dannebrog (Neb.) *News*

Counter Attractions

The regular Thursday evening prayer meeting was omitted last week. Mrs. Nason entertained at bridge Thursday evening.

—Mercyville (Iowa) *Banner*

False Modesty

Some men go banging down the street with their muffler cut out, and yet kick at the publicity when you put their names in the paper. —Yazoo (Miss.) *Sentinel*

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Baseball Notes

By BILLY EVANS

A Minor League Club in a Major League City

A NEW venture in baseball this year, which will be watched with great interest, will be the playing of so-called minor league ball in a major league city. Wise baseball men have always insisted that any such venture would result in a flat failure. Charles W. Somers, owner of the Cleveland club in the American League, and what was formerly the Toledo club in the American Association, is of a different opinion. Mr. Somers is the gentleman who was such a power to the American League when it locked horns with the Nationals years ago. His gameness and willingness to take a long chance were asserted many a time in that campaign. He is now taking another chance which baseball men insist won't go through.

Cleveland is to have continuous baseball this year. This has been made possible by the transfer of the Toledo franchise of the American Association. Perhaps the main reason for such a change was to make the chances of the Federal League that much harder, if it decided to invade Cleveland territory. There is no doubt that this move kept the Federals from placing a club in Cleveland. For some time such a move had been aired in the papers, but it was always ridiculed, on the ground that Mr. Somers had too much money invested in his Toledo park, which is one of the finest minor league plants in the country. Recently I discussed the subject with Mr. Somers, and to me his views were logical and interesting.

"A few years ago Toledo finished second in the American Association race," said Mr. Somers. "I lost money that year. Nine thousand people saw the opening game. It looked like a big season. Eighty-one more games were played at home, yet the attendance was only 102,000 for the entire year, which means we averaged only about 1200 people a game with a team that always had a chance to win the pennant. Late in the year, in the series with Columbus, which decided the holder of second place, just 1100 people saw a double-header. It must be remembered also that Columbus and Toledo are supposed to be bitter rivals in all things pertaining to athletics. Naturally that year was a big disappointment to me.

"In moving the team to Cleveland, I figured I would head off the Federals. I also figured the attendance could not be much worse than it had been at Toledo. In Cleveland I have a population of over 600,000 people to work on, while in Toledo not one-third that many people. I am not losing any money by quitting my Toledo park. My big park in Cleveland was idle just half the playing season. It is simply six of one and a half dozen of the other, instead. In truth I will make a little money on the move, since I have leased my park for a year to the Southern Michigan League. I realize baseball men insist I am making a move that all say will be a failure, but I can't find out definitely unless I take a chance. If Cleveland fans by their attendance show they like American Association baseball, which is mighty close to the brand played in the majors, then it wouldn't surprise me in the least if a lot of major league clubs followed my move."

Pitcher Seaton and Brooklyn

BROOKLYN is not liable to be a very nice place for pitcher Tom Seaton, if he should happen to have a bad year after all the fuss he has made over his transfer from the Chicago club. Seaton is such a high-class twirler, however, that he should be a big star in the Federal League, where he will not be forced to face the batting strength that he would be up against in the National.

Stealing Home

PERHAPS no play in baseball gives fandom a greater thrill than the attempt to steal home. A dash for second or third makes a mighty pretty play to watch, for it brings out many of the finer points of the game, but the steal of home is the big climax for it means a run or otherwise. I don't believe there is a more sensational way to win a ball game, unless it is for the batter to drive out a home run, especially if the bases are filled and four runs are needed to win.

In recent years the steal of home has often been spoiled by the catcher using his brains. In a pinch it is always possible for the backstop to spoil the play, if there is the slightest doubt in his mind as to whether or not he has a chance to retire the base runner. Such a play is made possible by interference on the part of the catcher with the batsman. The catcher is penalized to a certain extent for his action, but the penalty inflicted is not severe enough. As a matter of fact the team that should be benefited by the catcher's interference is handicapped to a certain extent.

The rules committee at its last session made a number of wise changes, but I have always regretted that no action was taken on plays in which catchers interfere with batsmen with men on third. Section 5 of Rule 53 says: "The batsman becomes a base runner if the catcher interfere with him or prevent him from striking at a pitched ball." Rule 54, section 2, regarding the advancing of base runners, says that when the batsman is granted first because of the catcher's interference, no bases shall be advanced unless made necessary to allow a base for the batsman. In other words there can be no advancing of runners unless forced.

Several times I have seen a runner on third pick the proper spot to steal home. In some cases it meant the ball game if successful. A brainy catcher can figure his chances correctly a majority of times. If he is in doubt all he needs to do to stop the play is to create an interference with the batsman. Under the rules the umpire must send the runner back and grant first base to the batter. I have always wished that the rule on this point read that runners always advance a base on such a play whether forced or not. If such was the case nothing could be gained by intentional interference.

When a Thrown Ball Hits the Umpire

THE person of the umpire is no longer sacred on the ball field. Not so many years ago when the ball came into contact with the umpire, it officially became dead, no bases could be advanced on a batted ball unless forced, while one base was granted on a thrown ball when the umpire was struck in foul territory. The rule governing a batted ball striking the umpire remains unchanged, the batter is granted first base, but the umpire and a thrown ball are now total strangers.

Up until a few years ago all base runners were allowed to advance a base when the umpire was struck by a thrown ball while standing in foul territory. If a pitched ball trickled through the catcher's hands, and just touched any part of the umpire or his clothing, it was compulsory that all runners advance a base. Several very important games were lost on this play, for with a runner on third, a short passed ball, on which the runner had no chance to score, touched the umpire, and gave the runner the right to score the winning run. It is hard to imagine a more unsatisfactory way to win an exciting contest. A change was made. It was agreed that on such plays the runner advanced at his peril, which was a very good interpretation. It is an improvement from every angle. It was an advance in the right direction. Last winter the rules committee went the reform of a few years ago one better. Now the ball is always in play when the umpire is hit by a thrown ball, whether he be in fair or foul territory.

While there has been considerable agitation for such a rule for years, a play that came up at the Polo Grounds last year was no doubt largely responsible for the change. In an American League game between Philadelphia and New York, Borton, then playing first base for New York, hit a ball over second, Collins made a wonderful stop, but being in no position to throw, scooped the ball to shortstop Barry, who made a hurried peg to first. It is doubtful if a perfect throw would have retired Borton. Barry's hurried throw was wild and struck umpire Dineen, who was standing a considerable distance from first, in the back. There was nothing for the umpire to do under the rules but to send Borton back to bat, although the crowd roared and the New York players kicked long and hard.

The rule covering the play made the ball dead the moment it struck the umpire, and made it compulsory that all base runners return to their original base and the batsman hit over. It was a bad rule. There was nothing to prevent a fielder from making the umpire the target for his throw, for he had everything to gain and nothing to lose in case his aim went wrong. Under the new ruling the ball is always in play. In the old days if a man was stealing and the catcher, in trying to throw the runner out, made a bad peg and hit the umpire, eight or ten feet from the base, the runner was sent back to first, which was a help to the team that should have been penalized. Under the new rule the runner can advance as far as possible. It was a much needed change.

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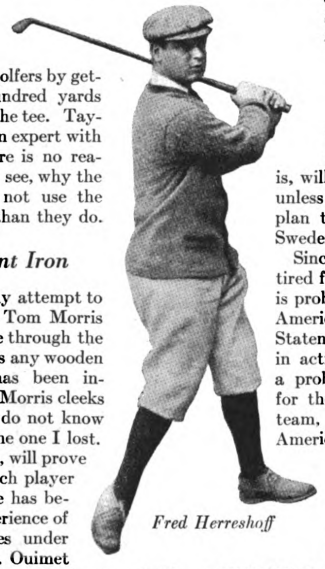
Sports

By HERBERT REED ("*Right Wing*")

FRANCIS OUIMET has been defeated on an English golf course, which was to be expected, but the early defeat on an inland links under great nervous strain does not necessarily mean that he will not be in top form when he appears at Sandwich. All the American golfers apparently made none too good a showing at Sunningdale. The fact that certain of the American entries "scratched" in the first big English tournament is significant. They have learned at last, apparently, that there is such a thing as being "overgolfed," and that it is quite worth while to shape their game for the one important event.

Faith in Travers

THERE can be no mistaking the fact that America's hope in the British championship is pinned to Jerome Travers, who has been criticized for a predilection toward the irons. The Sandwich course requires a deal of distance from the tee, and it is natural to expect an aspirant for the title to use the wood. It happens, however, that some of the best golfers in this or any other country—especially the professionals—get more execution out of the iron than the wooden clubs. The last time that Harry Vardon was in this country he startled the local golfers by getting fully two hundred yards with an iron from the tee. Taylor, too, has been an expert with the irons, and there is no reason, as far as I can see, why the amateurs should not use the irons much more than they do.



Fred Herreshoff

The Efficient Iron

WITHOUT any attempt to advertise, a Tom Morris cleek will carry one through the fair green as well as any wooden club that ever has been invented, and Tom Morris cleeks are so rare that I do not know where to replace the one I lost.

Travers, I think, will prove to be a better match player than Ouimet. He has behind him the experience of very hard matches under difficult conditions. Ouimet has made a better record, of course, in his one great match, but it is doubtful if new conditions do not worry him a trifle.

Now Travers is a keen student of golf, and is perhaps nearer to the professional standard than any other American amateur, with the possible exception of Walter Travis. Travers may not win, but it is certain that he will play a better game at Sandwich than any of the other American entries—if he is in form. It is possible that a man like Herreshoff, for instance, or even Lockwood, having a good day, will come through, but against such a man as the cold-blooded Hilton, Travers is the choice.

Jackson and the Olympics

ARNOLD N. S. JACKSON, captain of the English relay team, was, after all, something of a disappointment. He managed to defeat McCurdy in the last mile of the four-mile relay at Franklin Field, but he ran a badly judged race. Here is a man who is a natural distance runner, with a beautiful stride, and apparently everything but physical strength. He has had plenty of experience, and his victory in Sweden was one of judgment. Yet at Philadelphia, although he won, he ran a bad race.

McCurdy, the Pennsylvanian, has never in his life run a mile under 4 mins. 22 secs. There is nothing to McCurdy but courage. When Jackson took up the final relay, handicapped by twelve yards, he apparently made up his mind that he had the race in hand. He tried to take the lead in the first quarter, only to find that he was racing with one of those dogged runners who appear about once a decade. Jackson ran the sort of race that McCurdy wanted him to run. The Englishman took the outside of the track for the simple reason that the Pennsylvanian would not let him take the pole. The real rush for the finish began about a furlong from the tape, and the Oxonian, still on the outside, managed to get home in front in a plucky finish. He never broke the tape, but he crossed the line about six inches to the good. The English runner ran himself out, for he was not able to talk about the last mile until fully an hour after the race.

Depending Upon Kiviat

I DO not think that Jackson, good runner as he is, will be dangerous at Berlin, unless the American runners plan their race as they did in Sweden.

Since John Paul Jones has retired from the track Abel Kiviat is probably the fastest miler in America to-day, and since the Staten Islander is still in active service and a probable candidate for the next Olympic team, I think that America may look forward to the 1,500 metres with some degree of confidence.

The Quaker Crew

PENNSYLVANIA'S crew must not be judged by its preliminary races. The real test of the efficiency of Vivian Nickalls will come only at Poughkeepsie. Nickalls is building a four-mile, not a two-mile, crew. The Quaker eight will be the first four-mile crew that Nickalls has handled in this country. Nickalls will doubtless be a success in the popular sense, but only races will prove whether it is possible for English university men to turn out winning crews here. His early triumph over the Navy must hearten his men, for the course on the Severn is primarily a coxswain's course, and the Navy coxswain studies the currents as a part of his course in Annapolis. It might be a good plan to have the college coxswains' study of the river count toward their degrees.



Jerome Travers

A Bigger Relay Race

PENNSYLVANIA'S relay meet will be bigger than ever next year. Fifty-five events were run off this time, but another year there will be more, and the meet will be a two-day affair. Cambridge University has promised to send a team, and may even enter men in the special events.

Records Due from Drew

THERE seems to be no doubt that the next dash record will be made by Howard Drew, the negro sprinter from the University of Southern California. This man is a born runner, and the combination of experience and the California climate ought to produce 9 and 3-5 seconds for the short dash and 21 and 1-5 seconds or better for the furlong. Drew is still young and at the zenith of his power. His only danger lies in a possible tendency to overrate himself. It is rather hard to take not too seriously the adulation of the ardent followers of track athletics, who must have heroes. It is to Drew, I think, that we must look for new records in the two dashes, and it is upon Drew that we must put the burden of the sprinting in the next Olympic games.



"Chick" Evans

The Baseball "Atmosphere"

YALE'S baseball system apparently not always provides victory, good as it is. It did not do so last year in the final game of the season. It is also rather astonishing to find Princeton, where the baseball sentiment probably is stronger than in any other university, with the possible exception of Williams and Amherst, losing the early games. At Yale, under the régime of Quimby, and at Princeton, more time has been spent in building up an "atmosphere" than anywhere else. These two good systems may fail in a single year, but they will turn out capable teams in the long run. In general the outlook for college baseball this year is encouraging.

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Forward! Feminists of France

By ROBERT W. SNEDDON

NO wonder that Messieurs the deputies of France are trembling in their shoes. In the last days of their sojourn in the Chamber there has burst such a storm of scandal as has never descended upon the legislature of the Republic. The Caillaux affair, the Rochette affair, the Monis affair have been exposed to broad daylight. The President himself has appeared as a witness in the murder case. Such a thing has never been heard of. The Chamber, having considered the report of its commission, votes that it reprobates the improper intervention of finance in politics, and of politics in the administration of justice, and is resolved to insure the separation of their powers in the most efficacious manner. The two ministers go scot free: a scapegoat is found in the Procurator-General, who is retired from office, and another high judicial official is to appear before the Supreme Council of the Magistracy.

It has been clearly proved that the Chamber in its four years' session has passed only one measure of import, the unpopular three years' military service law. The deputies have not carried out the electoral and administrative reforms promised, nor completed the income tax measure. And for the first time the budget has not been carried through. In four years the expenditure of public funds has increased 30 per cent.

Quick to seize upon the opportunity the Feminists have stepped forward with a cry of now or never. On the eve of election there reigns amongst the electors of France an intense disgust with the present régime. Many of them may not go to the polls. They will shrug their shoulders with a "What's the use?" If their women folk have anything to do with it, however, those electors will go to record their votes, but only for candidates animated with the proper spirit. And to this end there has been addressed to each of the retiring deputies the following letter:

"The French League for Women's Rights, which has taken the initiative in raising the question of women's suffrage in all the mayoralties of Paris, has decided to methodically continue its action in taking an effective part in the electoral campaign about to open.

Are you in favor of the reforms advocated by the League?

Here is its general program:

Civil, political and economic equality of both sexes; pacificism, anti-alcoholism.

Here is the minimum program which it wishes to introduce into the next legislation, from the following points of view.

Civil: Abolition of the incapacity of the married woman.

Modification of the law regarding affiliation. Abolition of penalties. Unrestricted application of the law to native-born women and children of a foreign father.

Economic: Admission of women to all public offices. Equality of treatment and grade for all officeholders, without distinction of sex.

Modification of the law in workers' pensions. Equal payment by employers on salaries of paid workers of both sexes.

Political: Eligibility as electors and candidates of women to municipal councils, district and general councils.

Social: Legislative measures against drunkenness.

At the moment when the feminist question is raised by the press for public opinion, it is indispensable that candidates take part. We shall therefore be obliged by your letting us know at the earliest your views in regard to these questions.

For the committee,

MARIE BONNEVIAL,
President.

There will be some severe conscience searching among the deputies on receipt of this letter. Anti-alcoholism, hein? That is a question. It is difficult! Especially when one has just voted to suppress payment by spirit-merchants of a licensing tax. A costly measure, no doubt, but one must placate the good saloon keeper. He is a powerful factor in elections. What matter if the tax be reimposed as soon as possible after the elections? Monsieur the deputy will have been returned to his snug seat, and the saloon keeper, in default of total exemption, will have some gratitude for the good will shown to him in the measure. There are other questions more difficult to answer in this letter which seems to threaten. A pest upon women. Politics is plainly not their métier. And one's electors begging favors by every mail. Government posts for sons, nephews, uncles, what not. Demands for tobacco licenses, orders, wooden legs. A deputy's life is not an easy one.

Whatever the deputy thinks, the more progressive members of the French feminist movement are determined upon the herculean task of cleansing the Chamber. They have chosen, however, a more subtle method of attaining their end than what a French suffragist calls "the harsh, cold-blooded logical struggle of our English sisters. . . strange and painful acts which shock the heart of a real woman." Their methods are not those of the militant. They rely on persuasion, on the influence which they exert in the home circle. They remember that man is half bear and half child, and they appeal to the child in him. They are not above making use of their sex wiles. They prefer to wheedle and mother man, rather than assail him with invective and bricks. Moderation is their motto.

The feminist movement in France has three parties: those who demand complete civil and political equality with man; those who acknowledge the strength of long established prejudice, and claim only municipal rights; and those whose modest demand extends only to complete equality in civil rights. In this last party are enrolled thousands of the rich and independent middle class.

As an argument in favor of women taking part in the affairs of the country, the Feminists point to the fact that from 1302 to 1789 certain Frenchwomen had the vote. In several of the provincial parliaments, and in Parliament itself, the great feudal landowners who were women had the right of being present and recording their vote. Madame de Sévigné, for instance, voted in the Breton parliament. Further, in the old communes, both men and women of substance took equal part in the direction of local affairs. In 1789 women in separate possession, widows and daughters of the nobility voted by proxy in the nomination of deputies to Parliament.

The present movement in France owes much to two women, now dead, Clémence Royer and Maria Deraismes. This last has been honored with a statue. Yes, it has been left to Paris, city of surprises, to raise a monument to a suffrage leader. If you go past the cemetery of Montmartre and follow the Avenue de St. Ouen nearly to its termination at the fortifications, you will come to the tiny tree-shaded Square des Épinettes, frequented by stout, gossiping women and playing children. It contains two statues, one to Jean Leclaire, first master to share his profits with his workers; the other that of a woman, her head thrown back, her right hand stretched forth not in denunciation but in pleading, the other resting on the back of a chair. On the pedestal the name followed by the dates 1828–1894, and the words "Homage Public, 1898." This intelligent and brilliant woman forsook her easel for the platform, and from the end of the second empire devoted her life and fortune to the cause of her sex. She founded the "Society for the Amelioration of the Lot of Woman and the Vindication of Her Rights." Among the least of her exploits was a lively polemic in 1880 with the younger Dumas who half in jest had launched a pamphlet, "Women who vote, women who kill." She was supported by her sister, and by Clémence Royer, a woman whose ripe philosophy caused Renan to call her— "a man of genius." Translator of Darwin, she had a healthy contempt for the crowd.

Another woman who died recently, Madame Vincent, raised the question of women voting in 1893 and won her point in law that the word "Français" in the phrase "*Tout Français est electeur à 21 ans*" be interpreted to include Frenchwoman as well as Frenchman, but the case went no further.

Worthy followers of those women have not been lacking in all circles of society: Madame Durand, who left the Théâtre-Français to found the daily newspaper *La Fronde*, run entirely by women, and gathered around her some of the brightest intellects in France; Madame Vérone, whose articles were designed to interest women of the working class, now an advocate with a large practise, and general secretary of the Woman's Suffrage League: Madame Pognon, who transferred her activities to the newspapers of the Argentines; Madame Auclerc, who several years ago published a history of the movement, "Le Vote des Femmes," and founded the paper *La Citoyenne;* Madame Bonneviale, head of a school in Paris, president of the French League; Madame Chéliga, president of the Women's Universal Union, who founded the Théâtre Femina in 1897; Madame Chauvin, who was the first to demand and obtain admittance to the Bar, opening the way for many others, among whom may be named the beautiful Mademoiselle Miropolsky; Madame Grunberg, who leads the crusade against drunkenness; Madame Siegfried, who has founded several organizations for the protection of young girls, notably that which meets young girls arriving at Paris railroad terminals for the first time, and provides them with lodging and employment; Dr. Edwardes-Pilliet, who was the first female house-surgeon in France; Madame Ducret, president of the newly founded Women's Suffrage League; Madame Cruppi and scores of others.

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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Perfectly Safe Bonds

My wife has about $4700 and I wish to invest it in perfectly safe bonds to yield 4 per cent., the safest that can be bought, railroad bonds. I see recommended in one of the magazines Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Illinois Division 4 per cent. bonds. Are these tax free and can they be sold through one's broker the same as preferred stock if money is needed before they mature? How are Union Pacific 4s, which I see quoted in the papers, Great Northern first 4¼s, and Northern Pacific 4s, and what is the yield? Name me two or three railroad bonds that are the safest you know to yield 4 per cent. West Virginia.

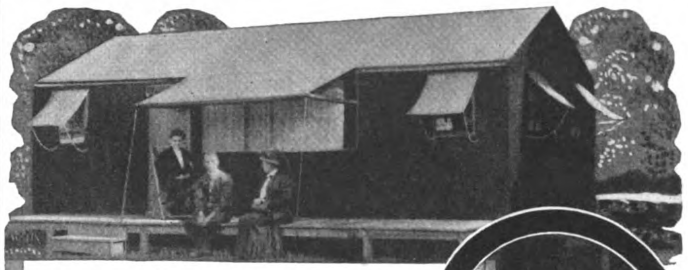
IF this inquiry were turned over to certain writers on financial subjects, or to certain banking houses, their first cry would be: "What a pity that the man is determined to pay so dearly for safe investments? Can't we persuade him to buy something to yield 5 per cent. and which at the same time is wholly safe? Why, doesn't he know that in buying first mortgage bonds of the big, profitable well established steam railroad systems he is competing with the savings banks and insurance companies? Doesn't he know that in buying a bond like Union Pacific first 4s he is paying a great big price for not only extreme salability but an international string of markets?

"What remote need has a woman living in a small village in West Virginia of a bond enjoying markets on all the world's great stock exchanges?" they would ask.

It must be admitted there is truth in all the experts say on this subject. The price of first mortgage bonds of leading and successful railroads would not be as high if there were not a constant demand for such bonds on the part of savings banks, insurance companies, and the trustees of big trust estates. Still another reason for their high price is the constant maintenance of a ready market for them, a desideratum for which one must pay.

But the writer of this article always feels happy when he receives a letter from a man who wants the best, no matter how much it costs. The vast majority of investors so-called, it might as well be admitted, are not such at all. The damning truth is that nearly all of them are speculators. They all want to make a big profit. They are after oil wells, mining stocks, apple orchard schemes, fly-by-night inventions, new insurance companies, doubtful real estate promotions, moving picture shows, black fox farms, stocks on margin and so on without end. I do not refer by any means solely to the readers of this magazine, I refer to the whole body of so-called investors, including many of the clients of even the highest grade investment banking firms, dealing in public utility bonds. They are continually "trading" or "shifting" one bond for another, always trying to slice a little profit here, and another there. Indeed, numerous firms openly advertise their facilities for such "trading."

Our West Virginia friend is like a man who refuses to mortgage his house. What a foolish man, we all say. Doesn't he know that he can take out a mortgage at 5 per cent. and use his money more profitably elsewhere? But it is refreshing to find a man who refuses to mortgage his house after meeting dozens to borrow on it up to the hilt to buy automobiles, diamonds and fine clothes.



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The Best

OF course in the abstract there are no perfectly safe bonds. This is true because capital in no form is sacred. But the *real first mortgage* bonds of railroads like the Chicago & Northwestern, Pennsylvania, Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Reading, St. Paul, Burlington, Louisville & Nashville, Atlantic Coast Line, Norfolk & Western, Delaware & Hudson and Baltimore & Ohio, as well as a few others, are as safe as anything can be. Despite all the troubles of the railroads such bonds have a better standing than almost any other class of investments. Of course, if private property in railroads is gradually to be confiscated without compensation railroad securities will suffer. But even the railroad managers do not in their hearts believe that such will be the outcome. The vital point is that after all the water, high finance, graft, inefficiency and every other conceivable evil in railroading has been squeezed out, and every conceivable point debated, the first mortgage bonds will not only represent real value, but probably more real value than any other form of property in America.

The first mortgage bond on a successful railroad is like the healthiest man in the country. The land may be ravaged with yellow fever, smallpox, typhus, black plague, anything you will, but your man with the greatest resisting power will last the longest. The illustration may seem absurdly simple, but it exactly describes the first mortgage bonds on the successful American railroads at the present time. Let us turn, however, from generalities and illustrations to a very few cases.

Take the Union Pacific first mortgage railway and land grant 4s. These bonds may be bought to yield about 4⅛ per cent. Even in the bad year ending June 30, 1913, the company earned $54,149,937 available to pay interest charges (after taxes had been paid). The first railway and land grant 4s are an absolute first mortgage on most of the main line, and it takes only $4,000,000 to pay the interest on them. In other words, interest was earned about thirteen times over. It is true that the margin was really not quite as large as that, because there are first mortgages on other parts of the system which rank first on their respective sections. But it is far within the bounds of conservatism to say that after paying the necessary $4,000,000 on its first 4s in 1913 the Union Pacific Railroad had remaining at least $40,000,000. That is, the first 4s are secured at least ten times over.

Or perhaps the excessively nervous investor does not care to take a risk for a full generation or more. Then he might buy Baltimore & Ohio prior lien 3½s, a first mortgage on the main stem of the system except for a very small issue, insignificant, relatively speaking, which comes ahead. These prior lien 3½s come due in 1925, and owing to their short life yield 4.7 per cent. at current prices.

BUT aside from short term bonds, which always pay more, the real bargain among the so-called gilt edged class of railroad securities are the Southern Pacific first and refunding mortgage 4s yielding at current quotations a trifle over 4½ per cent. They run for 41 years, are obtainable in $500 as well as $1000 amounts, and are practically a first mortgage on the main line in California, Arizona and New Mexico. They are

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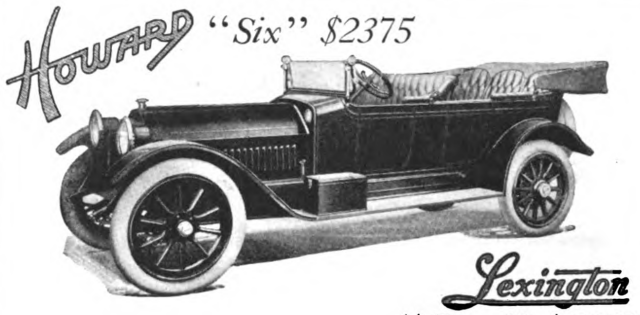
followed by upwards of $150,000,000 of bonds and $272,000,000 of stock, upon which 6 per cent. is being paid. After paying more than $16,000,000 dividends on its stock the company had about $10,000,000 left in 1913.

If our West Virginia reader is satisfied with 3.9 per cent. he might invest in Pennsylvania Railroad consolidated mortgage 4s, with 34 years to mature. There are about $50,000,000 of these bonds, secured by a first lien (mortgage) on main track between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and by the valuable terminals in those two cities. They also are secured by pledge of the lease effected in 1871 for 999 years of the United New Jersey Railroad & Canal Company (main line across state of New Jersey, six tracks much of the way), which company has only $20,000,000, bonds of their own, by other leasehold interests and by pledge of securities with a present value of $50,000,000. It was an offering of these bonds in Europe in 1908 which first broke the deadlock then existing in the American investment market. It is said that at the most acute period of the panic of 1907 one of the big life insurance companies was required to sell securities to raise cash for policyholders desiring to make loans upon their policies, and that the only bonds which could be quickly sold in any of the world's leading markets without a great sacrifice were the Pennsylvania consolidated 4s. This is probably America's premier security.

All the bonds specifically mentioned in this article are free from the Federal Income Tax except the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Illinois Division 4s. All bonds, except those of the United States Government, are taxable for local purposes in West Virginia. If the tax rate is high in the town where our inquirer lives, he had better drop the idea of buying bonds and inquire as to the more conservative type of preferred stocks, such as those of the Union Pacific, Chicago & Northwestern, Reading and Norfolk & Western railroads, or guaranteed stocks.

Our inquirer wants to know if the bonds mentioned in his letter can be sold like a preferred stock through one's broker before they mature. Such high grade bonds can be sold at any time through any broker or banker in any civilized country. The better known a bond is, the larger its outstanding issue, the stronger the company, and above all the greater the intrinsic strength of the bond as tested by the earnings applicable to pay interest, and the value of the property behind it, the more certain it is that that bond will always be salable, for the simple reason that an exceedingly desirable object is always wanted by some one. It is the new, or poor, or little known, or small bond issue that is hard to sell.

Moreover, any bank will lend money upon bonds of the class described in this article. It is not too much to say that such securities sell themselves and raise money for themselves. A simple illustration tells the whole story. The Pennsylvania consolidated mortgage 4 per cents bear the same relation to the Pennsylvania system that a first mortgage for one thousand dollars would bear to a house valued at $25,000, and salable any time at that sum. You can burn that house down until no stone remains, but the mortgagee has no cause for worry because a $25,000 house can be insured to his benefit for far more than $1000. You can hammer the Pennsylvania Railroad to your heart's content but you can't hurt the owners of consolidated 4s until you have destroyed practically the whole railroad.



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What They Think of Us

New York (City) *American*

If Norman Hapgood has not awarded the prize for his contest for a caption over the notice that HARPER'S WEEKLY has been banished from the Army and Navy Club we should like to enter "For the Good of the Service."

Washington (D. C.) *Herald*

HARPER'S WEEKLY has been banished from the local Army and Navy Club, according to a prominent member of the club.

The publication of a series of articles attacking the discipline of the United States Army as administered by the officers has been under discussion by the board of governors, and it is supposed that this explains the absence of the publication from the files. If this be the case, it is one more step toward the elimination of the WEEKLY from all army and navy clubs in the country.

Lewis Verka, El Paso, Texas

I have read with much interest the articles on the United States Army by Mr. Charles Johnson Post appearing in your splendid magazine. You are to be congratulated on your exposure of the rotten condition of our military establishment. Today I hold an "excellent" discharge from the regulars and as I think of the three dead years it represents, I wonder whence came that patience that permitted me to submit to their spirit murdering slavery without deserting. I only wish that every American boy could read Mr. Post's articles before he gets "roped in."

Worcester (Mass.) *Post*

"The attitude of some people toward progress reminds us of the point of view of a dog of our acquaintance. He was a sheep dog, and had acquired the habit of running toward flocks of sheep, up toward the front of the group, and steering them in the direction he wanted them to go. The automobile came in, and he acquired the same habit of attacking the automobile in front. The consequence was he did not last very long."

It will be admitted that the dog story printed above and which appears in the current issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, is a good story, and that the point it makes is well taken. It is the experience of many, if not all of the great cities of the United States, that the average movement toward civic progress and municipal development is certain to meet with more or less opposition of vehement, destructive and not at all helpful type. It is a much more simple task to stand on the side lines and find fault with any and all plans for a city's physical betterment than it is to take off your coat and pitch into the fight to bring about that betterment.

The dog story and the deductions to be made therefrom may not be of direct or particularly apt application to the pending plan to give Worcester a new auditorium. Time will tell. But the main point that it makes—namely, that attacking progress simply because it is progress is bad business—is one to which *The Post* wishes to give emphasis.

Philadelphia (Pa.) *Telegram*

Norman Hapgood glories in the title "feminist." Yet the Association of Collegiate Alumnae declare: "A feminist is a woman who believes, etc., etc."

Cleveland (Ohio) *Leader*

The intellectual special of the evening, although President Ryan promised more intellectual ones in the new quarters, was

INTELLECTUAL SPECIALS



Norman Hapgood, intellectual giant, highbrow muckraker, reformer de luxe, feminist extraordinary, lecturer, writer and editor. Mr. Hapgood proved one of the pleasant surprises of the evening. As one of our indoor-sporting members said, "Why, he is a regular guy!" He smokes cigarettes, lights one from the end of the other, looks somewhat like President Wilson and laughs at and tells real lowbrow jokes.

New York (City) *Tribune*

Eric Palmer has a b. b. story in the current HARPER'S WEEKLY, which all should read, says Eric, who smokes good cigars, say we.

E. Garvin, Connecticut

Allow me to tell you that your issue of 4-11-14 was a dandy in every way, especially Lincoln Steffens' article. I read the *Atlantic*, *Harper's* and a number of other magazines regularly but I look forward to HARPER'S WEEKLY as a real sure enough treat and always re-read it.

Charles Howard, Cleveland, O.

Your issue of the 4th instant breathes out sheer "bigness"—breadth, justice and *courage* in a wonderfully impressive way. Most of your readers could doubtless pass the test of familiarity with "good pictures and good coffee," as some essayist expressed it; you are applying their inborn fairness and generosity to the larger affairs of economics and government which too many unconsciously regard as fields where rules of personal honor are suspended by nature.

Mesa (Ariz.) *Free Press*

Norman Hapgood, author, admits that he has read 137 impure books. Huh, that's nothing; any reader of some of the magazines can read double that number of impure stories by scanning them closely for a month or two.

San Francisco (Cal.) *Bulletin*

Louis Brandeis followed on the trail of the Pujo committee, or rather he constructed a broad highway of logic where the committee had only blazed a trail, in a brilliant series of articles, now printed in book form under the title, "Other People's Money."

Mitchell Kennerley, Editor the *Forum*, New York City

It seems to me that HARPER'S WEEKLY is gaining power with each number. I hope you are fortunate in having a genius who is able to persuade the public to appreciate this fact. I think the question of circulation is the most difficult one for a periodical of any pretence of manners.

Edward Alsworth Ross, Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin.

I can't let pass without challenge Mr. Steffens' pernicious doctrine (in your issue for April 11th) that it was wrong for us to start out by "reforming the other fellow" and that the way to promote reform is for "every one to reform himself." This is like saying that the judgment of the man under temptation as to what is right for him and wrong for him is better than that of the bystanders. The fact is that outsiders can see a fellow's case better than he can see it himself. President Hadley once advised grocers to stop sanding the sugar before howling about stock-watering. Bad logic! The grocers see the wrong of stock-watering before the financiers see it and *before they see the wrong of sanding the sugar.* The financiers have sugar-sanding sized up sooner than the grocers *and sooner than they size up the watering of stock.* So let the grocers be of the public that brings the financiers under the conviction of sin and let the financiers be of the public that brings the grocers under the conviction of sin.

The tempted man is as one who walks in a slippery place. Let his untempted neighbor brace him up lest he fall. When the neighbor gets on to a slippery place he, too, will need a supporting hand. It is this mutual aid in withstanding temptation that Mr. Steffens stigmatizes as "reforming the other fellow."

Of course I am not standing up for hypocrisy—for jumping on to the other fellow for doing what you yourself are doing. My point is that you are wiser as to the other fellow's conduct than to your own.

Beseeching people to reform themselves—to "do right"—is the old slow way. Training them to good teamwork in reforming others is the new swift way. Does Mr. Steffens suppose that so many abuses would have been wiped out in these last eight years if we had gone on imploring sinners to review prayerfully their own conduct? What brought improvement was good muckraking followed by turning the antiseptic opinion of an aroused public upon the harmfullest groups of sinners, one after another. And when the public began to have neurasthenia from looking too many ways at once it passed laws and set boards to enforce them, so as to relieve the strain on its attention.

We professors show up the journalists and then Mr. Steffens comes along and shows *us* up; which is as it should be. We want to reform but don't know our faults as the wise outsider does. Therefore I shall continue to call down millowners for underpaying their girls, and liquor dealers for ruining boys, and editors for misrepresenting strikers. And I fancy my friend Steffens can do more good by keeping on with municipal reform than he can by reforming journalism or even himself.

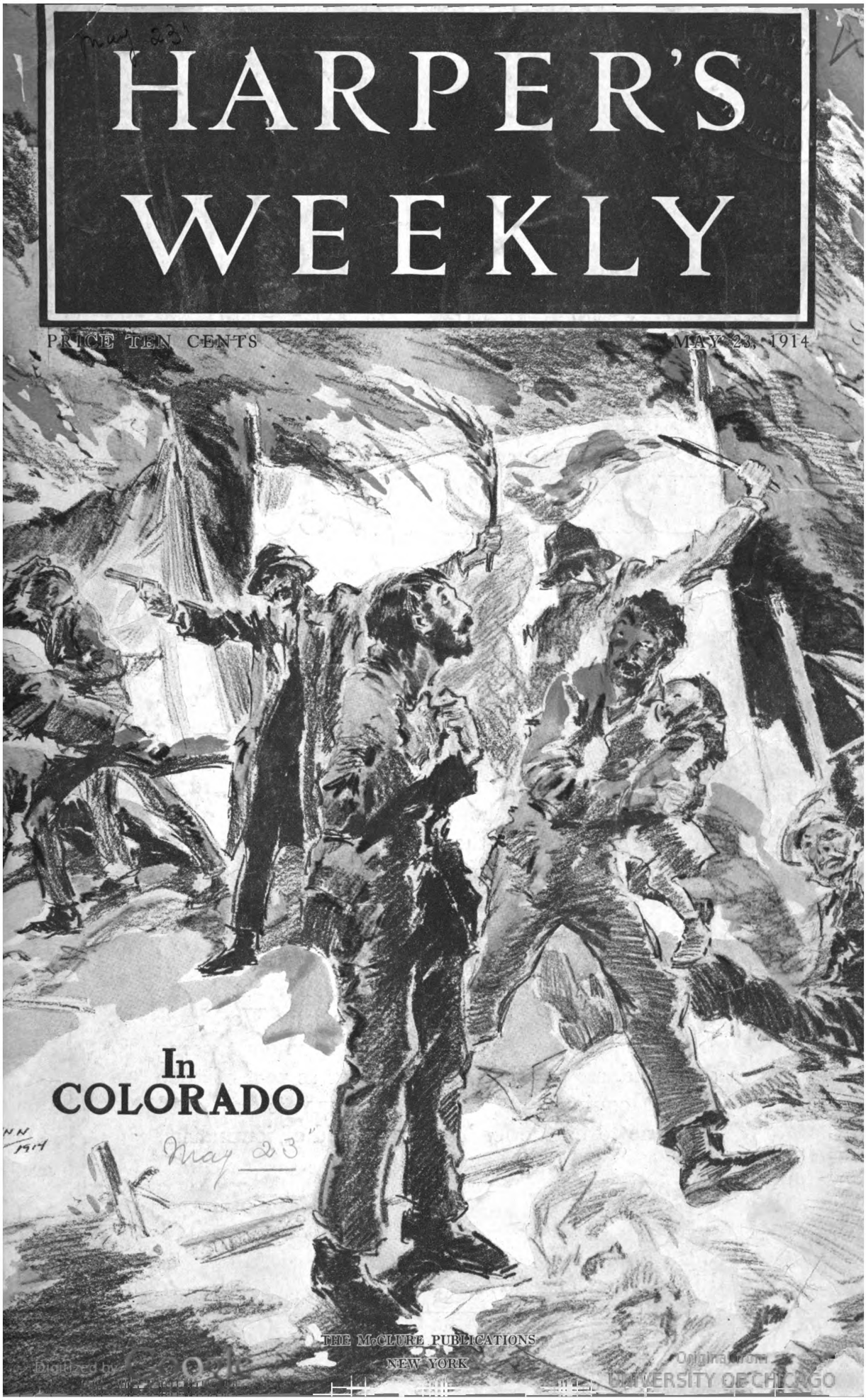
J. O. Speed, Quartermaster's Department at Large, St. Louis (Mo.)

At last we have a great weekly periodical dealing with current events, political and otherwise, which the American people—the masses—can safely tie to.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

PRICE TEN CENTS MAY 23, 1914



In COLORADO

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
NEW YORK

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For
News that is News
Read
Harper's Weekly

THE ablest writers on national events will contribute to HARPER'S WEEKLY during the coming year. They are men who have had long newspaper training and who have graduated into the field of special writing for the magazines. Many of them live in other parts of the country than that in which the WEEKLY is published. It is as if we had our own editorial staff scattered about the country. Long after an event is passed it is not the fact itself or the write-ups of the daily papers, useful as they were at the time, that remain in your memory. It is the description of the event published in some Weekly or Monthly periodical, written with such understanding and vividness that it remains forever as part of your mental equipment. HARPER'S WEEKLY is and will continue to be the leader in this field of journalism.

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Contents for May 23, 1914

NORMAN HAPGOOD, EDITOR

The Object Lesson.....John Sloan 2
Cartoon

Editorials 3

What South Americans Think of Us.....
J. A. Hammerton 6
And wherein lies the hope of a better understanding
Illustrated by Alexander Popini

Why the Miners Struck.....
Henry A. Atkinson 9
Their grievances and their present attitude
Illustrations from photographs

The Way Rockefeller Looks at It.....
McGregor 12
Why he does not feel responsible
Illustrations from photographs

When the Senate Opens....Fred C. Kelly 14
And the Senators take their seats
Illustrated by Herb Roth

The Wound That Bled in Heaven.....
Verse Mary Austin 15

Success.....O. E. Cesare 16
Cartoon

Around the Capitol.....McGregor 18

Pen and Inklings .....Oliver Herford 19

What Happened in Ulster..John J. Finegan 20
How even sports are made political
Illustrations from photographs

The Artist.....John Galsworthy 23
Who thinks he is nearer God than we are
Illustrated by Guy Pène du Bois

Baseball Notes.....Billy Evans 25
Some tricks of the diamond

Sports.....Herbert Reed 26
(1) The *Resolute*
(2) Tennis playing
Illustrations from photographs

What They Think of Us..... 27

Finance.....Albert W. Atwood 29
Undesirable stocks

Seeing the World..... 32

In Next Week's Issue

As this issue goes to press, word is received that our special correspondent in Mexico, MEDILL McCORMICK, has been thrown into prison. If he gets out of jail in time to appear in the next issue, you will hear some of the most interesting news from MEXICO. If he doesn't, you won't.

Perhaps the most unique institution in America is the UNIVERSITY of WISCONSIN. It is more nearly a perfect example of the education of the future, in its influence on the life of the State of Wisconsin, than anything we have. The reactionary forces and the predatory interests are making a brave fight to weaken the influences of the University. JULIAN MASON will tell the story of the war now on between the University and its enemies.

QUEEN ELEANORA was crowded out of this issue by the flood of material from Colorado. A charming sketch of her personality will appear in the next issue.

INEZ MILHOLLAND BOISSEVAIN has studied the DEPARTMENT STORE problem with great care. Her findings, which will be published in next week's issue, are very interesting reading as well as important contributions to the study of women in industry.

There will be another instalment of the articles on the ULSTER situation by JOHN J. FINEGAN who is on the spot.

Another of JOHN GALSWORTHY'S "Studies in Extravagance" will be THE HOUSEWIFE—a type familiar to everyone.

McGREGOR is always interesting and important, and our regular departments will appear as usual.

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THE OBJECT LESSON

By John Sloan

THOSE *who believe we should annex Mexico in order to civilize it would be willing, no doubt, if it were possible, to move the Mexicans farther north, say to Colorado, where they could study civilization directly on the spot*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII No. 2996] *Week ending Saturday, May 23, 1914* [10 Cents a Copy $5.00 a year

Is Mr. Rockefeller Responsible?

LET us examine this question, for it is important. It goes to the root of our morals. It bears on happiness and virtue in the United States after we are dead. When some little part of the facts in Colorado became known, they smote into the hearts of the inattentive. Who knows whether those women and children at Ludlow were killed by intention or as an incident to the general savagery? Who fails to know, however, while these bitter deeds are being read about, of plenty of cases of brutality and greed still in the world; of Christianity most in evidence on Sundays?

Regarding details, one of the most official documents yet at hand, a military document written by well-meaning and honest men, is also written in unconcealed antipathy to labor unions. Yet, take that document alone and make no deduction for the rhetoric with which it describes the horrors of the Greek nature, the heroism of the militia, the heinousness of the union leaders. Do not smile at the gentleness with which it says that a certain Lieutenant was "an experienced officer and an inexperienced sociologist." Do not compare such leniency with the fervor with which it sprinkles such words as "unassimilated aliens," "dangerous doctrine of property." A picture is built up of the Greeks planning a fight on Sunday and postponing it for the unusual reason that they were too drunk; and only far down in the report do we learn from a casual word that the whole structure rested on the statement of one man who they feared might retract. We seriously do not doubt for a moment the entire conscientiousness of these military men or wonder at their simple-minded loyalty to their fellows, as conspicuous as their credulous belief of everything making a fearsome case for those leaders who "must take the responsibility before man and God," as stated in the earnest peroration. Mr. Rockefeller, of course, will study all such documents for what they are worth, but it really makes little difference whether he gives some weight to those participants, witnesses, and students on the field (some of whom the writer of this editorial knows and admires for accuracy) who give accounts different from that of the soldiers. The question of Mr. Rockefeller's responsibility does not depend on whether a bullet can overturn an enormous hotel cook-stove; whether an officer who beats his prisoner with his rifle is merely not a sociologist; how many and what gunmen were employed; whether houses of prostitution were maintained by officers of the operating companies; company store evils, weighing troubles; suspicions of anti-union spies; of owned judges; of a thousand other causes of irritation. His responsibility is on grounds where there is no dispute. Mr. Rockefeller is, in our opinion, so thoughtful, so ethical and quick-minded that the drama now forced upon his attention will lead him to think deeply. Nothing is so hard to give up as worship of certain words; yet Mr. Rockefeller may examine anew even the real meaning of such phrases as "the conduct of our own business," "dealings with our own men," "rights of property," "outside interference," and "the sacred right of an American citizen to decide for whom and on what conditions he will work."

What Mr. Rockefeller cannot and would not escape responsibility for may thus be stated:

1. For the conduct of a fortune so enormous that under present laws, execution of laws, and public conscience it could never have been amassed.

2. For the principle, confidently stated by him, that in the dealings of combined wealth with those who do the hard and dreary labor of the world—in the search for a fairer distribution of results and a richer life for those who toil—agents of these money aggregations will not deal with equally representative spokesmen of labor but only with informal committees of the unorganized many. He is responsible for the position that this is fair, just and helpful to the world and not the blind bullying of greed. He is responsible for the position that in refusing to recognize the unions he and his fellow-rich are not like a dog angrily defending his bone, but are behaving as Christians seeking the welfare of those who are heavy laden.

3. He is responsible for the general practices of those whom he maintains in power. If, when one set of laborers becomes dissatisfied, his agents remove them, blame "outside interference, breeding discontent," and seek ever more ignorant foreigners to take their places, he will not wish to avoid responsibility for that method of meeting men who would improve their lives. If Mr. Rockefeller's agents, as a constant and notorious practice, create and maintain the demand for that labor which has the lowest standards of living, and quarrel with it as soon as its standards rise and its understanding of the importance of organization begins to clarify, he surely will be the last to deny that this ultimate choice must rest on him. Philanthropist, hard-working citizen, he is also an industrial monarch and a Christian, and none more fully than he will admit that on him lie the responsibilities belonging to a monarch, and also the responsibilities belonging to a follower of that Nazarene who spoke so often of the money-power as he saw it working around him in the Judea of nineteen centuries ago.

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Recognition

THE word has so many meanings that it is easily used to mislead. The unions can be recognized without at all conceding their right to exclude non-union laborers. That raises a difficult question not at issue in the Colorado trouble. There the employers apparently discriminate against a man for belonging to a union, even secretly. They talk also as if the leaders were of the Moyer-Haywood type. That also misleads. Lawson, McLannon and the rest are not at all the violent, revolutionary I. W. W. kind of leader, but rather so moderate and rational that to refuse to deal with them is to refuse really to deal with labor at all, but to take refuge in divine right, with a willingness to hear prayers, to be sure, but a determination to be approached only on bended knee. A certain large corporation never knows what of its employees belong to unions and what do not. Whenever wages are raised anywhere in its field, it immediately makes corresponding or greater increases without request. It practices no oppressive methods of competition against other firms; it remains friends with its employees; and it makes a great deal of money, merely because its work is done well. Much must always depend on the men at the top. In industry now we need enlightenment, efficiency, and popular sympathy.

A False Analogy

MR. ROCKEFELLER, in answer to the congressional committee, said he delegated to experts the control of his mines just as in his attempt to lessen vice he employed men especially fit to do the work. But Abraham Flexner was chosen for his ability to get the whole truth and state it impartially. The men who run the mines are not chosen for their all-around human understanding, but exclusively to make dividends, which is different.

A Hard Situation

MR. ROCKEFELLER is made of far better material than some of his most conspicuous critics. It is mainly his traditions that are at fault. Suppose he should say frankly: "This Colorado situation is beyond my powers of comprehension. I have more than money enough. I will give my stock to the United States Government, and let the government struggle with the problem." He certainly would arouse popular admiration if he took so original and imaginative a step.

Senator Robinson

THE only woman senator in the United States, already fully tested and a proved honor to her state, still further established her statesmanship during the Colorado civil war. Several times she sought her information at the seat of battle. She talked with the militia and their wives as well as with the strikers and leaders. Where so many were blinded by hate, she was tolerant. Even when her heart suffered, she was calm. When she sympathized most, she had the needed scepticism of the investigator, and she knew that many of the women who poured out their sufferings to her were impetuous, gifted, and inevitable liars. She sought also not the easiest temporary escape but permanent solutions. She is an example of the undoubted truth that politics is one of the occupations in which a number of women are needed; and one of the occupations in which the first-class female intellect shows at its best.

The Usual Way

THE *Rocky Mountain News*, and its afternoon paper, the *Times*, are being sued for $500,000 on the charge of libeling mine operators in Colorado. No news has reached us yet of any newspaper being sued for libeling the laborers. Also, namely, and to wit, yellow newspapers are excluded from various worthy clubs and libraries for outrageous statements—and in the majority of cases the objections are well founded. But what clubs have excluded such papers as the New York *Sun*, the Los Angeles *Times*, and the property sychophants in general for their persistent falsity at the expense of those who labor with their hands? As far as we know, the only newspaper in Colorado that printed news sufficient to give any idea of the gravity of the situation before the *News* began to do so was the Denver *Express*, and yet if any situation requires full publicity it is a complicated industrial war.

Brevity and Villa

WISHING as we do that writers on public affairs would express themselves with greater brevity we have been pleased to observe that Villa's exhaustive description of Huerta as "a drunken ass" has entered into the thought of the American nation and affected public opinion as no long essay by him could possibly have done. It indicates ability to handle a prominent subject in a few words. Nor is it the only proof of intelligence Villa has given. His closing of saloons was one example of sense. Those who treat him as a butcher do not always recognize that volunteers who served the cause of Madero and were bribed away by Huerta are looked upon as traitors, and mercenary traitors, by the Constitutionalists, and with some reasonableness at that. Villa is not fully understood yet.

Looking Backward

SUPPOSE a conventional president had been in office during this Mexican problem, what would have happened? Huerta might have been recognized, either to keep ourselves out of trouble or to satisfy the investors. If we had not recognized him, however, and he had then forced the issue on us, this country would now be on the high road to the conquest of Mexico. The writer of this paragraph has recently talked with a good many persons in the South, the East, the Middle West, and the West, and has the impression that among a few average men the opinions will be likely to run roughly like this:

Two think the Mexicans are greasers, and the sooner the United States runs them the better.

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Ten think the President erred in not recognizing Huerta but has acted skilfully since.

Ten think that from start to finish he has so acted that posterity will applaud him.

Two think that we ought not to have taken Vera Cruz, either because proofs of Huerta's studied intention to seek trouble were insufficient, or because war is wrong under any circumstances.

Nearly everybody believes the result of mediation on South American opinion will be lasting and excellent.

Ever Busy

MOST persons are bored by everything except amusement and their personal welfare. Hence the eternal business of the machines and the slackness of the rest of the electorate. Chicago will soon elect a mayor, but as the machines slipped into the election law a provision that no name could appear on more than one ballot, the job of getting up a successful citizens' ticket is far harder than it was last year in New York. Kansas City faced the same trick in her April election, where the reform forces were defeated but made a splendid showing, considering they were opposed by all the money in town, all the machines, and a similar provision of the law aimed against independent voting.

Be Careful

SPEAKING of Kansas City, by the way, there is a danger that confronts the Administration much more serious than the Mexican situation or any part of the legislative program. That is the danger of making too many appointments that destroy the confidence of independent men in the localities affected. President Wilson cannot look after these matters personally. Any member of the Cabinet to whom the task is delegated will be doing a poor service if he tries to play too much politics. The Kansas City case does not stand alone, but it is salient. The last time in the world even to consider R. E. O'Malley for office was when the franchise forces with which he has been so long identified were lined up for another fight. A bunch of old-school politicians are scrambling to get on the Democratic band wagon, shouting how strong they are for Wilson. Senator Reed now acts as the Washington adviser of the Mayor of Kansas City and the franchise forces in general. The fight is an old one, and if the *Star* had not kept the matter in continual agitation the combination would have won long ago.

O'Malley has regularly stood for corporation interests in the city council, and on the stump. A Democratic mayor and council were swept out of office on this issue and an honest Republican mayor sat on the lid for two years. The election of a Democratic mayor has again been followed immediately by the renewal of the franchise grafting scheme, once beaten at a referendum held solely on that question. The plan is to submit the matter again, in July, thus hoping to get it out of the way before the primaries of August. Why honor O'Malley?

Warburg

IN such a body as the Federal Reserve Board, radicals ought to welcome knowledge and equipment on the conservation side. The big bankers should be represented by a man who has a profound grasp of facts and principles, as Paul Warburg has. Probably nobody else in the country knows as much about banking. He is honest also, and to oppose him merely because he represents a somewhat conservative view of finance is to hold that only one point of view should be represented, which is undemocratic and shallow, and would, if it prevailed, make for violent oscillations.

The Heney Type

WHAT figure in recent American history has shown more courage than Francis J. Heney, or done more genuine service, or at a greater sacrifice? Now that he is a candidate for the Senate, there is some talk about his being erratic, etc. The truth is he is clear and cogent as a thinker, just as unmistakably as he is relentless and devoted as a fighter. He is radical, and if California doesn't want a radical in the Senate, she ought not to choose Heney; but any talk against his fitness is folly.

Something Real

NOT always can any of us editors be taken literally when we boast about our wares; but when Mr. Mackenzie called "The Dying Boss" *the* story of the month he made a striking under-statement. It is one of the pieces of writing, few in any time, that seem ultimate. *McClure's* has published nothing better, whether recently, in the work of Jane Addams or earlier in the work of Miss Tarbell, Baker, or Steffens himself; and neither *McClure's* nor any other magazine has published many things that deserve even to be compared with this.

Power in Words

AMONG students of baseball the most popular club is the Philadelphia Athletics, because it is the best club, both in natural ability and in the methods instilled by the far-seeing Connie Mack. Among boys the country over, the greatest interest is aroused by the New York Nationals, and next to them probably come the Pittsburghs. Why? One club is called the Giants and the other the Pirates. What more could a boy want? Nor was Goethe speaking particularly of boys when he had Mephistopheles say that the human race was guided principally by words. If Detroit wins the championship, the appellation "Tigers" will draw, but if Washington wins, the dull idea of "Senators" will chill every heart in which natural proclivity has not been impeded by over-experience and the pale cast of thought. Frank Chance, when he commanded the Cubs, had a drawing name for his club, but the Yankees will never help him out with the magic power of words. If the Braves could play better ball, Boston youth, and even the denizens of Cambridge, would rally round the notion of the tommyhawk.

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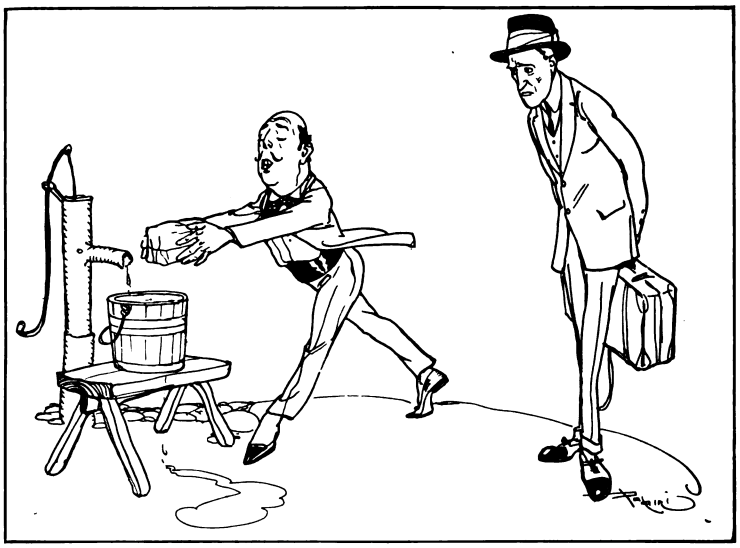
What South Americans Think of Us

By J. A. HAMMERTON

Illustrated by Alexander Popini

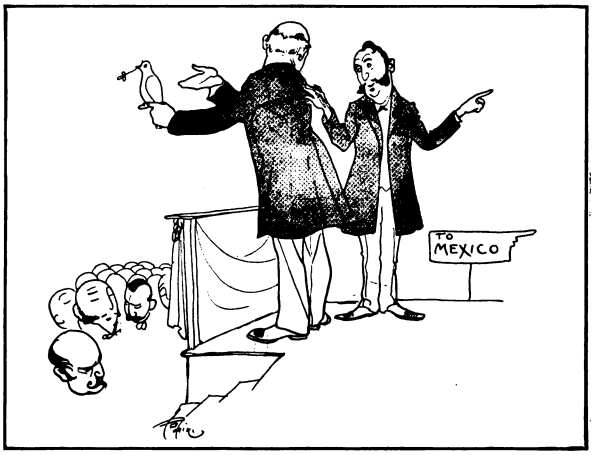
THE offer of Argentina, Brazil, and Chili to act as mediators between Huerta and the United States has greatly increased our interest in South Americans. Latin America is a little vague in the minds of many. It may be amusing to know how much it dislikes us and in what direction the hope for a better understanding lies

I FIND myself returning from a long sojourn in the countries of South America, frequently assailed by my good friends in New York with, "Tell me, what do the South Americans really think of us?" It is a most natural question, having regard to the undying thirst for information so characteristic of the alert citizens of the United States. There ought to be reciprocal interest where such a question is natural, yet I cannot remember any of my South American friends asking me, "What do the North Americans think of us?"



"They look with suspicion on every American 'proposition'"

I have written "North Americans," but, if the question were ever asked, the word *yanqui* would assuredly do duty for these two, as it is used everywhere throughout Latin America to define the people and things of the northern continent. And with comic effect. The most cultured writers of the Argentine, Chile, Uruguay, or any of the other republics, will blandly refer to *los mares yanquis*, when they mean "North American waters"; to *el ejercito yanqui* (United States army), *el gobierno yanqui* (United States Government), *el ministro yanqui* (United States minister), and will even talk about "Yankee machinery" and "Yankee exports and imports" without the least, small notion of rudeness—for rudeness is as foreign to them as, let us say, a proper knowledge of the *yanqui!*



"There was some truth in the observation"

Indeed the use of this word *yanqui* is now showing signs of redounding to the credit of North America, as it is coming to signify enterprise and alertness. There is a publicity society in Montevideo, for instance, which proudly labels itself "The Yankee," and I know of several institutions for commercial education in different capitals of the South which are fain to attract pupils by dubbing themselves *academia yanqui*. The word is also frequently used as their trade-mark by tradesmen of the most inappropriate lines. Let this be carefully noted, for it may mean much in the future. There was a time when "Christian" was used only as a term of contempt.

The one-sided interest to which I have referred in my opening paragraph is curious. Uncle Sam wants to know what is thought of him away down there in the sunny lands beyond the Equator by peoples who have no kinship with him of race or tongue; but ask him what he thinks of them! "Well, who are they, anyway?" In short, he would like to know how he stands in the estimation of a group of nations concerning whom he himself remains in a state of splendid ignorance. The Panama Canal is going to change all that and perform the paradox of drawing the northern and the southern continents together by cutting them asunder. But much ink will have to flow from the pens of those who have lived among and studied both races—the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon—before anything approaching a mutual understanding is likely to be achieved.

There is an initial difficulty to be got over in the mere descriptions "North Americans" and "South Americans." Pride of priority burns strongly in the breasts of those we know this side the Equator as "South Americans." With reason, they consider themselves the senior representatives of the European settlement of America, and thus "*the* Americans," without any qualifying adjective. When an Argentine or a Chilian is speaking in wider terms than those of national patriotism, he says, "I am an American." A citizen of the United States makes use of the same phrase, albeit in a different language.

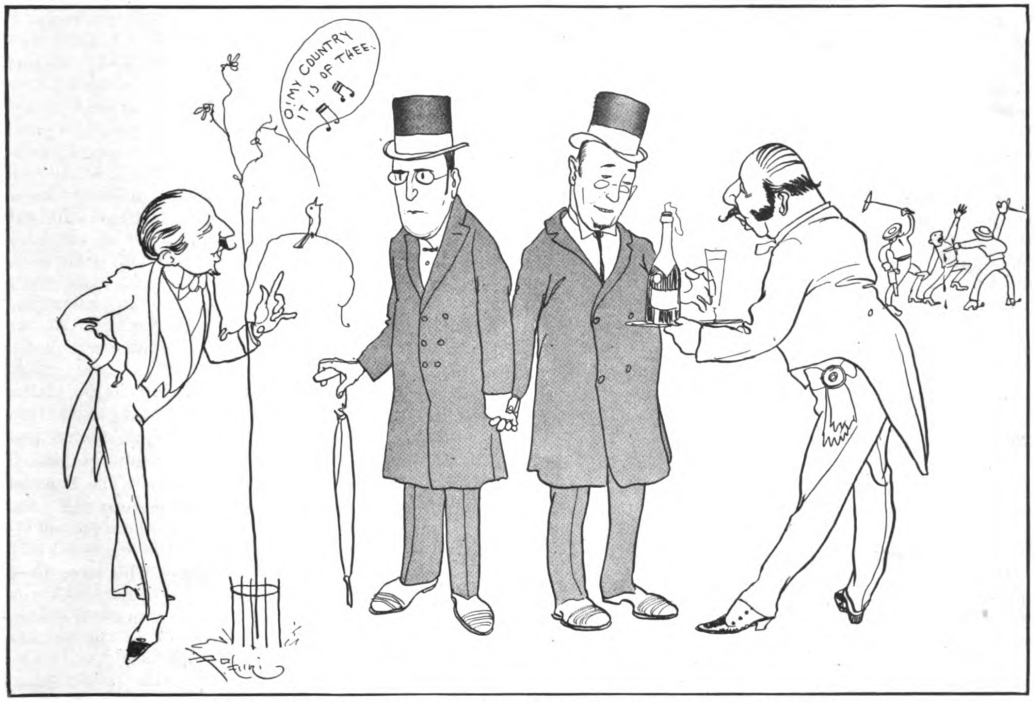
It is wrong to suppose, however, that the natives of the southern continent resent the description "South Americans," for, by force of circumstance, they themselves have to use it, though they invariably think of

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themselves as the Americans and of the inhabitants of the United States as *yanquis* or *norte-americanos*. There is a subtle distinction in this which should not escape the observer. I have also known Mexicans in the Argentine who, not approving of the ways of the people (to whom the Mexicans as a nation are immeasurably inferior), would sneer: "I am no South American; I'm a North American." And we know how close is the affinity between Mexico and the United States!

The American's chief difficulty in South America is that he is not understood. Everywhere throughout the spacious lands of these republics the Englishman is known and honored. When two natives are making a bargain and one of them wishes to exact from the other the utmost pledge of honor, he says, shaking hands on it: *Palabra inglesa?* And the other replies with Latin solemnity: *Palabra inglesa.* That is to say, "the word of an Englishman." But they are not Englishmen who are bargaining and the result may be different. Again, when one wants a friend to meet him punctually, he adds the words *hora inglesa* (literally "English time," or "at such-and-such an hour prompt"). But, again, as they are not Englishmen who are making the assignment it is safe betting the one will be half-an-hour late and the other three-quarters. Still the fact remains that English honor and English punctuality are universally recognized by people who are dimly struggling towards these ideals.

sees few evidences of American activity, but finds in the Argentine and in the populous centers of Chile frequent traces of some "get-rich-quick" faker who has passed that way. Nor are the American employees one encounters representative of the best. There may be a natural explanation of this in the fact that the United States, offering so many opportunities to its worthiest citizens within the broad lands of the "old flag," has had to spare for South America only a lower grade of worker. At all events, there is a general feeling in these countries that since most able Americans can do well enough at home, it is a fair supposition that those who have come to South America are not of the best. The same feeling does not obtain in respect to the English nor the Germans, for the obvious reason that their countries are spilling over with competent men for use in foreign fields. I do not submit this as my own opinion, but I must confess that the North American type in South America is not calculated to inspire the natives with any exalted idea of the American at home.



"I encountered these gentlemen, each wearing a silk hat, being shown the sights"

ON the other hand when the matter in question is one of suspicion, when there is reason to suspect trickery, what is the phrase we find on the lips of the South Americans, what comes readiest to the pen of the journalist? Often have I heard, frequently have I read, some such sentence as this: *En fin, estamos convencido que el asunto no es mas que un "yanqui bluff."* ("In short, we are convinced the matter is nothing more than a Yankee bluff.") Yes, it is rather a painful reflection to the American that *yanqui bluff* (pronounced "Yankee bloof") should have become the stereotyped phrase for any sort of swindle. But it is a fact, and of course it must derive from some due cause.

There is more than one reason for this slur. At least, I think I can advance several. In the first place the American is badly represented in the South. Outside of Bolivia, Peru, and parts of Chile, where the great mineral wealth has attracted many American prospectors, one

Then again the baser element of the New York press has precisely the same baneful influence in South America that it has in Europe. The evil reach of yellow journalism is wider than many suppose. Just as the London *Daily Telegraph* regales its readers on the essence of New York's sensational press, which gives the most distorted view of American life, so do the Spanish-American journals seize on the spiciest contents of these prints, turn them into Spanish, reproduce their illustrations and leave their readers with the idea that the North Americans pass their lives in social crimes, follies and immoralities. *La Razon* of Buenos Aires, *la Razon* and *el Dia* of Montevideo, *el Diario Ilustrado* of Santiago, all ably edited newspapers, are particularly noted for the use they make of American material of this kind. No blame can attach to them: the canker has its roots in New York.

Another influence for evil in creating a wrong mental conception of America among these peoples is the Trust. Every South American realizes, vaguely or vividly, that the system of great commercial trusts is a curse and that the United States is its home. He fears its implanting in his own land. In Buenos Aires, for instance, the most popular brand of cigarettes is sold entirely on copious advertising of the fact that it does not belong to the Tobacco Trust, and it is known that *yanquis* are at the back of the said trust. The natives do not wish to fall

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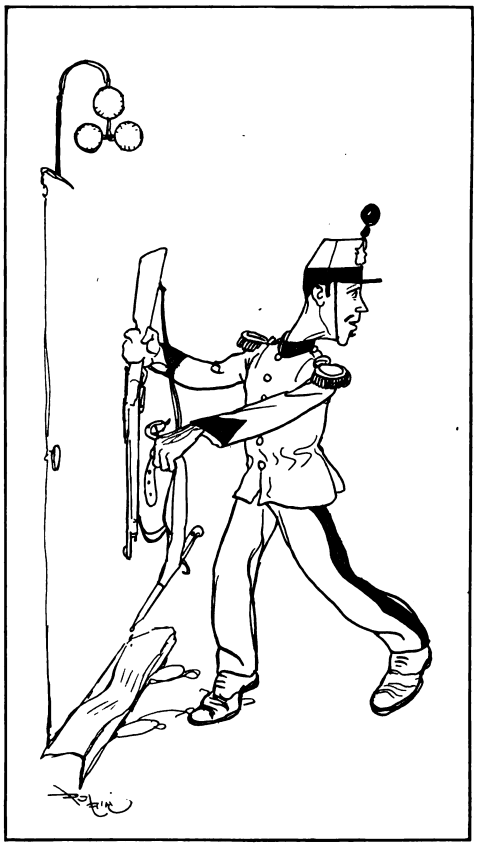
into the grip of American exploiters, and so they look with suspicion on every American "proposition." In fact, it should be the first care of any enterprise that has an American look to prove to the public that it is not engineered by persons from the United States if the said enterprise is to have a fair chance of success.

Yes, there is much talk of union, but there is no possibility of any union among these peoples which ignores their national pride. Brazil, however, is somewhat apart, both in thought and speech. It is a Portuguese country and it has an enormous infusion of negro blood. They know less of Brazil in Chile than they do of the United States. But in Chile as in the Argentine, in Uruguay, Peru, Bolivia, and the other countries the one sure point of union would be *a mutual distrust of the United States.* A union in which the last mentioned were a party seems to them to savor of the friendship of the wolf and the lambs, but I can vouch for the fact that no people among whom I have lived are less lamb-like than the natives of these southern republics. The American or European observer who sees a review of the Chilian army for the first time will have his eyes opened as to future possibilities in South America.

NOR must Americans be misled by such conventional courtesies as they may receive on a visit to the South. Living for the last two years in close daily touch with the natives of the Argentine, Uruguay and Chile, I have had many opportunities for amused observation of the ceremonial futilities of "visits of inquiry" made by more or less distinguished Americans or representative groups. The Boston Chamber of Commerce sent a deputation round the capital cities in the summer of 1913. On various occasions I encountered these gentlemen, each wearing a silk hat and looking horribly self-conscious, being shown the sights under the care of some amiable public officials. There were speeches on every favorable opportunity and *una copa de champaña* at frequent intervals, mingled with the strains of the *Himno nacional* and "America." Meanwhile the silk-hatted gentlemen from Boston were gaining about as real an insight into South American life as one does of the real Chinatown from a trip on a lantern-lit rubber-neck wagon!

The proverbial courtesy of the South American makes such ceremonial visits very pleasant for the visitors, who are assured of a "good time," but the futility of it all appeals strongly to those who know the mind of Latin-America. The Chilians are proud to call themselves "the English of South America," but when they were giving the Boston gentlemen a good time and making them feel they loved them as brothers, their spokesmen would blandly declare that the Chilians regarded themselves as *los yanquis de America del sur.* The ancient Spanish art of flattery still flourishes in the western hemisphere.

Of course it is quite impossible for Mr. Roosevelt or any other visitor of international reputation to get below the surface of officialism in any of these countries. Even in Mr. Bryce's fine work on South America there is abundant evidence of how little he was permitted to see of the real red life, while quite recently the most engaging comedy of all has been playing to appreciative audiences from Rio round to Lima. Thanks to Mr. Carnegie's superfluous cash, ex-Ambassador Bacon, accompanied by a retinue of secretaries, has been "having a good time" in these southern latitudes giving *conferencias* on Universal Peace. He was heralded in each town like a star actor, his portrait being supplied to all the papers in advance. He was officially received; there were the inevitable *copas de champaña*, much palaver, good wishes, the old futile lecture on Peace, hand-shakings of great cordiality and afterwards fingers outstretched from South American noses—metaphorically.



"The Spirit of Commerce is outsoaring the God of War"

"Why is he wasting his time lecturing on Peace down here?" exclaimed an eminent Peruvian to me. "He ought to get down to Mexico with his lecture." There was some truth in the observation. But the whole thing was deliciously comic to those who knew. It was to the South American mind, as though the old wolf had sent one of her cubs to visit the sheepfolds and tell them all to be good little sheep and not to go quarrelling among themselves. At the same time another of the wolf's litter was telling Brazil that if the latter joined with the wolf they could between them look after the sheepfolds.

MEANWHILE, the distrust of the United States is the basis of a new movement in which Señor Manuel Ugarte of Buenos Aires, previously a little-known litterateur, has speedily made himself eminent. He and others have stumped every corner of South America warning the different countries against the baleful designs of the United States, denouncing the Panama Canal as a new instrument which America has devised to impose herself upon the Latin republics. That is the sort of talk which appeals much more strongly to the South American ear than the cooings of the dove of Peace.

To suggest how it might be possible to work towards the removal of the anti-American feeling that prevails in most parts of the southern continent would lead me into the consideration of matters beyond the scope of this contribution, which is concerned more with the statement of things observed than the explanation thereof. But that it behooves Americans to work diligently so that as a people they may stand higher than at present in the esteem of the southern republics, there is no manner of doubt.

But, after all, we are living in a commercial age and although militarism is still unhappily rampant in most of these republics, the Spirit of Commerce is outsoaring the God of War and the honest dealings of the merchants of one country with another do more to create mutual trust and understanding than boat-loads of deputations in silk hats, or traveling lecturers subsidized in the cause of Universal Peace. *Verbum sat sapienti!*

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Ruins of Ludlow Tent Colony

Why the Miners Struck

By HENRY A. ATKINSON

THE war in Colorado is the result of very complicated and far-reaching forces, centering in a mining district of wide area. There is something to be said on every side of the question, by the mine owners, by the government, and by the miners. To understand thoroughly the situation, it is necessary to see all sides of the question. This article is written from the point of view of a person in sympathy with the strikers, and shows clearly the way they feel about the issues. The view of HARPER'S WEEKLY *itself is expressed in this week's editorials*

LOUIS TIKAS is dead. His body, riddled with fifty-one shots from rapid-fire guns, lay uncared for twenty-four hours at Ludlow, where he had been for seven months the respected chief of his Greek countrymen. He was shot while attempting to lead the women and children to a place of safety.—At least six women and fifteen little children died with him.

Human life is cheap in Colorado. Few people knew Tikas. He was simply one of the ten thousand foreigners brought into the state to work in the coal mines.

This strike in Colorado is the last in a series of four. They have occurred at regular intervals of ten years. The questions involved apart from recognition of the Union are a ten per cent. increase in wages; the eight hour day; pay for dead work, such as removing rocks, putting in timbers, and other labor that does not show directly in the amount of coal mined; the demand for a check-weighman at each mine; the right to trade at other than the company stores, thus doing away entirely with the script system of payment; the abolishment of the guard system at the mines; and the enforcement of the laws of the State of Colorado which cover many of the above-mentioned points of dispute.



Militia arriving on top of freight cars and ready for action

These are real grievances under which the men have been suffering for thirty years. However, the power of the coal companies and their grip upon the state and county governments, is so strong that they have been able to hold the workers in subjection. Each successive strike has been lost by the men and the same tactics that have defeated them in the past are being used today: and so far the companies have won, and the men are forced to deal singly and alone with highly organized business concerns. Armed guards are employed and stationed in every mining camp and around every mining property. Spies work incessantly in and through the various mines. As soon as it is found out that a man is a member of the Union he is discharged.

The law of the state gives the miner the right to belong to the Union, but the law is a little thing in the eyes of the coal barons. One of the inspectors sent out by the Colorado Labor Bureau was refused admittance to mine after mine, and in one instance, on May 16, 1912 at Pictou, a mine belonging to the C. F. & I. Co., he was told by Mr. Manley, the superintendent, that the Pictou mine was one that he could not inspect. Mr. Manley said "he was running that mine, not the state of Colorado." Many of

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Captain Peter Catsules, new war leader of striking miners



Tent Colony at Ludlow,

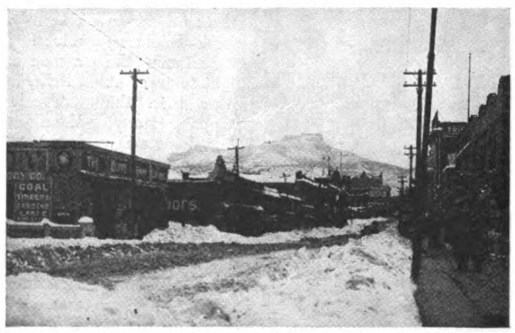
the mines are unsafe, and the laws which were passed by the legislature for the purpose of safeguarding the workers, are openly disregarded. James Dalrymple, Coal Mine Inspector, is authority for the statement that practically every coal mine in Colorado is violating the state mine law. "If my department had money enough to make possible more than three investigations a year, I could detect all of these violations of the law and have them stopped." When a miner is killed it is a rare instance for the jury to find that the mine management is in any way to blame for the accident. Coal mining is recognized as one of the most dangerous of occupations; in Colorado it is doubly dangerous. In ten years there has been a frightful increase in accidents and deaths. One man in every fifty, working in the coal mines of the state, is killed each year! Coroner Sipes' records at Trinidad show in case after case where a miner has been killed—"No inquest deemed necessary." A falling rock killed an Italian; a jury trial was demanded. The report states: "He came to his death by falling rock in the mine through his own carelessness." In only one case in years in Las Animas County has the coal company been held responsible for the death of a man! E. V. Brake, Deputy Labor Commissioner and Chief Factory Inspector, says in his biennial report for 1911-12—"In going over reports of fatalities made by the deputies I find the opinion is that over 50 per cent. of all fatal accidents were avoidable. This was especially true of accidents from falling rock and coal. In the majority of accidents the deceased or injured person is held responsible because of neglect on his own part." The policy of the companies has been to exclude the more intelligent, capable English speaking laborers by importing large numbers from southern Europe: Greeks, Slavonians, Bulgarians, Magyars, Montenegrins, Albanians, Turks, as well as representatives from all of the Balkan States. The Labor Bureau charges the large corporations of the state with hiring these men—"because they can be handled and abused with impunity."

When men are injured in the mines it is very rare that they receive any substantial help, and if they are killed their families are left destitute. Judge Lindsey told me that, from personal investigation, he found that six hundred and twenty-two children had been left orphans in the last four years because of mine accidents. The Vulcan mine, located near Glenwood, blew up in December 1913. In October 1913 this mine had been condemned. It belonged to the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, but at the time of the explosion it was being operated by a dummy leasing company known as the Coryell Mine Leasing Company. Thirty-seven men lost their lives in the explosion. The fire boss was a green boy eighteen years old. Immediately after the explosion the dummy company went into bankruptcy. The parent concern, The Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, I understand, offered to settle at a very low rate and on their own terms, with the relatives of those who had been killed in the mine!

A serious attempt was made by the Union men to adjust the difficulties without a strike. A letter, signed by the policy committee representing the Colorado Miners' Union, was sent to all the operators involved, asking for a joint convention of miners and operators to be held at Trinidad on September 15. In this letter the attitude of the unions was expressed in these words: "We are making this last endeavor to settle our differences peacefully and with the hope of preventing a strike. If you will kindly come to this joint convention we feel sure we can adjust all points at issue between our respective interests in a satisfactory manner." No attention was paid to this letter. The convention met and at that time an ultimatum was voted, giving the operators until September 23 to answer the demands voted by the Union. The operators still refusing to treat with, or even recognize the existence of the Union, on the day set nine thousand coal miners went on strike.

The miners moved out of their homes and established tent colonies early in October. To show how they feel it is sufficient to read their version of one incident, which is as follows. One of these was located at Forbes on land that had been leased by the Union. An armored automobile, made in the shops of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, at the suggestion and under the direction of A. C. Felts, Manager of the Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency, was brought to Trinidad. This automobile was armed with a Hotchkiss machine gun capable of shooting four hundred times a minute, and with a ball that would kill a man at a range of more than a mile. Manned with five deputies, three of them at least being Baldwin-Felts gun men, this automobile made the trip to the Forbes colony. It stopped just a short distance from the camp and one of these men took a white handkerchief, put it on the end of a stick and, using it as a flag of truce, approached the group of strikers. As he came up he asked if they were Union men, and receiving their reply in the affirmative, he threw down the flag, jumped to one side and said—"Look out for yourselves." At that the machine gun cut loose on the crowd. One hundred and forty-seven bullets were put through one tent; a boy fifteen years old was shot nine times in the legs; one miner was killed, shot through the forehead. This was but one of a series of incidents. A train of steel cars was secured, guns and men put aboard and the crew ordered to take it out in the direction of Hastings, another tent colony of the strikers. The train crew refused to pull the train.

The strikers, as might be supposed, furnished their share of violence. October conditions had become so chaotic that the Governor called out the state troops. Many of these men were the same who had been in West

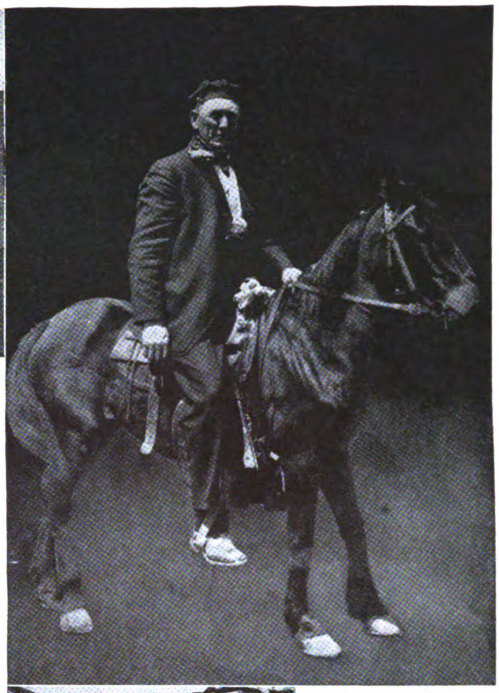


Trinidad, Colorado

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burned April 20, 1914



J. B. Brown, National Organizer, who is leader of the 500 armed strikers near Trinidad



In this hole at the Ludlow Camp, Colo., were found burned the bodies of eleven children and two women

Virginia. Their very presence aggravated a bad situation. Their hands were stained with the blood of former conflicts. Instead of the militia restoring order and demanding justice, the power of the state troops was used to break the strike. General Chase, who was put in command, instead of exerting himself to quell disorder and to guarantee the constitutional rights of individuals, assumed that the counties of Huerfano and Las Animas were in a state of war and totally disregarded the Constitution. He refused to go before the congressional committee to testify, and in the long affidavit he made of conditions, he refused to give the source of his information on the grounds of "military expediency." His soldiers insulted citizens. The citizens protested to Gen. Chase. One of the bravest citizens in Trinidad, Rev. Randolph Cook, went to Gen. Chase with stories concerning the conduct of some of his soldiers, and instead of the General accepting his statements and looking into them, he denounced Mr. Cook and accused him of "besmirching the soldiers' uniform." Men were arrested and thrown into jail without a charge being made against them on the grounds of "military necessity."

After reading the state records and most of the testimony given before the congressional committee, and having spent considerable time, devoting fifteen or sixteen hours a day, in studying the situation on the ground in Colorado, it seems to me that the most serious problem that faces the state is the problem that arises from the denial of the constitutional rights of citizens.

I called on Governor Ammons and asked him how he justified the action of the military authorities in holding persons in prison incommunicado and with no charge lodged against them. The effect of this question was amazing. "I need no justification and I will stand no criticism. This is our affair and it concerns no one outside of Colorado." "I beg your pardon, Governor," I said, "I did not ask the question in a critical mood. I knew you must have some reasons for your action. I simply wanted to find out what they were." "You have them," he replied. "If I may be permitted to question this action," I said, "do you think that the wisest way to restore peace and order is by denying the constitutional rights of individuals?" Here the Governor jumped to his feet and, pounding the desk in front of him, shouted, "I won't permit any one to come in here and criticize me. I won't give you a damned bit of help nor any information if you presume to pass judgment on my actions." "I beg your pardon, Governor, but I am not passing judgment. I was merely asking for an opinion." "You were criticizing me, you know you were. Coming in here and telling me what I ought to do and what I ought not to do. It is the damned impertinence and interference of you outsiders which has complicated things." "But, Governor," I remonstrated, "I hope that you will not think I am criticizing, but have you no constitutional law and government in Colorado?" "Not a bit in those counties where the coal mines are located," he replied. "This is a pretty serious statement. *Let me get it straight*," I said; "*do you mean to say that in large sections of your state there is no constitutional liberty?*" "*Absolutely none*," he replied. "I have done the best I can. If I had enough soldiers we could have peace and order, but that district in the southern coal fields is a hundred miles long and I have only a few hundred soldiers. We are a poor state; this war is bankrupting us; we have no money even for our state schools, and yet the newspapers in the state and outside criticize and blame me."



A determined sextette of armed members of the San Rafael Mining Colony, armed with high-power rifles which will carry for miles. They are surrounded by a group of fellow workers in the same frame of mind as the armed men themselves

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The Way Rockefeller Looks at It

By McGREGOR

COAL was discovered in southern Colorado while it was a part of Mexico. The mines were embraced among the great Mexican land grants, titles to which were confirmed in the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company acquired its title to these coal lands in direct succession from the original grantees. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., out of a part of the fortune made for him, acquired about forty per cent. of the stock and bonds of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., became a director of the company, representing his father's interests. In this capacity he has been as lawless in the past as was the Standard Oil Company which produced the millions out of which the Rockefellers obtained their large interest in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. The Federation, however, seems to have sent to the rear its old leaders, such as those implicated in the murder of Governor Steunenburg. Doubtless it has been guilty of violence and murder during the strike. But through the insistence of Chairman Foster and his colleagues on the committee, the Rockefellers have been brought conspicuously to the front, and responsibility for the continuance, if not for the origin of the mining troubles in Colorado has been fixed squarely upon them. In the conflicts at the mines and mining camps where the striking miners have been living, men, women and children have been killed and anarchy has reigned supreme. Hired guards have been enrolled as state militia, to conduct private warfare. Finally, United States troops have been sent to the scene of the trouble, and the extremity of the strikers has been shown by their appeals for the sending of the military, instead of resenting the coming of the troops to the scene.



The wives and families of the parade



the strikers marching in of protest



A parade of 3,500 strikers in Trinidad, Col.

was summoned recently to Washington as a witness before the House Committee on Mines and Mining, of which Dr. Foster, of Illinois, is chairman. The committee had been investigating conditions in Colorado and the hearings make three thousand pages of testimony.

The testimony of young Mr. Rockefeller was heard with interest partly personal. The public mind was long ago made up concerning the character of the elder Rockefeller. Here was an opportunity to measure, under cross-examination, something of the capacity and characteristics of the man who is presumed to be the inheritor of the Rockefeller fortune. His religious observances are well known, though his Sunday school illustration of the necessity of snipping off a hundred rosebuds to develop one American Beauty rose was regarded as unfortunate—as indicating his attitude toward himself and the crushing of competitors. His interest in the vice-problem of some of the cities had raised the popular hope that an ill-gotten fortune might be wisely expended by the heir, to say nothing of a conscientious exercise of the power of vast wealth in the adoption of an enlightened policy toward rivals and employees. But those who heard his testimony or have had the opportunity of reading it have generally reached the conclusion stated by Uncle Remus, namely: "Chip don't fly fur from stump."

The Western Federation of Miners

It would require a volume to give even the gist of the testimony and it is an impossible task to sift out the false from the true in the mass of conflicting evidence. A few facts stand out clearly enough, however, and they can be adduced from the testimony of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., himself. His relation to these facts is a matter of immense importance to the American people. Coal is a necessity of modern life, necessary for fuel in the home and for power in the factory. A coal famine is a calamity for the region affected. A general shortage of coal would be a national disaster. As Mr. Roosevelt taught the coal barons and coal miners of 1902, there is a third party in interest, the public.

Mr. Rockefeller says that the last meeting of the board of directors which he attended was about ten years ago. All that he knows of conditions is through correspondence with Mr. Bowers and Mr. Wellborn, "and we stand by the officers of our company." Mr. Rockefeller repeated this idea a score of times, that having found men whom he could trust he committed the business to their hands, it being "impossible for any man to be personally responsible for all the management of the various concerns in which he might be a larger or smaller director." In brief, he has too many concerns for his capacity. But:

The Chairman: You had something to do with the investigation of conditions abroad?

Mr. Rockefeller: Yes.

The Chairman: And sent Mr. Flexner there?

Mr. Rockefeller: I sent Mr. Flexner there; yes.

The Chairman: But do you not think your responsibility was a little greater in reference to your 10,000 men in Colorado to tell you just the conditions there, than it was as a citizen of New York to investigate the conditions in Europe or in New York?

Mr. Rockefeller: If there had been 100,000 men there, I should not have known how more conscientiously to carry out my full duty toward them than I have.

Absentee ownership. A director who does not direct, save through correspondence with his agents 3,000 miles away. And the welfare of 10,000 men involved.

Mr. Rockefeller professed entire ignorance as to what the wages of the men were, a rather important question to them. But higher wages might mean smaller dividends and agents are held accountable for dividends. He did not know that he rented houses to the miners, or what rent was charged. He was even ignorant of the fact that his com-

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pany owned as much as 300,000 acres of land in Colorado and New Mexico. As to whether it would be a good thing for the miners to own their homes, he said: "Many of these foreigners coming to this country would have very little knowledge of what was the best thing for them." He had never thought it necessary to ask his agents to look out for the welfare of the men. He knew that the company had stores, but did not know who fixed the prices of the goods sold to the miners, nor what the prices were. He did not know whether the miners were taxed to support the hospital, though he knew "that the hospital is regarded by experts as one of the best." He did not know whether or not the company held the licenses for saloons, did not know whether the children were given adequate school facilities, though he would be surprised to know if these were inadequate, judging from his correspondence; did not know whether there was a high school or not. He knew nothing of how the land all around an incorporated town was "private property," or that the expenses of the town were paid by the saloon licenses and a poll tax of $1.50 on the miners, with the superintendent of the mine as the mayor, and other officers, the other officials; that the politics of the counties in which the mines are situated, including the election of county officials, is largely controlled by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company; that the roads leading to these towns had been abandoned as public roads through the instrumentality of the company and marked "private roads," so that a member of the House committee had to get a pass to enter a town owned by the company and a pass to get out. Although it had been testified by Wellborn that 60 per cent. of the miners had gone out on strike, Mr. Rockefeller did not know whether any of the miners had any grievances. Nor did he know that in Las Animas County, where Trinidad is situated, there were 232 deaths by violence, in a little over two years, 180 by mine accidents, that coroner's juries were impaneled in only 30 cases, there being one foreman, a politician, in 24 of these, and that there was never any record of culpable negligence on the part of the company.

When it came to discussing the strike itself, Mr. Rockefeller had accepted with full credence the accounts of his agents, this testimony being flatly contradicted by that of former employees. The men were "contented," until compelled by "outsiders," through threats and black-hand letters, to go out on strike. He did not know that the very men imported to break a strike ten years ago were the leaders of the strikers today. He did not know of the purchase of the machine guns and ammunition, or the employment of the Baldwin-Felts detectives. He did not know how the quarter of a million dollars spent directly by the company in fighting the strike was expended, "except that I know that it has been spent in the proper ways, to conserve the interests of the employees."

The part of his testimony sent out by the Associated Press and the subject of innumerable editorials favorable to Mr. Rockefeller's attitude was the following:

Mr. Rockefeller: It is costing us, according to the estimate of the president, about $1,000,000 to stand for the principle which we believe is to the ultimate interest of those men.

The Chairman: And that is to fight the union?

Mr. Rockefeller: That is to allow them to have the privilege of determining the conditions under which they shall work.

Mr. Byrnes: Coming down to a concrete proposition, Mr. Rockefeller, what objection have you to submitting this very strike in Colorado to arbitration?

Mr. Rockefeller: When it comes to submitting the question of whether or not the camps shall be unionized to arbitration, that is a matter of such basic importance, it is a matter of such fundamental principle, that we would not feel justified in yielding our view about such a question. The fact that we are willing to spend $1,000,000, the fact that we are willing, if necessary, to sacrifice every dollar of that investment, and close up that plant, speaking for our interest, indicates how vitally important we think that question. We are not doing that for fun; we do not want to throw away money. We are doing it with the one thought in mind. We are engaged in standing by the workers of that company, in an effort to maintain the freedom which the constitution has guaranteed to every American.

But some miners might claim it to be an exercise of freedom to join a union. Mr. Keating, of Colorado, one of the ablest representatives of that state in Congress, made the following statement in a speech in the House, relating to Mr. Rockefeller's testimony:

"For thirty-four years I have lived in the State of Colorado. I am familiar with conditions in the mining camps controlled by Mr. Rockefeller, and I want to say to the members of this House that it has been the uniform practice of Mr. Rockefeller and his representatives to deny to their employees the right to belong to a labor union. It is a matter of common knowledge in southern Colorado that the man who belonged to a union could not secure employment in a mine owned or controlled by Mr. Rockefeller and those associated with him. It is true that hundreds of union men did secure employment in those mines, but it is also true that the moment their union affiliations were discovered their employment ceased.

"The five points which Mr. Rockefeller says were settled before the strike began are the eight-hour day, semi-monthly pay, check weighmen, regulation of company stores, and increased wages. As I said a moment ago, I have lived in Colorado for thirty-four years; for twenty years of that time I have taken a rather active part in public affairs.

"I am familiar with the records of Mr Rockefeller's company. I am familiar with the efforts made in the legislature to secure the enactment of these laws, and I want to say to this House that every one of the laws here referred to was placed upon the statute books in the face of the bitter and continued opposition of Mr. Rockefeller's company, and that after we succeeded in getting these laws on the statute books Mr. Rockefeller's company has refused to obey the laws; that they have gone into the counties where they have operated, secured control of the governmental machinery in those counties, and in that way succeeded in suspending the enforcement of the law, so far as the coal-mining companies were concerned. That assertion may sound rather harsh to some ears, but fortunately it is not dependent upon my word alone. I have here a summary of a report submitted by a Federal grand jury in Colorado. This grand jury was brought together last September. It was not a grand jury made up of the friends of the union. In fact, the leaders of the union were disposed to charge that the grand jury had been packed against them, and one of the acts of the grand jury was to return indictments against the leaders of the miners' union on the ground that they had violated the Sherman anti-trust law, and yet that grand jury, which to my mind was as impartial as a grand jury very well can be, brought in a report of the conditions in the southern Colorado coal camps. Among other things this is what the grand jury found:

"'That state laws have not been enforced so as to give all persons concerned benefits which are derivable therefrom.'

"'That coal companies have nominated, elected and controlled county officers; that county officers elected by the coal companies have shown undue activity in controlling elections, having in one instance changed the precinct boundaries, presumably to eliminate unfavorable votes of the miners, and have thus aroused not only political but social dissatisfaction.'

"'That many camp marshals, whose appointments and salaries are controlled by coal companies, have exercised a system of espionage and have resorted to arbitrary powers of police control, acting as judge and jury and passing sentence.'

"'That camp marshals have brutally assaulted miners.'

"'That miners can not complain of real grievances without being discharged.'

"'That the scrip system is still in effect.'

"'That miners feel under an unjust obligation to trade at the company stores, because of the attitude of mine superintendents.'

"'That check weighmen have been denied the miners.'"

Mr. Rockefeller did not know that his company belonged to the Coal Operators' Association of Colorado, representing the producers of 95 per cent. of the coal, controlled by three men. There remains to be quoted this interesting colloquy:

The Chairman: It has not restricted your freedom at all by reason of having unionized your capital, has it?

Mr. Rockefeller: I think that is the only way we can conduct large business. The history of the country has proven that.

The Chairman: You do believe the unionizing of labor would restrict the laborer's freedom?

Mr. Rockefeller: If it would necessitate our discharging men who were working, would it not obviously restrict their freedom?

The Chairman: Do you think it would restrict their freedom to be members of the union?

Mr. Rockefeller: It is not a matter of doubt, because they would be thrown out.

Now if this means anything, it means that Mr. Rockefeller's company, itself in part the product of the greatest commercial organization the world has ever seen, in Colorado associated with an organization that controls 95 per cent. of the mines, wants to do business with the individual miner, in the interest of the freedom guaranteed by the Constitution, it turning out that the individual's freedom is restricted upon his joining a union by the employing corporation, because, in that event, "it would necessitate our discharging men who were working," because if members of a union "they would be thrown out."

There is but one logical conclusion to this position. That also was brought out in the hearings and the American people, considering the recent coal strikes in West Virginia, with the fearful conditions prevailing there, the copper strike in Michigan, also investigated by this Congressional Committee, and the scores of deaths by violence that have followed the strike in Colorado, with the employment of the Army of the United States to bring about order; considering the enormous death rate from accidents in American coal mines, are thinking very seriously about this problem. And here it is, stated:

Mr. Rockefeller: The owners of this property—and I speak for a large interest—would rather see the properties closed up permanently and lose every dollar of investment than to concede a point which they believe is so fundamentally against the interest of the workers of this country. It is a principle we are standing for at any cost.

Mr. Evans: Leaving that point, Mr. Rockefeller, what do you say as to this: Coal is a necessity of life, is it not, for the operation of the business of this country?

Mr. Rockefeller: It is pretty important.

Mr. Evans: Do you believe that the owner of a coal mine has the right to do what he pleases with his property?

Mr. Rockefeller: That is even a vaster question than any you have put to me so far.

Mr. Evans: It is a vast problem out in Colorado, and we are trying to solve it.

Mr. Rockefeller: I have not given sufficient thought to a problem of that sort. I have not given any thought to it.

Mr. Evans: Do you not think that the time is rapidly approaching when under our advancing civilization, if industrial strife continues and the necessities of life are tied up as they are in Colorado, that the government must of necessity take over those properties and operate them themselves, in some manner?

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When the Senate Opens

By FRED C. KELLY

Illustrated by Herb Roth



Senator Stephenson leans over and grasps his desk by the front corners



Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota



Senator Shively has his chair placed sideways

EXACTLY one week ago we had the United States Senate in the midst of convening, when we were rudely interrupted to make way for other performers. That week is now supposed not to have elapsed, and the Senate is still assembling for its afternoon of toil, with all the original cast.

Still more Senators are drifting in. Atlee Pomerene, of Ohio, all incarcerated in the conventional black, sinks into his seat, places one finger to his cheek, the way poets used to, and seems to give himself up to utter despair. He appears cheerful and reconciled, even optimistic, when one meets him, but officially his solemn countenance seems to take cognizance only of woe and desolation. He acts as forlorn as a subject without a predicate, and has the air of a man who is trying to convince himself that he is somewhere else. Just because he looks the way he does, Pomerene has been assigned to funeral committees oftener than any other Senator, on the theory that he can impart the final touch of solemnity, and his work has given general satisfaction.

Just a few seats away from Pomerene sits Henry F. Hollis, of New Hampshire, the only Senator, it seems, who ever smiles. No matter what he is talking about, or to whom, he appears to be perpetually telling a funny story, and he smiles right out boldly and bravely like a freeborn yeoman.

Senators Poindexter, of Washington, and Kenyon, of Iowa, look as if they, too, would like to laugh and be gay, but they take a glance at all the solemnity with which they are surrounded and decide to restrain themselves and keep out of trouble. Kenyon has an odd way of sitting over on one hip, with head alert, like a robin peering forth from its nest.

Bent over his desk in the front row, glumly coercing information out of a mess of documents in front of him, and savagely sticking figures to a little pad of paper, is Dr. Gallinger of New Hampshire, colleague of the smiling and chuckling Hollis. Gallinger greatly reduces the average jollity of the New Hampshire representation in the Senate, for he does not smile. Instead he glowers like a great beetle. He and Hollis must be great company for each other. Dr. Gallinger is the final word in standpatism and has only the scantiest relish for the attitude of a great many other Senators one might mention. Sometimes he will sit for three-quarters of an hour apparently oblivious to all that is going on, and then all of a sudden he gets up like an attorney for the defense, impales somebody with a dotted line from his eye, and begins:

"I would like to ask the gentleman——"

From that starting point he goes ahead and emits quantities of language in defense of the Things That Are.

Senator Owen, the part Cherokee member from Oklahoma, has the most reposeful air in the whole chamber. But there is where one must not be fooled. Owen is a long way from being the quiet, cigar-store type of Indian. The minute he is aroused he becomes a table-pounder and his words begin to pop forth in the form of red and blue balls of fire, as if he were a Roman candle.



Senator Vardaman of Mississippi

Senator Reed, of Missouri, also looks calm. Reed has a habit of going back to one of the big leather lounges at the rear of the chamber and holding a quiet confidential chat with some associate. But just when one least suspects it, Reed may be getting ready to deliver a speech. A day or so after Reed came to the Senate, a friend of his, knowing that he was a good speaker, asked him if he planned to make many formal addresses.

"I don't know," replied Reed. "If I should have something important to say I may possibly make a speech after I've been here a while, and then again I may not deliver a speech for a year."

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And it was almost twenty-four hours after that before Reed decided to make his initial speech.

While we have been talking about it all, a few more Senators have slipped in. John Sharp Williams enters by a side door, takes a couple of furtive glares about him, as if to make certain he is unobserved, and trundles at once to his seat. Senator Walsh sits down quietly and peeks about over the top of his vast mustache. Mark Smith, of Arizona, shuffles in with a look of inquiry in his great big eyes which seem to be asking: "What place is this, and what's going on here, anyhow?" He goes and takes the nearest vacant seat to Senator Shively, of Indiana, who is his crony. Shively rarely sits facing his desk, but has his chair placed sideways, and for an excellent reason, too; having the build of a giant greyhound, he would be at a complete loss to know how to go about tucking his limbs under his desk.

Senator O'Gorman pauses to hold a reception near the rear entrance, and he talks with his eyebrows, elevating and shifting them expressively, from time to time, like a fond mother watching a mischievous child. John Weeks, of Massachusetts, reclines easily in his chair and, with his elbow braced against his stomach, seems to be foolishly trying to poke his huge fist down his throat, but he will never make it. Senator Myers, too, sits with his hand up to his mouth, but his attitude is more that of a man who is fixing to sneak a yawn out of his system.

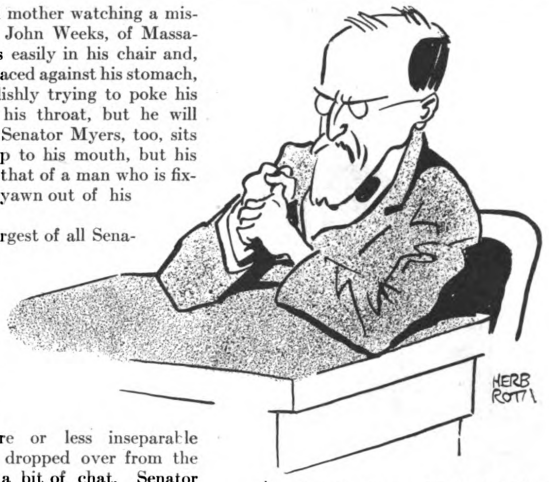
Ollie James, largest of all Senators, lets himself cautiously down into his chair, but gets up shortly and goes back to a big lounge to visit with Representative Tom Heflin, his more or less inseparable pally, who has dropped over from the House side for a bit of chat. Senator Newlands sits erect, looking indignant, not because anybody has insulted him, but because he has a face drawn on such a pattern that it always looks indignant. With short, quick strides Senator La Follette comes down the center aisle and darts like a trout into his first row orchestra seat.

Senator Theodore Elijah Burton, of Ohio, swings in carrying the largest book in sight. No matter how many Senators may come in carrying books, Burton will have a larger book than anybody else. He thinks nothing of reading a book weighing eight or nine pounds, and will do so gladly if he has reasonable assurance that he can flush one or two facts. When not reading a ponderous tome, he sits with corrugated brow holding subterranean thoughts with himself.

Senator Borah also has a book, but he has it down in his lap instead of on his desk, and he clutches it in a manner to indicate that any facts trying to scurry away will have a difficult escape.

On the other side of the chamber, Senators Chilton, of West Virginia, and Hitchcock, of Nebraska, are growing restless and begin to pace about like glorified, high-salaried floor walkers. Senator Harry Lane, of Oregon, also becomes weary of staying in one place and he starts to patrol a beat at the rear of the room with the slow, methodical stride of a night watchman.

Nearly all the Senators that are coming in at all have arrived now. Works, of California, is looking over the scene and blinking owlishly. Vice-President Marshall is leaning back in his chair with the calm benignity of a visiting pastor. The droning voice of the Clerk is heard no more. Reed Smoot is snapping his fingers for page boys to fetch him things. All the petitions and memorials have been introduced, and the more important features of the day's exercises are being taken up. The Senate is in full blast.



Senator Kern will sit clutching his thumb in just that way for an hour at a time



Senator Martine, of New Jersey, is the habitual first-on-the-scene, the most persistent earliest arrival

The Wound That Bled in Heaven

By MARY AUSTIN

THERE was a man of Nazareth
Whose wounds ached in Heaven.

Under the Tree whose leaves
Floating from noon to night of the centuries
Marked out a day of the Lord, where the Seraphim
Dipped their bright wings in the river,
Lo, in his pierced hands he was aware of a pang
And the track of a spear in his side reddened and throbbing.

Straightway forth from the gate
He followed the ache in his breast as the homing pigeon
Follows the secret clue to the cote that bred him,
Marked by none but the angels
Tossing the moon-bright spheres in the windless spaces,
Leaving them poised in the void while they wondered,
Touched with awe of his manhood,
With a faint, celestial envy
Of his strange great gift of sorrow
And the wound that bled in Heaven.

Not at all men marked him
As he went in his earlier guise of a race rejected
With sweated brow and palms that the adze had calloused;
But for all their common stripe, it was not the workers stayed him.
Loud, said he, in Heaven
Is the rending cry of men defrauded
Of the beast's right to feed and protect their offspring,
It is nothing new or strange to set my side a-bleeding;
And I was not all for pity, even on earth,
Said the man of Nazareth.

Nay, Lord, said his own, when at last they knew him
(With a fine Christian courtesy,
Noting the marks of his trade with eyes averted),
In the building of States there must needs be some tools broken
Women not made for work, and the children
Put too soon to the wheel, untempered,
In the rash way of the poor, Lord, thou hast seen it
When of thy great condescension
Ye came to the scum of the earth
From your high, exclusive Heaven.
The poor have not greatly changed
O Lord, since you knew them. . . .

Yea, said the Man of Nazareth,
Ye have said it, ye my name people,
It is for this my wounds bleed, even in Heaven.

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Around the Capitol

By McGREGOR

The Anti-Trust Bill

ON the first day of May Chairman Clayton of the House Judiciary Committee introduced the Administration bill for the further destruction of monopolistic corporations and practices and the regulation of competition. Mr. Clayton has been nominated by the President to the federal judgeship in Alabama made vacant by the death of Judge Jones, and though the nomination was immediately confirmed, he will not leave the House until the bill is passed. The bill prohibits discrimination in the prices of commodities for the purpose of injuring the business of a competitor; forbids the making of a condition that the purchaser of commodities shall not purchase from competitors; forbids holding companies where the purpose is to eliminate or lessen competition; forbids the purchase of the stock of one company by another for the purpose of lessening competition; prohibits interlocking directorates, such as common directors of a railroad and of a company selling supplies to the railroad; or of more than one bank, where the capital and surplus is more than $2,500,000; or of more than one bank in cities of more than 100,000 people; or of more than one competing corporation where the capital and surplus is more than $1,000,000; permits the existence of fraternal, labor, consumers, agricultural, or horticultural organizations and allows *individual members to carry out the legitimate objects thereof;* holds the guilty officer or agent of an offending corporation personally responsible; allows any person injured by an unlawful combination to recover threefold damages, the judgment or decree of the Court declaring the combination unlawful being conclusive evidence of that fact; and allows persons threatened with injury to secure injunctions against the combinations after due notice; forbids the issuing of injunctions in disputes between employers and employees except to prevent irreparable injury to property or a property right; limits the time for contempt proceedings to the year within which the offence occurred. If there is anything left out of this bill for the suppression of monopoly and the regulation of competition, it does not readily occur to one what it is. Nevertheless, there are reasonable modifications and exceptions so that the law can work hardship only to the unjust oppressor of his fellowmen. The bill has been given right of way in the House and will pass both Houses. Those who have been hoping that the Administration would be swerved from its domestic program by foreign complications will be disappointed.

Huerta's Choice

IT is difficult to travel through the mazes of Latin-American diplomacy, but the plan of mediation, however great its failure, has placed the United States in a stronger position than ever before. It has given time for American citizens to leave Mexico in safety, and time for the Mexican people to recover from the shock of foreign invasion. Huerta would probably much prefer the American army to march upon Mexico City in order that he might surrender to the United States rather than to the Constitutionalist forces; but General Maas has a ridiculously small force even for the purpose of provoking American attack upon his army. It would be a difficult task for an army of less than 30,000 to reach Mexico City from Vera Cruz and to keep open its lines of communication. In the meantime the Revolutionists seem to be doing the work which it would cost the lives of American soldiers to perform.

In Vera Cruz

CIVIL government in Vera Cruz was of duration the briefest. Admiral Fletcher acted with the best intentions, but the man he named, Robert J. Kerr, for Civil Governor had been one of the severest critics of President Wilson's Mexican policy. So it was quickly decided that the military government was best for Vera Cruz at this time and General Funston put Colonel Plummer in charge, Mr. Kerr wondering why he was begun for if he was so soon to de done for. By the way, we wonder if Kansas is not just a little prouder of Funston, just now, loyal to his Commander-in-Chief, than it is of Bristow, using all his limited powers in the spirit of narrowest partisanship to embarrass the President of the United States in his difficult and delicate duties.

America

THE term "America," used for the United States, is sometimes objected to by the hypercritical, on the ground that there are other parts of America, both North and South. It should be remembered that there are also other united states, the United States of Brazil, the United States of Colombia, the United States of Mexico, now considerably disunited, as well as the United States of America. In South America the most usual name for our country is North America, more formally called "Los Estados del Norte"; colloquially it is known as "Colosso del Norte." A person asking for mail from the United States at an average South American post-office would have to explain himself, but he would be readily understood if he inquired for letters from the Colossus of the North.

The Victorious Constitutionalists

CARRANZA can hardly be blamed by those who are familiar with the situation in Mexico for declining to grant an armistice or to mediate his conflict with Huerta. The Constitutionalists are suspicious that the whole plan of mediation originated with the Cientificos, in the hope of wresting victory from their grasp. The Constitutionalists' position becomes stronger day by day. Nuevo Laredo has been evacuated and burned, the garrison retreating toward Monterey being intercepted, part of them captured, the rest making for Saltillo. Piedras Negras was also evacuated, the garrison reaching Saltillo, leaving the whole northern border free of Federal forces. Monterey was captured, the Federal army having evacuated it on its retreat to Saltillo. Villa had at least 20,000 men, well armed, for the attack on Saltillo, the Federal army having been reduced to not more than 10,000, and it being difficult to keep it from further disintegration. General Caballero, reinforced by a column under General Castro, is intermittently attacking Tampico and inducing the Federal garrison to waste their ammunition. Mazatlan, on the west coast, is still bottled up by Obregon, while General Natera, under the direction of Villa, has made an attack upon Zacatecas. With the fall of Saltillo, the Revolutionist army will concentrate at San Louis Potosi, and with its capture the way lies open to Mexico City. Zapata, on the South, has refused the overtures of Huerta to unite against the American invasion, and has recently issued a proclamation decreeing the death of Huerta and of Blanquet. Carranza has wisely declined to furnish Zapata with artillery, else he might enter Mexico City before Villa could reach the scene.

The Next President of Mexico

THE triumph of the Constitutionalist cause seems so near that there is already speculation as to the provisional, as well as the elected president of Mexico. Those who have been claiming that only a strong man of the type of Porfirio Diaz can govern Mexico have their ideal in Pancho Villa; but they do not care for strength to be exerted in the way Villa would be inclined to use his power. Villa has already eliminated himself, so far as his words can go, from consideration for the presidency, on the ground of his illiteracy. Carranza has refused to discuss his relation to that office, though Americans should remember that his apparently unfriendly attitude toward the United States makes him that much more popular with his own people. General Felipe Angeles comes more and more clearly into view as the strong man for whom Mexico is looking, who at the same time has education and national perspective. Another man prominently mentioned is Fernando Calderon, an ex-Senator, one of the former chiefs of the Liberal party, who has persistently refused to hold any higher office than that of senator and has fought consistently for the rights of the people. He is highly respected by all, and American occupation of Vera Cruz probably saved his life, as he was released from the prison into which Huerta, in his jealousy, had thrown him.

Cole Blease

THE good news comes from South Carolina that there are now fine prospects for the redemption of the Palmetto state from the obsession of Bleasism. The election of delegates to the state convention from all the counties show about 300 for Senator Smith and 50 for Blease. Senator Smith comes as a delegate from his own county, and Blease's county refused to send him or any of his adherents. The convention adopts the rules for the primary, and it is safe to say that a reasonable educational qualification for registration will eliminate a vast number of Blease's devoted followers and will probably make Senator Smith's election certain.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

The Herford Versifacturing Co., N. Y.

To F. P. Betts,
London, Ontario
Dear Sir:

Your favor of April 17 re T. R. on the Amazon received, and contents noted. In reply, would say, we carry full line of animal verses, limericks, and jingles. Owing however to present heavy demand for South American goods, we shall be glad to close with your offer and furnish same with complete pictorial fitting of superior quality guaranteed to withstand any climate, and absolutely art-critic proof,

Yours very truly,
O. Herford.
President Herford Versifacturing Co.

P S. Having lost the two cent stamp enclosed with your invoice, we are shipping printed sample of your jingle with pictorial attachment per HARPER'S WEEKLY mailing department.

O. H.



T. R. on the Amazon

When Teddy met the alligator,
Desiring to be true to Natur',
He asked the reptile, it appears,
To shed a few symbolic tears.
The 'gator answered with a smile
"You're thinking of the crocodile."

Waltzing Mice and Dancing Men

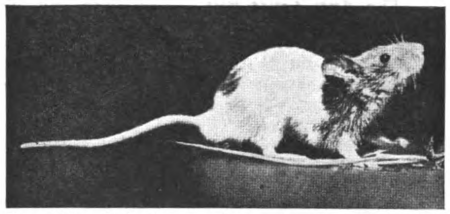
"On some men the Gods bestow Fortitude,
On others a disposition for Dancing."

THUS the poet Hesiod, three thousand years ago, offended by the syncopated indecencies of the "Beotian Hug" and the Corinthian Dip, scored with vitriolic antithesis the Dancing man of his day——

And of all the days, for like the poor (and no less deplorable) the Dancing man is always with us.

The gods had much to answer for in the days of Hesiod, and man had much to put up with. Anything, good or evil, that befell him, from the measles to melancholia—from fortitude to dancing—was a gift of the gods, wished on him as a token of their high esteem, or otherwise. All man had to do was to accept the gift, and, if it chanced to be boils, as in the case of Job, he might be thankful it was nothing worse.

Today we view a gift of the gods with distrust. Before giving thanks, we inspect it in the light of Science. We examine it (as a gift horse) in the mouth. If it is a good gift, such as patience, or an aptitude for cooking, we nurture and encourage it; if it is an undesirable gift, like the measles, we eradicate it, or give it away as quickly as possible.

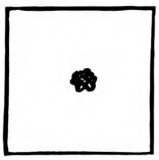


Even before it is old enough to escape from the nest the waltzing mouse begins to move in circles. At the age of three weeks it is able to dance vigorously, and is incessantly active when not washing itself or sleeping or eating

Without knowing it, Hesiod uttered a scientific truth. That Fortitude and a Disposition to Dance are gifts of the gods is just as true physiologically as it is poetically speaking.

The Dancing man dances, the man of Fortitude faces a cannon—or a German Opera—because he is built that way. In other words, his behavior is due to certain pathological structural conditions which are inherited.

The behavior of the man of Fortitude is due to the atrophy of cerebral tissue in that part of the brain whose function it is to stimulate the special brain activity known as imagination. That is to say, he faces the cannon without the least concern, because he can not imagine what it will be like to have a cannon explode right in his face.



The brain of the dancing man—greatly magnified

WHAT then are the pathological conditions in the brain of the Dancing man that cause him to dance? Unfortunately for the cause of Science, the brain of the true Dancing man is almost as rare a commodity as Radium (see cut). In the United States alone there is scarcely more than a fraction of an ounce of this elusive gray tissue. To procure even the minute quantity necessary for experimental purposes would require the sacrifice of thousands of Dancing men. This in these days Antivivisection Hysteria is out of the question.



The brain of the waltzing mouse—actual size

Luckily for Science, there exists in the animal Kingdom another creature afflicted with the same peculiar tendency to perpetual rotation as the Dancing man.

It is but one alliterative step from the Dancing man to the Dancing mouse.

The restlessness and almost incessant movement in circles and the peculiar excitability of the Dancing mouse is attributed by Rawitz, the famous physiologist, to the *lack of certain senses which compels the animal to strive through varied movements to use to the greatest advantage those senses which it does possess.*

Comparative physiologists have discovered that the ability of animals to regulate the position of the body with respect to external objects is dependent in a large measure upon the groups of sense organs which collectively are called the ear.

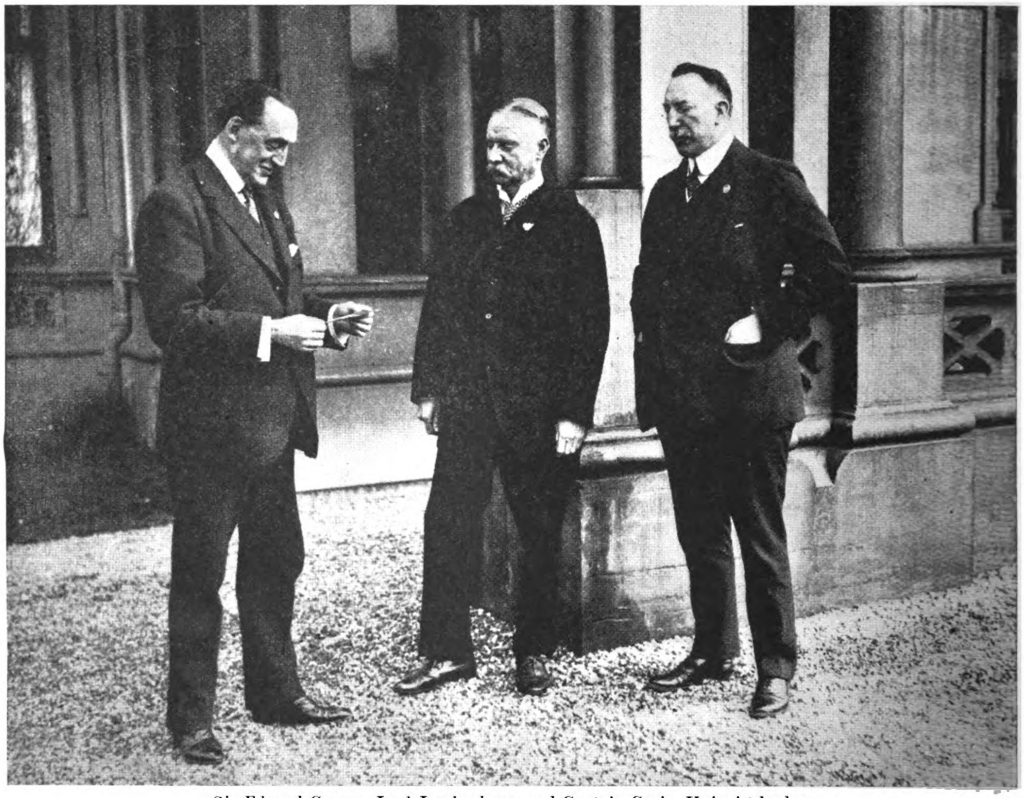
To quote Rawitz again:

The waltzing mouse has only one normal canal and that is the anterior vertical. The horizontal and posterior vertical canals are crippled and frequently they are grown together.

Panse, on the other hand, expresses his belief that there are unusual structural conditions in the brain, perhaps in the cerebellum, to which are due the dance movements.

When the doctors disagree what are we going to do about it? Meanwhile as Vance Thompson says, "on with the dance! let joy be unrefined."

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Sir Edward Carson, Lord Londonderry, and Captain Craig, Unionist leaders

What Happened in Ulster

By JOHN J. FINEGAN

THE great length to which religious prejudice has been carried in Ulster during the last few months can best be understood after reading the picturesque incidents that Mr. Finegan describes. What seems to us curious manifestations of partisan feeling, like the partisan football games, throw light upon this situation which is so much a matter of race and character

DESPITE the fact that the carefully conducted campaign of the Unionists to affect public opinion has been greeted with glee by the Nationalists, the serious-minded Orangeman is quite intent upon a final appeal to force to settle the question. No one could mingle with these people, as the writer has done, and continue to doubt the sincerity of their motives, but the good faith of their Tory and aristocratic leaders is open to serious question.

It was the good fortune of the writer to meet Count Della Vanna, a distinguished Italian publicist and former officer in the Italian Army, who has been visiting Ulster for the purpose of making a study of the situation.

"It was my first visit to Ireland," observed the Count, "and, naturally, I never expected to encounter old acquaintances. I was delighted, however, to meet several thousand old friends in the shape of rifles carried by the Ulster volunteers, which were condemned and abandoned by the Italian Army in 1884 and in 1887."

Another fact which makes the likelihood of real civil war appear most remote, unless sporadic rioting and futile resistance by small bodies of ill-armed and half-drilled volunteers can be dignified by the term, is the difficulty which the so-called Provisional Government of Ulster will encounter in issuing ammunition to its troops. In a single company of volunteers the writer has found no less than four separate and distinct types of military rifles in use, including the old-time Springfield rifle in vogue in the United States Army prior to the war with Spain. In just what fashion ammunition for these diversified weapons can be secured and distributed is a problem which the leaders of the Covenanters do not attempt to explain.

When the recent proclamation of the Imperial Government against the continued importation of arms into Ulster was issued, the firm of Hunter & Sons, Belfast, which has practically supplied the troops of the Provisional Government with weapons, brought a test case in the Court of Assizes before Mr. Justice Boyd to determine the legality of the action of the British Ministry. Eight cases of rifles consigned to the plaintiffs had been seized by Collector of Customs R. H. Coleman and destroyed by the police. The nature of the action, in which final decision is still pending, was a suit against Mr. Coleman for the value of the goods and damages for their conversion. In order to establish a prima facia case it was necessary for the plaintiffs to submit the invoices showing the cost of the rifles seized. These documents revealed the interesting fact that the cost of the rifles was exactly 7s 6d each, or approximately $1.87. The Nationalists in the province have seized upon this as an opportunity to issue mock-warnings to the volunteers against self-slaughter.

One of the most bewildering features of the situation is that in spite of his present alliance with the Tory forces of England, the Ulsterman is at bottom a much more sincere democrat than the Irishman of the South. The whole history of Ulster is redundant with ample proof of the sturdy independence of her people and their resistance to oppression. As the Covenanters are fond of pointing out, the most serious battle of the Revolution of 1798 was fought in Antrim, and in that county the writer enjoyed the hospitality of a sturdy Orangeman and Presbyterian who exhibited with great pride the rusty pike borne by his grandfather in those stirring days of the struggle for Irish independence.

Timothy Murtha was this man's name —probably a northern rendition of the surname Murphy, and he was most emphatic in his declaration that the fight of Ulster today is in nowise different in spirit than that waged by his forebears.

"We're ready to fight the same battle today, sor. It's a fight for our liberty and religion. There'll be no coercion for Ulster. We'll take care of oursel's and let the Papishes do the same in the South. We want no part of them."

Truth to say, there have occurred instances which tend to palliate, if not

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excuse, this distrust on the part of Ulster Protestants against the Catholic majority. The difficulty seems to be that the Orangeman is unable to divorce his politics from his religion, nor is he able to differentiate between the individual Catholic and the faith which the latter espouses. Recently in one of the large Catholic schools three lay teachers were expelled to make way for clerical substitutes. The injustice of the act was roundly condemned by intelligent Catholics everywhere, but the Orangemen seized upon the incident with avidity as proof positive of the "tyranny of the clericals."

"'Twould be the same way, d'ye see, in politics," quoth Tim Murtha, "We can't thrust thim. There'll be no clerical domination here."

Even in their sports, the Ulstermen cannot forget political and religious differences. The favorite pastime in the North of Ireland is association football, known in England and America as "soccer"—while throughout the rest of the country typical Gaelic sports such as hurling and Gaelic football are most popular. There is not much difference between the game of Gaelic football and soccer, but as one witty Celt explained: "In the association game the object of each player seems to be to kick an opponent when unable to kick the ball, while in Gaelic football each player kicks the ball when unable to kick an opponent."

THROUGHOUT Ulster there exists a league composed of professional teams which play matches every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Players are traded back and forth between these teams much after the same fashion as our American baseball players are "sold" by one major league club to another. Most of the teams are composed of Scotch and English players, with a sprinkling of native Ulsterites, both Protestant and Catholic, although the percentage of the latter is almost negligible.

At every game a hundred or more men of the Royal Irish Constabulary are present within the grounds to keep the peace and suppress incipient rioting on the field by wielding their batons on the heads of obstreperous partisans.

"Kill the Fenian beggar," is the favorite advice shouted to the Linfield Club players by their Unionist supporters, whenever a player on the Celtic team is receiving particularly hard usage.

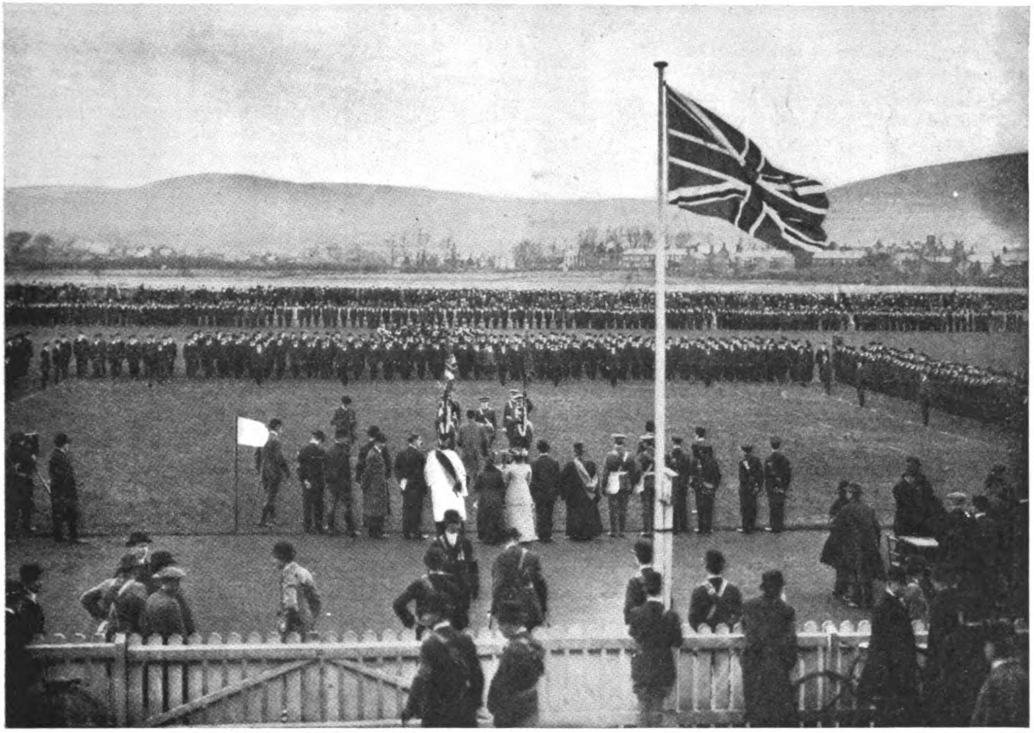
"Kick the head off the Orange rogue," is the retort which rolls across the field from the Nationalist stands when the Celtic Club players resort to retaliatory tactics.

"Up Blue!" is the cheer of the Linfield team's supporters; "Up Stripes" is the rallying-cry of the Celtic Club's followers. So effectually has the athletic rivalry of the two teams been identified by the Ulster football enthusiasts with their own local religious and political differences, that the person who is so unwise as to utter either cheer in any portion of northeast Ulster at the present time is likely to be promptly placed under arrest by a constable and haled into court charged with "inciting to riot by uttering party cries in the streets." Indeed, in the course of a recent riot which followed the defeat of the Linfield team by the Celtic Club players, the enraged supporters of the defeated team charged across the field discharging revolvers and hurling rocks into the ranks of the Celtic rooters and before the baton charges of the constabulary restored order forty-three persons were seriously injured.

It is so amazing to an American to find professional athletic contests made the outlet for the fervor of political partisanship, that this phase of the situation, though trivial in itself, is important as a revelation of the intensity of feeling of which these remarkable people are capable.

It was the good fortune of the writer a few days ago to witness a procession in Londonderry which followed a convocation of Orange lodges. The striking feature of the parade, as of all Orange demonstrations was the drumming. At the head of each division marched a corps of drummers, beating ferociously the famous and picturesque Orange "Dreadnought drums." These drums are so large as to practically obscure the person of the drummer and are beaten in constant rhythm with long rods of rattan, instead of the usual drumstick. The apparent object is to create such an ear-splitting din as to render inaudible any possible uncomplimentary remarks on the part of spectators.

The rattan rods sink into the palms of the drummers until their hands are raw and bleeding, and, in the ferocious assaults upon the raw-hide covers of the instruments the men draw their wrists along the rim of the drum-head until, these, too, are bloody. At the front of the drummers stalks a fifer, prancing in a semi-dance to the shrill notes. The shoulders of the drummers swing up and down in time with the drum-beats and they sway in and out, exchanging places in the line with a sort of skip which has been designated as the Orange war-dance. At the conclusion of the demonstration, the exhausted dancing-drummers proudly compare their hands and wrists, and he who exhibits the most painful wounds is acclaimed by his fellows as having demonstrated most emphatically his adherence to the principle of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland and hatred to the Pope.



Presentation of colors to an Antrim regiment at Balmoral racetrack

PERSPIRING from their efforts, heated into a paroxysm of fanatical hysteria into which they have worked themselves, a group of these "Dreadnought drummers" turn into a public house to discuss over foaming tankards of stout the righteousness of their cause.

"Aye, mon, I'd bash his face for him if so be he didna' quit it," observes one of the number, evidently alluding to some grievance which he cherished against a Catholic neighbor.

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"Well said, mon, well said!" is the general response to this declaration of hostility. "We're wi' ye. Let Home Rule come an' we'll drive them all to Hell or Connaught, every Papist idol-worshipper to a mon. They'll clear out o' here. We want none of them."

This, then, is the type of intolerant, rabidly prejudiced, but dangerously fanatical and sincere Orangeman, who is today the ignorant dupe of Tory statesmen.

Within the past few days large posters intended to allay the spirit of animosity engendered by the doctrine of an appeal to arms have been prominently displayed on walls and fences throughout the Orange districts of Belfast. These posters were printed by a council of Protestant clergymen of various denominations who are opposed to the entire volunteer movement and read as follows:

CHRISTIANS SHOULD NOT ARM THEMSELVES! JESUS HAS SAID: "LOVE YOUR ENEMIES AND DO GOOD TO THOSE WHO HATE YOU."

These posters have everywhere been defaced, and in one instance upon a whitewashed stone wall in Buttermilk Lane under the shadow of the historic Cave Hill some genius has painted the response:

"We will have no Pope here."

"Ulster's reply to the Scriptures," laughed an observer.

It is this bitterness of spirit which, when coupled with the present political dissatisfaction and unrest, bids fair to culminate in serious riots throughout Ulster and almost certain loss of life. Apparently the civil authorities in the four northeastern counties of Ulster are doing nothing to prevent the precipitation of such an outbreak. Indeed, it is a fact that at times of previous disturbances the Unionist officials did nothing to suppress law-breaking and violence.

In June, 1912, very strong political feeling was engendered in the shipyards owned by Messrs. Harland & Wolff and Workman, Clark & Company. The resulting violence led to the Home Rule workers in both plants, numbering in all about 2,500, being compelled to abandon their employment. Eighty-two unfortunate Catholic workmen were so seriously injured by showers of "Queen's Island confetti," consisting of bolts and steel disks, that they were removed to the Royal Victoria and Mater Infirmorum hospitals. When the hundreds of men thus forced out of employment attempted to return to work a few weeks later when the excitement had apparently subsided, the entire force of 14,000 Orange workers rose in revolt and again drove them forth to compulsory idleness.

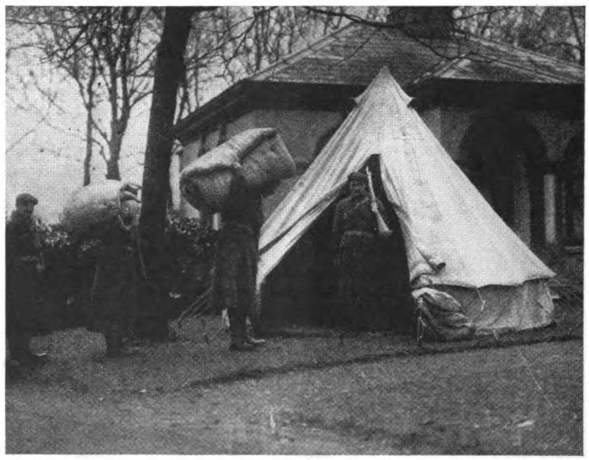
That the same tactics are being pursued today in the shipyards was evidenced by the fact that recently a large meeting of protest was held in St. Mark's Hall at which about 1,500 ship-workers were present. One of the speakers, himself a Protestant, stated that the audience included some four hundred non-Catholics, mostly Englishmen and Scotchmen, who were driven from their employment because their political views did not coincide with those of the Unionists.

A MOST remarkable fact, which illustrates the license which was granted by the civil authorities to the rioters in 1912, is that the Corporation of Belfast was later compelled to pay the sum of £1,000 in claims to various insurance companies. This amount, $5,000, represented the damage done by a single procession of Orangemen in one night,



Presentation of colors to an Antrim regiment, Ulster volunteer force, at Balmoral

when they went about in an organized mob, stoning windows of Catholic homes and destroying the store windows of Home Rule merchants and tradesmen. Following these remarkable demonstrations, the Belfast *Newsletter*, the accredited organ of Orangeism, remarked editorially that the talk about "living in peace and amity with our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen is pure rot."



Volunteers on duty at Craigavon, bringing in bedding for their tents

This amazing article continued: "Live in peace and amity with all men certainly, but clip the wings of Rome by keeping her apostate Church and slaves in their proper places. The Papist makes a good hewer of wood and drawer of water, he is servile to baseness, his Church teaches him that; but he makes the most tyrannical of masters at the instigation of the black-coated bigots who own him body and soul."

To such a degree has this most shameful policy been acted upon that in the city of Belfast today, where 27 per cent. of the total population is Roman Catholic, representatives of that faith are practically excluded from public office. Of the £16,790 voted in salaries by the Belfast Board of Guardians in 1911, just £233 went to Catholics. The Corporation of Belfast today includes 437 salaried officials with salaries aggregating £68,723 annually. These offices are filled as follows:—Protestants, 428, Catholics, 9. Of the total annual payroll expenditure, Protestants receive £67,955 and Catholics only £768.

One of the oddest complications recently added to the already sufficiently involved situation in Ulster has been the pernicious activity in the four northeastern counties on the part of the militant suffragettes under the lead of Dorothy Evans, an Englishwoman. So widespread has been the invitation to civil war that the feminists have seized upon the opportunity to employ their so-called arson squads in firing valuable residences and do not hesitate to justify themselves by the argument that they are simply resorting to the same appeal to violence which Sir Edward Carson and the Covenanters threaten to employ.

Within the past fortnight four valuable residences have been destroyed or seriously damaged by fires of incendiary origin.

"Sir Edward Carson talks; we act," reads a circular openly distributed by the militants in the streets of Belfast and Londonderry. At a meeting held under the auspices of the Ulster Women's Social and Political Union in Ulster Hall a few nights ago, Mrs. Drummond, a suffragette speaker, asserted that drilling was equally as criminal as arson.

"You Ulstermen say that you are prepared to destroy both life and property in civil war and you are blamed for bluffing, and you now retort to us women that you have not been militant, when the outside world thinks that every Ulsterman stands with a gun on his shoulder. If you say to us now that you don't believe in militancy then your opponents are right when they say that you are bluffing. If you are militant and insist upon your right to maintain your principles and obtain justice for yourselves through militancy, you have no right to censure or to condemn us. You have no right to put Miss Dorothy Evans in the dock and let Sir Edward Carson go free."

Strange, to say, however, the logic of this argument was absolutely lost upon the audience of Ulster die-hards to which it was addressed. The speaker was boohed and jeered throughout her address and a number of auditors, wearing the khaki uniforms of the Ulster Volunteers, even went so far as to attempt to break up the meeting by throwing about snuff and sneeze powder and malodorous chemicals, once again demonstrating the truth of my repeated assertion that your Orangeman is utterly lacking in a sense of humor and is unable to appreciate a joke at his own expense.

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The Artist

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

Illustrated by Guy Pène du Bois

THE inner workings of the artist's mind, especially the artist of the new schools, is a puzzle to the layman. This sketch of Mr. Galsworthy's is as accurate a chart as we have ever seen published

HE had long known, of course, that to say the word "bourgeois" with contempt was a little bit old-fashioned, and he did his utmost not to; yet was there a still small voice within him that would whisper: "Those people —I want to and I do treat them as my equals. I have even gone so far of late years as to dress like them, to play their games, to eat regularly, to drink little, to love decorously, with many other bourgeois virtues, but in spite of all I remain where I was, an inhabitant of another—" and just as he thought the whispering voice was going to die away, it would add hurriedly, "and a better world."

It worried him; and he would diligently examine the premises of that small secret conclusion, hoping to find a flaw in the justness of his conviction that he was superior. But he never did; and for a long time he could not discover why.

Their conduct often struck him as almost superfluously good. They were brave; much braver than he was conscious of being; clean-thinking, oh, far more clean-thinking than a man like himself, necessarily given to visions of all kinds; they were straightforward, almost ridiculously so, as it seemed to one who saw the inside-out of everything almost before he saw the outside-in; they were simple, as touchingly simple as little children, to whom Scriptures and Post-Impressionism had combined to award the crown of wisdom; they were kind and self-denying in a way that often made him feel quite desperately his own selfishness—and yet, they were inferior. It was simply maddening that he could never rid himself of that impression.

It was one November afternoon, while talking with another artist, that the simple reason struck him with extraordinary force and clarity: He could make them, and they could not make him!

It was clearly this which caused him to feel so much like God when they were about. Glad enough, as any man might be, of that discovery, it did not set his mind at rest. He felt that he ought rather to be humbled than elated. And he went to work at once to be so, saying to himself: "I am just, perhaps, a little nearer to the Creative Purpose than the rest of the world—a mere accident, nothing to be proud of; I can't help it, nothing to make a fuss about, though people will!" For it did seem to him sometimes that the whole world was in conspiracy to make him feel superior—as if there were any need! He would have felt much more comfortable if that world had despised him, as it used to in the old days, for then the fire of his conviction could with so much better grace have flared to heaven; there would have been something fine about a superiority leading its own forlorn hope; but this trailing behind the drums and trumpets of a Press and Public so easily taken in, he felt to be both flat and a little degrading. True, he had his moments, as when his eyes would light on sentences like this (penned generally by clergymen): "All this talk of Art is idle; what really matters is Morals." Then indeed his spirit would flame, and after gazing at "is Morals" with flashing eye and curling lip, and wondering whether it ought to have been "are Morals," he would say to whomsoever might happen to be there: "These bourgeois! What do they know? What can they see?" and without waiting for an answer, would reply: "Nothing! Nothing. Less than nothing!" and mean it. It was at moments such as these that he realized how he not only despised but almost hated those dense and cocky Philistines who could not see his obvious superiority. He felt that he did not lightly call them by such names, because they really *were* dense and cocky, and no more able to see things from his point of view than they were to jump over the moon. These fellows could see nothing except from their own confounded viewpoint! They were so stodgy, too; and he gravely distrusted anything static. Flux, flux, and once more flux! He knew by intuition that an artist alone had the capacity for concreting the tides of life in forms that were not deleterious to anybody. For rules and canons he recognized the necessity with his head (including his tongue), but never with his heart; except of course the rules and canons of Art. He worshipped these; and when anybody like Tolstoi came along and said: "Blow Art!" or words to that effect, he hummed like bees caught on a gust of wind. What did it matter whether you had anything to express, so long as you expressed it? That only was "pure aesthetics," as he often said.

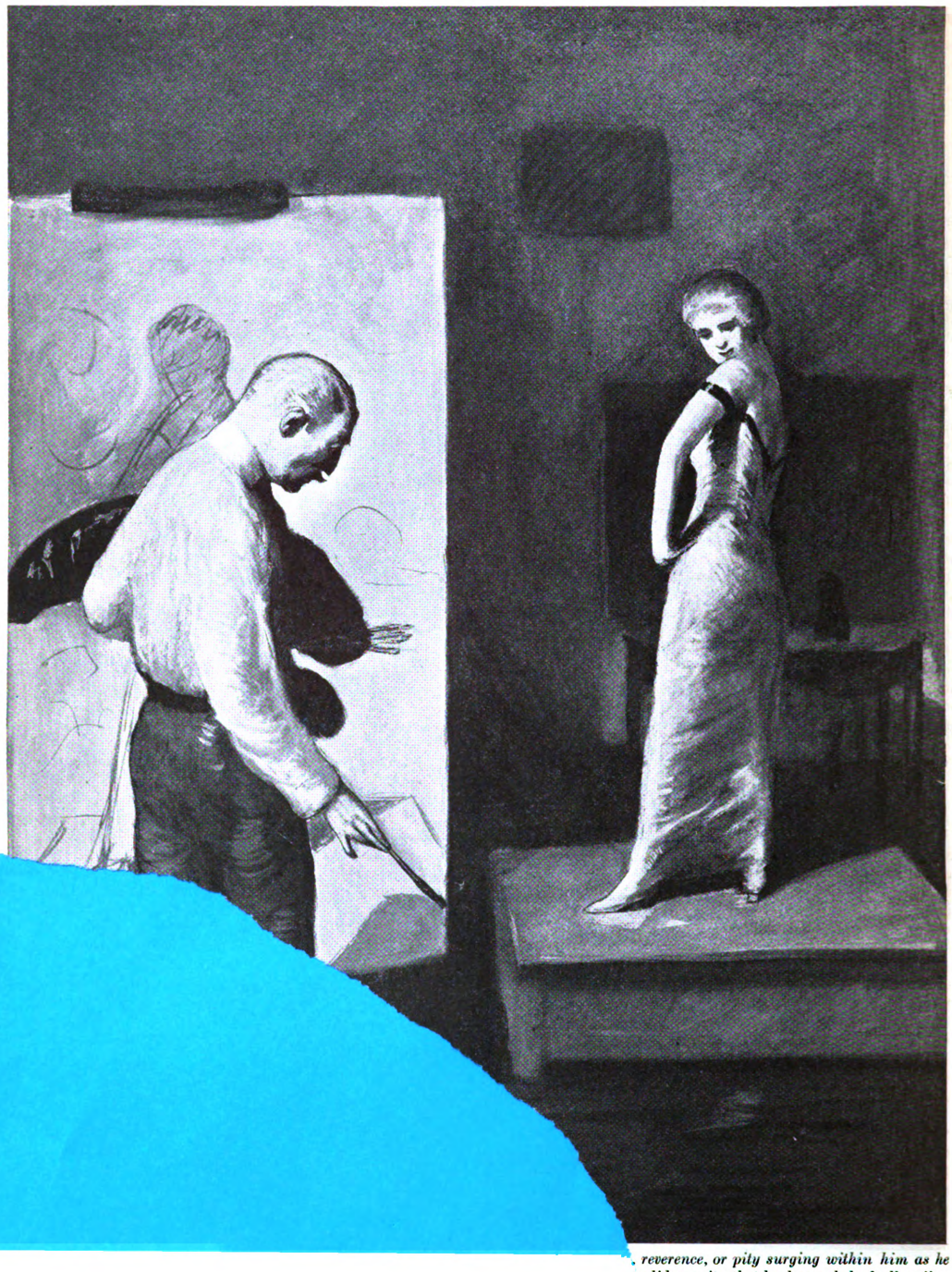
TO place before the Public eye something so exquisitely purged of thick and muddy actuality that it might be as perfectly without direct appeal today as it would be two thousand years hence, this was an ambition to which in truth he nearly always attained; this only was Great Art. He would assert with his last breath—which was rather short, for he suffered from indigestion—that one must never concrete anything in terms of ordinary nature. No! one must devise pictures of life that would be equally unfamiliar to men in A.D. 2520, as they had been in A.D. 1920; and when an inconsiderate person drew his attention to the fact that to the spectator in 2520 the most naturalistic pictures of the life of 1920 would seem quite convincingly fantastic, so that there was no need for him to go out of his way to devise fantasy—he would stare. For he was emphatically not one of those who did not care a button what the form was, so long as the spirit of the artist shone clear and potent through the pictures he drew. No, no; he either demanded the poetical, the thing that got off the ground, with the wind in its hair (and he himself would make the wind, rather perfumed); or—if not the poetical—something observed with extreme fidelity and without the smallest touch of that true danger to Art, the temperamental point of view. "No!" he would say, "It's our business to put it down just as it is, to see it, not to feel it. In feeling damnation lies." And nothing gave him greater uneasiness than to find the emotions of anger, scorn, love, reverence, or pity surging within him as he worked, for he knew that they would, if he did not at once master them, spoil a certain splendid vacuity that he demanded of all Art. In painting, Rafael, Tintoretto, and Holbein pleased him greatly; in fiction, Salammbô was his model, for, as he very justly said, you could supply to it what soul you liked—there being no inconvenient soul already in possession.

AS can be well imagined, his conviction of being, in a small way, God, permeated an outlook that was passionless and impartial to a degree—except perhaps toward the bourgeoisie, with their tiring morals, and peculiar habits. If he had a weakness, it was his paramount desire to suppress in himself any symptoms of temperament, except just that temperament of having no temperament, which seemed to him the only one permissible to an artist, who, as he said, was nothing if not simply a recorder, or a weaver of beautiful lines in the air.

Record and design, statement and decoration—these, in combination, constituted creation! It was to him a certain source of pleasure that he had discovered this. He was, of course, as all artists should be, avid of sensations, but perfectly careful not to feel them—that is, beyond, as it were, a physical point, so that he might be able to record them, or use them for his weaving in a purely aesthetic manner. The moment they impinged on his spirit and reason, and sent the blood to his head, he reined in, and began tracing lines in the air, a practice that never failed him.

It was his deliberate opinion that a work of art quite as great as the "Bacchus and Ariadne" could be made out of a kettle singing on a hob. You had merely to record it with beautiful lines and color; and what—in parenthesis—could lend itself more readily to beautiful treatment of lines woven in the air than steam rising from a spout? It was a subject, too, which in its very essence almost precluded temperamental treatment, so that this abiding temptation was removed from the creator. It could be transferred to canvas with a sort of immortal blandness—black, singing, beautiful. All that cant, such as: "The greater the artist's spirit, the greater the subject he will treat, and the greater achievement attain, technique being equal," was to him beneath contempt. The spirit did not matter because one must not intrude it, and since one must not intrude it, the more unpretentious the subject, the less temptation one had to diverge from impersonality, that first principle of Art. Oranges on a dish was probably the finest subject one could meet with; unless one chanced to dislike oranges. As for what people called "criticism of life," he maintained that such was only permissible when the criticism was so sunk into the very fiber of a work as to be imperceptible to the most searching eye. When this was achieved he thought it extremely valuable. Any-

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. reverence, or pity surging within him as he
ndid vacuity that he demanded of all art"

ning; once more anon a little pointed beard.
In these ways he singled himself out just
nough, no more; for he was no poseur,
lieving in his own place in the scheme
hings too deeply.
views on matters of the day varied,
rse, with the views of those he
o, since it was his privilege always
ither the other side, or something
nore subtle on the same side, as
side the other.
pical thought and emotion
point for one who lived in
ho lived to receive impres-
der them again so faithfully
ld not tell he had ever re-
. His was—as he sometimes
and precious personality.

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Baseball Notes

By BILLY EVANS

Some Baseball Tricks

MANY things happen on the diamond that impress the fan as inside baseball, when, as a matter of fact, strategy often was farthest from the players' intent. Recently two players arranged a fishing trip for Sunday. They planned to leave for the spot selected immediately after the game on Saturday. One of the players was a pitcher, the star of the team, the other was the shortstop. It so happened the star pitcher was selected to work this game. Several times during the game the pitcher found himself in trouble. Each time the shortstop held a conference with the pitcher. The purpose of the shortstop was to merely delay the game, so as to give the pitcher a chance to get himself together, and pitch himself out of the hole. On two of the occasions, on the first ball pitched after the conference, the opposition hit into a double play, retiring the side. The other time the pitcher ended the inning by causing the batter to strike out with the bases filled. Fandom wondered what transpired between the two players. I overheard the conversation each time; here is the gist of it: "Take your time, old boy; don't hurry, we have plenty of time to make our train. This fellow never made a hit off you in his life."

An Unusual Performance

RETIRING the side on two pitched balls appears an impossible feat, yet such is the record of "Doc" Ayers, a recruit twirler of the Washington team of the American League. Ayers performed the trick while acting in the rôle of relief pitcher. There is perhaps no more trying situation in baseball than that of rescue twirler. To be yanked from the bench unprepared, and sent into the battle, is indeed nerve-racking. It is far from pleasant to enter the game in place of some twirler who has faltered, and find the bases filled, realizing full well the allowing of a safe hit means the loss of the ball game.

Washington and Philadelphia are bitter rivals on the diamond. In a recent game between the two clubs, Washington led 3 to 1 up until the sixth inning. Pitcher Engle was working smoothly, and a two run margin looked big. Two runs is a fairly good lead over the average club, but the Athletics are not such a team. Mack's aggregation has a punch. In the sixth inning of the game, almost before one could realize it, a base on balls and three successive hits had tied up the game, and left runners on second and third with no one out. Jack Barry, always dangerous in a pinch, and perhaps the best exponent of the squeeze play in baseball, was the batter.

The Athletics are a great ball team because they are constantly doing the unexpected. With none out, and men on second and third, some critics may insist the squeeze play was poor judgment. I am not going to argue that point. The signal was hung out to the base runners for the squeeze, not the ordinary but the double squeeze. Most teams are content to score one run on the squeeze, but the Athletics very often score not only the man on third, but the runner on second as well. The success of this play, of course, depends very largely on the batsman fulfilling his part. As the pitcher starts to wind up, both runners take a flying start, so that when the ball leaves the hands of the pitcher, the runner on third is almost home, while the runner on second originally is past third. If the batsman keeps the bunt on the ground, two runs are almost certain to score.

On the first ball pitched by Ayers, the Athletics attempted the double squeeze. The pitch was a good one, but Barry fouled it off. This slip in the program tipped the Washington team as to what they might expect. The Athletics are daring, usually doing the very thing you don't expect. Catcher Henry of Washington really didn't think Mack's players would try the same thing again, but to be on the safe side he called for a waste ball, pitched so wide of the plate that it is next to impossible to hit. Barry did the unexpected—he called for the same play. Having signalled for such a play, it became his duty to hit the ball. The pitch was high and wide. Few batsmen would have been able to have reached the ball. It would have been better for Barry had he missed it, but Barry is a wonderful bunter, and he managed to connect. The ball shot on a line in the direction of first base. Chick Gandil, racing in toward the plate, threw up his gloved hand and caught the ball. The rest was easy. He tossed the ball to Foster at third, who in turn threw to McBride who covered second, completing a triple play. The side had been retired on two pitched balls.

Favorites Get Away Poorly

THE present baseball season is liable to prove a rather lean year from a financial standpoint. The interest in the Mexican situation has not tended to stir up enthusiasm in the national pastime. Bad weather has also served to cut in on the spring receipts. The Federal League has also been a menace to organized baseball. The one thing that may tend to greatly help business in the two big leagues is the fact that neither the Athletics nor Giants are getting away to the commanding lead that was predicted. It was believed by many critics that these two clubs would make a runaway race of it. More opposition than was expected has developed, and both races promise to develop some decidedly exciting situations.

A closely contested race in the two big leagues would prove a great help from the box office standpoint. Not since 1908 has the American League or the National League had a campaign that was in doubt until almost the very end of the schedule. The two big leagues, of course, will have a big advantage over the Federals in the baseball classic of the year, the World's Series.

The Spike Evil

THE spike evil is with us again. Jack Barry, famous shortstop, and very important cog in Connie Mack's $100,000 infield, has been out of the game for weeks because of an injury inflicted by Dan Moeller of the Washington Club as he slid into second. Every year crack players are lost to their teams because of the spike injuries. Any number of substitutes have been devised to take the place of the spike, but the players have disregarded all of them for the steel blades, despite the great danger constantly lurking in them.

Until the last few years, injuries due to the spikes were much more numerous. An inventive player devised a felt pad which is worn under the stocking, and which cannot be pierced by the sharpest of spikes. This pad protects the leg of the player from the knee to the top of the shoe. The foot, however, is still unprotected. There is a fortune for some one who can invent a substitute for the spike.

Pirates Spring a Surprise

FAILURE to get away to a good start in the spring has several times killed the chances of the Pittsburgh team for the pennant. This spring Manager Clarke has gotten away from the hoodoo that has pursued his team for years. The Pirates have always been good in the home stretch, but of late years the early spring handicap has been too great for them to overcome. For the last two or three years many critics have picked Pittsburgh to win, but McGraw and his Giants have always upset the dope. This year the Pirates, due to the loss of Hendrix, a star twirler, and Simon, a very dependable catcher, were not so strongly touted. Right away Clarke and his team get away to a flying start, and seem certain to be very much in evidence throughout the race.

Must Have His Little Joke

"GERMANY" SCHAEFER, coach and comedian of the Washington Club, will have his little joke, no matter how critical the situation. In a recent game between Philadelphia and Washington, the bleacherites began to take Schaefer to task. He was doing some very strenuous coaching at third base and many in the crowd believed his efforts were directed solely to one of Mack's young pitchers, Wyckoff, who was pitching.

"If you're such a brainy fellow," said one of the bleacherites, "it's a wonder Griffith wouldn't play you regularly." Quick as a flash Schaefer replied, "He would only he doesn't want to make the race too one-sided."

More Trouble for the Umpire

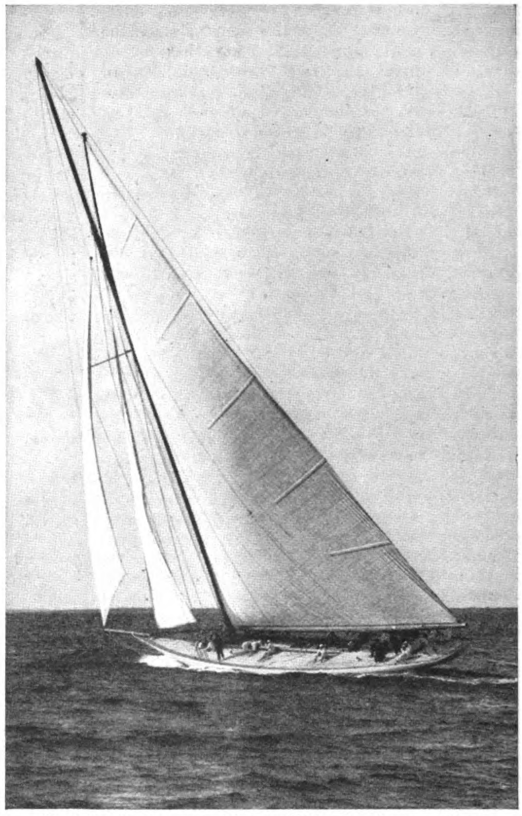
"HANK" O'DAY, former umpire, now managing the Chicago Cubs, has a harder season before him than he ever bumped into as an umpire. For years it has been the custom of Cub managers to finish high in the race. Seldom has the Chicago team in the National League finished worse than third in recent years. The Cubs in those days were a wonderful machine. Since 1910 the team has been slowly but surely going to pieces. Each year some veteran who had played a prominent part in the past successes dropped to the minors. Just when the team seemed to have lost much of its punch, O'Day was given control. Failure of the club to show this year will undoubtedly be blamed on him, when in reality he has nothing like the old time material to work with.

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Sports

By HERBERT REED ("*Right Wing*")

MORE tinkering has been done with the *Resolute*, one of the candidates for the defence of the America's Cup, than was the case with most of her predecessors from the Herreshoff yards at Bristol, but it must be remembered that possible defects in centerboard, spars and other gear are remedied in time, and troubles outboard have nothing to do with the hull. The *Resolute* is fast, and no mistake, and like all Herreshoff creations, is quick in stays. Also, when heeled over on her sailing lines, she makes little fuss in the water. It is possible, of course, that one of the other candidates will get the decision in the trial races off Glen Cove, but the Herreshoff boat is undoubtedly formidable. The repeated challenges of Sir Thomas Lipton have done a deal for yachting in this country, and while it is the custom to call the big sloops mere racing machines their designing teaches lessons that are useful when it comes to the building of smaller and more useful craft. For sheer fun the Corinthian probably gets the most out of yachting, but even the small boat skipper cannot fail to enthuse over the big sloops.



The "Resolute"—one of the candidates for the cup defense

Fun in Small Craft

INCIDENTALLY, for sheer sportsmanship, there is nothing better than the one-design classe, where handling counts, and it would be well for the New York Yacht Club in planning its annual cruise to keep the small craft in mind. The skippers of the little fellows such as the handy and comfortable Sound schooners or "schoonerettes," as they have come to be known, are the backbone of yachting clubdom. The more trophies and the more races the merrier, and there is more zest in watching the great battles between such remarkable two-stickers as the *Irolita*, *Enchantress* and *Elena* when the owners of the smaller boats have come through the cruise without being battered as they have been when compelled to go "outside."



A. W. Dunlop

Tennis and Climate

THE tennis authorities have obligingly chosen their dates for the international matches so that they will not interfere with the other prominent events of a rich sporting season. The only objection comes from England, the Britishers feeling that the Australasian team will have an advantage in having a greater amount of play in summer heat. It sometimes happens, however, that English athletes fare better in this climate than they had been led to expect. In the track and field invasion of 1895 many members of the London Athletic Club team bettered their home records, much to their own astonishment. At all events it is certain that the British team will not have to play under anything like the conditions that prevailed in Melbourne, Australia, in 1908, when Beals Wright and Norman Brookes fought out their match with the thermometer registering 102 degrees in the shade. And Brookes and Wright were not playing in the shade.

Endurance Counts

IT is difficult to convince the man who does not play tennis that it is a game of endurance as well as skill. In spite of the fact that there is no physical contact I think I am safe in saying that the man who has been through a well-fought five-set match is closer to actual exhaustion than the average football player. It is wonderful staying power as much as anything else that has brought Anthony F. Wilding to the top of the heap. Here is a man who is, if anything, in better physical shape in the fifth set than in the first. Surely a discouraging chap to play against.

Dunlop Worth Watching

OF the Australian tennis team that will be seen in action for the Davis Cup, A. W. Dunlop is perhaps least known in this country; yet he is one of the finest players in any land to watch, and the beginner should profit by the opportunity to study his style. Not all of us can get very far by copying the severe style of the Californians, but Dunlop's extreme accuracy, especially in doubles, makes him something of a model for the average player. His only weakness is his service, the second ball being especially playable, but overhead and off the ground he is deadly, and his backhand is better than that of most other Australians. As a tactician Dunlop has equals, perhaps, but no superior—not even Wilding. He will be well worth studying from the start. It will probably not be settled until just before the big matches with whom he is to pair, but should he and Wilding get together, or should he pair with Brookes, the international doubles championship will be worth traveling many miles to witness.

Wilding a Commanding Figure

DESPITE the remarkable overhead work and courageous play of Maurice McLoughlin, Anthony F. Wilding is the commanding figure in tennis today. The big, powerful New Zealander is an all-round athlete, a tactician, a court general of the highest caliber, and also a successful aviator. The man who can control the situation when in the air is apt to be a master also on the ground. Wilding studies his foe probably as carefully as any man playing the game.



Anthony F. Wilding

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What They Think of Us

Pittsfield (Mass.) *Eagle*

Since HARPER'S WEEKLY struck its pace and forged into a position of supremacy among the leaders of thought in the present hour, it has done a number of striking things.

L. T. Mayfield, Monroe, Ga.

I just want to thank you for your editorial, "The Great Divide." It is a pen picture and an excellent likeness of the yellowest of yellow journalists, drawn by a man who is not afraid of him. If Mr. Hearst cares to see himself as others see him, I would refer him to this editorial. Should we ever come into possession of Mexico, let's trade it to him for his possessions in the United States and banish him for the good of our country.

Sacramento (Cal.) *Bee*

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains an article by Inez Haynes Gillmore on "The Marysville Strike," which is a miscellaneous mélange of misapplied misinformation.

Lowell (Mass.) *Telegram*

If women who are prone to accept one statement of Ellen Key as gospel truth would read all her article in HARPER'S WEEKLY of Jan. 31st (quoted by the Antis), they would be astonished at her doctrine. Indeed they might find some personal application which would hurt, perhaps, but in the end do good.

Holyoke (Mass.) *Telegram*

"What is the secret of President Wilson's overwhelming influence with Congress?" asks McGregor, the extremely well-informed Washington correspondent of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Oklahoma (Okla.) *Oklahoman*

In the case of "The Full Crew" measure, we have repeatedly pointed out how it would operate to impose an unnecessary and unjust hardship upon the public.

The best newspaper judgment of the nation is against legislation of this character. HARPER'S WEEKLY is a conspicuous example.

Rochester (N. Y.) *Herald*

Mr. Hapgood of "The Journal of Civilization" says: "We were once the worst reporter in New York." He might truthfully have added that he continues to be one of the worst. Still, he makes a pretty good editor.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Felch, Los Angeles (Cal.)

We have been constant readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY since its resuscitation, and, barring an occasional Flagg eccentricity, have only the highest praise for it. As soon as read, we forward each number to a relative in New Hampshire, and are pleased to quote from a recent letter: "We enjoy HARPER'S WEEKLY very much, and always loan it to the Public Library Reading Room." We wish each copy that you print could have equal publicity.

Denver (Colo.) *News*

Under President Wilson, negative conservation has been superseded by a policy of constructive development. In a measure the Administration attitude toward this great problem has been set forth at the recent meeting of the governors in Denver. From a less personal side, McGregor, the Washington correspondent of HARPER'S WEEKLY, states the case. HARPER'S WEEKLY has by a curious succession become almost an official organ. McGregor's article therefore has peculiar significance for this great region of natural resources.

E. C. Kibbee, Manager, Bond Department of Chas. E. Lewis & Co., Minneapolis (Minn.)

The writer has just finished reading an article in your current issue called "The Widow's Mite" by Albert W. Atwood, and in this connection I wish to state that it is in our opinion the best thing of its kind that we have run across in a long time. We venture to say that if this article is generally read by the investment bankers of the United States and its strength properly digested, that there will be no need of "Blue Sky" laws in this country.

Dawn, Santa Barbara, Cal.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, as usual since revived by the personality of Norman Hapgood, is vitally interesting. Its short, juicy articles are so keenly refulgent with modern life that one is at a loss to know which particular treat is of most worth. Then, too, we would recommend that you *read* the cartoons and other illustrations, —they say so much.

Los Angeles (Cal.) *Tribune*

An exchange, remarking that HARPER'S WEEKLY had mentioned William James as the idol of Americans, expresses wonder as to the identity of William, but professes to know Henry and Jesse, and some others of the family. . . . How it could be possible for a polished, intellectual, widely read and traveled journalist to know one of this pair and not know the other would get any goat ever tethered in the sanctum.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Life*

One of the stock arguments against war is that it kills off our best and most promising men. Yet there is no occasion to apprehend in consequence of a war with Mexico the loss of Colonel Bryan, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, Mr. Louis D. Brandeis or the militant feminist whose giant intellect dictates the policies of *The Journal of Civilization*. . . . Grape juice is extremely beneficial in hot climates and the Colonel would do well to resign his position in the State Department at once. As for Mr. Norman Hapgood, we don't know exactly what to say; we never did; but his place is at the side of Brandeis, and a moving picture of them storming the citadel at Monterey at the head of a regiment of sociologists, economists and feminists would be the most moving thing imaginable.

San Francisco (Cal.) *Chronicle*

If you are not familiar with the intricacies of finance you are among those directly appealed to and most likely to be deceived by the arguments of Louis D. Brandeis in "Other People's Money and How the Bankers Use It." Norman Hapgood, editor of the journal for which the author has written so many articles, describes the work as the product of a great man, but most of its theories were exposed as absurd during the progress of the "money trust" investigation in



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when the recurrence of headache, indigestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, or symptoms of heart trouble leads one to look for a way out.

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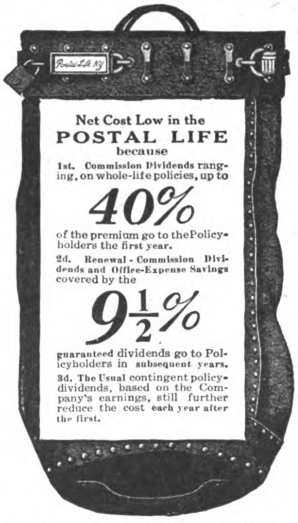
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The agent, of course, is bent on earning a commission and, incidentally, on beating his last year's record under urgent pressure from his company.

But don't let him do it at **your** expense, for if you take a policy through **any** agent, **his commission** will come out of **your premium**—the first year and thereafter.



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It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than to speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor, Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.

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Read—**WILD HONEY**

by Cynthia Stockley

in June McClure's

which the late J. P. Morgan made cross-examiner Untermyer look like something in the neighborhood of 30 cents. However, here are the famous efficiency and financial expert essays in permanent form, and if you are open to deception they will enable you to understand all about the evils of interlocking directorates said to be responsible for that modern myth, the money trust. That there is not, never has been and never could be a complete monopoly of money, matters nothing to one who has given financial literature many of the graces of romance.

St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer Press*

Mr. Brandeis's record as a trained investigator will give weight to his discussion of the financial conditions considered in his present work, which deals with the world behind the teller's window. . . . It is a clear, incisive book, written for the reader who is not attracted to long and abstruse financial reports on the one side, or to careless and unsupported generalizations on the other.

Madison (Wis.) *La Follette's*

"Other People's Money and How the Bankers Use It."—This is the title of a new volume by Louis D. Brandeis, with a preface by Norman Hapgood, from the press of Frederick A. Stokes Company of New York (price $1.00). It is a just condemnation of unfair big business and a constructive answer to a great question of today. . . . This epoch-making book should be in every home and every library in the land.

Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat Chronicle*

Every one realizes that there are ills and evils in American business life, undoubtedly some exaggerated and probably some little considered, and almost every one has his (or her) strictly home-made remedy or plan of elimination of these affections. Whether one endorses his proposals for reconstruction or not—and some do not—many people acknowledge that Louis D. Brandeis's diagnosis of various phases of our industrial and commercial ailments are clearer and more revealing than those of the majority of business surgeons. His remarkable skill in analysis has been shown in many cases, but nowhere more conspicuously than in the articles he has written for HARPER'S WEEKLY during 1913–1914 on the "money trust," and which have been gathered into a book under the title, "Other People's Money." In a preface, Norman Hapgood, the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, pays tribute to the unusual mathematical and legal ability of Mr. Brandeis, whom he regards as a great mind and a wonderfully practical idealist. . . . The book is unusually illuminating; in fact, it is so simple and clear that it can be, and should be, read by ninety people out of every hundred, men and women alike.

Carl L. Cannon, Galveston (Texas)

Your Hearst number is the best one you have yet produced. Mr. Hearst is the most dangerous man in the United States today because of his power and his faculties for using it. He must follow Charles F. Murphy to oblivion. The only effective way to attack him is in a national weekly, for his papers are everywhere. They are especially influential on the Pacific Coast. You will no doubt find him a worthy opponent, but you have right thinking people on your side.

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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Undesirable Stocks

ALTHOUGH at present there is no such nation-wide campaign as took place four or five years ago, at all times a steady effort is being made to sell the shares of new life, fire and casualty insurance companies. In almost every batch of inquiries received by this department there is at least one question as to whether the stock of this or that new insurance company is a good investment.

Honest men differ on many subjects. No doubt they differ as to the desirability of new insurance company stocks. There is room for diverse opinions in almost every department of industry and finance. But it might as well be understood at the start that the highest authorities frown upon insurance stocks as media for general, unsophisticated investment. The Insurance Department of the State of New York, in which commonwealth insurance has reached its mightiest proportions, is opposed to granting charters to any new company which raises capital by a general offering of its stock.

Several years ago there was a perfect mania for new insurance stocks, especially in the Middle West. Vast sums were lost by investors and made by promoters. Active steps were taken at that time to eject such fungoid growths from New York, and practically none have been permitted a foothold since. A more congenial atmosphere has been found by them in states and other political districts not far distant and in a general southerly direction.

Why They Bite

OF course, the reason insurance company promoters have rather an easy time of it, except when rudely interrupted by the authorities, is obvious enough. In the first place, insurance, in all its forms, becomes daily more popular and universal. Secondly, there are many extremely large and supposedly profitable insurance companies. Why, then, should we not duplicate their success? is the natural query.

This article will deal only with life insurance companies, although part of what I have to say applies equally well to fire and casualty concerns. The objections to insurance stocks will be stated as briefly and directly as possible.

The field is already occupied by scores of powerful companies, a large number of which are organized on the mutual plan, thus eliminating the necessity of making any profits for stockholders, there being no stockholders to make profits for. In other words, the small, new company, which to prove successful must pay dividends, has to compete with the half billion dollar leviathans, and literally dozens of twenty, fifty and one hundred million giants, that are not compelled to earn any profits whatever.

Since the Armstrong investigation in New York, and perhaps before, public opinion has veered more and more steadily in favor of the mutualization of life insurance. It is true there are a few very strong stock companies, which have no difficulty in competing with the big mutuals, but not only are they relatively few, they are steadily becoming fewer



He Mops In Misery Without B. V. D.

A TYPICAL summer day—a typical office scene—a round of smiles at the mingled *discomfort* and *discomforture* of the man who hasn't found out that B. V. D. is "*the first aid*" to coolness. *You*, of course, have B. V. D. on or ready to put on. If not, march to the nearest store and *get it.*

For your own welfare, fix the B.V.D. Red Woven Label in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. If he can't or won't, *walk out!* On every B.V.D.Garment is sewed



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A VACUUM cleaner is a machine. You must judge it as a machine—from a mechanical viewpoint. To do this you must consider the inside—the *works*. You must get below the case that encloses the mechanism to see what you are buying. The fact is, you want service—efficiency—cleaning power—and the things that accomplish these are the *only* things to think of. You do not have to be a mechanic, an electrician or an engineer. You have to apply only common sense to discover why many types of vacuum cleaners are so short lived and so inefficient—and why the



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To substantiate our statements we can refer you to residences, apartment houses, hotels, public buildings, etc., where there are already expensive installed vacuum cleaning plants or where other portable machines are owned, but where the Vacuna is purchased and used in preference to all others.

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WHEN, for example, you go to Newport for Tennis Week, next August, Vanity Fair will be there to take photographs of the matches and of the spectators.

When, through clouds of dust as thick as those which heralded the advancing host of Darius, you motor to Meadowbrook for the Polo, there also will be Vanity Fair.

If by chance you sit in the evening on the terrace of the Café de Paris, watching the new fashions as they pass to and fro around you in the dusk, Vanity Fair will be at your elbow.

Or, if you go up to New London for the Harvard-Yale boat race, when your observation car jolts to the center of the drawbridge, Vanity Fair will be there with camera and note-book to record the scene.

No matter where you may find yourself in the gay outdoor season now beginning, somewhere close to you will be Vanity Fair!

But, because Vanity Fair will be amusing this summer, do not imagine that it will not at the same time be useful. It will bring you all the practical features that Vanityfairians are quick to appreciate—the New York shopping service, the fashion, the kennel, the travel and the real estate departments. See for yourself; secure today a copy of the June number, which you will find both useful and entertaining.

VANITY FAIR

449 Fourth Avenue New York City

CONDÉ NAST, Publisher

through mutualization. Two of the largest stock companies in the country, the Equitable and Prudential, are in process of mutualization. One or two other big stock companies are limited as to dividends by charter provisions.

Not only is the relation between insurance companies and the state becoming closer, and the social significance of insurance being more fully recognized, but there is another development which should not be whispered above a breath if one desires to remain popular with the insurance officials. I refer to the possible tendency toward state insurance. Already Wisconsin has taken a step in this direction, and the writer has frequently met men of the most conservative leanings who are struck dumb with horror at the thought of government ownership of railroads but who see no reason why in time insurance should not become a governmental function. The truth is that insurance is gradually receiving recognition as perhaps our most necessary social institution. Thus as time goes on the interest of the policy holders rather than of the stockholders will become even more than now the essential objective.

But to come down from the future to the present. The paramount obstacle to the success of a new insurance company is the excessive cost of getting business. I have before me the prospectus, and other literature, sent to a prospective shareholder by a new concern formed by leading business men in New Hampshire. There is no question as to the good faith and legitimate character of this enterprise, which has employed as consultant one of the country's well known actuaries. But not one word is said in this most elaborate twenty-eight page prospectus about the necessarily high cost of getting business, the fatal disease which attacks nearly all new insurance enterprises.

It is frequently argued that new insurance companies, especially in the West and South, are needed because in those sections there is distrust of anything that hails from such money trust centers as New York, Hartford, Newark, Springfield, Mass., Cincinnati, Milwaukee, and a few other large cities where most of the big insurance companies have their home offices. The reply is that the hundreds of relatively big companies have local agencies in practically every state and representatives in almost every town and village. But even if there is a field for new insurance companies after the thousands of agents have scoured the byways and hedges in search of new risks, there is another point seldom considered in this connection.

It is only just and right that the promoters of a new insurance company should supply the capital themselves. Perhaps they will make fabulous profits, but they deserve them. Any one who takes a tremendous risk deserves profits in proportion; 500 per cent a year is none too much. But the general investor, unfamiliar with the technique of insurance or not the type of business man who can afford a large risk, should take to heart the figures compiled last year by the Alfred M. Best Co., a leading reporting agency on insurance subjects.

During the entire period following the Armstrong life insurance exposures, in 1905, there were organized 182 new life insurance companies, which at the time of Best's report had $872,328,876 of insurance in force. Stockholders had contributed $28,338,156, but at the end of the period total surplus was but $18,151,472, showing a shrinkage of ten million

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dollars in the investment. Dividends had been paid only in isolated cases, and then almost without exception from contributed surplus, and not from legitimate earnings. Forty-seven companies had gone out of business, had reinsured in other companies, were in the hands of receivers, had an impaired capital, or had been taken over by other companies. "From these figures it is clear that, as a group, the expenses of organization and operation of these companies," says the report, "have been so excessive as to cause a very great loss to the holders of their securities."

Facing the Facts

I HAVE read through three separate times the interesting prospectus of the company now being promoted in New Hampshire, and nowhere do I find any reference to the par value of the stock. This is unquestionably an oversight, and as the stock is being sold at $50 a share, I presume the par value is $50, for if the fact were otherwise it would surely be stated. The prospectus is one of the most plausible literary efforts which has yet come to the attention of this department, and as the promoters are men of much business experience it is curious that they should overlook the fact that the par value of the stock is not mentioned. Naturally in any proper advertisement of securities the investor should, first of all, and ordinarily is, told exactly what he is buying, whether a $100, $50 or $25 share, as the case may be, or if it is a bond, $1000, $500, or $100. Otherwise one buys a pig in a poke, unless of course the stock has no face value, in which most unusual circumstance the fact should be clearly stated and indeed emphasized.

In 1912 Insurance Commissioner Hardison of Massachusetts sounded a warning against new insurance companies. After describing the prospectus as the "bright consummate flower of window dressing," he said:

> Now what does the careful man do when such a proposition is conveyed to him? He will get a report from the insurance department and will find that 90 companies of the 261 stock companies authorized in this state lost $4,797,543 in 1911, and 171 gained $6,445,997—a net gain of $1,648,454. This of itself would pay a dividend on their stock of less than 2 per cent. It will most probably be discovered by the investigator that when he pays $200 for a share of stock of a par value of $100, and receives a 10 per cent. dividend, he is getting only 5 per cent. return, a fact that the wily promoter is at no pains to make clear. It will also be discovered that when the investor pays $200 for a share of stock in a new company, and the promoter takes $50 for selling him that share, the value of his holding has shrunk from $200 to $150 before the enterprise has even begun.

There are two proper ways of selling securities. One is to induce one's friends, connections and business associates to take the stock. The other is by newspaper or magazine advertising or through salesmen to sell it to whomsoever will buy. It is always suspicious when promoters attempt to sell stock in the second way and still make investors think it is being done after the first method. When a complete stranger writes you that you have been selected from your state or county or town to be given the privilege of buying stock in a new insurance company or moving picture concern beware! Strangers do not go about doing good deeds to all whom they may meet. Finally, the sure sign of a speculative, risky promotion is the laying of stress upon the profits other companies have made, rather than upon the steady business and actual earnings which the concern under consideration is able to report.

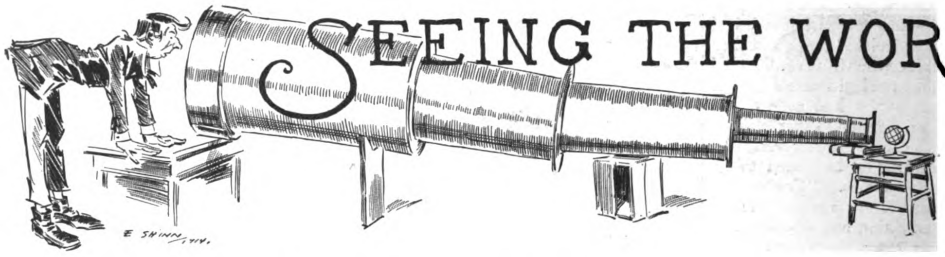


A SUGGESTION

IF you are particularly impressed by any article in HARPER'S WEEKLY, mention it to those who might be interested in it.

We shall always be glad to send a marked copy of the WEEKLY to any of your friends if you will send us the name and address, and mention the title of the article you wish your friend to see.

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A House Divided by the Local Hotel

I read in your last week's *Register-Union* that the divorce suit of Eugenia Marshall Duncan was reported satisfactorily settled. It was not, nor never will be until I am divorced. He wants me to live in the hotel and I won't do it.

MRS. E. C. DUNCAN.

—Ovid (Mich.) *Register Union.*

Resting His Feet

C. I. Pearson stood on his head in front of Myron Ways' residence at 11:15 Monday evening. The causes of this strange phenomenon are not yet known.

—West Fargo Cor., Homedale (Idaho) *Empire Press.*

A Fearless and Strong Orchestra

Apropos of our dances here, we have an excellent orchestra attending, composed of the following: Piano, Mabel Fearless; bells, drums, etc., Marving Strong, etc.

—Milo Cor., Idaho Falls (Idaho) *Times.*

Suffrage

We undertook to tell our wife and mother-in-law at the same time that their place was in the home, not at the polls. Now we are in favor of any woman voting when she durn pleases.

—Rogers (Ark.) *Coöperative Press.*

The Sinner That Pays

There is more joy in a printing office over one sinner that pays in advance and abuses the editor on every possible occasion than there is over ninety and nine who borrow the paper and sing its praises, without contributing a cent to keep it out of the poorhouse.

—Roanoke (N. C.) *Beacon.*

Nature's Foresight

An ordinary woman's waist is 30 inches around. An ordinary man's arm is 30 inches long. How admirable are thy works, O Nature!

—Lawrence (Kas.) *Gazette*

A Blasé Young Man

Tom Morgan admits that the tango and the slit skirt no longer shocked him. He doesn't say so, but the inference is that he is looking around for a jolt from something still more shocking than either.

—East (Ark.) *Democrat*

What Ushers Suffer

Going down into the basement of the M. E. Church for programs last Thursday evening, Gus Maffry, by accident, stumbled into the dressing room of the Welsh Choir girls and was so paralyzed with astonishment that for a few minutes he was rooted to the spot on which he first glimpsed the various maids in various stages of dress and undress. The young ladies were somewhat embarrassed, it is said, by Gus's abrupt entrance and even more abrupt departure, but even at that the gaudiest hues in their makeup boxes couldn't have compared with the crimson face of Gus when again he faced the audience.

—Macon (Mo.) *Times-Democrat*

Not While Willie Is Official Grasscutter



—Philadelphia *Evening Times*

Drama Under Difficulties

Someone turned loose a swarm of bees at the Opera House, Friday evening, and the members of the McNeal Musical (?) Comedy (?) Company were the only persons present who escaped un-stung. No printed program was provided and it is therefore difficult to place the burden of guilt where it properly belongs. All were accessories, either before, during, or after the feature act "School Days," which was annihilated in a manner that left neither remnant nor shred of the clean and wholesome comedy with which it rightfully abounds. Prosecution of the crime would prove a hard matter, inasmuch as the entire audience is claiming an alibi. It is rumored that the aggregation was recruited at Zanesville, and it is confidently predicted that unto that place will shortly return. It was a strong company—very strong.

—Beverly (Ohio) *Dispatch*

Constancy

We have a young man in our vicinity who goes across the river courting. The river never gets too high, and the wind never blows too hard or cool, but what he goes every other Sunday.

—Bellmore Cor., Stone County (Ark.) *Record*

Nearer Home

The anxieties of Professor J. E. King seem to be multiplying. He has been afraid of measles, smallpox, drouths and tornadoes; and now tells us the cheerless news that they are actually whipping gentlemen in Jackson County for failing to support their wives.

—Stone County (Ark.) *Record*

Surprising the Surprisers

The surprise at John Pearson's last Friday was a complete surprise to the surprisers as Mr. Pearson was not at home.

—Glendale Cor., Bellevue (Idaho) *News*

A Long Fall

Miss Anna Lash returned to the Spencer home after caring for her mother, who was a sufferer with a sprained arm caused by a fall for ten days.

—Henry (Ill.) *Republican.*

A Sympathetic Practitioner

Homer Hollcroft was troubled with swelled limbs last week. Better the swelling there than in the cranium, said Dr. Thompson, who called on Hollcroft Tuesday.

—Lebanon (O.) *Star*

Tact

We want to treat everyone fair. If we fail to put some item in the Banner that you think should have went in, don't think we did it on purpose. Perhaps you never told us, and even an editor cannot find out everything.

—Altheimer (Ark.) *Banner*

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MAY 26 1914

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

PRICE TEN CENTS

MAY 30, 1914



THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS

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The Best Sporting News in America

Billy Evans and Herbert Reed

We looked all over the country before deciding what men were the best fitted to be the sporting editors of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

We selected Herbert Reed, famous as "Right Wing." He will report the sporting news in a full, expert, and entertaining manner, and will be supplemented by other authorities on polo, rowing, sailing, golf, tennis, canoeing, fishing, football, and many other interests.

Billy Evans and others will write for us on baseball.

There is no other publication in America that can keep you posted on sporting news as HARPER'S WEEKLY can.

Subscribe Now for the Summer Season

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Contents for May 30, 1914

NORMAN HAPGOOD, EDITOR

Captains of Industry ..... James Montgomery Flagg 2
VII—George Broadhurst.
A Drawing

Editorials 3

Just Out of Jail.....Medill McCormick 6
What happened to our correspondent in Mexico
Illustrations from photographs

Around the Capitol.....McGregor 8

Wisconsin Faces Reaction...Julian Mason 9
And the influence of the university is threatened
Illustrations from photographs

Does It Pay the Store? ..... Inez Milholland Boissevain 12
Illustrations from photographs

Pen and Inklings.....Oliver Herford 15

Trying the Old Swing.....Everett Shinn 16
Cartoon

Queen Eleanora's Visit—Vladimir Tsanoff 18
To study democracy on the spot
Illustrations from photographs

Seeing the World 20

Will Ulster Fight?.....John J. Finegan 21
Who really wants her to?
Illustrations from photographs

The Housewife.....John Galsworthy 24
And her extravagance in the solid virtues
Illustrated by Guy Pène du Bois

Kent of California.....George P. West 26

Finance 27
Lessons from the Missouri Pacific

What They Think of Us..... 29

Balls and Strikes .....Billy Evans 30

Sports.....Herbert Reed 32

What to Look For

NEXT WEEK will begin a series of detective stories by the well-known writer FRANK DANBY. They are called TALES FROM THE CORONER'S COURT, and have all the thrill of a melodrama with the mystery that hovers over the unraveling of crime. These stories are stunningly illustrated by EVERETT SHINN.

SECRETARY BRYAN is a much maligned official. Just now he is the target for a volley of abuse. Mr. Lowry tells next week about his real character and his real place in the Administration.

Coming from India, as a fad for the rich, the game of POLO is growing more and more popular with every one. Great preparations are going on for the international matches next month. England has decided to send a team, and HERBERT REED will tell how America is preparing to meet the invaders.

Highbrows often think that the Movies are hurting the Drama. ELEANOR GATES, who knows the theater from A to Z, thinks that the introduction of the Movies is the best thing that could have happened to the regular stage, and she has some very good reasons for thinking so.

Fine as JOHN GALSWORTHY'S articles on other forms of Extravagance are, nothing could be better than his description of the ultra-fashionable woman who goes in for cubist art, egg-shaped hair, checkered floors, and other freaks of fashion. Read "The Latest Thing."

Besides this unusual array of special articles, there will be the usual features: Sports by HERBERT REED, Baseball by BILLY EVANS, Finance by ALBERT ATWOOD, Pen and Inklings by OLIVER HERFORD, Seeing the World, and What They Think of Us.

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Captains of Industry

By James Montgomery Flagg

VII—George Broadhurst

In the last seven years he has earned $342,514.17. Some of it was "Within the Law," and some of it was "Bought and Paid For"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII] No. 2997 | *Week ending Saturday, May 30, 1914* | [10 Cents a Copy $5.00 a year

Life Is Short

"REJECTED OF MEN", by Howard Pyle, happened to be part of our casual reading the other day. It has far more in it than most novels of the period. It was published only eleven years ago, and yet it is already out of print. *Heu fugaces.* Man wants but little here below nor wants that little long!

Mr. Ford and Colorado

THE underlying evil in Colorado is that the mine operators insist on keeping the standards of labor as low as possible. Henry Ford, after raising the salaries of his employees, insisted that this increase in salary should result in better standards of living. This difference measures all the difference between enlightened progress and standpat reluctance to move.

The Correct Analogy

WE spoke last week of Mr. Rockefeller's argument that he trusted his subordinates in Colorado just as he trusted Abraham Flexner in vice investigation. If Mr. Rockefeller should send John R. Commons, or a commission headed by John R. Commons, to report to him on the conditions in Colorado and on the just way to meet them, he would be proceeding as he did proceed when he chose Mr. Flexner to report on the facts of prostitution and the best remedies.

Pearson's

SO few periodicals are at once free and engaged in public controversy that *Pearson's* interests us especially. Perhaps we are squeamish, but we do wish people on our side would trust more in fairness. Reactionaries exaggerate and suppress: would that liberals did not! It is worse, no doubt, to shade the truth because money barks in the background, but it is scarcely ideal to shade it in order to make an effective scare. An interesting article on "How Business Controls News" would be even more convincing if some of us insiders did not know that not all the newspapers and newspaper men mentioned failed exclusively because of their virtues. It is harder to succeed in journalism, of course, if you are aggressively honest, because a large part of the advertisers then stay out as long as they can afford to, instead of coming in as soon as they can afford to; but it is by no means impossible. If HARPER'S WEEKLY, for example, does not turn out to be successful under its present management, it will be because the present management lacks sufficient brains.

For Instance

PEARSON'S publishes an article stating that President Wilson's Administration is a failure because he has not made anybody prosperous.

"Mr. Wilson, if he had the desire to do so, *could end poverty and unemployment*, without hurting anybody except the grafters who are now hurting us." How, do you ask? Oh, this way: Have a minimum wage, corrected every three months to fit the cost of living. Too high for the less efficient? Let the government employ them! Wow!

Seriously, this Pearson experiment is something we have much at heart. There is no periodical (except HARPER'S WEEKLY) in the success of which our interest is so strong. It comes hard, therefore, to think that, in order to make radicalism popular, it must say editorially things like this:

"The definite alliance between the Wilson Administration and the railroad interests has been clearly dragged out into the light."

"Wilson reversed himself on the Panama Canal Tolls proposition and thus—did that which the railroads asked him to do."

Is it really necessary to lie for the glory of God?

Daring

SINCE the trouble with Mexico began, there has been much occasion to reflect on such large topics as daring, caution, and responsibility. Our old friend Machiavelli gets into the subject thus:

"It is better to be impetuous than cautious. Fortune is a woman who is to be kept under, must be beaten and roughly handled . . . and always, like woman, she favors the young, because they are less scrupulous and fiercer, and command her with greater audacity."

Machiavelli lived in a time when fortune depended largely on the stilletto. Italian ethics, for all the genius of the day, were nevertheless not unlike the ethics of South America or Mexico. Washington was cautious at twenty-one and daring at sixty. At any age, he used caution and courage with equal ease. So did Lincoln. Of the responsible leader today, we should not quote Machiavelli so much as the four gates of Thebes. As the traveler approached the city, he read on the first gate: "Be bold;" on the others, in succession, he read:

"Be bold." "Be bold." "Be not too bold."

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The Greeks and Eleanora

THE Greeks in the United States are not increasing their popularity by their energetic attacks on the Queen of Bulgaria. If they have any leaders who are able to influence them, these leaders would do their job better if they should put a stop to the unfair and bitter propaganda now going on.

Is Art Worth While?

THE *Day Book*, in Chicago, is the most significant experiment now going on in journalism, not excepting the magazine experiment illustrated by HARPER'S WEEKLY. If it succeeds, it is likely to be the beginning of a revolution. Anything addressed to us by the editor of so brilliant an effort must affect us. Our convictions, nevertheless, are our convictions, and when Mr. Cochran jeers at art we dissent. The danger of a cultivated publication is that it will become in economics and politics a tool of the moneyed class. The danger of a publication which represents the many is that it will yell in order to be heard, and in its yelling be unjust to essential truths. We agree with Mr. Cochran that right thinking on public affairs is more important than taste, but we should like to urge his consideration of the thought that the two things are not separable. Jefferson cared much for the finer shadings of human expression, and so did Lincoln and so does Wilson, and so generally do those men whose leadership in the democratic movement is most fertile and most safe. HARPER'S WEEKLY will sacrifice the artistic in form to the essential in substance whenever a choice is inevitable, but form and substance are so related that the best in one cannot be obtained without being wedded to the best in the other.

Travel in America

THE fairs next year in San Francisco and San Diego may or may not help the State of California, but they will do much for those Easterners whom they induce to take a journey that shows them under one flag a country of such variety as is usually found only in several nations. One seems almost to be in France, in the Sahara, in Italy, in the Alps; and this is to say nothing of trips to such wonder spots as the Grand Cañon and the Yosemite; nothing of Indian villages, the picturesque cosmopolitanism of San Francisco, the glorious river so easily ascended from Portland, the hills and the rapid-fire activities of Seattle, and the innumerable details that surprise and stimulate, nourish and delight.

Brace Up, Ladies

AND, by the way, any woman who goes to San Francisco can no longer pretend that the difficulties of female dress are in any way necessary. There is no contradiction between activity, comfort, and beauty. The women who decorate the streets of Chinatown are not only on an equality with the men in simplicity and ease, but in attractiveness of attire they have their occidental sisters beaten a mile. This does not keep them from assuming somewhat gaudier raiments in their festive moments, but they can never look more alluring in their gladdest plumage than they do in the cheap and comfortable garments of the working day.

Keeping Young

ONE of the most distinguished men in America was asked to write the history of his state. He was more than seventy-five years old. His answer was, that he would not care to undertake that work, as he was but little interested in anything that was in the past.

Independence in Judges

THE investigation, by a congressional committee, of the conduct of District Judge Alston G. Dayton of West Virginia, brings to the front an interesting question of what justifies the impeachment of a judge. It is admitted that a judge may be impeached for improprieties that come short of dishonesty. It is admitted, however, that it would be outrageous to impeach him merely for unpopular opinions. Congress did much to meet the difficulties of the situation when it passed a law that one party to an action could arrange for the substitution of another judge on a mere statement of belief that he was biased, with reasons therefor. It is clear that in the Dayton case a great deal will have to be proved in order to justify the proceedings.

A Mixed-up Situation

GUESSING ahead in politics is always a hazardous occupation, especially where a situation is as mixed as it now is in New York State. Allowing for this uncertainty, however, it may be said that Mr. Whitman at present has decidedly the best chance of being the next governor. Among the demoralized Democrats it looks as if the Tammany wing, led by Murphy, Hearst, O'Gorman, Glynn, Norman E. Mack, and similar statesmen would dominate. The Democrats have also acquired ill will by their snap constitutional convention, with the immense cost involved. If the Democratic ticket is obviously a Tammany ticket it can be defeated by any yellow dog Republican ticket, let alone a ticket headed by so popular a man as Mr. Whitman. Unless Mr. Roosevelt runs, the Progressive nominations will not affect this situation seriously. Ex-Governor Sulzer wishes to run alone, and may do so. If he does, he will draw much more from the Democrats than from the Republicans. The only chance to change this situation materially is for Mr. Roosevelt to run, or for the Democrats of the type who represent the national administration and the New York City administration to beat Tammany for the nominations. Just now such a victory looks improbable.

The New York Election

GOVERNORS properly have no more to do with national affairs than have mayors. Neither have lieutenant governors, secretaries

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of state, state treasurers, and so on. It is absolutely ridiculous that there should be no citizens' organization to govern the election in New York State next fall as the Committee of 107 selected the ticket in New York City last fall. The senatorship, we admit, offers a difficulty, as it is properly national, and ought not to be filled at the same election. The Republican candidates so far for the governorship are Whitman and Hedges. The Democrats of the Murphy type hope to nominate Glynn, the Progressives as a body hope Roosevelt will run, but as Perkins is against it, he probably will not, as Perkins is in the habit of having his way. Root will change his mind and run again if the demoralization of the Democratic party in New York by Hearst and Murphy makes him think he can be elected. Hearst is playing every card to get himself to the Senate. If the politicians are let alone, whatever is done in regard to these two conspicuous offices, most of the other places will be given to henchmen who are either rubber stamps or crooks, and often both.

Mayor Mitchel and Suffrage

IT happened that when the Mayor of New York made his now famous remarks on woman suffrage, the writer of this paragraph was on the Pacific Coast, and, therefore, saw only slight references to it. He came back to New York intending to protest to the Mayor about the first political mistake made by him since he took office on January first. Looking up the verbatim account of his speech, however, we find, instead of an error by the Mayor, an obvious failure in tactics by Mrs. Blatch. American readers are very careless, and are guided mainly by headlines. Mrs. Blatch, having scolded the Mayor for what he said, produced a headline feature for the next day's papers, and her opinion that he had expressed his opposition to suffrage was accepted as the news, and doubtless the whole country now thinks Mr. Mitchel is among the antis. What Mr. Mitchel did say is perfectly clear. He said he was glad to welcome such a representative body; that women in American states would get the suffrage as soon as they worked up a sufficient body of opinion among themselves; that men are always ready to register women's wishes; that New York has not yet taken such a step; but that he saw in that condition no reason for holding back the time when they should take an important part in public affairs; that, when he appointed Catherine Davis Commissioner of Correction, it had seemed like a very radical step, but that now, only a few weeks later, it seemed the most natural thing in the world; that, therefore, women would not suffer materially for lack of suffrage. Whether he thinks things will be a little better or not after they get it, he did not say.

Mrs. Blatch would surely have shown more effective statesmanship if, instead of becoming angry, she had said she was glad the Mayor had acted progressively about women and hoped that in 1915, or whenever he might express his choice on the question of suffrage itself, he would not only favor it but more fully realize the degree of its importance.

Which?

IS woman more interesting than man, or the reverse? Man varies more. He has more genius in exceptional individuals, and less of genius-like insight in the average person. He competes; woman endures. He builds externally, she at home. He fights; she preserves. Our worthless opinion is that men are more interesting than women, but that woman is more interesting than man.

Marysville and Wheatland

MARYSVILLE, California, believes itself to have been wronged in our issue of April 4. The case which Mrs. Gillmore described was tried in Marysville, and the point of the article was Mrs. Gillmore's opinion that the trial resulted in a miscarriage of justice. She called the article "The Marysville Case", and the purpose in changing the title to "The Marysville Strike" was to enable the reading public to know at a glance what the article was about. In the interest of strict accuracy, we are glad to make the statement that the actual strike occurred in the neighboring village of Wheatland.

Griffith's Opinions

IN the series now running in *Outing*, Clark Griffith says many interesting things about baseball. He will naturally find it difficult to make any of the later articles equal the first, in which he summarized his opinions of the players whom he has seen from his early playing days to now. He thinks Comisky the greatest first baseman. Probably he is from the point of view of historical development. He added most ideas about how to cover that position. But in an absolute sense no first baseman could be put at the top who was not a better batter than Comisky, trustworthy as he was. He was something like Barry of the Athletics in coming through with a hit when it was needed, and he was a powerful field captain. Why do people who manufacture all-time nines never discuss Glasscock or Dunlap, of the four-times champion Browns? Fred Pfeffer deserves all that Griffith says of him, except that he has "never seen a better second baseman." As a fielder and thinker, he was in the same class with Collins and Evers, but as a batter he did not even compete with Collins and Lajoie. Griffith is probably right in saying that even Lange and Keeler did not equal Speaker and Cobb. No one can dispute the superiority of the American to the National in outfielders, or the kingship of Speaker in fielding. A remarkably acute observation of "the old fox" is that those who have to work hardest, the pitchers and catchers, seem to last longest. He shook our former opinion a little as to who is the greatest catcher of all time. He admits that nobody ever threw like Archer, but he does not mention his formidableness as a pinch batter. He does not discuss Mike Kelly at all. Nevertheless, he makes a strong case for Buck Ewing, putting him second only to Archer as a catcher pure and simple, and far ahead of him as an all-around ball player.

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Just Out of Jail

By MEDILL McCORMICK

THERE still is comedy in Vera Cruz. When I arrived here I suddenly stepped out of the seventeenth into the twentieth century. During the last five days I have been twice arrested and once searched as a spy. Saturday I went on a visit to an important official, in a building where an acquaintance of mine was held prisoner. Although he saw me as I passed by his door he dared not speak to me lest I, too, be placed under arrest and held incommunicado.

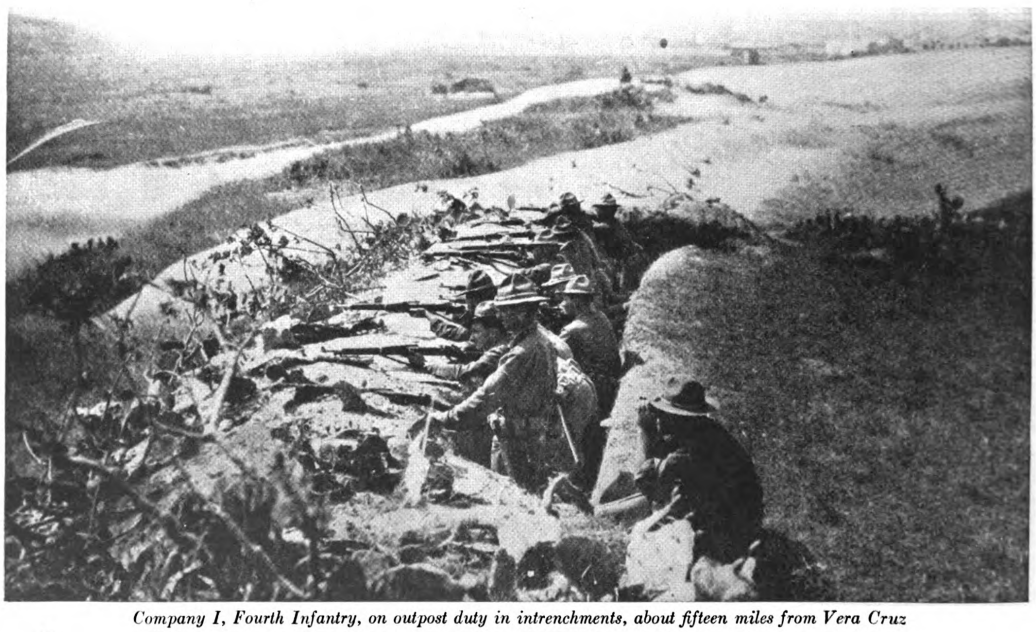
Two days ago, I heard decent, sober, sensible men, English and American, justify the assassination of Madero as a matter of public policy. I heard the story of the torture of Senator Dominguez told as a matter of course. No explanation was ever offered for the Dominguez murder; perhaps it was considered unnecessary; he attacked Huerta on the floor of the Senate and disappeared. The man who told me of the execution of Private Parks was not horrified. He regarded it as a low trick. We who have just come here already have become so accustomed to the seventeenth century that I told, and General Funston heard, the barbarous story of Private Parks' cold-blooded murder almost as if it were a mere incident of aggravated disorder. Mexicans hold that a state of war exists between the two countries and that at the present an armistice is agreed to at the instance of the intermediary powers, yet there are five hundred Americans in Mexico City. Like the peasants who live about the foot of Vesuvius they refuse to take warning.

The air of Mexico City is horrid with menace and suspicion. Flags of all nations are hung from windows to protect the buildings from anti-gringista mobs. Every automobile carries the national colors of its owner, unless he be an American, so the city has a look of wry mirth, of deathly gaiety like that of a bad old lady who goes about with a painted face and sporting her finery although she has some incurable disease. Men talk of serious matters in whispers; bank presidents carefully close doors before talking to their visitors, and suddenly and fantastically jump up from their desks and pull the doors open to see if the General's eavesdroppers are about. They are afraid not only to mention the names of conspicuous men aloud but even to name places of strategic importance. I had occasion to mention Monterey, and the Mexican to whom I was talking grabbed my arm and sucked "*ssh*" through his teeth. Before I left for the capital I thought that the Niagara conference might find a solution of the Mexican problem. I hoped so. In Mexico City I talked to Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, a German or two and some Mexicans. Perhaps I am too newly returned to be without prejudice but I find myself sharing their pessimism.

Trade is at a standstill. No freight is moving on the railroads and oil fuel is becoming so scarce that the number of passenger trains has been radically reduced. Control of the Mexican railway has been taken by the government from its English owners. People fear a sacking of the city by the victorious Villa forces or its looting by the mob if Gen. Huerta is killed or overthrown by a local revolution. The Constitutionalist junta in Mexico City and the old Maderistas are getting bold, though some of them are made to disappear mysteriously from time to time. Then, too, there is fear that the people, mostly Indians, will rise against all foreigners.

I DO not like to give too much space to our own experiences, but I must relate them in so far as they illustrate conditions and the attitude of the Huertistas. One morning Richard Harding Davis, Frederick Palmer and I left Vera Cruz by train for the gap in the railway where the Mexicans cut the track April 22. It is not surprising that we were stopped. It is surprising that two of us got to Mexico City and back again with so little delay.

Palmer has the appearance of an American man of letters. Davis says the farther we advanced into the interior the more I looked like a shaven Uncle Sam. Davis himself looked to me like a mixture of John Drew and Theodore Roosevelt shaken well before using. He and I, anyway, seemed selected for defeat. Adam Weimar, a German-American employed by the Banco National, who started with us from Vera Cruz, did what he could to help us. Davis had letters from the Brazilian consul to his minister in Mexico City. I had a



Company I, Fourth Infantry, on outpost duty in intrenchments, about fifteen miles from Vera Cruz

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personal letter from the French consul introducing Davis and me to Gen. Maas, while in addition I had a certificate which showed that I represented a great English newspaper. Our credentials were not much, but enough, but Palmer had only a visiting card.

From the gap we rode by rail to Paso el Macho, where we stopped for luncheon. It was very hot and the platform was packed with waiting Mexican refugees from Vera Cruz. Suddenly I saw Davis going through the crowd with a shabby little officer at his elbow. As I started to his rescue another officer, still shabbier, tapped me on the arm and invited me to follow him. I did. As the guard closed around us we turned to welcome Palmer's solemn accession to our ranks.

Off to the jail we marched, little sandaled soldiers shuffling along on either side. They drove a crowd of men and women out of the jail court into the jail and asked us for our papers. They read the papers and then offered a chair first to Palmer, not to sit on, but to facilitate the removal of his boots to see if his socks contained dispatches. They searched us, but I politely refused to give up my letter to Gen. Maas, which saved us. I unlimbered my Spanish. They put us in a nice cell and sent for another officer.

MEANWHILE a lieutenant who looked like a doorkeeper in a "movie" show put a sentinel over each of us and ostentatiously loaded his gun. Davis said something by way of condolence. "Silencio!" said his sentinel.

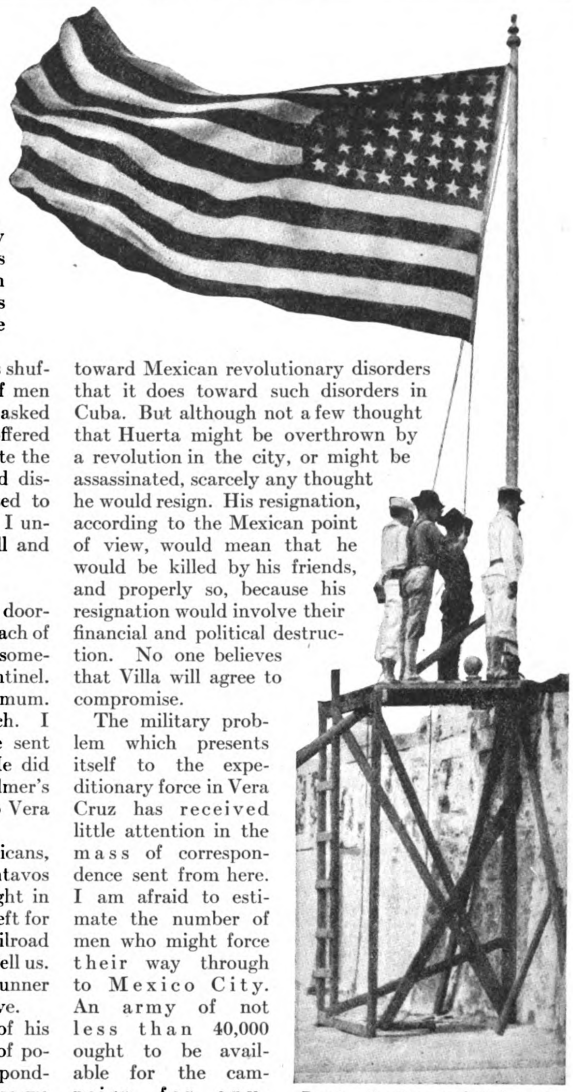
So we sat, cross, hot and mum—above all, mum. Presently came a lieutenant who could speak French. I unlimbered that language, too, and out we were sent without a guard. Gen. Maas was very civil. He did not ask Davis or me about our nationality, but Palmer's visiting card would not do. He had to go back to Vera Cruz.

A drunken brakeman said he was death on Americans, but if we were English we could give him a few centavos for beer. At Orizaba we spent a comfortable night in a hotel kept by a Frenchman. The next day we left for Mexico City. It was not until we were leaving the railroad station for our hotel in the capital that anything befell us. Then a young man with the manners of a hotel runner stopped us. We discovered that he was a detective.

Accompanied by this man and half a dozen of his colleagues, we went to the office of the inspector of police. With us went E. T. Oakley, resident correspondent of the London *Times*, to see us through. There we found Walter Whiffen. Sutton also was there. Oakley vouched for us and presently we were taken to the Brazilian legation and, after an hour's parley, were released upon our agreement to leave the city within twenty-four hours and to send no news by mail or cable during our stay there.

Gen. Funston will not permit any more Americans to leave Vera Cruz for Mexico City. After the arrest of the members of our party it was feared here that we should never get back.

Everywhere I asked two questions: If Huerta can be induced to withdraw, and, if the Carranzistas will agree to a compromise government, are there within the country elements out of which a fairly representative government can be constituted? The sum of the answers was that there remained in the country the elements necessary for the creation of such a government provided that the A B C powers will give to the United States their moral authorization to intervene by force of arms to enforce compromise and to support the new government in the event of new revolutionary outbreaks. If there be no threat of intervention and no promise of military support there will be no compromise and no stable government. I asked also if a presidential autocrat were still necessary to Mexico. All but one of the gentlemen with whom I talked said "No"; always provided the United States will take the same attitude toward Mexican revolutionary disorders that it does toward such disorders in Cuba. But although not a few thought that Huerta might be overthrown by a revolution in the city, or might be assassinated, scarcely any thought he would resign. His resignation, according to the Mexican point of view, would mean that he would be killed by his friends, and properly so, because his resignation would involve their financial and political destruction. No one believes that Villa will agree to compromise.

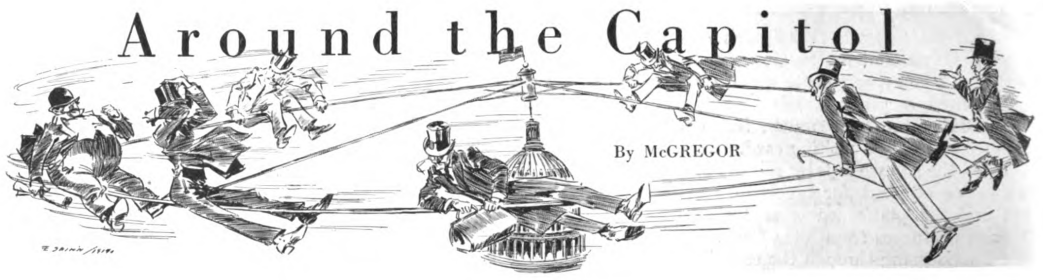


Raising the Stars and Stripes at Vera Cruz

The military problem which presents itself to the expeditionary force in Vera Cruz has received little attention in the mass of correspondence sent from here. I am afraid to estimate the number of men who might force their way through to Mexico City. An army of not less than 40,000 ought to be available for the campaign, for anywhere from 30,000 to 60,000 might be needed to guard the line of communication between Mexico City and the base. At Vera Cruz the army of advance itself ought to number 25,000 men in order that we might save lives rather than make paladins of our soldiers. I venture the opinion that the advance on the capital will be along the northerly route that follows the line of the narrow gauge, interoceanic railway. The War Department should be ready to send to General Funston immediately the ten troops of the Sixth Cavalry and the battalion of the Fourth Artillery which remain in the United States, as well as the Porto Rican Regiment because of its peculiar qualifications for a campaign in a Spanish-speaking country. It will be necessary to secure a large quantity of narrow gauge rolling stock, for after the enemy is driven across the river toward Jalapa the army can only advance as far as its supplies, including water in tank cars, can be brought forward by rail. Mexico City might be captured within a short time after the opening of the campaign, but it would be silly to try to forecast the period necessary for the occupation of the country south of the Constitutionalist territory. Nobody knows what the attitude of the Mexican people would be.

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Around the Capitol



Penrose and Foraker

WITH Penrose the Republican nominee in Pennsylvania, and Foraker endorsed in Ohio, it begins to look as though the Reactionaries were in full control again. The secession of the Progressives to form a party of their own rendered this inevitable. But what a revamping of the old muckraking literature there will be if Foraker is nominated! A new edition of the famous Archbold letters will probably be published and Foraker will again explain how absolutely compatible with senatorial integrity it is for a Senator to receive Standard Oil fees for legal services rendered, while Penrose will insist that the contribution he received was for campaign purposes, pure and simple, or impure and complex, as the case may be. It is scarcely conceivable that a plurality of the voters in either state will succeed in sending these men back to the Senate. We could wish that Foraker's reëntry into the political arena would tempt Newton Baker, of Cleveland, into the contest.

Able to Interrupt

SENATOR WEST, of Georgia, seems determined to contradict a recent editorial in HARPER'S to the effect that he would be as effective a Senator as Stephenson, of Wisconsin. West has become the grandest little interrogator in the Senate. His very attitude at his desk is that of being on the point of raising a question—an interrogation point as it were. But the Senate still has a way of hazing its freshmen; and the impatience of some of the Senators at his interruptions indicates a time in the near future when the Senator will wish he had emulated Stephenson's policy of reticence, which sometimes conceals what speech disastrously betrays. For example, Senator Bryan gave Senator West a gentle hint the other day:

Mr. West: Mr. President——
The Vice-President: Does the Senator from Florida yield to the Senator from Georgia?
Mr. West: Is a national indebtedness taxable, I ask the Senator from Nebraska?
Mr. Burton: Mr. President——
The Vice-President: Does the Senator from Florida yield to the Senator from Ohio?
Mr. Bryan: I do.

Commissioner Claxton

OUR versatile Chief of the Federal Bureau of Education continues to entertain the country with endorsing a new fad every thirty days or so. Now it is the solution of the child labor problem by establishing school gardens in which the children can make up their lost wages by raising vegetables for the family. Now it is the abolition of the summer vacation for teachers and pupils, the vacation being considered so much time lost from study. The latest is the "six and six" plan, by which school pupils may have six years in the graded schools and six in the high schools, instead of eight in the graded and four in the high schools. Mr. Claxton is what he would call an "educator," which is a personage as different from a teacher as a journalist is from a newspaper man. Educators should be tolerated but not encouraged.

The Federal Reserve Board

THE President delayed a final choice of the members of the Reserve Board to good purpose, considering the quality of the men finally selected. The appointment of Paul M. Warburg, of the Banking House of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, is peculiarly acceptable to the banking fraternity, as he is known to have wide and varied practical experience, as well as being a thorough student of finance. He was the real author of the Aldrich currency bill with its plan for a central bank, but his criticism of the new system, while fearless, has been in the main favorable. He is one of the younger group of New York business men who are interested in all humane and social reforms, as his membership on various boards and committees indicates.

Mr. W. G. P. Harding, of Birmingham, is one of the best bankers in the South, president of one of the largest and most successful banks in that region, while Dr. Adolph Caspar Miller is the academic economist of the group, having been professor of political economy and finance at Harvard, Cornell, the University of Chicago and the University of California. Latterly he has been assistant to Secretary Lane of the Interior Department. He and Harding are Democrats. So the board will be bi-partisan. Secretary McAdoo and Comptroller Williams are the ex-officio members of the Board.

Unlocking the Water Power

THE House Committee on Interstate Commerce recently reported favorably the amendments to the General Dam Act offered by Chairman Adamson and prepared by the committee in collaboration with Secretary Garrison. The Secretary of War is given large administrative powers in this bill, such as the correcting of unjust or discriminatory rates when electrical power is conveyed across state lines, and the regulation of rates within the states, unless adequate regulation has been provided by the states themselves. No franchise is granted for a period of more than fifty years, at the end of which time the property may be taken over by the government upon the basis of compensation for the physical value. No unlawful combination is allowed to construct or maintain electrical works on navigable streams. The bill has been given the right of way in Congress and its enactment will lead to the completion of many water-power projects and to the canalization of many streams not now navigable. Under the old law, but three of a hundred projects authorized have been carried out, and there has been unceasing controversy between the advocates of state as against national control. It is believed that the whole dam business will be put upon a commercially profitable basis and thus be the occasion of less strife and profanity.

The Railroads and the People

THE resolution of Congressman Levy that the Interstate Commerce Commission furnish the House with facts showing how often the commission had refused to order an increase of rates, even when the shippers requested it, was another palpable attempt to influence the commission in behalf of the five per cent. increase now being considered. In his report from the House Committee on Interstate Commerce accompanying the recommendation that the resolution lie on the table, Chairman Adamson suggested the impropriety of thus attempting to prejudice the judgment of a quasi-judicial body, but seized the opportunity of giving a hint to the railroads themselves, namely, that if they would remedy the intolerable conditions of discrimination in favor of some localities and against others, in every state of the Union, and in every congressional district, they would find more favor with the people and with their representatives in Congress when they came asking benefits.

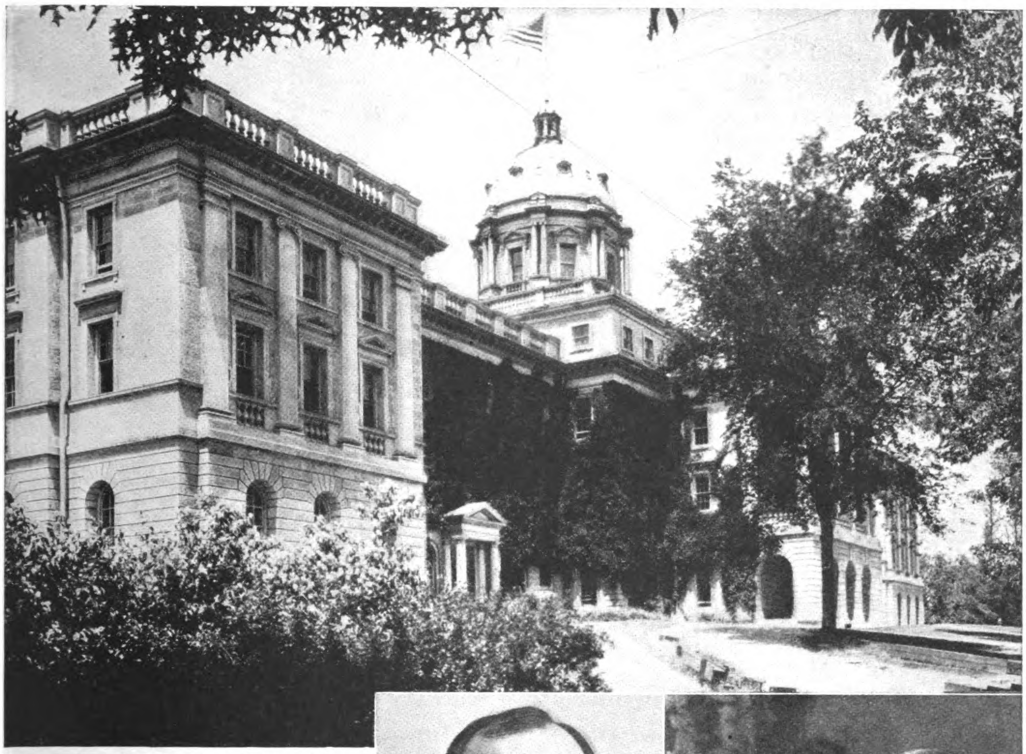
A Negro Judge

THE terms of several of the municipal judges of the District of Columbia have recently expired, and there was universal consent among the lawyers that Judge Robert M. Terrell, a negro, was the best member of the court. Accordingly he was the only one whose reappointment was recommended to the President by the Attorney General, and his name was sent in to the Senate. Judge Terrell is a Harvard graduate and a good lawyer. The colored population of the District is about one-third of the whole, and under the circumstances it seems only fair and just that this appointment of the President should be confirmed. The chief opponent is Senator Vardaman, of Mississippi, who made his reputation as an anti-negro agitator, and an advocate of the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, in his race for the Senate. It is possible that Senator Vardaman's attitude on the tolls question in opposition to the President is somewhat colored by his stand against the appointment of any negro to office during this Administration.

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Wisconsin Faces Reaction

By JULIAN MASON



Main Hall—University of Wisconsin

WISCONSIN, which first put into actual government what the country now knows as the progressive movement, faces today an imminent prospect of coming under reactionary control.

The plea upon which reaction hopes to win is high-cost-of-progressive-living taxes.

The reason why it may realize its hopes is the tripartite division of the progressive forces—La Follette Republicans, McGovern Republicans and Progressive Democrats.

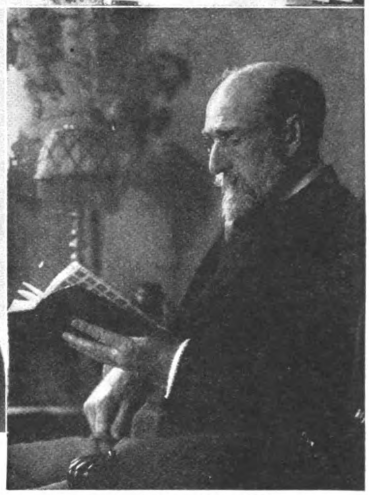
There is a sound answer to the high tax outcry. There is a fundamentally progressive, if temporarily rebellious, community waiting to receive it. But for the first time the work of personifying and carrying the message is squarely blocked by partisan and personal jealousies.

Wisconsin stands before the country as the original experimenter in the new tendencies in government, which through strange shifts and confused battles have culminated in the election to the presidency of Woodrow Wilson. It is preeminently the progressive state. It should become even more eminent as the country discovers its fundamental idea of educating the democracy before expecting it to handle the newer problems of self-government. "Government of, for, and by the people through experts taken from, trained by, and devoted to the people" is a definition of "The Wisconsin idea."

Reaction in Wisconsin would unquestionably be taken nationally as a sign that the tide had turned; that "new-fangled notions" had reached their high mark, that the mid-McKinley standpatter was again to come into his own. The forward-minded men in Wisconsin carry a national as well as a state responsibility.



Francis E. McGovern, Governor of Wisconsin



Charles Richard Van Hise, President, University of Wisconsin

Last year the state tax total was $2,566,711. This year it is $7,655,318. The farmers, who have been the backbone of the La Follette movement, are angry and unwilling to listen to explanations.

Nevertheless, the explanations are there. The larger reasons for the increase have no relation to the expense of the Wisconsin idea. Some $1,500,000 of the $7,655,318 is due to an unwise but honestly meant remission of $2,000,000 in the state tax of the previous year. This actually accounts for a difference of $3,500,000 between the two fiscal years. Another $1,500,000 goes into an unexpectedly large appropriation for good roads under a law which binds the state and the counties to match dollar for dollar all money raised by towns for highway improvement. And half a million goes into construction bills of the splendid new state capitol, for Wisconsin issues no bonds, but pays as she goes.

There is this specific answer to the assertion that high taxes this year are due to progressive government. There is even a better answer to the general charge.

Mr. T. C. Adams, professor in the university and member of the tax commission, has given facts and figures that seem to the impartial mind to answer the tory attack all down the line. He shows that of every $100 in taxes paid by the individual but 54 cents goes to support the commissions. Abolish all commissions and instead of $100 the taxpayer would pay just $99.46.

Professor Adams demonstrates in tabular figures that Wisconsin's advance in

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current expenditures during the progressive era has been less rapid than the average of twenty states from Maine to California.

AS to the university, President Charles R. Van Hise furnishes in cool statement of fact the ammunition wherewith a united army might carry the war into the enemy's country. He tells the millions of dollars which the institution has added to the material wealth of Wisconsin, while challenging the state to say that its work in character- and mind-building does not stand unquestioned and unquestionable.

The profits made by the university for the people are imposing when attempt is made to estimate them in money. In twenty years Wisconsin dairy products have increased from $21,000,000 to $80,000,000. Five out of the seven dairy tests, including the famous Babcock fat test, must be credited in whole or in part to the university.

Wisconsin No. 7 corn, developed at the university, yields an average of twelve bushels more per acre than other varieties. The select Oderbrücker barley yields almost five bushels more per acre. Swedish select oats were made to father a seed that produces nine bushels more per acre than common varieties.

A few years ago twenty per cent of the oat crop was lost by smut. The university found a way to reduce this loss to one half of one per cent, a yearly saving of $4,500,000.

And with all this the university is not only educating 6,000 students, but is carrying on the extension work which in the past year brought much of this new practical knowledge to an audience of 150,000 men and women.

The university is certainly the ultimate objective of the assault of the tories, but they are coupling with it the two other things that make the Wisconsin idea possible—the commissions and the civil service. The railroad, industrial, tax and other commissions, with their combination of administrative and judicial functions, are "expert government" in action. The university furnishes for the commissions their experts. The Civil Service assures those experts a steady career. Break one link and this laboriously wrought chain is destroyed.

EACH link is threatened in the general assault by the tories. (They call them "tories" in Wisconsin now; "Stalwarts" contained too favorable an implication.) They have been fanning the flames of discontent for months with systematic care and at a running cost that has created the indefinite suspicion that the sinews of war must come from large tory interests outside the state. They have organized a "Home Rule" league, for instance, fostering under this ever-catchy label the entirely human inclination to revolt against the substitution of fair tax assessment by the state for the partial assessments of local officers. They have spread their gospel through the tory newspapers which, curiously enough, predominate in this progressive state. They have singled out ex-beneficees of special privileges in various lines and started each such class to protesting about its own grievances. They have gone to the farmer and aroused him about laws limiting the hours of work for women in industry, something that is technically necessary only in the cities; and, vice versa, they have gone to the cities and aroused them upon the expense of the state aid to farmers.

It is a clever campaign. It is weak statistically, but it is as strong as Sarah Bernhardt emotionally. And emotion is at least 51 out of a possible 100 points in politics.

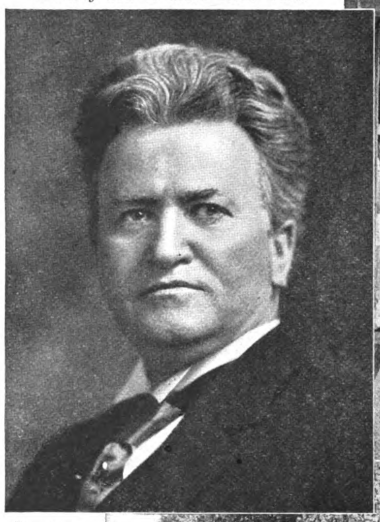
The tory campaign focalizes around John A. Karel, Stalwart candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. For a hostile governor could cripple university, commissions and civil service even with a progressive legislature. "Ikey" Karel is an old Wisconsin football star with the robust friendliness of the successful athlete. He ran for governor in 1912 and he goes into the primary with all the advantage of a man whose name is known to the voters.

Back of Karel are the conservatives of both Democratic and Republican parties. Ex-Governor W. D. Hoard, Republican, has openly declared that his plan of action is "to unite with the Democrats and make a complete killing of La Folletteism."

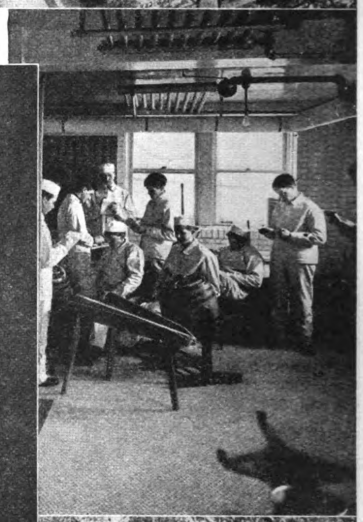
Here we have then on the tory side an issue of first-rank emotional horsepower, personified in a good campaigner known all over the state and supported by a united bi-partisan alliance.



In the picture to the right—Students learning how to make better butter



Senator La Follette





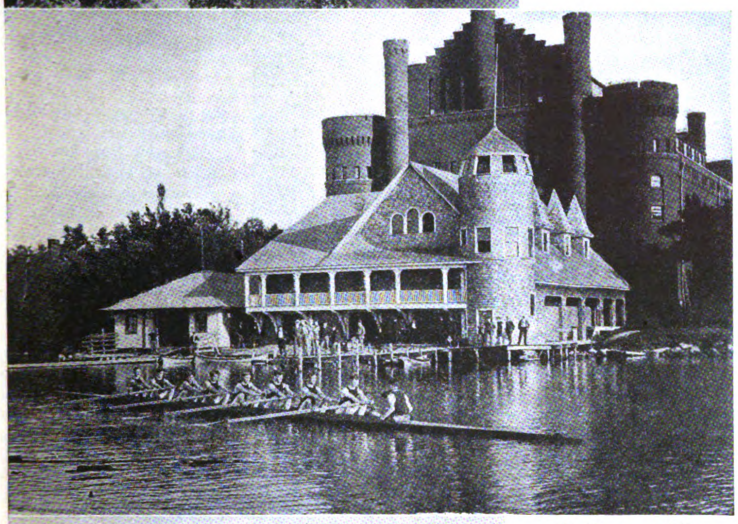
Farm crop demonstrations are carried on at the county and state institutional farms. Representatives from the college explain to the farmers the results secured in the field

WHAT is there on the other side? A defensive position and an army so torn by party and personal feuds that it is unable to take up the perfectly practicable but infinitely laborious work of defense.

The great feud is that between Senator Robert Marion La Follette and Governor Francis H. McGovern. It broke at the Republican National convention of

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Boathouse and Gymnasiun



Library Hall and School of Music

betrayal of faith to himself and Wisconsin, but was fine enough to support McGovern for governor against Karel.

The McGovern men on their side say that McGovern was true on the larger issues when he fought the steam roller. Furthermore, they can point to the undoubted fact that the McGovern program of progressive legislation was defeated by the La Follette men in the last legislature. And they are today far more willing to reunite to save the state from Karel than are their factional opponents.

Reunion must come on the governorship, the keystone of the whole progressive arch. McGovern himself is set down as a candidate for the senatorship to succeed "Uncle Ike" Stephenson, and he will almost certainly be nominated. Tentative negotiations in the past have found him willing to give his support to a good progressive Republican who is not too strongly under the iron dominance of La Follette. If he did, he might be able to use the debt which the Progressive party owes him to prevent a further split through the nomination of a "Bull Moose" ticket.

The second great division in the progressive ranks is that due to the rising partisanship of the triumphant Democracy. Formerly "La Follette Democrats" forgot national party lines and swept by thousands into the progressive Republican camp. Now they have "won with Wilson" and they feel that they would be supporting him in electing a Democratic governor. This impression that the national Administration would "stand for Karel" has been helped by the unfortunate fact that the four most important federal appointments in the state have gone to Democrats classed by Wisconsin as tories, however Washington may regard them. The La Follette appeal seems the only thing that could bring the progressive Democrats back to the true progressive movement in their state. And even this is being weakened day by day by the Senator's partisan attacks upon the President at Washington and in his magazine.

In plain words the meeting of the peril to progressive Wisconsin seems squarely to rest upon Robert Marion La Follette. Talk has risen and died down of his resigning his senatorship and coming back to run as governor for the sake of the movement that he inaugurated.

To many of his friends this seems the best way out, both for Wisconsin and for La Follette personally. But whether he takes it or not, he cannot well escape the responsibility that faces him. Unless he sacrifices something of that bitter personal enmity which has been at once his strength and his greatest weakness, he may see the work of his ten years' fight undone and a signal given to the nation that reaction has set in in the very high-seat of progressiveism.

That it has set in, fundamentally, this observer does not believe. The most careful inquiry failed to discover any belief among progressives of all parties that the progressive movement in Wisconsin had passed its top peak. The nearest that any public man came to it was a single opinion that it had "reached its high plateau." The superficial character of the revolt was pointedly revealed by an inquiry among the farmers. Scores of them said angrily that they were going to vote for Karel, but almost two-thirds of this number proclaimed themselves with equal vehemence to be "La Follette men."

It is "up to" Senator La Follette!

1912 where McGovern stood for Roosevelt. La Follette held this a distinct

ALL the standpat newspapers in the country, and a good many newspapers that are snobbish without being reactionary, are devoting much of their time to trying to show that Mr. Bryan is in general a fool and in particular a drag on the Wilson Administration. Next week we shall publish an article which we believe contains a thoroughly accurate estimate of Mr. Bryan's character and influence, and of the method in which he is administering his department.

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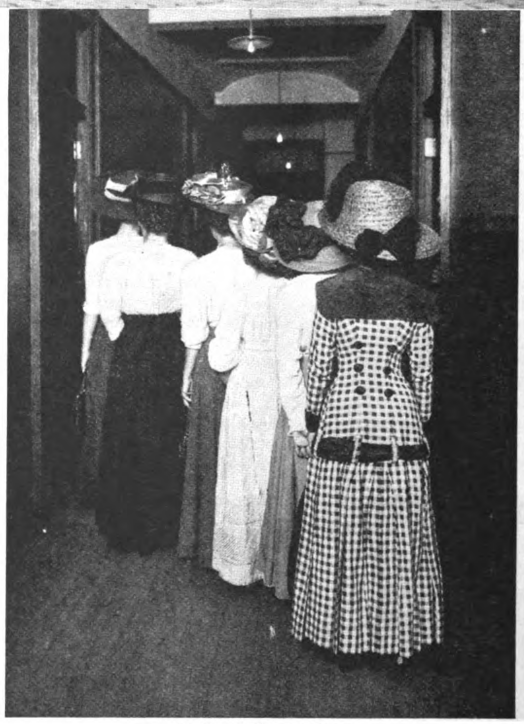
Does It Pay the Store?

By INEZ MILHOLLAND BOISSEVAIN



Going to work

IT is, I believe, admitted that nowhere in the country are conditions for department store employees so bad as in New York City. Recently I had occasion to speak before the National Retail Dry Goods Association—an association composed of department store owners from cities of every state in the Union. The New York department store owners alone do not belong to this Association. To this gathering I presented the facts such as I knew them to be, in substantially the same form as I shall present them in this statement. These facts, I was told by various members of the Association, did not paint conditions in the New York department stores as black as they actually are. These gentlemen gave me numerous instances to prove that my estimate of local conditions was more favorable than actualities warranted. For example, I mentioned no instance—since none had come across the path of my experience—wherein a girl had been driven to exploit her sex through pressure of low wages. I was assured that such cases of enforced immorality on the part of hard-driven employees were all too frequent and a matter of general knowledge. One gentleman who was himself the owner of department stores in various cities in the United States assured me that of his own knowledge he knew this to be true. He pointed out that the temptation for a girl earning five or six dollars a week to save thirty-five cents of this amount by dining out with the floorwalker or "boss" was too great to withstand. But, as I say, these facts are second-hand, and in this article I shall deal with those that have come to my knowledge direct. Members of the Retail Dry Goods Association offered the use of their newspaper by which to disseminate knowledge of conditions in the department stores of New York, in order that New York employers might be shamed into attention with regard to conditions among their employees.



Applicants for positions

Now, as to the facts of which I have personal knowledge:

The great cause of complaint among the employees is, first and foremost, underpay. The average wage of a department store girl is seven dollars a week, though many are paid less than this, getting as low as four or five dollars a week. Out of this money the girl who is not living at home must pay at least five dollars a week for board and room, exclusive of lunch. Her carfare costs sixty cents a week, her luncheon one dollar and twenty cents, her assessment for the benefit fund ten cents, and her laundry twenty cents. This makes seven dollars and ten cents a week her average expenditure with seven dollars as income. Thus, there is an average shortage of ten cents a week for the average girl. Such shortage is exclusive of expenditures for clothes, shoes, medicine, doctor's attendance, dentist or amusement. Apparently these items she must do without, unless luck or chance befriends her. Saving of course is out of the question.

But aside from her deprivation of such imperative necessaries as these, that ten cent shortage is a weekly tragedy. There are, to be sure, homes for working girls which provide room and board for less money than five dollars a week. But with one or two exceptions these homes are very ill liked by the girls for one reason or another, either because it is out of the neighborhood that they know and feel at home in, or because their freedom is curtailed and they are institutionalized. Moreover, they know that these homes are only able to provide these low rates because they are subsidized, and the girl therefore feels herself to be an object of charity, though at the same time she knows herself to be working to the utmost of her strength twelve hours a day for six days in the week. Charity, therefore, in such a case is an impertinence. It amounts to this: That these working girls' homes are doing what the department store owners refuse to do, and hence the department store industry becomes a subsidized industry.

Now, in every department store an employee is required to work overtime, and for such overtime work her compensation is ridiculously insufficient. In some cases she is paid thirty-five cents for overtime night work. This thirty-five cents is supposed to be supper money, but it is not paid in many cases until the succeeding day, and if the girl has only ten cents in her pocket at the end of the day when overtime work is required, she must go supperless. Moreover, she is not entitled to this money unless she works till half-past eight. She is not officially free until ten o'clock, but she gets no money whatsoever unless she works till 8:30. I cite ten o'clock as the official closing hour, but actually there are some girls of every department who work as late as one or two in the morning on occasions all too numerous. In most cases a girl's

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supper has been provided at her home if she lives at home, or is included in her board if she boards, so such additional supper expenditure is, for her, pure waste. In many department stores, however, the girls are not paid for overtime work at all, but are given sandwiches and coffee in lieu of supper money. This food being supplied by the department stores is, often, most distasteful.

WORKING till so late at night has the additional unfortunate element of sending young girls out into the streets in an exhausted condition at a time of night most dangerous to their welfare. Lately the girls have not been required to work on Sunday; the Sunday work for the male employees is a matter of common occurrence.

Mr. Letts, the California president of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, who himself owns a store in Los Angeles, employing many thousands, declared at this recent dinner of which I speak, that the problem of overtime was no longer a problem for employers in his state, since there was no such thing as overtime work. In California they work on an eight-hour day basis. An eight-hour day with a Saturday half holiday all the year round is most assuredly what we want in New York. At present department store employees have a Saturday half holiday in the summer time, but that is not a very great concession on the part of the employers, because the trade is slack in the summer time and at week-ends every one is in the country. The employers could easily accustom the consuming public to the Saturday half holiday as they have done in England all the year round, and the public and the employees would be all the better for that time off.

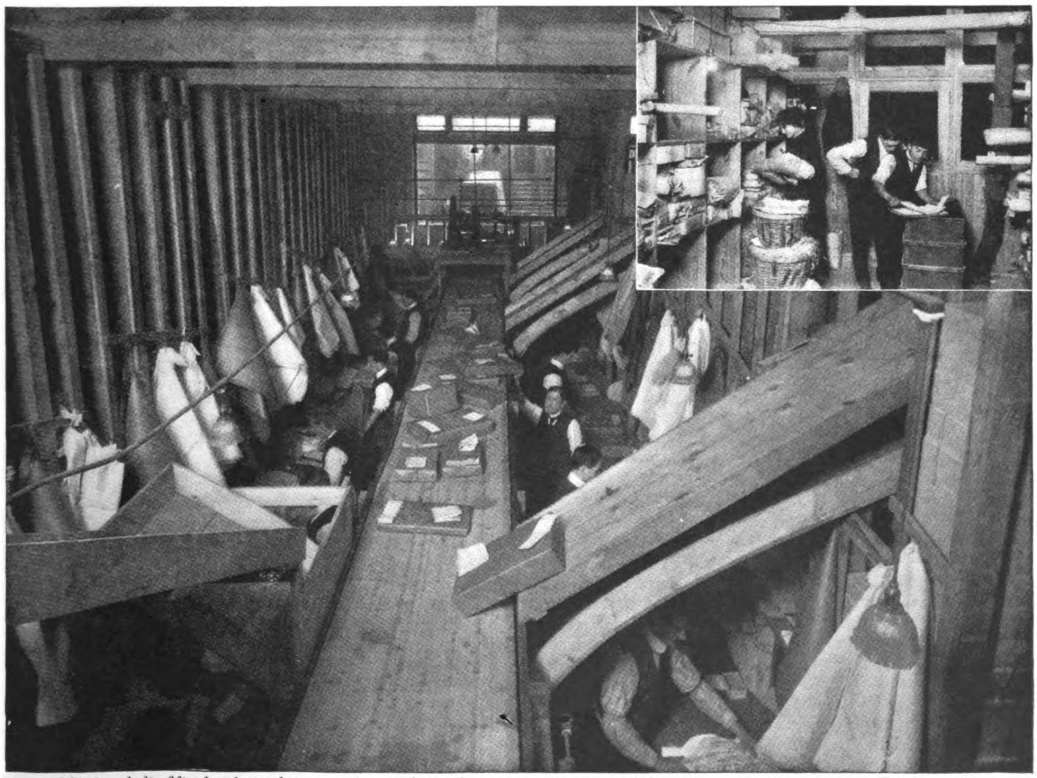
Another cause of complaint among the employees is the heavy fine for morning lateness. They are fined ten to twenty-five cents for a minute to fifteen minutes lateness, and this fine seems to them exorbitant considering the undependable state of transportation agencies, particularly in the winter time. If they are by chance two hours late they not only lose two hours, but they pay a penalty fine as high as thirty cents.

Another cause of widespread, and, as far as I can see, universal discontent among employees is the prevalence of the compulsory mutual benefit system. The employees are compulsorily taxed anywhere from twenty cents to one dollar a month for the upkeep of this so-called benevolent fund. This fund is avowedly for the purpose of supplying them with wages and doctors' attendance at time of illness, but they must be ill an entire week in order to benefit by it, and in most cases only half a week's wages are paid. If they are ill for five days they are paid nothing, although they may have been forced to contribute to the benevolent fund for two years or more. Moreover, if they leave the store without having been ill during the time of their employment they receive no benefit from their contributions whatsoever.

I DOUBT, however, if the system would be so detested by them were it not for its compulsory character, or were they able to have some voice in the distribution of the funds which they have raised out of their own scanty wages. As matters now are, because they have no such representation from among their own ranks, and because no report or accounting is made to them by the firm, they are extremely skeptical as to the honest distribution of this fund. They seem to have suspicions that the firm collects the money and then appropriates it to its own use. Nor have they any reason either in the shape of an accounting or adequate return to think otherwise, and at least three New York firms, as the public knows, regarded this fund as an asset of the firm at the time of failure, and these firms actually collected the assessments up to the time of closing down.

THAT brings me to a phase of this whole situation in the department stores which is most deplorable. The girl, instead of being a walking advertisement for the firm that employs her, is, on the contrary, a perpetual vilifier of that firm. I have never heard a department store girl have anything good to say of her employers. She is perpetually suspicious, on the defensive, depreciating. To her the firm is her enemy, intent only on getting the greatest amount of work from her with the smallest consideration for her welfare. Consequently, she hits back in the only way she knows how, that is by perpetual and bitter vilification. This frame of mind is not only unfortunate for her in that it develops in her vituperation, suspicion and bitterness because of her loneliness and isolation and the feeling that great odds are against her, but it is also most unfortunate for the firm. The best advertisement that any firm can have is the contented and happy attitude on the part of its employees. I know many people who refuse to deal in a shop where the faces of the employees express discontent, hurry, weariness, nervous exhaustion, etc. It makes these people feel part of a great system of exploitation and so highly uncomfortable that they deliberately and systematically avoid a department store of this character. Nor is the situation improved by the fact that the employees assume a soft manner and patient smile and polite attention if the eyes are worn and ringed and the face weary. Their consciences are just as troubled, their impressions just as painful, so they go elsewhere.

I know one hotel in New York, which, though out of date in many respects,



Moving belt, fifty feet long, for conveying packages from wrapping room of department store to wagons. Handles 2000 packages an hour

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nevertheless retains its old clients in the face of steady and modern competition. And I know the reason. It is because the conditions for the employees of this hotel are so beneficent and helpful that it shows on the expression of their faces and in their general attitude. The patrons find that it is a real pleasure to go there because the employees are kind and considerate and jolly in their attitude towards the guests. This spirit produces a feeling of "homeyness," well-being and contentment which is a real trade asset to the particular hotel in question.

WHEN department stores learn to recognize that happiness on the part of their employees, and not exploitation, is of greater value as a producer of income, we shall have no department store problem. As one girl who was earning seven dollars a week said when accused of slacking on the job, "Oh, I work hard enough for that seven dollars that I get." Her feeling was that the least amount of work she could do would nevertheless be commensurate with that miserable wage, and when this same girl was later paid twelve dollars a week at another store her industry was abundant. She worked and was glad to work because her work seemed adequately recompensed.

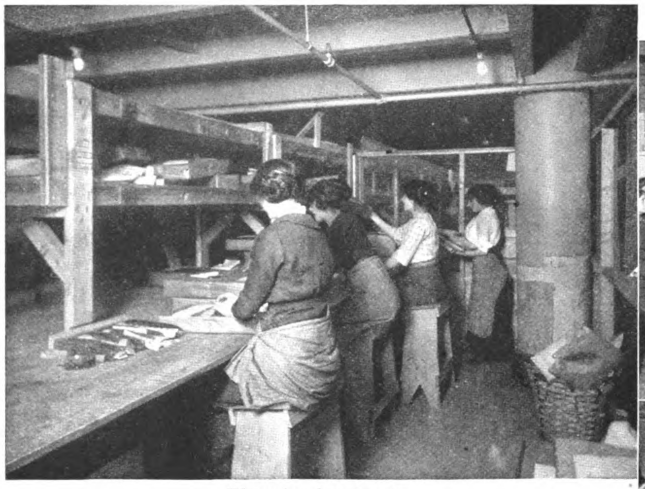
There are two other major evils which must be mentioned in connection with the department store employees in addition to a dozen other minor complaints which I have not time to enumerate, such as, for instance, the placing of a girl's locker on the sixth floor when the girl works on the first floor, thus consuming at least twenty minutes of her lunch time going to and from her locker. But more important than such little things as these is the situation of the cashier. These cashiers get about five or six dollars a week and are liable for shortages. The facing of this weekly liability is a situation so desperate in its aspects to them that any depiction of their desperation is impossible. At rush seasons, Christmas for instance, they face weekly deficits which keep them in debt to the firm for weeks and sometimes for months thereafter, and I have known cases of such girls who have had nothing whatever to live on in the interim and were kept alive by the kindness of their girl friends. Two instances have come to the notice of a fellow worker among the department stores where two girl cashiers went insane as the result of this terrific nerve strain from week to week.

Another pitiful phase of the department store situation is this: The department store owners are pledged by law to furnish seats for their employees, but no employee in any shop dare avail herself of the opportunity to sit down. Now what this perpetual standing means to a woman only a woman or a doctor could rightly know. Standing is ten times more exhausting than walking, and standing in a state of perpetual nervous or mental strain tears at a woman's vitality and nerve centers in a way that jeopardizes her entire future for health and happiness. Yet a department store girl dare not sit down unless a floor walker or buyer is looking the other way. In some cases she dare not even lean up against the counter. The moment that she does she is told to get busy. The daily strain involved in this continual standing is a thing too terrible to contemplate in its results. These results are best known to the hospitals.

Now, if these conditions were brought to public attention I have no doubt that the public by withholding its patronage from certain shops known for the exploitation of their employees, would quickly remedy the evil. For example, I know many people who, when it got abroad, as it did within the last three years through the medium of a little yellow pamphlet sent out by the Carpenters' Union, that Macy was paying its girl employees something like $3.50 a week, refused to have dealings with that store and withdrew their trade, and I know also many people who, after the publication of the Altman will, felt that they could safely place their trade at a shop which took into such marked consideration the welfare of its employees, and who withdrew their trade from other shops to place it there. But the public generally does not know and has not time to take the trouble to inform itself. Consequently these girls must depend upon themselves for help. Now, at present, it is the purpose of these workers in the department stores to form a union, as has been done by department store employees in other cities, notably Buffalo. The idea behind the formation of any union is that of collective bargaining. If a girl or a small group of girls in a department store goes to the firm in order to place certain grievances before them, they are met by a reply like this, "Well, you know what you can do about it. Get. There are plenty of others to take your place." And in many cases they are shown a long row of unemployed girls who have come to the firm in response to advertisements for employment. Why certain firms think it necessary to insert such advertisements I cannot understand. Frequently we read in the papers, "300 help wanted," or "1,000 help wanted" for such and such a store, whereas, as a matter of fact, no extra help whatsoever is required. The numbers of expectant job holders which such advertisements bring to the place are either for the purpose of intimidating the employees, or else for the purpose of convincing the public that the firm is doing a thriving trade. At any rate, in the face of this daily fact, no girl or group of girls can afford to risk her position by making complaint. She is all too easily replaced and the difficulty of finding another job when once she has been branded as she is branded when she takes an independent attitude as an agitator, is all too difficult. At present the word "union" is so much of an anathema for the department store employers, that those among the employees who are known to belong to the union have been discharged, as well as many suspects. Naturally this attitude does not tend to heighten the good-will between employer and employee, and the discontent is increasing from day to day.

A better method would be for the employer to say to his employees, "I leave you free to organize as you will and in whatever form you will. Hold your own meetings, form your own organization under the advice of whatever speakers you care to have come and address you. When you have organized and have named your delegation, send them to me and together we will consider the problems of our working life together. Perhaps I shall have to make concessions, perhaps you will have to make concessions."

At any rate, whatever concessions are demanded will not be enforced, but will be the result of mutual agreement.



Wrapping department





Class for sales-girls
After the day's work—department store girls going home

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD



Barnyard Gumption

From the viewpoint of mere barnyard gumption it is absurd for anybody to start to spend his life writing. Gambling is more likely to yield a steady income.

—*Walter Hines Page.*

FAR be it from me, the presumption
To question your right to impart
From the viewpoint of mere Barnyard Gumption
Your views, Mr. Page, upon Art.

Yet, granting your modest assumption
Of Barnyard professorship, pray
Let us hear (from the viewpoint of Gumption)
What the Barnyard itself has to say.

Let us hear from the Horse, if Stud-Poker
Would have profited better Mark Twain,
Than toiling for life as a joker.
Let us hear from the Bull if Hall Caine
Would have found boosting bonds more seductive,
From the viewpoint of Gumption—and sales.
Would Keno have been more productive
To Kipling, than writing "Plain Tales"?

Some day, when High Art is less bumptious,
And we've learned from the Barnyard just how
To be greedy and grasping—and gumptious
When Pegasus works at the plough,

When the god of Art's guidance is "Gumption,"
And the Stable dictates to the Stage,
Then we'll welcome (for Barnyard consumption)
Your views upon Art, Mr. Page.



Factory Notes

The Herford Versifacturing Co.

New York, May 20, 1914

J. F. Parker, Esq.,
Columbus, Ohio.

Sir:

In re your last shipment of verse, while we have been in many ways pleased and satisfied with the work that you have been shipping to us, we think it only right to point out to you that your last consignment of jingles was inferior in quality. Several of the verses leaked, and, owing to careless packing, a nail was driven right through one of the lines, completely destroying a rhyme and twisting one of the feet.

We have sent it to our repair shop and necessary operations will be made at once.

Yours very truly,
The Herford Vsfg. Co.

The Herford Versifacturing Co.

New York, May 15, 1914.

M. R. Geddes, Esq.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir (or Madam):

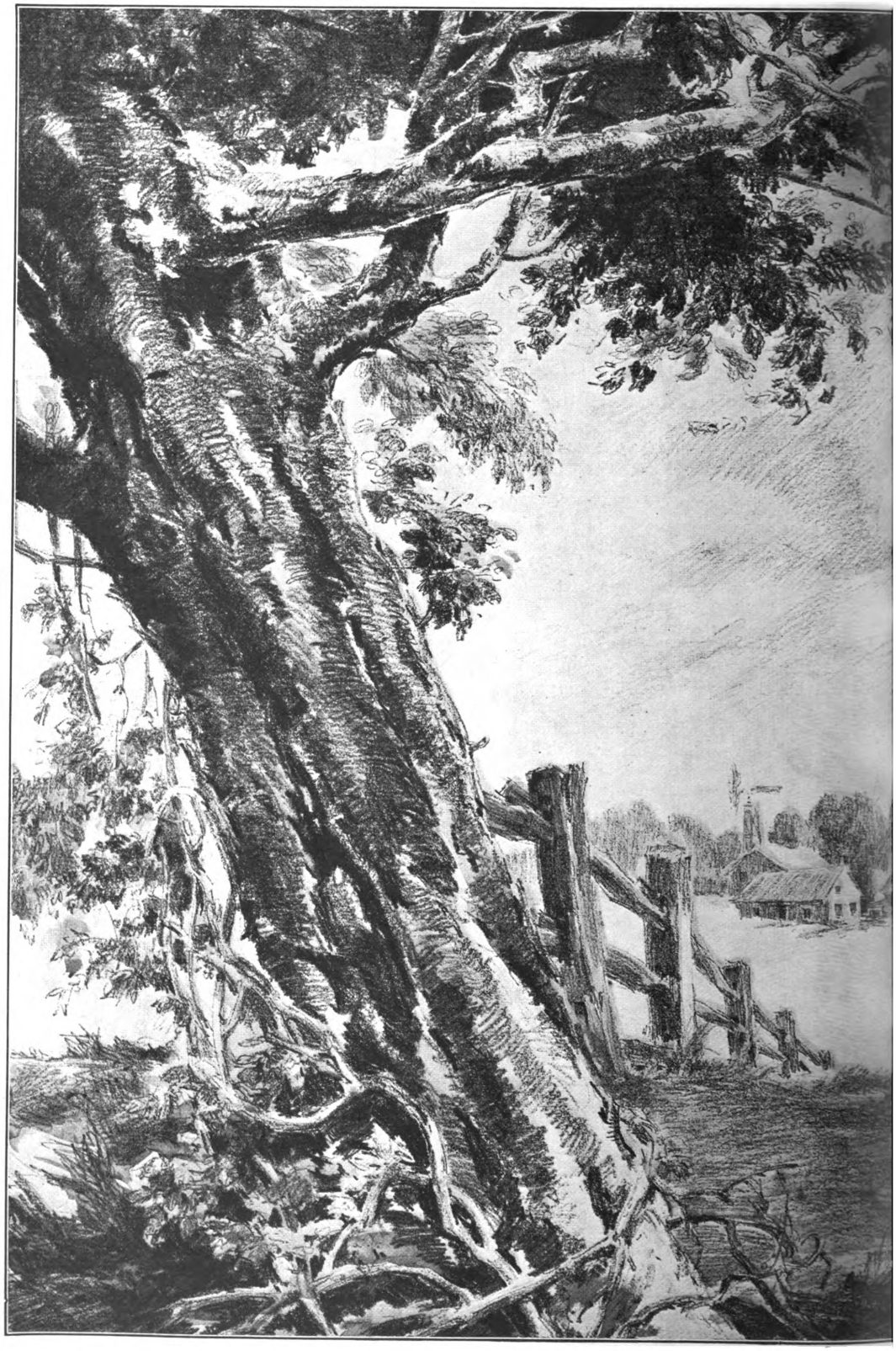
We regret to say your consignment (F 3295) of limericks arrived in damaged condition. One of the lines is badly dented and we fear the broken rhyme cannot be replaced. Two rivets are missing in the last quatrain and one of the feet is badly swelled owing to leakage. Would suggest packing future shipments in corrugated paper, as excelsior has tendency to clog rhyme.

Barcaroles should, in every case, be marked "This Side Up" to prevent leakage.

Yours very truly,
The Herford Vsfg. Co.

P. S. Limerick will be printed in early issue of Pen and Inklings.

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TRYING TI

By Evi

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Queen Eleanora's Visit

By VLADIMIR TSANOFF

A WOMAN at the head of a nation, devoting her time to the care of wounded soldiers, the Queen of an eastern nation, deeply interested in democracy, that is Eleanora. In Bulgaria, peculiar among nations of the East in its democracy and in the status of its women, are schools for girls and philanthropic enterprises that resemble ours. The good and charming Queen is coming to this country to study our ways of conducting such institutions.

TWENTY-two Social Democrats, revisionists and Marxists, sitting in the Bulgarian *Sobranie* of 1914, are not normally enthusiastic over the monarchy in Bulgaria. Fifty-one deputies of the farmers' party always favor the King reigning and not ruling. In the Chamber deliberate fifty other opposition members of parties of the bourgeoisie, including twelve Russophiles, whose attitude towards the King is influenced from Muscovy. The government coalition of three liberal factions has, therefore, a majority of under a dozen, secured in February after an adverse election held in November. He who despairs of democracy may despair of this motley parliament. To me, the 600,000 votes cast then were a triumph for civilization in the East. (In feudal Roumania only 120,000 have the right to vote.) The territories Bulgaria recently acquired on the Ægean Littoral also voted; and under the proportional representation system giving minorities of race and opinion seats in parliament, they returned a number of opposition deputies (Dobrudja, annexed to Roumania in 1878, has never yet been given even the limited suffrage, nor any voice in the government). The November and February elections, the proportional system, introduced as yet to that extent in no other country in the world, the outcome, all were a challenge to the darkness squatting in the spaces between Europe and Asia, from Bulgaria: refuge of self-government and popular rights.



"Queen Eleanora sees and knows more of the mass of common people in her country than perhaps any other ruler's or President's wife, or even any cabinet minister's wife in any country"

The wisest heads in the variegated Bulgarian parliament see that King Ferdinand was the prey of Russian and Austrian imperialism, and hence would not embarrass him overmuch in his difficulties. Readers of history in it know, furthermore, that the existence of independent Balkan States, as of a self-sufficing Balkan alliance, never formed an object of the major Powers' wish. For these reasons, and thanks to the loyalty innate in the Bulgars, King Ferdinand is safe on his throne, despite the misfortunes which visited the country in the twenty-sixth year of his reign. The wide-awake, forward-marching Bulgarian population is determined to guard its liberties from foreign aggression no less than from internal disorders and encroachments.

From this stalwart democracy the honored and beloved Queen Eleanora comes to the cradle of democracies—as a student.

Her life-work in Bulgaria is in the field of education, the charities, mainly in Red Cross and hospital assistance. She will earnestly seek to see and learn as much as she may, in her brief study visit here, of the educational, charitable and medical institutions and methods in which America excels. Her hope is to induce trained Americans to join her on her return, to be superintendents and instructors in the schools for the training of nurses, which are included in plans for the reorganization of the Bulgarian Red Cross which she is contemplating. Her Majesty will probably also bring with her a number of young women who will remain for study at some of the great American hospitals.

Education for women—which has developed in Bulgaria as in few European countries—interests her. The Queen has been impressed on her visits to the town of Samokov with the spirit prevailing at the American high schools for boys and girls there. She cannot, therefore, help desiring to see something of the women's colleges in this country, which serve as patterns to this and other American schools in the East. Physical education for girls, including athletics in its present development in America, would naturally attract her. The *Junak* athletic army of young men and women in Bulgaria, similar to the Czech *Sokols*, have enlisted thousands, and provided splendid outdoor exercise in masses. Yet much remains to be done in introducing an improved type of school

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building with room and arrangements for gymnastics in the Bulgarian *Gymnasia*.

Coëducation in the primary and middle schools—which has won the day in Bulgaria, a country of mountainous climate and a northern marrying age—will also arrest her attention in the country of its origin.

The instruction and professional training of the dependent: deaf mutes, the blind, will interest her particularly. She has instituted such schools in Sofia and they are very close to her heart. Orphanages also—which must now be created in the Balkans in a greater number and better methods, to shelter hundreds of thousands of fatherless children—and asylums for the aged and for other classes of unfortunates, as well as modern prisons, and American methods of dealing with youthful delinquents, all come directly in the province which Bulgaria's Queen has made her own. The Queen has been an occasional visitor to an American kindergarten in Sofia, as well, and in general neglects no department of education and charity.

ANOTHER large problem upon which Queen Eleanora will seek light here is the handling of immigrants. Since the wars Bulgaria has received a permanent refugee population of over 200,000, and thousands are added to it every month. Some come because they can afford it, others because all they possessed has been taken away from them. Roustchuk on the Danube has had a suburb of 25,000 souls added to it of former Bulgarian subjects who have voluntarily left the northeast province after its seizure by Roumania last summer. Their longing for their former liberties led them to emigrate. Silistra on the Danube is furnishing the nucleus for a new Silistra on the Ægean. In Thrace the Turks on their unopposed return forced the Bulgarians to emigrate quickly. Five thousand have been added thus to Philippopolis, and thousands to other towns. Macedonia under Servian and Greek rule has furnished, however, the large numbers. These include Turks, Vlakhs, Albanians and Jews, as well as Bulgarians, for in Bulgaria all races find a shelter, equal rights before the law, and at the ballot box. "The Flight" is a chronic event in the Balkans, and the refugee is a familiar figure, especially in Bulgaria. Sofia has grown from 20,000 to 150,000 in total population in 30 years, mainly through accession of refugees.

The Bulgarian government therefore needs enlightenment on the methods of dealing with such immigrant masses, and America is the best source for information on the topic. The Queen and her companions may gather ideas about it here. It is to be hoped that Bulgarian government officials occupied with this matter will also cross the Atlantic later to make their trained observations.

What is the Queen's personality?

In the masses this figure, so often seen in a nurse's linen and cap, with the red emblem on her breast, inspires confidence and affection. Good mothers and aunts all over the earth are what Eleanora is to her adopted country. The Red Cross existed in Bulgaria before she came, but she has become completely identified with it, and a leading power in it.



"God's is our work"—words placed by her on the medals given for service to the Red Cross in the war—sounds the religious imperative characterizing her.

In appearance the Queen is rather tall, gray-eyed, now tanned from a good deal of work in the field hospitals. She is simple in her dress, and democratic in her bearing quite like the lamented Princess Marie Louise, the first consort of the Bulgarian ruler. Queen Eleanora sees and knows more of the mass of common people in her country than perhaps any other ruler's or President's wife, or even any cabinet minister's wife in any country.

She slips unnoticed into the crowded market place and does her own shopping from heap to heap of the greens, purples, reds and browns of garden produce. Products of labor sold by the laborer cause her to linger in the animated square.

Old Bulgarian laces have been revived into an industry by her interest. Periodical exhibitions and courses in the provinces have turned the townspeople's attention to needlework, and a demand for it has now arisen in European centers of fashion. The Queen found in her countrywomen an inexhaustible energy for work. The women of Bulgaria ploughed, sowed, dug, mowed, cut, threshed and gathered a larger harvest in 1913 than male Bulgaria had been doing. Such incomparable co-partners in the home assure the nation a place under the sun. The Queen has known how to enlist them in her benevolent enterprises.

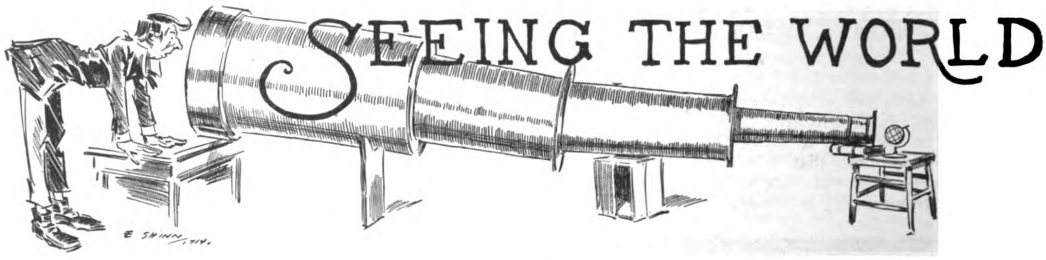
American institutions in the Balkans have been mentioned. The spirit which has created these magnificent missions has deeply impressed Queen Eleanora. Her coming is a tribute to the chain of links uniting to America all that in the Balkans and beyond, is America's kindred in aspirations. The missionaries found room for work in the Balkans chiefly among the progressive and democratic Bulgarians, whose forebears, even before Huss and Luther, were authors of the *Bogomile* movement for church reform in Europe, the fruits of which were the Waldenses and Albigenses, Huss, Luther and the Russian dissidents. Today, thanks to Riggs, Hamlin, Long, to Clarke, Marsh, Haskell, and House, and to others, no town of considerable size in Bulgaria is without its Protestant church. Religious toleration towards Protestants, Catholics, Mohammedans, Gregorians, and all other confessions, is unique in that part of the world. The names of those of the Americans mentioned, and those of educators like Dr. Washburn, of diplomatic and consular officers and journalists like Schuyler and McGahan, are revered in Bulgaria for their work in promoting enlightenment and ultimate toleration.

The national virtues and achievements of the Bulgarians to whom the genius of history has "whispered terrible things and dear," possessing their will to write Roman pages in the history of our day, should, therefore, be honored in the person of the Bulgarian Queen, as well as her own virtues.

Populists in spirit, unused to genuflexions, the Bulgars bow to character wherever it is displayed, they love and honor the Queen. Yet the immense forces which only could have raised Bulgaria in its unparalleled progress since the sixties are the forces of the common people. Bulgaria, and not Ferdinand or Eleanora, I might conclude respectfully, is the hero of the world play in the Balkans.

Doctor Allyn's page on Food and Health will appear in the next issue

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Civilization

The old-fashioned woman who used to have a big day's washing done by breakfast time now has a daughter who has to take a bottle of Pruneboozia every time she irons a two-by-two handkerchief.

—Leola (Ark.) *Lance.*

Keep your eye on the girl who always allows her mother to do the housework while she idles about town. Soon you will see her with a sporty dude for her best fellow, and she wears the extreme in fashionable clothes; then she gets married and you can safely predict that her lot in life will be weeping, wailing and washtubs.

—Houston (Mo.) *Herald.*

How to Know Life

If a man wants to get acquainted with human nature, let him edit a newspaper for a short time. He knows nothing of the ups and downs of life until he has served in this capacity. He may have preached, conducted a bank, sold goods, traded horses, practiced law, sawed wood, or operated a popcorn factory, but he needs a few months' experience as editor-in-chief of a country newspaper to complete his knowledge of the eccentricities of human nature.

—Murfreesboro (Ark.) *Messenger.*

Learning Too Late

So many young bachelors go out to their claims, build their shack and after cooking their first meal or two make a beeline for town and then like to eat the landlord out of house and home, no wonder the hotels complain of not making money. The poor fellows now see where they missed it by taking music lessons instead of paying some attention to the culinary art.

—Saco (Mont.) *Independent.*

Heart Balm

Mrs. Chink Wilson gave her neighbor an old-time quilting Tuesday, and quite a number of the neighbor ladies were present. They did some very fine mechanical stitching and turned out several new quilts. At noon dinner was announced, and the table was well loaded with pie, cake and all that heart could wish for.

—Ozark (Ark.) *Spectator.*

Always Good for Conversation or News

A nice rain Tuesday night. My, how the grass and wheat does grow.

—Mt. Pleasant Cor., Mansfield (Mo.) *Mirror.*

Time Usually Does Tell

We forgot to mention last week that Robert Bax had moved into the Welchmeyer house vacated by Frank Doyle. We can't inform the public for certain why Robert started these bachelor quarters but we suppose time will tell.

—Freeburg (Mo.) *Times.*

Just When the Fishing is Good



—South Bend (Ind.) *Tribune*

There Are People Like This

There was a total eclipse of the moon, Wednesday night, but most Linn Creekers missed it. The street lights had not been turned on yet.

—Linn Creek (Mo.) *Reveille.*

An Endless Chain

The editor of this paper has propositions from a booze house by which he can get a lot of whisky for advertising. At the same time he is offered a course of treatment at a Keeley Institute for more advertising space. If accepted, that would be as good as perpetual motion as long as the editor and advertising hold out.

—Monroe City (Mo.) *News.*

Loyal to the Same Tunes

We are in hopes that by the time the colt show comes off next fall the band can play a few new pieces of music, as it is they have played the same music since the organization, several years ago.

—Altamont (Mo.) *Times.*

What Can You Expect from a "Beau"?

That girl that got the cloud of cigarette smoke from her beau while he strutted along with her Sunday evening better get a new beau and that's all we've got to say about it.

—Middleton (Idaho) *Herald.*

Exports

Pisgah will never be much of a tobacco shipping center until Grandpa Reynolds stops chawing.

—Pisgah (Mo.) *Carrier.*

Horse-Blanketed

A crowd gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Shaw last Tuesday evening. They presented Mr. Shaw with a pair of horse blankets. Plenty to eat and drink, and dancing was the program of the evening.

—Grove City (Pa.) *Reporter.*

An Iron Man

We saw a strong minded though eccentric individual on the street the other day. He went by a hardware store where a washing machine was standing out in front, without giving the handle a jerk.

—Grinnell (Iowa) *Herald.*

Privileged Characters

The sky was black with ducks and geese Tuesday and that night they made so much noise we couldn't sleep, but we have to grin and bear it as it is lawful for these quacks to do just as they please.

—Fairfax (Kansas) *Forum.*

A Buckeye for a Head-Piece

We really think Ohio played a snide trick upon J. K. Brainstorm when it failed to supply him with one of its famous buckeyes instead of his present headpiece. A buckeye contains much more substance than does the pate of our pseudo-legal contemporary.

—Havre (Mont.) *Plaindealer.*

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Will Ulster Fight?

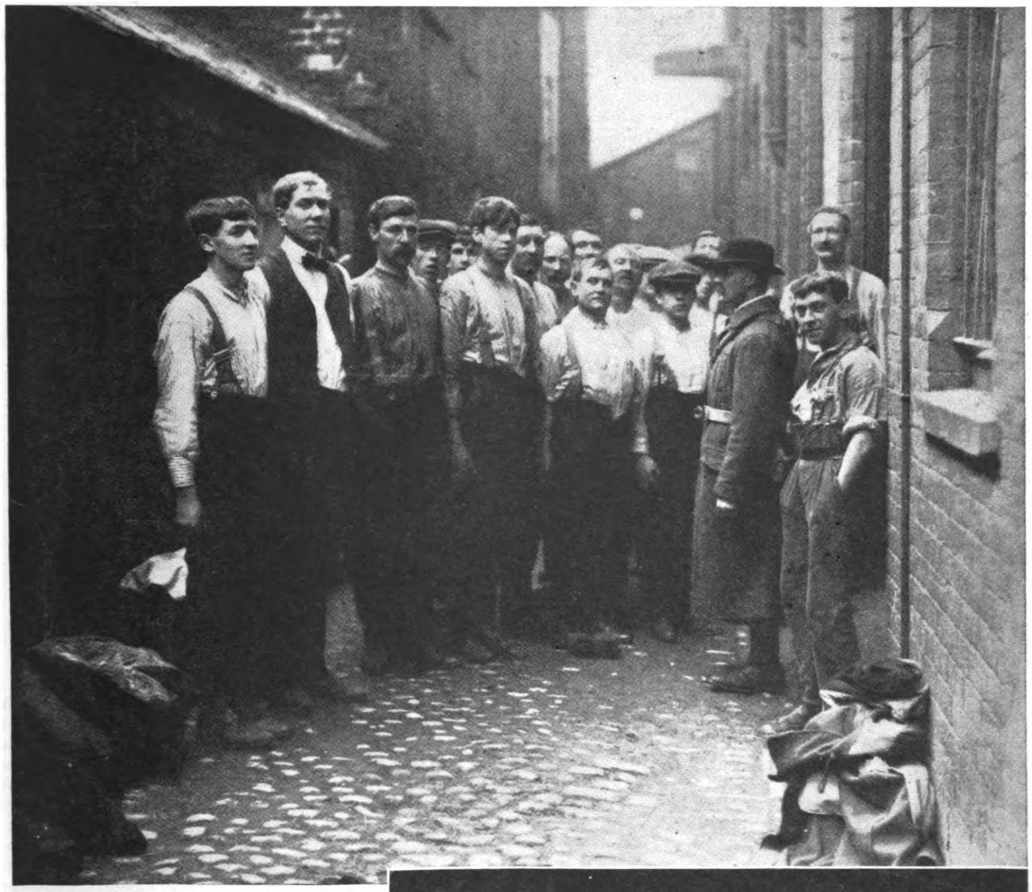
By JOHN J. FINEGAN

So many fables and garbled accounts have been cabled to America on the subject of the "plot to coerce Ulster" by military force, that it is well perhaps to review the real facts in the case, which are apparently as follows:

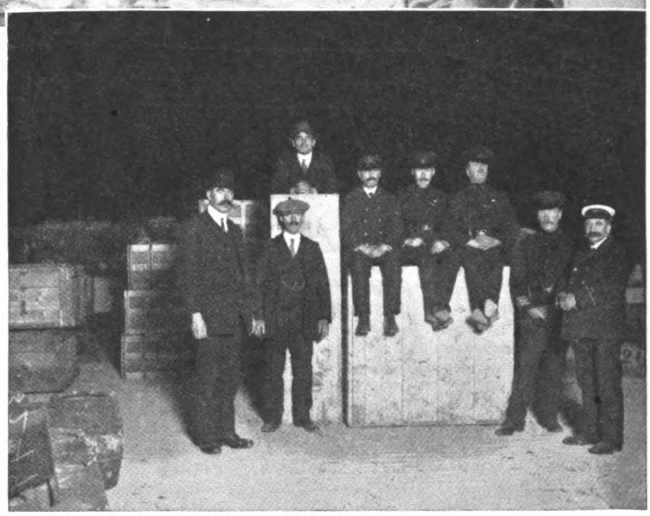
Roused to the necessity of safeguarding certain military depots in the north of Ireland to prevent their contents being raided by the Ulster Volunteer Army, the Army Council, at the request of the government, took steps to move troops for this purpose. General Paget received the necessary instructions from the recent Secretary for War, Colonel Seely, but instead of obeying these orders swiftly and silently as became his duty as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, he returned to the Curragh and conferred with eight of his senior officers as to the possibility of mutiny. According to official reports, General Paget told his brother officers that what the government contemplated was merely a precautionary measure, which no government could afford not to take. But, gradually, as he warmed to the subject, he went further afield, and talked of "massacres," of "battles" and of the possibility of mutiny, and generally confirmed in the minds of his hearers that nothing short of operations on a grand scale had been contemplated against Ulster. General Paget even suggested extraordinary hypothetical cases.

He suggested the possiblity of advance detachments being massacred, and demanded to know whether in such a contingency the cavalry would refuse to go to their assistance. If they did so refuse, he said, he, the Commander-in-Chief, would march the regiments down to the barracks and disarm them. The whole thing would be a repetition of the Indian Mutiny, he insisted, and following this minatory strain, he reminded General Gough and his officers that there were worse things than a court-martial, meaning presumably the capital sentence for refusing to obey orders.

Whatever may have been the intention of General Paget, and it is probable that he merely sought to allay the dissatisfaction of the officers, this most remarkable speech had the effect of inviting more than sixty proffered resignations and sent General Gough scurrying to London to



Orangemen in Portadown receiving uniforms as volunteers



Seizure of arms by Royal Irish Constabulary

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demand assurances from the Secretary of State for War and from the Army Council that he and his fellow officers would not be asked to fight against Ulster. Then followed in quick order the repudiation by the government of such conditional agreements, the resignation of Colonel Seely, and the assumption by Premier Asquith of the duties of Secretary for War.

A FEW days ago, I had lunch with an English Army officer, a grizzled veteran of successive campaigns in India and South Africa. He was by heredity and by instinct a Tory. He was most loath to discuss politics, and even more reluctant to express his views on the situation in the army in Ireland. Finally, however, under strict pledge that he would not be mentioned by name or otherwise identified, he consented to voice his opinions. To my surprise, he was most severe in his condemnation of General Gough and the mutinous officers at the Curragh.

"They have disgraced the service," he remarked. "It is not within the province of a soldier to question the orders of his superiors, and it is certainly not within his province to dictate to the government which he serves. Ever since the days of of the Stuarts a standing army has been, in theory, an illegality in the United Kingdom. Its existence is permitted from year to year only by virtue of the Army Act which has to be passed in each session of Parliament. Failing the passing into law of the Army Bill, the army automatically ceases to exist. The British people three centuries ago decided that a permanent standing army was a menace to their political liberty and they took this method of making the army a theoretically temporary organization rather than incur the graver dangers which would arise from having no army at all. For many years the danger of a standing army as a menace to the freedom of Parliament or people seemed absolutely illusory and the passage of an Army Bill annually has appeared merely the survival of an archaic procedure. Now, however, because a handful of disgruntled officers have had the effrontery to attempt to dictate to the government, the menace of a standing army has again been revived with the result that the issue at the next general election will be: 'Shall the army rule?'"

I asked the speaker whether or not there was any probability that in the event of civil war such recalcitrant officers would refuse to fight against the Ulster volunteer force.

"Civil war is a possibility which I do not care to contemplate," was the reply. "For myself, I regard the danger of armed resistance to the government as most remote. I confess that the task of firing upon fellow subjects of the King would be distasteful to me, but I should obey orders and uphold the authority of the Crown and Parliament at all hazards, and so, too, would the great majority of my fellow officers."

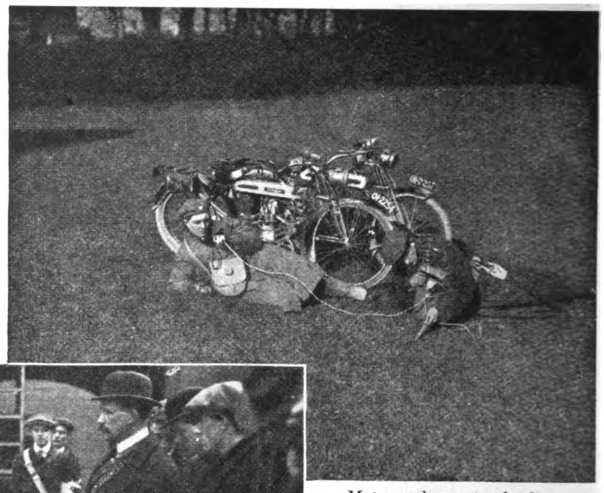


Stacking arms in the courtyard of Castle Upton, Templepatrick, County Antrim

This seems to be the prevalent spirit in the army, so far as I was able to sound the sentiment of men and officers. All seem to consider it certain that there will be no war. All are devoutly hopeful that this belief will be justified. But, in the event that the regiments now quartered in the North should be half-hearted in their efforts to suppress the threatened revolt, such regiments as the famous Connaught Rangers and the gallant Dublin Fusiliers could be rushed into Ulster by an aroused and angry government. These regiments, recruited in the South and West of Ireland, could be depended upon to restore order in a short space of time. Both officers and men are strongly Nationalist in sympathy and there would be no fear of disaffection in their ranks.

This, then, is a brief review of the real facts underlying the "military coercion of Ulster" and a statement of the simple truth as to the present attitude of the army. In fact, it is not too much to say that there is more disaffection in the ranks of Carson's volunteer force than there is among the regular troops.

A few days ago, during the manoeuvers at Clandeboye in the County Down, the writer had the surprising experience of encountering a most ardent Protestant Nationalist in the uniform of a Unionist volunteer. This youth explained that he had joined the volunteers under duress and at the suggestion of his father, who was anxious to placate a bitter Unionist landlord. Waxing confidential, when he discovered that my sympathies were



Motor-cycle scouts of volunteer army, with field telephone

aroused, he took me to one side and introduced to me four cronies of his, all of whom were Home Rulers and Ulster volunteers!

In the city regiments, too, recruited in Belfast and in Londonderry, there are hundreds of men and boys who have no sympathy with the cause which they have found it expedient to pretend to espouse. One of these "volunteers" strolled into the Nationalist Club in Berry Street a few nights ago and, to the delight of a group of friends, related a number of laughable experiences which he had enjoyed while in camp with his "regiment" a few days previously. From his pocket he produced a copy of the printed rules issued to recruits at the Camp of Instruction at Castle Upton.

Pointing to Regulation No. 17 under the heading of "Game and Property," he read the following pronunciamento with great glee:

> All are in honor bound not to interfere with the game, nor to damage any trees, shrubs or property.

"They're drillin' us to go out an' kill Christians, but we are forbidden to shoot a rabbit," he concluded, laughing.

THIS youth informed me that he was employed in a large factory, the owners of which are staunch Unionists. When the "volunteer" movement was organized, he said, he received a strong intimation that unless he consented to

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Volunteers at mess at Clandeboye. These men receive 3s. per day—railroad expenses and rations

drill and sign the Ulster "covenant" he could look for another job.

"Sure, there are a lot of 'em, sir, whose hearts aren't in the business at all," he commented. "Not many of them are Nationalists like me, but there are scores who do 't want to fight and who are sick of dril n' and marchin'. Take it from me, there'll be no civil war."

In journeying to Clandeboye, it was my lot to ride in a smoking carriage, the compartments of which were not subdivided into cross sections but were connected by a center aisle running the length of the car as in an American railroad coach. Opposite me was seated a venerable Presbyterian clergyman, sucking contentedly on a highly colored meerschaum pipe. Down through the car stalked a stranger in the uniform of a colonel of volunteers.

He thrust a paper in front of my travelling companion, which bore at the top the coat of arms of Ulster and the words "For God and Ulster; Penny Fund."

"Will you give something for the cause?" asked the stranger.

The minister glanced at the document and rejoined slowly: "For God—aye, I'd give a penny to Him. For Ulster—yes, I'm an Ulsterman, an' I'd not begrudge a shilling; but this is the first time that I knew the partnership existed. Tell me, friend, what is it all about?"

Disconcerted, the officer began to declaim against Home Rule and the "coercion of Ulster."

"You've said enow," interrupted the minister, smiling. "I'm for Home Rule, because I'm a Protestant and an Irishman and I like fair play."

"You're a traitor to your King and a renegade to your religion," was the angry reply, as the officer strode away.

"There you are, sir," said the old clergyman, addressing me for the first time. "There's tolerance for you."

In the course of the chat which ensued, my travelling companion related numerous incidents in his experience to illustrate his contention that the Ulster Orangeman is more bitter against a Protestant Nationalist than against a Roman Catholic. He told of several instances where clergymen were boycotted for espousing the Nationalist cause, and were forced to give up their churches and seek calls from congregations in England, Scotland or even Canada.

"My people are very considerate of me," he said simply. "I have had the same church for twenty-two years, but it may interest you to know, sir, that in all of that period I have never been invited to occupy the pulpit of another church or to take part in a joint service."

When relating the anecdote later to an English journalist at Clandeboye, I was interrupted by the flat assertion on the part of my auditor that I had invented the entire yarn.

"I don't believe that there is a Presbyterian clergyman in Ulster who is a Nationalist. In fact, I haven't found a Protestant layman who wants Home Rule."

"You must have looked for them at Old Town Hall in Belfast, then," interrupted a bystander. "I live in Londonderry and I am a Protestant. There are fifty-three families, all Protestants, on the street where I live and how many Unionist voters do you think there are in that block? Just two, my friend, just two!"

THESE experiences are interesting as indications of the fact that the intense bitterness of Orangeism has evoked a reaction in Ulster, especially on the part of sane and clear-headed Protestants. Indeed, there are indications on every side that the fury of the resistance to Home Rule has spent itself.

Joseph Devlin, Member of Parliament for West Belfast, expressed to me the firm conviction that daily the Unionist strength was waning in the northeast corner of Ulster.

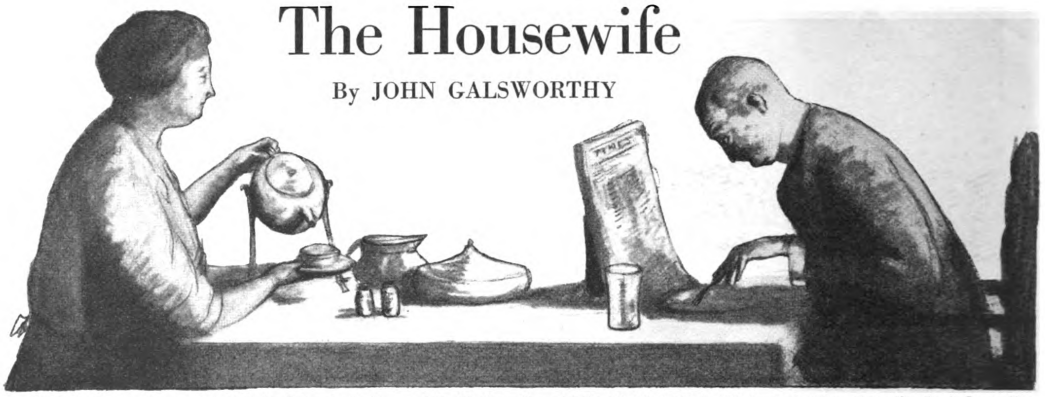
"These men, who pretend to speak for Ulster," he said, "declare that the entire province must be excluded from the provisions of the Home Rule Bill, forgetful of the fact that five counties of the nine have declared emphatically for the bill. To exclude Ulster bodily, therefore, is so patently absurd that our opponents have been forced to fall back upon the four counties of Down, Armagh, Antrim and Derry, but it must not be forgotten that even these counties return one Home Rule member each to Parliament.

"The truth of the situation is that in Ulster today the Tory class is making its dying struggle for continued ascendancy, not only in that province, but throughout Ireland. This class holds today, as it has held all through the century, practically every office of power and honor and emolument in a country where five-sixths of the people are regarded as 'mere Irish peasantry.' Out of 6,000 Justices of the Peace the ascendant faction holds 3,653; out of 30 Lords Lieutenants they have 27, and 30 High Sheriffs out of 32. They have 601 Deputy Lieutenants out of 650 and 62 members of the Privy Council out of 72. Of the 76 Stipendiary Magistrates the ascendant class in Ireland has 57 and they have nine Judges of the High Court out of 13 and 33 County Inspectors of Police out of 37. These are the reasons for their opposition to Home Rule and as their motives are more and more understood, the democrats and labor men of Ulster are flocking to the Nationalist standard."

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The Housewife

By JOHN GALSWORTHY



"'He takes no interest in his food.' And she would add, brooding: 'What he'd do if I didn't study him, I really don't know'"

WE think of the extravagant as those who are a bit eccentric. But extravagance in the solid virtues is common too. Mr. Galsworthy has described with wit and insight the most ardent defender of a woman's sphere—the housewife herself

THOUGH frugal by temperament, and instinctively aware that her sterling nature was the Bank in which the true national wealth was deposited, she was of benevolent disposition; and when, as occasionally happened, a man in the street sold her one of those jumping toys for her children, she would look at him and say:

"How much? You don't look well?" And he would answer: "Tuppence, lidy. Truth is, lidy, I've gone 'ungry this lawst week." Searching his face shrewdly she would reply; "That's bad—it's a sin against the body. Here's threepence. Give me a ha'penny. You don't look well." And, taking the ha'penny, she would leave the man inarticulate.

Food appealed to her, not only in relation to herself, but to others. Often to some friend she would speak a little bitterly, a little mournfully, about her husband. "Yes, I quite like my 'hubby' to go out sometimes where he can talk Art and War and things that women can't. He takes no interest in his food." And she would add, brooding: "What he'd do if I didn't study him, I really don't know." She often felt with pain that he was very thin. She studied him incessantly—that is, in due proportion to their children, their position in Society, their Christianity, and herself. If he was her "hubby" she was his "hub"—the housewife, that central pivot of Society, that national pivot which never could or would be out of gear. Devoid of conceit, it seldom occurred to her to examine her own supremacy, quietly content to be *integer vitae, scelerisque pura*—just the one person against whom nobody could say anything. Subconsciously, no doubt, she *must* have valued her worth and reputation, or she would never have felt such salutary gusts of irritation and contempt towards persons who had none. Like cows when a dog comes into a field, she would herd together whenever she saw a woman with what she suspected was a past, and advance upon her, horns down. If the offending creature did not speedily vacate the field, she would if possible trample her to death. When by any chance the female dog proved too swift and lively, she would remain sullenly, turning and turning her horns in the direction of its vagaries. Well she knew that if she once raised those horns, and let the beast pass, her whole herd would suffer. There was something almost magnificent about her virtue, based as it was entirely on self-preservation, and her remarkable power of rejecting all premises except those peculiar to herself. This gave it a fiber and substance hard as concrete. Here indeed, was something one could build on; here indeed was the strait thing. Her husband would sometimes say to her: "My dear, we don't know what the poor woman's circumstances were, we really don't, you know. I think we should try to put ourselves in her place." And she would fix his eye and say: "John, it's no good. I can't imagine myself in that woman's place, and I won't. Do you think that I would ever leave you?" And watching till he shook his head, she would go on: "Of course not. No. Nor let you leave me." And pausing a second, to see if he blinked, because men were rather like that (even those who had the best of wives), she would go on: "She deserves all she gets. I have no personal feeling, but if once decent women begin to get soft about this sort of thing, then goodbye to family life and Christianity and everything. I'm not hard, but there are things I feel strongly about, and this is one of them." And secretly she would think: "That's why he keeps so thin—always letting himself doubt, and sympathize, where one has no right to. Men!" Next time she passed the woman she would cut her deader than the last time. And seeing her smile, would feel a sort of divine fury. More than once this had led her into courts of law on charges of libel and slander. But knowing how impregnable was her position, she almost welcomed that opportunity. For it was ever transparent to judge and jury from the first that she was that crown of pearls, a virtuous woman, and so she was never cast in damages.

ON one such occasion her husband had been so ill-advised as to remark: "My dear, I have my doubts whether our duty does not stop at what we are ourselves, without throwing stones at others."

"John," she had answered, "if you think that just because there's a chance that you may have to pay damages, I'm going to hold my tongue when vice flaunts itself, you make a mistake. I always put your judgment above mine, but this is not a matter of judgment, it is a matter of Christian and womanly conduct. I can't admit even your right to dictate."

She hated that expression, "The gray mare is the better horse"; it was vulgar, and she would never recognize its truth in her own case—for a wife's duty was to submit herself to her husband, as she had already said. After this little incident she took the trouble to take down her New Testament and look up the story of the woman taken in adultery. There was not a word in it about women not throwing stones; it referred entirely to men. Exactly! No one knew better than she the difference between men and women in the matter of moral conduct. Probably there *were* no men without that kind of sin, but there were plenty of women, and without either false or true pride she felt she was one of them. And there the matter rested.

HER views on political and social questions, on the whole very simple, were to be summed up in the words: "That *man*—!" And so far as it lay in her power, she saw to it that her daughters should not have any views at all. She found this, however, an increasingly hard task, and on one occasion was almost terrified to find her first and second girls abusing "that man—!" not for going too fast, but for not going fast enough. She spoke to her husband about it, but found him hopeless, as usual, where his daughters were concerned. It was her principle to rule them with good motherly sense, as became a woman in whose hands the family life of England centered; and it was satisfactory on the whole to find that they obeyed her whenever they wished to. On this occasion, however, she spoke to them severely: "The place of woman" she said, "is in the home—the whole home—and nothing but the home." "Ella! The place of woman is by the side of man; counselling, supporting, ruling, but never competing with him. The place of woman is in the shop, the kitchen, and—" "The—bed!" "*Ella!*" "In the soup!" "Beatrice! I wish—I do wish you girls would be more respectful. The place of woman is in the home. Yes, I've said that before, and I shall say it again, and don't you forget it! The place of woman is—the most important thing in national life. If you want to realize that, just think of your own mother; and—" "Our own father." "Ella! The place of woman is in the—!" She ceased speaking, feeling that, for the moment, she had said enough.

In disposition sociable, and no niggard of her company, there was one thing she liked to work at alone—her shopping, an art which she had long reduced to a science. The principles she laid down are worth remembering: Never grudge your

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"I always put your judgment above mine, but this is not a matter of judgment, it is a matter of Christian and womanly conduct. I can't admit even your right to dictate"

time to save a ha'penny. Never buy anything until you have turned it well over, recollecting that the rest of you will have turned it over, too. Never let your feelings of pity interfere with your sense of justice, bearing in mind that the girls who sell to you are paid for doing it —if you can afford the time to keep them on their legs, they can afford the time to let you. Never read pamphlets, for you don't know what may be in them about furs, feathers, and forms of food. Never buy more than your husband can afford to pay for; but on the whole, buy as much. Never let any seller see that you think you have bought a bargain, but buy one if you can; you will find it pleasant afterwards to talk of this. Shove, shove, and shove again!

In the perfect application of these principles she had found, after long experience, that there was absolutely no one to touch her.

IN regard to meat, she had sometimes thought she would like to give it up because she had read in her paper that being killed hurt the poor animals; but she had never gone beyond thought, because it was very difficult to do that. John was thin, and distinctly pale; the girls were growing girls; Sunday would hardly seem Sunday without; besides, it did not do to believe what one read in the paper, and it would hurt her butcher's feelings—she was sure of that. Christmas, too, stood in the way. It was one's duty to be cheerful at that season, and Christmas would have seemed so strange and difficult without the cheery, ruddy butchers' shops. She had once read some pages of a disgraceful book that seemed going out of its way all the time to prove that she was just an animal, a dreadful book, not at all nice. As if she would eat those creatures if they were really her brother animals, and not just sent by God to feed her. And at Christmas she felt especially grateful to the good God for His abundance, for all the good things he gave her to eat. For all these reasons she swallowed her scruples religiously. But it was very different in regard to dairy produce; for here there was, she knew, a real danger—not indeed to the animals, but to her family and herself. She was for once really proud of the thoroughness

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with which she dealt with that important nourishment. None came into her house except in sealed bottles with the name of the cow, spiritually speaking, on the outside. Some wag had suggested in her hearing that hens should be compelled to initial their eggs, when they were delivered, as well as to put the dates on them. This she had thought ribald; one could go too far.

SHE was before all things an altruist; and in nothing more so than in her relations with her servants. If they did not do their duty, they went. It was the only way, she had found, to really benefit them. Country girls and London girls, they passed from her in a stream, having learned once for all the standard that was expected from them. She christened and educated more servants perhaps than any one in the kingdom. The Marthas went first, being invariably dirty; the Marys and Susans lasted on an average perhaps four months, and then left for many reasons. Cook seldom hurried off before her year was over, because it was so difficult to get her before she came, and to replace her after she was gone; but when she did go it was in a gale of wind. The "day out" was perhaps the most fruitful source of disillusionment—girls of that class, no matter how much they protested their innocence, seemed utterly unable to keep away from man's society. It was only once a fortnight that she required them to exercise their self-control and self-respect in that regard, for on the other thirteen days she took care that they had no chance, suffering no male footstep in her basement. And yet—would you believe it?—on those fourteenth days she was never able to be easy in her mind. However kindly and considerate she might be in her dealings with those of lowly station, she found always the same ingratitude, the same incapacity, or, as she had reluctantly been forced to believe, the same deliberate unwillingness to grasp her point of view. It was as if they were always rudely saying to themselves: What do you know of us? We wish you'd leave us alone! The idea! As if she could, or would! As if it were not an almost sacred charge on her, in her station, with the responsibilities that attached to it, to look after her poorer neighbors, and see that they acted properly in their own interests. The drink and immorality and waste amongst the poor was notorious, and anything she could do to lessen it she always did, dismissing servants for the least slip, and never failing to point a moral. All that new-fangled talk about the rich getting off the backs of the poor, about the law not being the same for both, about how easy it was to be moral and clean on two thousand a year, she put aside as silly. It was just the sort of thing that discontented people would say. In this view she was supported daily by her newspaper, and herself, wherever she might be. No, no! If the well-to-do did not look after and control the poor, no one would, which was just what they wanted. They were in her estimation incurable; but so far as lay in her power she would cure them, however painful it might be.

A RELIGIOUS woman, she rarely missed the morning, and seldom went to evening, service; feeling that in daylight she could best set an example to her neighbors.

God knew her views on Art, for she was not prodigal of them—her most remarkable pronouncement being delivered on hearing of the disappearance of the "Mona Lisa": "Oh! that dreadful woman—I remember her picture perfectly. Well, I'm glad she's gone. I thought she would one day." When asked why, she would only answer: "She gave me the creeps."

She read such novels as the library sent, to save her daughters from reading a second time those which did not seem to her suitable, and promptly sent them back. In this way she preserved purity in her home. As to purity outside the home, she made a point of never drawing John's attention to female beauty; not that she felt that she had any real reason to be alarmed, for she was a fine woman; but because men were so funny.

THERE were no things in life of which she would have so entirely disapproved, if she had known about them, as Greek ideals; for she profoundly distrusted any display of the bare limb, and fully realized that, whatever beauty may have meant to the Greeks, to her and John it meant something very different. To her, indeed, nature was a "hussy" to be tied to the wheels of that chariot which she was going to keep as soon as motor cars were just a little cheaper.

It was often said that she was a vanishing type, but she knew better. Pedantic fools murmured that Ibsen had destroyed her, but she had not yet heard of him. Literary folk and artists, Socialists and society people might talk of types, and liberty, of brotherhood, and new ideas, and sneer at Mrs. Grundy. With what unmoved solidity she dwelt among them! They were but as gadflies buzzing and darting on the fringes of her solid bulk. To those flights and stinging she paid less attention than if she had been cased in leather. In the words of her favorite Tennyson: "They may come, and they may go, but—whatever you may think—I go on for ever!"

Kent of California

By GEORGE P. WEST

A UNITED STATES Senator was talking of his colleagues in both houses of Congress.

"Ninety-five per cent. of them," he said, "are afraid to act on their best judgment if there is any considerable opposition to the course it dictates. They are a pack of cowards. Too many are dependent for a living on their official salaries, and therefore in a perpetual fright of losing their jobs."

Special interests rarely now prevent the fullest expression of the popular will. But political superstitions do. Congressmen still believe that statesmanship must be sacrificed now and then to jingoism, pensions, public buildings and garden seeds. A member of the minority feels that his situation demands a nagging, captious and consistent fault-finding with the men who temporarily are entrusted with the nation's welfare.

The country's Progressives will watch with particular interest this summer and fall the campaign of Congressman William Kent of California for a third term. If Mr. Kent's defiance of political superstitions permits his return for the third time, it will be fairly conclusive evidence that the electorate of a congressional district is not, after all, swayed by the petty and juvenile emotions with which the average politician credits it.

IN Washington Mr. Kent's heterodoxy is admired by his colleagues even while they fear to follow it. When he voted against an extension of the pension graft during his first term they predicted his certain defeat. They predicted it again when he voted for free wool, although the sheep men are strong in his district and he himself is one of the largest of them. They said he was wealthy and could afford to be driven out of the game. When he was sent back for a second term, it somewhat puzzled them.

During the two years just past, Mr. Kent's course has been still further at variance with the politician's idea of "playing the game." He had been elected as an independent, and he felt even more free than before to apply other touchstones than party labels or political expediency. The Progressives are supreme politically in California. Yet Mr. Kent has been one of the most effective supporters of President Wilson's policies. He has made a positive fight against partyism, believing that the men in authority should be supported whenever support does not conflict with principle or conviction. He dared to lift his voice against the hysterical outburst following the Diggs-Caminetti episode. He voted for the Tariff Bill because he recognizes in the tariff a form of special privilege. He found the man who gave material aid in whipping the Currency Bill into final form. He voted for the repeal of the Free Tolls provision because he believed it economically unsound. He denounced the use of $25,000,000 of the nation's funds for post roads, the money to be spent under the supervision of local authorities hungry for "pork."

BUT Mr. Kent's big constructive service in Congress has been and is his highly intelligent and thoroughly informed support of Secretary Lane's conservation measures. To an extent little appreciated he has had a hand in shaping the nation's conservation policy. His work on the Public Lands Committee has been painstaking, driving, gruelling work, hours on end and day after day spent in getting to the hub of a situation, illuminating each problem by the application of principles that he has worked out through many years of life and labor in the West, and in accord with a lifelong habit of seeing things in their relation to the well-being, not of himself and his family, but of the race.

As long ago as 1896 Mr. Kent gave expression to his philosophy in a sonnet:

Our duty that our little plot is tilled
So those that follow find in mellow land
A world where more men clearer see Thy face
Because we lived and toiled.

And yet this California Congressman manages to be a human being so plainly human that half of official Washington knows him affectionately as "Billy" Kent.

The men and women of the First California district have a rare opportunity to prove that there is a place for this sort of a man in Congressional politics.

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What They Think of Us

S. L. Morton, St. Louis (Mo.)

Upon many inquiries at the news-stands, I am glad to find that you are selling twenty-five WEEKLIES where there was but one sold before. Keep up the good work.

Lyman P. Powell, President, Hobart College, Geneva (N. Y.)

I wonder if with all of the acumen evidenced in the editorial management of HARPER'S WEEKLY, you and your staff quite appreciate the significance of Mrs. Austin's articles.

San Francisco (Cal.) *Bulletin*

Louis Brandeis followed on the trail of the Pujo committee, or rather he constructed a broad highway of logic where the committee had only blazed a trail, in a brilliant series of articles, first printed in HARPER'S WEEKLY, which have now been assembled in book form under the title "Other People's Money."

Hiram H. Edgerton, Mayor, Rochester (N. Y.)

I think HARPER'S WEEKLY is a fine periodical. Many of Rochester's most substantial citizens are on its subscription list.

Ewing Robinson, Denver (Colo.)

Thanks for that story of Will Irwin's. I made it a text for a lecture to our state central committeeman on how to get some aid from our press though we have no spokesman for democracy.

Vera M. Van Burt, New York City

To my mind and to many other minds of my acquaintance, the magazine has greatly deteriorated under the editorship of Mr. Norman Hapgood. I know of its success, but it has been altogether with a certain class, and I, for one, am not in sympathy with Socialism as it is today.

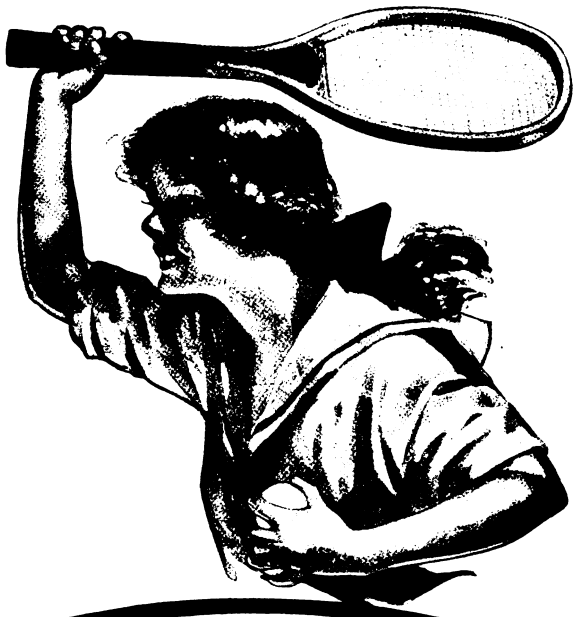
John E. Dunn, Brooklyn (N. Y.)

The Catholic Benevolent League will pledge its support to the President, whose manhood, integrity and humane regard for the people of the Nation merits the moral support of all citizens. Your editorials stand for the inauguration of a settlement of this trouble that meets with C. B. L. approval.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., of Harper's Weekly published weekly at New York, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912. Editor, Norman Hapgood, McClure Building, New York City; Business Manager, A. S. Moore, McClure Building, New York City; Publisher, The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York City; Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock.) Norman Hapgood, McClure Building, New York City; Frederick L. Collins, McClure Building, New York City; Walter S. Rogers, LaGrange, Ill.; David Benton Jones, Chicago, Ill.; Thomas David Jones, Chicago, Ill.; Charles R. Crane, Chicago, Ill.; George F. Porter, Chicago, Ill.; Julius Rosenwald, Chicago, Ill. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities —NONE. (Signed) The McClure Publications, A. S. Moore, Secy. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1914. (Signed) Edwin Brown, Notary Public, No. 317, New York County, Registers' Certificate, No. 5043. (Term expires March 30, 1914.)

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ALL NEWS-STANDS

FIFTEEN CENTS

Balls and Strikes

By BILLY EVANS

Each Team Has a Hoodoo

IN 1913 the Washington team might have landed the pennant if it could have played up to form in the games with Philadelphia. No matter how brilliantly the Senators might be playing, they would invariably slump when pitted against the Athletics. Cleveland on the other hand was able to do pretty well against the Mackmen, but was practically helpless against Washington. Late in the season, after winning three out of four from the Athletics, the Cleveland team came into Washington for a series of five games. It was the crucial series of the year for the Naps. A good showing against Griffith's team would keep them in the race. The outcome of the series was the biggest surprise of the American League season. Washington defeated Cleveland five straight games, and practically eliminated them from the race.

This year Manager Griffith of the Washington Club has repeatedly made the statement that the Athletics were the only team he feared. Incidentally he stated that if his team could trounce the Athletics a majority of the games between the two, it would win the pennant. In the first series of the year between the two, the jinx Philadelphia seems to have on Washington again asserted itself. With Walter Johnson leading 1 to 0 up to the eighth inning, it seemed certain the Senators would take the first game of the series. Errors allowed the score to be tied in the eighth, more errors allowed it to be won in the ninth. In the final game of the series Washington was leading 6 to 4 up to the eighth. Joe Boehling, who had been doing the pitching for Washington, began to weaken and was taken out of the game. Walter Johnson was substituted. With a two-run lead, and Johnson doing the pitching, it seemed a certainty that Washington would be returned victorious. Then the unexpected happened. Four hits, a stolen base and a sacrifice fly netted three runs and the ball game. Such a thing will happen about once in a lifetime with Walter Johnson pitching.

Every club has a certain team that makes it as much trouble as the Athletics hand Washington. In contests between such teams, one club always seems able to get the breaks. When a hit is needed, the wallop is always forthcoming. When an error will prove disastrous, some one makes the error. When a pinch hitter is sent to bat, said pinch hitter usually comes through with a hit. There is no denying the fact that these happenings prey on the opposing team and rob it of much of its confidence. The opposition is always looking for some of these things to happen, for the rival team to have one big inning that will sew up the game. In many cases a team is half beaten before the battle is started, simply because it knows luck always breaks badly for them in a series with certain teams. Going into a game with that feeling doesn't tend to improve a club's chances any.

In a like manner, certain pitchers have different teams that it seems impossible for them to defeat. St. Louis has always troubled Walter Johnson, while second division clubs make the most worry for the great Chief Bender.

What Collins Thinks of Speaker

RAY COLLINS of the Boston Club is one of the most successful southpaws in the business. Collins is a pitcher of a peculiar type. He has no terrific speed, and usually the ball sails lazily up to the plate. The average spectator wonders why the batter doesn't knock the ball out of the lot, and the batter is even more surprised, when, after taking a healthy swing, he pops up a weak fly. Collins has a good change of pace and a nice curve. He also works the batter to the limit, taking advantage of every weakness he may have. Collins as a rule has great control, and this is perhaps his best asset.

When a batter reaches first base with Collins working, he invariably earns the right to the base, for the big pitcher is very stingy about handing out bases on balls. In a pinch Collins puts the ball over, and makes the batter hit. Consequently the outfield is kept rather busy when Ray is pitching. During a recent series, some of the Philadelphia and Boston players were discussing Tris Speaker. The subject under discussion was the fat salary being paid the Boston star. Now Collins is a great admirer of Speaker, for he remembers many a game the great outfielder has won for him by a sensational catch. "Tris is surely a wonderful player," said one of the group, "but I hardly think he is worth the fabulous salary the papers say he is getting." Almost before the player had finished the sentence, Collins replied:

"Why, he is worth more than that to the Boston Club in the games I pitch."

Gets Away to a Poor Start

CLYDE MILAN who led the American League in stolen bases last season, is getting away to a bad start this year. In stealing bases a player must be largely favored by the break in luck. He must of course get on the bases through the medium of base hits, bases on balls, or errors on the part of the opposition. It is a rather unusual fact that in the first nine games of the season, the fleet-footed outfielder of the Washington Club failed to steal a single base. Milan didn't reach first as often as ordinarily, and when he did reach the initial sack, he always picked the wrong spot. When he would decide to try to steal, the hit and run would generally be given, and his chance to pilfer spoiled. In the tenth game of the season, Milan essayed his first steal and was thrown out.

Once a player gets a reputation as a base stealer, the task becomes all the more difficult. Pitchers are instructed to watch the player closely when he reaches first, and very often the manager instructs the pitcher to make four or five throws to first base in an effort to catch the runner napping. The idea is not so much to retire the player, as such a trick is rather difficult, but more for the purpose of making him hit the dirt four or five times, in order to get back to the bag in safety. This scheme often reduces the speed of the runner to such an extent, that when

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he finally races to second, he is easily retired. Despite his poor start, Milan expects to again lead the runners in the American League.

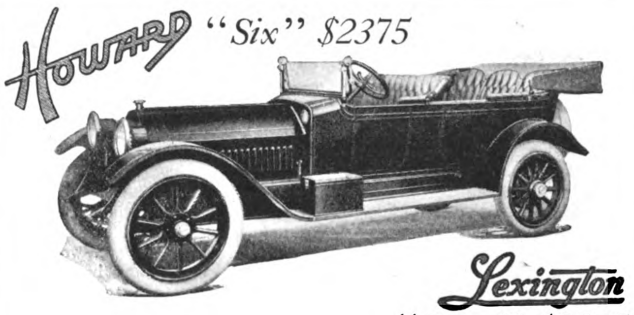
A Common Sense Ruling

SHORTLY after the opening of the Federal League season, a play came up in a game at Baltimore that created much discussion. A player hit the ball into the bleachers, under the rules of the game entitling him to a home run, provided he touched all the bases in regular order. The manager of the team, who was coaching at third, in his glee over the home run drive, patted the player on the back as he rounded third base for the plate. The umpire in charge of the game, called the runner out, basing his ruling on the recent addition to the playing code, which forbids the coacher to touch a base runner at third, under penalty of having the runner called out. Attention was called in this column to the play. It was argued that every now and then it was best to use a little common sense in interpreting the rules, rather than render a decision that conflicts with fair play, the basic principle of the game.

In a game played recently in one of the smaller minor leagues a rather similar play came up. Player Cavanaugh of the Appleton Club batted a ball over the fence for a home run. In rounding third base the coacher handed him his glove and patted him on the back. The umpire declared out the batter who had hit the ball over the fence, basing his verdict on the same clause as did the Federal League umpire. The play created a big protest, and was carried up to President Johnson of the American League for a final decision. In a bulletin just issued to the American League umpires, President Johnson takes up the play, and hands down a ruling, which will serve as a precedent for American League games. His comment follows: "The umpire erred in calling out the batter who had hit the ball over the fence. A ball passing beyond the limits of the inclosure removes the opportunity for any interference at third base, and the rule is in no manner applicable to cases of this sort."

Triple Play Feature Season

TRIPLE plays unassisted are a decided rarity in baseball. Triple plays in which more than one player figures are also very much out of the ordinary. The season of 1914 which promises to be an exceptional one in many ways, has already been featured by the great number of triple plays that have been recorded. In the first month of play, six triple plays were made by the two major leagues, four in the American and two in the National. Ordinarily that many triple plays are not executed during the entire season. The making of such plays appears to have acted as a jinx to the teams, since the losers have figured in four of the six fielding feats. In the National League the Giants were beaten by the Phillies the day they turned the trick, while the Cubs fell before the Cardinals on the afternoon they performed the feat. The Naps made a triple play against the Browns and were beaten, as were the New Yorks in a game with Washington. The Washington club is the only team that has profited because of the plays. Both were made against the Athletics. In one of the games the play made victory possible, while in the other it enabled the Senators to hold the Athletics to a 9 to 9 tie.



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Sports

By HERBERT REED

IN Paul Withington, the Harvard graduate who is entered for the Diamond Sculls at Henley, America has a representative who can qualify under the strictest letter of amateurism, and, incidentally, as is the case with most American athletes of international caliber, more than a "one-support" man. Withington is specializing as a single sculler at present, but he has been a football player of the first rank and no season passes that does not find him actively engaged in some form of athletics. He has been very close to Harvard football ever since his graduation and a familiar figure in the office of the graduate manager. It is a great deal to expect that Withington will win the great event at Henley, but it is certain that his appearance there will do much toward cementing the boating friendship between the two countries—a friendship that unfortunately has been strained from time to time.

The Federal League

EVERY American boy is born with the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of baseball. When he grows up and his actual playing days are over, he turns perforce to the game as played by the big leagues. I doubt if he is deeply interested in the legal end of organized baseball. What he wants is a well-played game by the best men money can buy. For that reason he will welcome the Federal League or any other league that will give him good baseball. And for that reason he will give the Federal League a fairer trial than some of the scribes who have been so long identified with the organized article that



Hugh Jennings

they no longer see the game through the eyes of the fan, but through the eyes of the men whose principal interest lies in protecting their investment from competition. The more baseball the better, and the new league is welcome. It will have to stand on its own feet, and that, I think, it is prepared to do. Certainly the opening in Brooklyn recently was auspicious and the Wards apparently have found more support among the fans than the conservatives had been led to expect. Let us have baseball everywhere and all the time.

Drew, Speed Marvel

SPRINTERS are both born and made, but mostly born. Howard Drew, the speed marvel who is now with the University of Southern California, belongs to the latter class, just as did John V. Crum of Iowa, one of the fastest and yet most unfortunate men who ever wore spikes. Crum had a tremendous burst of speed but could never learn to start quickly. Drew, on the other hand, is a fast starter and a strong finisher—the perfect combination. His choice of the University of Southern California was a wise one, for the climate there suits him perfectly, and his training could not be done in a better spot. He is as perfectly proportioned as the late John B. Taylor, the first of the great runners of African race, but is far more rugged and better able to bear the burden of years of hard competition.

Hugh Jennings, Sportsman

I DOUBT if there is a man following baseball who is not an admirer of Hugh Jennings, manager of the Detroit Tigers, yet few of these same admirers know what an all-round sort of chap "Hughey" is. Jennings knows football and other sports as well as baseball, and is a subscriber to the theory that every sport is constantly gaining from some other. The man's everlasting ginger is a constant surprise to those who know him, for he has been through two accidents that would have killed the average man, once in diving into an empty swimming tank, and again in an automobile smash, and yet, although in every game "Hughey" works harder than any member of his team, he is fresher at the finish, and always has plenty of time to "fan." Also, although connected with a professional team, he is a sportsman through and through.

The "Resolute's" Amateur Skipper

IN Charles Francis Adams 2d the *Resolute* has a skipper whose racing experience matches well with that of any of the professionals. Mr. Adams has always been ready to sail any size and design of yacht. He began with a Herreshoff boat, and his career at the tiller of more than twenty-five years is to be rounded out with the charge of another Herreshoff creation. From the little catboat *Dandelion* to the big sloop *Resolute* would be quite a step for any amateur were it not for the fact that Mr. Adams has sailed about every type of craft ever launched.

Princeton's Baseball Slump

PRINCETON'S baseball has been in a bad way throughout the early season —which is surprising for Princeton where, if anywhere, there is a real baseball "atmosphere." The Tigers are not in the habit of losing on the diamond, and they cannot understand this year's slump. There are critics who criticize the team, critics who criticize the undergraduate support, and critics who criticize the critics. It is just possible that Princeton's opponents have played better baseball, but that explanation would hardly occur to the ardent undergraduate, who is hardly to be blamed for failure to understand defeat.

Polo's Best Friend

THE indefatigable Cameron Forbes is getting together another string of polo ponies preparatory to raising the standard of the game in and around Boston—a standard already high. One could drop Mr. Forbes into the heart of Africa with the comforting knowledge that sooner or later there would be a polo team in that section. Other men may play better polo, but no one cares more about the game or has done more



Howard P. Drew

for it than Mr. Forbes. An Army man whose duty has called him to the Philippines will testify to what the Bostonian has done toward keeping America on the polo map in remote regions where up to the time of his advent the English cavalrymen had been having things very much their own way. Since Mr. Forbes has returned from his wanderings and settled permanently in Boston it is safe to predict that in the none too distant future Meadow Brook will have a dangerous rival in the field.

'Ware California

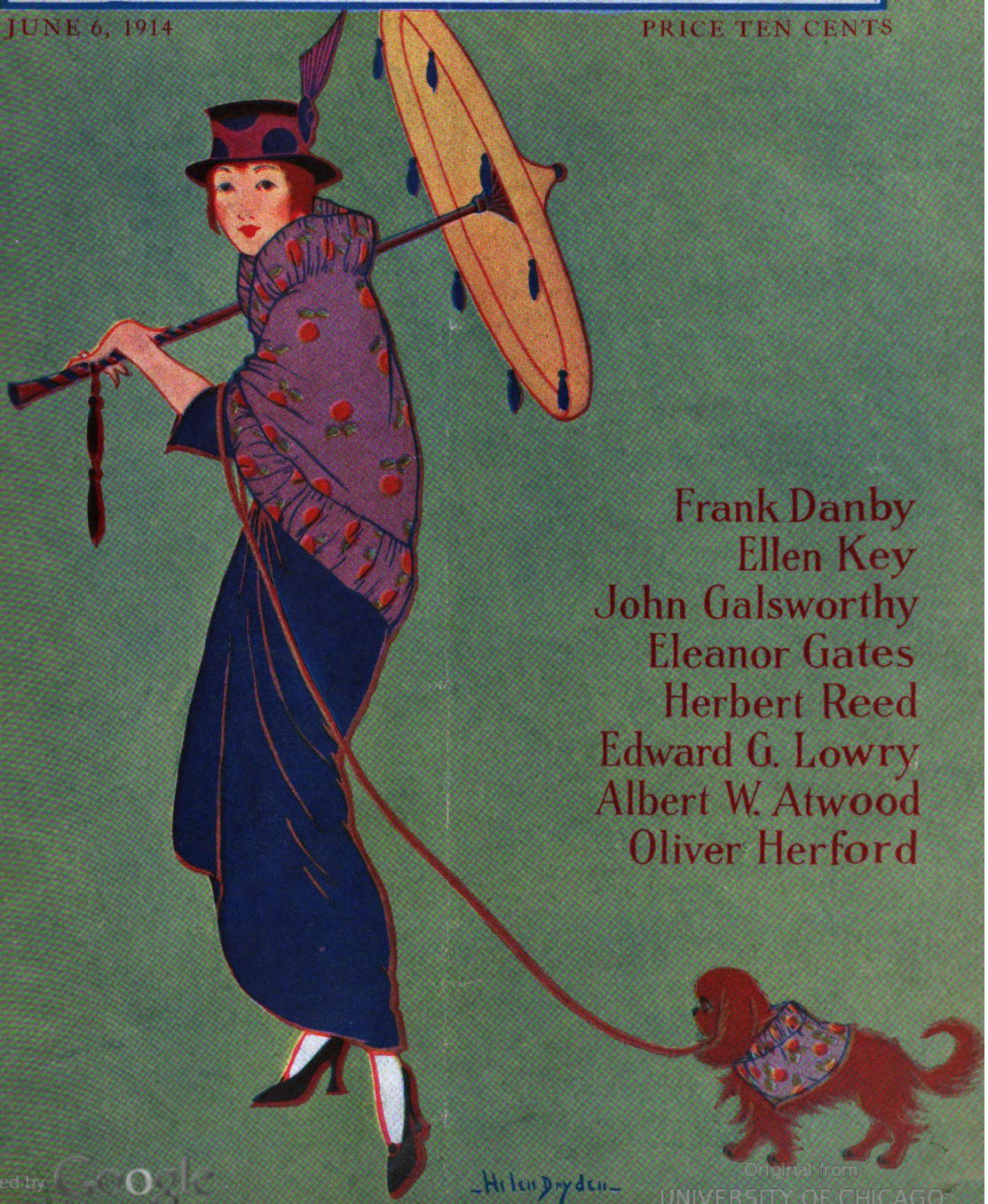
THERE will be the customary and always dangerous invasion of the East by the California tennis players this year, but Eastern lovers of the game will miss the chance to see Strachan, the young clay court champion who set the tennis world afire last year. Young Strachan has been obliged to give up the game for business reasons, more's the pity, for he was one of the most promising of the Western string. McLoughlin will appear in the East about the middle of June, and has wisely decided not to undertake too much tournament play. His is not the sort of temperament that takes to the steady grind of match play. He is at his best when tuned up for a special event, and he will have plenty to do as a member of the Davis Cup team and in the Newport tournament to bring out the best tennis that is in him.

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JUNE 6, 1914 PRICE TEN CENTS

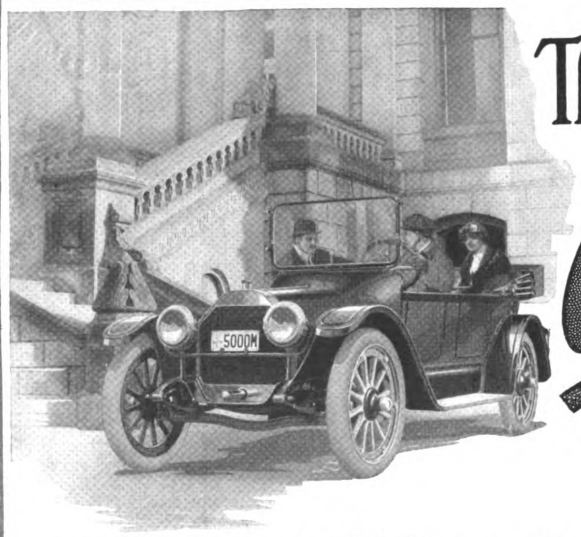


Frank Danby
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Contents for June 6, 1914

NORMAN HAPGOOD, EDITOR

Why Doesn't Papa Smoke Better Cigars?.. Lawson Wood 2
A Drawing

Editorials 3

Wilson's Right-hand Man..... Edward G. Lowry 6
The conspiracy to discredit Bryan
Illustrations from photographs

Around the Capitol.....McGregor 8
Gossip about doings in Washington

Pen and Inklings .....Oliver Herford 9

The British Are Coming...Herbert Reed 10
And the American polo team is preparing

Are College Students Muts? 12
Some professors think they are, but Mr. Steffens thinks not

George Eliot and Women's Morals.... Ellen Key 12

The Case of Pièrre Lamotte..... Frank Danby 13
Beginning the series, "Tales from the Coroner's Court"
Illustrated by Everett Shinn

He Buys His Spring Suit.....John Sloan 16
Cartoon

The Latest Thing .....John Galsworthy 18
The woman who goes in for "living"
Illustrated by Guy Pène du Bois

Best-Seller Drama .....Eleanor Gates 20
What the movies will do for the theater

Captain Watters' Paint Mine..... Lynn Murdoch Huntington 22

Balls and Strikes .....Billy Evans 23

Sports.....Herbert Reed 24
Illustrations from photographs

What They Think of Us..... 25

Finance .....Albert W. Atwood.. 26

Food and Health .....Lewis B. Allyn 29

Seeing the World 32

Coming

THE cover for next week will be a remarkable cartoon by CESARE, called "The Mexican Cactus," and our special correspondent MEDILL McCORMICK will give another account of the situation in MEXICO and of his experiences there.

There are two ways of looking at every crime—the point of view of outraged society, and the point of view of those who love the criminal and are interested in the forces that made him what he is. Next week we will have the story of the GUN-MEN written from two points of view, that of the newspaper man reporting a crime to thrill the public, and that of the social worker writing the story of broken lives.

There is an amusing story by EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES on how to pay one's life insurance even though a writer. Have you ever thought how hard it would be to sit down and be humorous and intelligent for several days if your life insurance payment depended upon it?

The second instalment of the detective stories "Tales from the Coroner's Court" by FRANK DANBY, and another one of GALSWORTHY'S sophisticated sketches will be features of this issue.

Besides which there will be our regular departments, Seeing the World, Finance, What They Think of Us, Baseball by BILLY EVANS, Sports by HERBERT REED, Around the Capitol by McGREGOR, and Pen and Inklings by OLIVER HERFORD.

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WHY DOESN'T PAPA SMOKE BETTER CIGARS?

By Lawson Wood

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Taste

EX-PRESIDENT TAFT keeps busy criticizing the Mexican policy of President Wilson. Mr. Taft's brother is at the very center of the group of financiers who have most to lose by Mr. Wilson's determination to put an end to Diazism: namely, to government by a small group in the interests of foreigners, and not those foreigners who, like a number of American investors, pay dollar for dollar the full value of what they receive, but those who acquire enormous concessions through keeping corrupt Mexican officials supplied with cash.

Huerta

THE heavy-drinking ruffian who is now titular ruler of Mexico appoints plenipotentiaries just as he does other things. This statesman is seldom found at his palace, and when he is discovered in some saloon he treats his official visitors with genial comradeship, urges the hospitality of the saloon upon them, and treats foreign affairs with the casualness he thinks they deserve. "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die" never had a more complete acceptance. Huerta knows he has no intention of accepting any decision of his plenipotentiaries that is displeasing to him, and he cares little about what the opinion of foreign countries will be when he rejects the terms decided upon. He cares nothing for what happens in a month, and little for what happens tomorrow. Today is good enough for him. The A B C intervention, nevertheless, will have served its purpose, since the opinion of the world is being guided and formed, and the Constitutionalists, who are the Mexican people, are working out their destiny, the United States meantime carefully playing the part of policeman and policeman only. The Mexican people are no more represented by Huerta than they were by that little band of conspirators, including Henry Lane Wilson, who planned and executed the steps by which Madero was murderously put out of the way.

Carranza

THE attempt to make Carranza out a weak man is based either on ignorance or on self-interest. This country lawyer was a strong governor of a province, and it was really he, not Villa, who mapped out the relentless military policy now being pursued, the policy by which all the principal officers who deserted Madero for money to join Huerta are shot as soon as captured. If he has seemed less friendly to the United States than Villa it has been merely because Carranza is more of a diplomat and knows that the triumph of the Constitutionalists must appear to be the result of an uprising of the Mexican people against oppression, and not the result of the intervention of the United States; especially since hatred of the United States was so thoroughly fostered during the long despotism of Diaz that it cannot be removed in many years, even if we are fortunate enough to have our foreign policy remain enlightened as it is today.

The Monroe Doctrine

IF Mr. Wilson comes safely through with his Mexican experiment, the Monroe Doctrine will be stronger than it has been in many years, because it will have been not only enforced but clarified. Of course, it is difficult to define just what remains of this doctrine, but perhaps two propositions are emerging into clearness:

1. No foreign countries will be allowed to take such steps in this hemisphere as threaten the independence of the country affected.

2. The United States will use her influence as far as may be necessary when her own peace is endangered by conditions that are being brought about in neighboring countries, if the welfare of the people in that country is also promoted by our interference.

Villa and the Interests

WHY is there such an elaborate effort to exploit the barbarities of Villa? He is barbarous, like other chiefs in Mexico, but also, as far as can be learned, he is more enlightened than they, stronger, more likely to coöperate with the United States in starting a system that can bring an improvement. Why then this elaborate assault? In our opinion, it is engineered by those who are most anxious that the country shall be involved in war, and who see that the real opportunity for trouble is in the failure of cooperation between the American government and the popular Constitutionalist general.

Our Courts

UPPER courts amuse themselves by nearly always overturning verdicts, but, in notorious criminal cases, they usually do it only once. In the notorious New York Rosenthal case, it was almost a certainty that the Court of Appeals would let Becker off once. The man in the street is filled with cheerful fatalism. He laughed at the second Becker conviction, and added, "The upper court will set it aside again." But it won't.

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The Trust Program

PRESIDENT WILSON has not had the greatest luck in the world in the men who have been in charge of the Administration Trust Program. They mean well, but they do not represent the most expert knowledge available. The Stevens Bill is much better drawn than any other bill now before Congress dealing with the trusts. We would particularly call attention to three sections of it, which are as follows:

"Sec. 10. That unfair or oppressive competition in commerce is hereby declared unlawful.

The commission is hereby empowered and directed to prevent corporations from using unfair or oppressive methods of competition.

Sec. 11. That whenever the commssion shall have reason to believe that any corporation has been or is using any unfair or oppressive method of competition it shall issue and serve upon said corporation a written order, at least thirty days in advance of the time set therein for hearing, directing said corporation to appear before the commission and show cause why an order shall not be issued by the commission restraining and prohibiting said corporation from using such method of competition, and if upon such hearing the commission shall find that the method of competition in question is prohibited by this Act it shall thereupon issue an order restraining and prohibiting the use of the same. The commission may at any time modify or set aside, in whole or in part, any order issued by it under this Act.

Sec. 12. That whenever the commission, after the issuance of such restraining order, shall find that said corporation has not complied therewith, the commission may petition the district court of the United States, within any district where the method in question was used or where the said corporation is located or carries on business, praying said court to issue an injunction to enforce such order of the commission; and such court is hereby authorized to issue such injunction, and also in case of any violation of such injunction in the discretion of the court, to issue an order restraining said corporation from engaging in commerce for such time as said court may order."

Drawing a good bill is no joke, and a bad bill on a subject of this kind may indefinitely postpone the time when the country can settle down in the feeling that the national will in regard to monopoly has been fairly well executed by the national legislature. If there is no legislation, a large and influential part of the people will continue to agitate the matter, and if there is bad legislation (badly conceived in substance or stupidly drawn in detailed expression) there will be continued, and perhaps increased, restlessness. It will be a pity indeed if the President is too busy with other things to give the requisite time to get this matter out of the way. He has the intellect to do it, and it is purely a question of whether he has the surplus time and strength.

Which Road?

THE Progressive Party between now and November is likely to take steps which will decide whether it is to remain and flourish as a party with one real idea: namely, that of representing modern industrial and humane ideas practiced in various countries, or whether it is to be so timid that it must inevitably soon lapse back into the Republican Party. We have a thorough respect for Mr. George W. Perkins, for his ability and his personal convictions, but we believe the Progressive Party cannot possibly have an important destiny ahead of it if it continues to eat out of the hand of Mr. Perkins. Any member of that party who will take the trouble to study thoroughly the literature disseminated by the party in the last few months under the direction of Mr. Perkins will realize that not even the Republican Party under Mr. Barnes or Mr. Penrose could represent more fundamentally a defense of monopoly and privilege than this literature has done. Mr. Roosevelt controls the destiny of the party. It is for him to have it represent the genuinely progressive spirit of the Middle West and of the Far West, and of an increasing number of young men in the East and South, or to have it represent the views of Mr. Perkins and a few others who furnish most of the money for its organization work.

Folk

PERSISTENCE is a dominant quality in Joseph W. Folk. It helped him to succeed in such a spectacular manner as prosecuting attorney of St. Louis; then to succeed as governor; to come forward recently again as a national figure; and it makes it certain that the investigation which he is conducting for the Senate will be thorough and will be stopped by no consideration of persons or party.

McReynolds and Folk

THE Attorney-General of the United States is entirely honest. Those who accuse him of endeavoring to favor Wall Street are doing him a careless or vindictive wrong. To understand Mr. McReynolds' position in the New Haven Railroad matter, it is only necessary to take into account the fact that he has no interest whatever in publicity. He hates all the machinery of it, and has no conception of the immense and valuable advantages that may be taken of it in a government like ours. He has, on the other hand, a thorough realization of the difficulty of carrying out the dissolution of the New Haven system, and it annoys him very much to have anything intervene to complicate that task. Mr. Folk, on the other hand, has always been a believer in government by public opinion, and has always understood how to use opinion. That is all there is to the matter. It is absurd and tiresome to try to justify one of these men by condemning the other.

Who Is to Blame?

MEN who do things are the ones who are scolded. Mr. Mellen has done many things and received much criticism. He is now trying to hand the bag to Mr. Morgan, who is dead, and who did many things and received much criticism. It seems to us, however, that men of action, small and great, are much easier to forgive for their errors than is that quiescent class of the community which only creates the atmos-

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phere in which these men of action breathe. The people we mean are the well-to-do, the fashionable, the respectable. They have their headquarters on Fifth Avenue and Wall Street, Commonwealth Avenue and State Street, the Lake-Shore Drive and La Salle Street, in the fashionable and business centers of all our cities and towns. They look on and distribute praise and blame to the actors, like the chorus in a Greek tragedy; and how selfishly and cheaply they distribute praise and blame! If their standards were high and pure, few of the able performers in politics and business would fail to be high and pure. The ultimate villain in our tragedies of commerce and public life is not the captain of industry, not any machine boss, or any holder of public office. The villain is the chorus. The blame belongs with that class in the community which has most opportunity to understand and to guide and which, instead of truly guiding and understanding, nourishes concepts of success unworthy of a nation which wishes to be called great.

Bryan

THERE seems to be a conspiracy to drive Mr. Bryan out of the State Department. A lot of busy individuals are spreading abominable and impossible stories about him. Mr. Bryan has deserved well of the country and of the President. It is doubtful whether the legislative program could have gone through without his assistance. He has been unselfish and patriotic in lending that assistance. His department is better organized than it was in the time of Knox. It is a new experience to have a Secretary of State with a passion for peace and with a Christian attitude toward the world and the downtrodden. Our foreign relations, including those with Japan and South America, are better than they have been in many years. The signature of the Peace Treaties was in itself a great piece of work. It is a comfort to know that there are no back doors to the State Department and that lobbying is the dullest business in Washington today. The poisonous campaign against Mr. Bryan is gross ingratitude.

Friend Beveridge

EX-SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S knowledge of Mexico seems to be slight, and the disinterestedness of his position in trying to work up a lack of confidence in the policy the government is pursuing will be at least open to doubt.

Thanks!

THE *Banner* of Nashville, Tenn., scolds us for using the editorial "we," whereupon the *Eagle* of Pittsfield, Mass., recalls the statement of a Greek philosopher: "In the presence of human stupidity, even the gods stand helpless." What does the *Banner* think about the aptness of the quotation?

A Real Man

WILLIAM KENT has finally decided to run again for Congress. He is an honor to that district in California which he represents. He should be elected by a plurality greater even than any he has had before.

Success and Failure

IN a recent speech, President Wilson quoted from Kipling:

> . . . . . meet with triumph and disaster,
> And treat those two imposters just the same.

This is one of the most profound expressions in the whole list of Kipling's works. It states a protest that many of us have felt all our lives, and states it adequately in thirteen words.

Still Waiting

AS we hasten to press, no word has yet reached us from Mrs. Henderson, the well-known anti-vivisection leader, giving the passages in Dr. Crile's book on "Shock" in which he speaks of working without anaesthetics. The last date we know of is the significant one of April first, on which date she replied to Dr. W. W. Keen that she would "vindicate" her reputation by sustaining her charge. On pages 137 and 146 are two paragraphs about anaesthesia covering a page and a half. There are over forty places in which the anaesthetic is mentioned. On page fourteen is a general statement that "all" the animals experimented on were anaesthetized. Our columns are open to any anti-vivisectionist to prove the veracity of the charge against this leading man of science.

An Interesting Experiment

AN amendment introduced into the town council of Montclair, New Jersey, brings forward a suggestion about dealing with the liquor traffic that may have exciting consequences. It provides against the sale of impure, adulterated or misbranded liquor; against the use of glasses not thoroughly cleaned after they are used; and authorizes any member or authorized agent of the Board of Health or any two residents of Montclair to file a complaint. This puts it up to the liquor-sellers either to be extremely careful or to have a large proportion of the most energetic citizenship of the community actively endeavoring to put them out of business.

The Last Shot

FREDERIC PALMER'S novel, "The Last Shot," appears at the psychological moment. Mr. Palmer probably knows more about actual war than any other novelist now writing, and very likely more than any other war correspondent now writing. Any general reader who goes through this story will have a much more filled-out picture of what a great modern war would mean than he could have had before. A notable quality in Mr. Palmer is that his intimate knowledge of war has not made him romantic about it, but rather the reverse; and the terrible, machine-like butchery of modern methods is frightfully distinct. As a work of art, various things might be said about the story, both by way of praise and by way of limitation, but as an immediate and useful document it stands high, and the greater its circulation the better for the formation of well-founded opinion about the meaning of war.

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Wilson's Right-hand Man

By EDWARD G. LOWRY



"I am here to carry out the President's views and the President's policies"

SO far as is ascertainable to the lay student of Mr. Wilson's mental reaches and their tributaries, bayous and lagoons, he has not changed his mind about anything except the initiative and referendum and William J. Bryan since he became a grown man and began to have matured convictions and opinions. He became a convert to both these great natural forces in present-day political life after coming into contact with their workings and discovering their values at first hand. He discovered the virtues of the initiative and referendum when he went out into the Northwest and visited the states of Oregon and Washington. Mr. Bryan was rather wished on to Mr. Wilson by the severe and inexorable logic of the political situation growing out of the Baltimore convention. Mr. Wilson's good fairy did that job. After Mr. Wilson was elected there was nothing for it but to offer to make Mr. Bryan Secretary of State and President Wilson has never had a luckier day than the one on which Mr. Bryan accepted.

For years and years engineers went to Niagara Falls, looked at the tumbling water and scratched their heads. All that they saw was an unemployed force; energy going to waste. They never saw any good in the Falls until they were harnessed and made useful. That, in effect, is what Mr. Wilson has done to Mr. Bryan. He has conserved and made useful a great natural political resource. Mr. Wilson is the first man to whom Mr. Bryan has ever been a loyal subordinate; or, indeed, subordinate at all. The Peerless Leader has become the Peerless Lieutenant. He is President Wilson's political chief-of-staff. Aside from their political and official relationship, I venture to say that Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan have become devoted personal friends. In an easily discoverable place in Mr. Bryan's house there is a large framed photograph of Mr. Wilson bearing this autographed legend: "From your sincere friend and admiring colleague, Woodrow Wilson." The President does not bestow his commendation lightly. No more reserved, no more cautious, no more reticent, no man with so much of the Scotch quality of canniness, has lived in the White House in the lifetime of this generation. Therefore these words of Mr. Wilson about Mr. Bryan must be taken at their face value: "Not only have Mr. Bryan's character, his justice, his sincerity, his transparent integrity, his Christian principle, made a deep impression upon all with whom he has dealt; but his tact in dealing with men of many sorts, his capacity for business, his mastery of the principles of each matter he has been called upon to deal with, have cleared away many a difficulty. . . . I cannot say what pleasure and profit I, myself, have taken from close association with Mr. Bryan or how thoroughly he has seemed to all of us who are associated with him here to deserve not only our confidence but our affectionate admiration."

A little while ago a journalist of some distinction and considerable reputation came to Washington. A young reporter, not greatly impressed by the elder man's attainments, rendered summary judgment, "I don't think he'll last long. Nobody likes his stuff except Mr. Blank." It should be said that Mr. Blank was the active, managing, sole proprietor of the newspaper for which the elder journalist wrote. So far as Washington at large is concerned, and it does the local acumen and intelligence little credit, Mr. Bryan is in somewhat the same posture. Nobody likes his stuff except Mr. Wilson. That, in briefest compass, is Mr. Bryan's impregnable position. The Secretary of State has not made himself popular at Washington. No public man for many years occupying high, important and responsible place in an administration, has been so derided. The town is flushed with stories of his *gaucheries* and of his blunders and "breaks" made in intercourse, official and social, with the diplomatic corps. Most of these stories are preposterous and incredible on the face of them, but they are eagerly caught up and repeated and, for the most part, believed.

EVEN if these stories were true, they would not diminish by so much as a hand's weight the outstanding circumstance that Mr. Bryan is the most important agent of this Administration. He is Mr. Wilson's outside man. He goes on all the out-of-town assignments. A list of Mr. Bryan's callers through any week and an adequate summary of their conversations with the Secretary of State would reveal to the dullest understanding how and why and in what degree Mr. Bryan is and has been the largest single factor other than Mr. Wilson in the accepted and commonly recognized success of this Democratic Administration. Mr. Bryan has not sought honor or glory or praise or reward for his share in the work. He has effaced himself. He has followed the President's lead and in doing it he has astonished Washington. Everybody thought when he came here that he would put himself constantly to the fore; that he would crowd the President out of the limelight; that he would be difficult to manage; that he would emit views and opinions and judgments on every subject of personal discussion; that he would have to be reconciled. To the general mystification, Mr. Bryan cast himself for the rôle of the tail of the kite and has never once stepped outside of the character.

Mr. Bryan's competency, his ability, his conduct as the head of our Department of Foreign Affairs, his appointments to the diplomatic corps and his efficiency as an administrator of departmental business and routine are not under scrutiny here. Being Secretary of State is the smallest part of Mr. Bryan's business and the least

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important aspect of his value to this Administration. He will not rank with Madison, Monroe, Daniel Webster, John Hay or Elihu Root as a Secretary of State. His dispatches will not be used in after years as models for aspiring young diplomatists. But his present usefulness is in no way abated by his failure to rise to the heights of some of his famous predecessors in the Department of State. Public interest has been served by having Mr. Bryan inside the Department of State with his activities and his powers placed voluntarily under the control, the direction and the supervision of the Chief Magistrate. Mr. Bryan was indispensable to Mr. Wilson in the making of the Tariff Bill and the Currency Bill. Everybody has remarked about the Currency Bill that the wonder was, not that so much that was good was put into it but that so much that was bad was kept out of it.

Much of the keeping out was Mr. Bryan's work. Just how many people there are in the United States who are heart and soul for the present Administration because Mr. Bryan is a part of it and because Mr. Bryan has publicly approved of what Mr. Wilson has done it would be almost impossible to say, but there are enough of them to make a difference and the word has gone out to them from Mr. Bryan that "Wilson is all right."

Mr. Bryan has subdued the heathen that imagine vain things. And he did it all quietly and without seeking to make himself appear a moving factor in the situation. As persons know who were in Washington through last summer, when the Tariff Bill and the Currency Bill were in the making, Mr. Bryan's anteroom was crowded day by day with members and with others from the hinterland, eager for a sign. They wanted Mr. Bryan to give the bills his blessing. They wanted to know about this and that provision. Mr. Bryan talked with all of them and told them what they came to find out. They could not all see Mr. Wilson and most of them would have been extremely uncomfortable in his presence, but they felt they knew Bryan. He belonged to their tribe and talked their language. They had been to the wars together before.



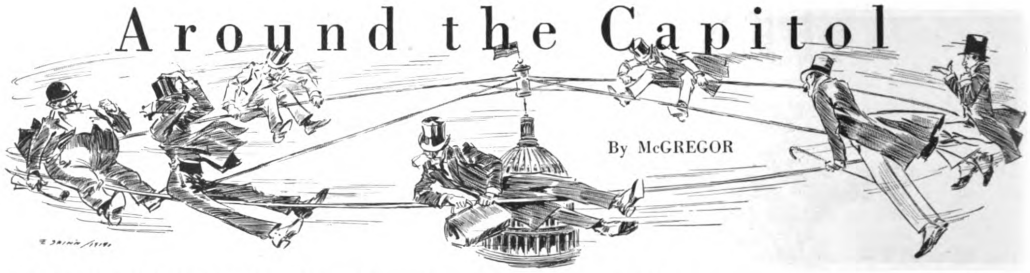
"Mr. Bryan has not sought honor or glory or reward for his share of the work"

Washington, for the most part, has wholly misapprehended Mr. Bryan. It has regarded him solely as Secretary of State and has applied to him the standards of conduct and deportment that have come to be regarded as standards of that office. Social Washington and much of political Washington have not known of Mr. Bryan's activities outside of the State Department. They have heard of his simple friendliness and the informality of his discourse with diplomats, and having artificial standards and perhaps in many instances false standards, they have been made ashamed. I find that the sneers at Mr. Bryan are by no means reflected by the sound and by the understanding members of the diplomatic corps stationed here. Some of the ambassadors have rather gone out of the way to express their admiration of Mr. Bryan's simplicity, of his absolute candor, of the sincerity he shows in official intercourse. They have seen that he is a dreamer, an idealist, that his heart runs away with his head, that he is lacking in guile, that he speaks to them truthfully, and these are the qualities that they appreciate because they are so rare in their experience with more sophisticated foreign offices. They know that Mr. Bryan desires to live at peace with the whole world. They like that. He never tries to deceive them. He could not if he would and that attitude, while distinctly a novelty in diplomacy, is not displeasing even to the wiliest and most Machiavellian of those who reside here. Mr. Bryan came to his present office too late in life to acquire reputation as a great Department chief, as an administrator and an executive. He depends too much on inspiration. He sees too many people to allow him the proper time to attend to the details of his office. Prior to being Secretary of State he had never had any executive experience. Every office of foreign affairs is a hive of concrete detail, of precedents. Almost every case that comes up has a history. Present decisions are influenced and limited and to a degree determined by a policy laid down by some other Secretary of State who may have been dead a quarter of a century. Mr. Bryan does not withhold the time to himself to withdraw from the daily hurly burly and coolly review and master the essentials of important problems that confront his Department. It is revealing no secret to say that President Wilson does that for him. The Mexican policy is Wilson's policy. The Chinese policy is Wilson's policy. The policy to be outlined with respect to Japan over the land ownership and race discrimination questions in California will be Wilson's policy.

MR. BRYAN has winced and become restive under the criticism he has received. Some of it has cut him to the quick. The continued charges that he was unable to comprehend the business of the State Department, that he did not know what was going on under his nose, that he did not read the dispatches and that, reading them, he could not understand them, have particularly hurt Mr. Bryan. He has resented this criticism far more than the degree of popular disapproval that has been visited upon his diplomatic appointments. On the face of it, it seems probable that Mr. Wilson knew of Mr. Bryan's state of mind and sought to alleviate his mortification when he wrote his letter to Mr. Marbury giving specific commendation to Mr. Bryan's capacity for business, he having "given to the policy of the State Department a definiteness and dignity that are very admirable." This is by no means the Washington verdict on Mr. Bryan's year in office, but it is Mr. Wilson's and there was no occasion for him to say it unless he chose to say it.

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Around the Capitol



SENATOR LA FOLLETTE did a public service in calling attention in a spectacular way to the amount of pressure brought to bear upon the Interstate Commerce Commission to induce them to grant the 5 per cent. increase in freight rates asked for by the eastern railroads. Of course, it was charged that the Senator had abused the privileges of the Senate in appending to his speech of a little over six pages extracts from bulletins, pamphlets, newspaper and magazine articles, communications, resolutions and petitions, urging the Commission to grant the increased rate. These various extracts, according to Senator La Follette, are but "a small portion of the vast amount printed and circulated in every state in the campaign to manufacture a spurious public opinion designed to aid the railroads in accomplishing their purpose"; yet they take up 357 pages of the *Congressional Record*. The very ponderousness of No. 127, equal in size to ten ordinary copies of the *Record*, indicates the weight of the pressure brought to bear upon the Interstate Commerce Commission; and the publication of the fact showing that a great number of these editorials and resolutions were based upon the bulletins and pamphlets issued by the railroads themselves is a complete offset to the floods of literature that have been issued in the railroad's behalf. A study of the newspaper editorials, with the names of the papers publishing them, gives a pretty complete exhibit of the commercially controlled newspapers of the country; and, strange to say, the New York *Sun*, the Munsey papers, such as the Baltimore *News* and the Washington *Times*, and the Hearst papers, are made congenial bedfellows on this particular political couch. There is a growing conviction that the Interstate Commerce Commission is entitled to protection from such an assault to exactly the same extent which the Supreme Court of the United States enjoys. The issue between the railroads and the people, with the Commission as judge, is an issue of fact, with which public sentiment, especially public sentiment instigated by one party to the controversy, has nothing to do.

The Monday Evening Club

MISS MARGARET WILSON was recently elected First Vice-President of the Monday Evening Club, it being impossible for her to accept the President's position. The final meeting of the season indicated how fully the Club discusses the social welfare topics of the District, the committees reporting upon the supervision of dependent children, the Juvenile Court, the care of the feeble-minded, school sanitation, public baths, the commitment of the insane, child labor, the indeterminate sentence, the separation of tuberculosis patients, and amendments to the loan shark law.

The bill allowing the school buildings to be used as social centers has passed the Senate and it is hoped will be adopted by the House. Miss Wilson has been especially interested in this matter, and it is reported will become one of the editors of a publication called the *Social Center*.

In Oregon

AS was anticipated, Senator George E. Chamberlain was renominated at a general state primary election held in Oregon on May 15, the Republicans selecting Robert A. Booth, and the National Progressives, William Hanley, to make the contest against him. Senator Chamberlain won handily through his personal popularity when the Republican party was united, and it should be easy for him to win this race with his former opponents divided into two camps.

A Gift to Great Britain

THROUGH Walter H. Page and the State Department, in correspondence with Earl Grey, the State of Virginia has received the information that a gift of a replica of the famous Houdon statue of Washington from the State of Virginia to Great Britain, as one of the memorials of the hundred years of peace, will be most acceptable to the mother country. The original statue, of priceless value, stands in the capitol building at Richmond. Through the acceptance of this gift, Great Britain acknowledges her claim upon Washington, who was at one time a soldier of the British army in the war against the French colonists. It is to be hoped that Senator O'Gorman will not consider it an act of treachery on the part of the Old Dominion to present this statue of an American to the country which had to acknowledge his prowess in war and his leadership in peace.

The Alabama Election

THE return of Senator Culberson of Texas after a long illness and the election of Senator Frank White from Alabama, former railroad commissioner under the Comer administration, brings the membership of the Senate up to its full complement of 96 Senators, and fills the seat occuped by the late Senator Johnston with a progressive Democrat. The defeat of Comer for the Governor's office, judging from the Alabama newspapers, is largely due to his attitude eight years ago upon the question of child labor reform. He is a large cotton mill owner himself, and a letter was produced and published in the campaign showing that when Governor of the state he had written to his fellow manufacturers to come to Montgomery in order to resist the efforts of the child labor reformers; and the emasculation of the child labor bill which passed that year was due to his interference. One of the manufacturers seems to have turned state's evidence against the ex-Governor, and this gave an opportunity to cartoonists and paragraphers to put Comer upon the defensive. Governor Haskell of Oklahoma never survived politically the veto of the child labor bill which was passed by the Oklahoma Legislature. The people are waking up concerning all social reforms, but it is well for the politician to order his conduct by what he may calculate that public sentiment will be a decade hence.

House and Senate

THIRTY-TWO hours of debate on the trust bills was the rule the House adopted, with night sessions to shorten the time which elapsed before the bills were passed over to the Senate. The Senate is still a deliberative body and it will take longer for the consideration of these measures there. The question of adjournment really lies with the Republican minority in the Senate. If it is agreed that it is better for the party for the Senators to go home and fix their individual fences the time will be short. If it is believed that by delay in the enactment of the anti-trust program a panic can be precipitated about September 1, then the Senate will debate in hope of a panic. However, the man in the White House is to be taken into consideration and he has an uncomfortable way of making his appeals directly to the people, who thereupon sit down and write language to their Senators. With the close of the present long session, Congress will have been sitting almost continuously for six years, with extra sessions supplementing the short sessions.

Interstate and Foreign Commerce

THE Senate by a decisive vote refused to allow the reference of the bill prohibiting the importation of convict-made goods from abroad to the Finance Committee, which was believed to be unfavorable to the passage of the bill. It has been referred to the Committee on Manufactures. Of course it follows as the night the day that if the importation of convict-made goods from abroad can be prohibited, so can the transportation of such goods across state lines and so can be the shipment of child-made goods in interstate commerce. The same clause of the constitution that gives Congress power over foreign commerce gives it power to regulate interstate commerce.

Senator Gore

THE Senate had the remarkable experience, during the discussion of the Agricultural Appropriation bill, of witnessing a blind Senator, Chairman of the Committee, handle the bill with exact knowledge of figures and facts down to the smallest detail. Such a memory as Senator Gore has cultivated would be considered by some men full compensation for the loss of eyesight.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD



THE CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST

XLII

I DO not know you, Doctor Pease,
I like not your activities;
And if this does not look like you,
Why, then, it doesn't—*voila tout!*



XLIII

FROM Hiram Maxim's hair you'd think
His specialty was spilling ink—
You'd never dream he'd spilt more blood
Than any one man since the Flood.



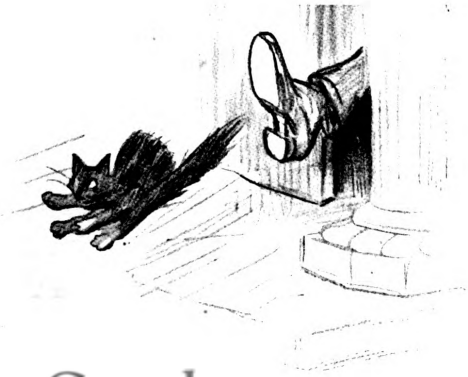
Why Cats Go Wrong

By Hafiz



THE melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year;
Of houses closed and doorbells dumb
And windows dark and drear.

Now Dives to his country seat
Has hied himself away,
And Tabby turned into the street
Must shift as best she may.



No more the cushion soft as silk,
The catnip ball no more;
No more the saucer full of milk
Behind the pantry door.

Nor shall she break her fast to prey
Upon the lean church mouse;
The good Lord, too, has gone away
And closed his city house.

(Myself when young once showed my face
Therein, when, huge and shrill
The sexton came——"*I feel the place*
In frosty weather still.")

When Dives hies him back once more
To his town house, oh, shame!
Tabby will greet him at the door,
But not—no, not the same.

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The British Are Coming

By HERBERT REED



A practice game at Lakewood

AMERICA'S polo supremacy, soon to be submitted to another acid test, is based on the great fundamental and thoroughly American theory that a "two-sport" man is better than a "one-sport" man—in a word that the American sporting horizon is wider than the English, and, indeed, wider than that of any other country. This theory has been supported by results, and it hardly would be successfully controverted even by an English victory at Meadow Brook, for it is always possible in polo that sheer horsemanship, all other things being fairly equal, will carry the day.

England's players, however, are primarily horsemen, while America's players are primarily mallet wielders without being poor horsemen. The American who goes in for polo is apt to go in for racquets, one of the fastest and most exacting games in the list, while the Englishman who takes up polo is more likely to confine his activities to that one sport. The result is that while the Englishman attains pace, and the command of pace, and can handle to perfection the most high-strung animal that has ever been connected with sport, with the possible exception of the coursing grayhound, he has failed to attain the efficiency of the American in the actual strokes that are made from the animal's back.

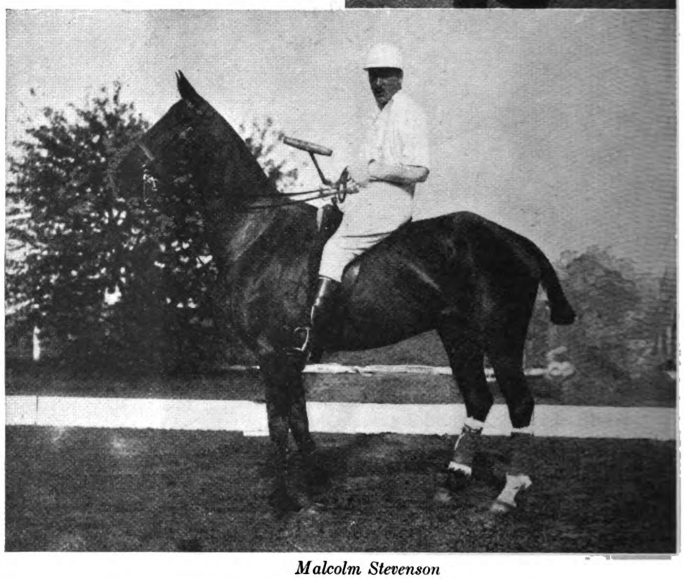
It is not recorded, for instance, that any of Lord Wimborne's English team kept himself in condition, his eye and hand coördinating, throughout the winter by occupying himself with any other sport, as was the case with Lawrence Waterbury, of the American team, who played through the racquet championships. To the ordinary observer it might seem that Waterbury's play at racquets was merely valuable in keeping him in fit physical condition, but as a matter of cold fact the game of racquets comes as close to what might be called "dismounted polo" as any sport that could be invented with the sole purpose of developing a mastery of stroke combined with the desired soundness of judgment and quickness of eye that tell so heavily in the "galloping game."

Time was when America's polo supremacy was credited solely to the Meadow Brook system of chance-taking at the utmost possible pace, and there is no doubt that Meadow Brook blazed the way for the "new polo"; but the foremost polo organization in the United States no longer has a corner on the newest type of game, and there are other men who could fit in nicely with whatever remains of the "Big Four" in international competition. It is true, of course, that the two Waterburys, at Nos. 1 and 2, have had a great advantage through years of play together, but they were working out a sound system of polo, and the results of their work have been passed on to others. Doubtless when the American team takes the field three of its members wi l be the two Waterburys and Milburn, and the choice of the fourth may be a problem up to the moment of starting the international match. But whether the choice falls to H. C. Phipps, Malcolm Stevenson, L. E. Stoddard, or René La Montagne, I think it is safe to say that there will be no necessity of changing the plan of campaign.

All the Americans are "two-sport" men or better, and therein lies the great advantage.



René La Montagne



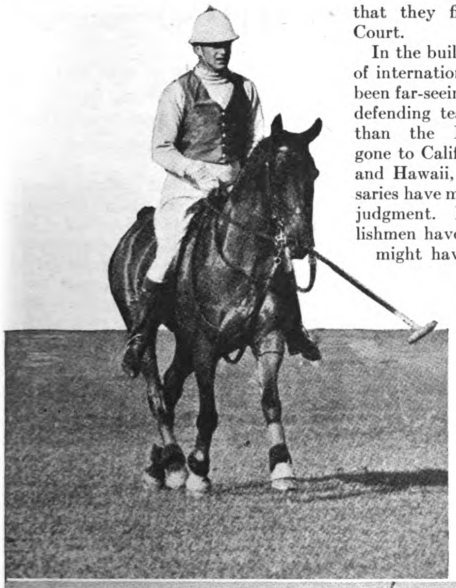
Malcolm Stevenson

In the matter of preparation for any sort of international event the whip hand is almost always with America. It is not merely a question of money, although it is popularly supposed that the polo sun rises and sets in the checkbook; it is a question of difference in temperament. Granting for the sake of argument that the Englishmen play more for fun and less earnestly than do our own leaders in polo, it is impossible to escape the feeling that the early season work in this country is better planned and better carried out than in England, and for a more definite object.

The fundamental difference seems to be that the Englishman says: "Let us do everything possible to bring home the cup, but give us plenty of good times by the wayside," while the American idea is: "Let us make sure to retain the cup, and if there is any enjoyment in the pursuit of this one object let us have it."

THE King of Spain enjoys a splendid reputation for sportsmanship, and the Spanish people for hospitality, but the climate at the time of year chosen by Lord Wimborne for preliminary play in Madrid has nothing in common with that of Meadow Brook, and from the viewpoint of cup-lifters the Spanish trip was so much waste effort. It is remarkable what can be done by English sportsmen at the last moment, but this very habit of leaving things to the last moment has cost the Englishmen international trophy after international trophy. No doubt

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Perry Beadleston



Devereux Milburn



H. C. Phipps

now that Capt. Leslie St. Clair Cheape has consented to join Lord Wimborne's team, the quartet will give a good account of itself, but the fact remains that he, Buckmaster, and other leading players in England should have been sounded long ago.

America's preparation, on the other hand, has been thorough. No promising player nor promising pony was overlooked. Not even coaching—for Harry Payne Whitney, a master strategist of the polo field, put his wide knowledge and experience at the service of the candidates for the team from the moment that they first appeared at Georgian Court.

In the building up of a string of ponies of international caliber America has also been far-seeing, for, barring accident, the defending team will be better mounted than the Englishmen. America has gone to California, New Mexico, Mexico, and Hawaii, for mounts, and her emissaries have made their selections with rare judgment. In the meantime the Englishmen have not been as active as they might have been in the Argentine, in India, and in Australia. They have sold some of their best ponies to Americans without searching out a new source of supply, a few of the importations to this country being the internationalists, Glimmer, Hidden Star, Molly Beach, Polly, Sylvia, Swallow, Aeolus, and Capt. Ritson's two Walers, not to mention Play Actor and Jack.

If careful preparation, therefore, counts for anything, the advantage is heavily with America. America is also in the lead in developing the highest type of polo. For these two reasons, supplemented by the fact that the American polo player is a devotee of those other sports best calculated to reinforce his efficiency when mounted, it is fairly safe to say that if the unexpected happens and the Britons regain the cup it will not rest long at Hurlingham.

Polo in England began at a comparatively slow gait—the offside rule made that necessary—but even hampered as they are by fairly heavy fields, the Englishmen have adopted with enthusiasm the American type of play, which means supreme pace. One of the results is that, strictly speaking, the game is no longer played on ponies, but on what come nearer to actual "chargers." It takes a horse, not a pony, to carry a man like Devereux Milburn, and Milburn does so much execution and does it so well that it is better to regulate the size of the pony than the size of the man. And "horses" for future English teams are not in sight, at least to any great extent.

In time the American formation will be the formation all over the polo world, for with the passing of the offside rule the play of the forwards has changed markedly, although any good player should be able to go back to the long formation, with its guaranty of safety, when necessary. Last year's American team played both types of game, and while the bid for victory lay in the advanced "cross-field" style, the "Big Four" was easily master of the old-time method, as any high class team must be. There is left a "Big Three," but it is a safe wager that the fourth man will know both styles of play.

THE big match at Meadow Brook will have even more of an international flavor should John Traill, the Irishman, most of whose polo has been played in Argentina, get into action. The Traill brothers have been famous on the polo field for many years, but little has been known about them in this country. The Argentine team, however, of which they have been the backbone, has been playing the game according to American methods, and as a result has made for itself an enviable name and place.

Just a year ago an American sportsman in Buenos Aires was astonished to find the Argentine team playing what was practically American polo, and playing it pretty close to the American standard—"flying forwards," "blunt-nosed formation" and all. It is for this reason that the addition of Traill to the invading team may be considered significant. Here is a man who can play almost any position, whose strokes, both near and offside, are close to perfection, and who combines horsemanship with powerful hitting to a high degree. He would fit in very nicely with up-to-date American teams, and probably with an English team that adopts the American style of play.

That there have been serious disagreements recently among the foremost English polo players is beyond denial, but this does not mean that the British team when it gets into action will be a poor one, nor should the fact that Buckmaster's team was almost uniformly victorious over the challengers be taken too seriously. An American expert who has been watching the early work of the Englishmen on the other side is authority for the statement that Lord Wimborne's team, no matter what its make-up, invariably went in for the most daring, wide-open play imaginable—the type of play that has successfully defended the cup. The theory was that it makes no difference how badly one is beaten so long as he is beaten, and that it is better to stake all on a smashing attack that may result in utter rout than never to make a bold bid for victory. The stereotyped game is good enough to fall back on for the purpose of holding an advantage, but I doubt if another English team will allow itself to be beaten by what the American players termed a combination of football and poker without taking a chance.

Incidentally, and finally, it is to be hoped that the Westchester Cup, famous though it be, will not be in the future the only international polo trophy. Only English and American teams can play for it, but it is expected that at the Panama-Pacific Exposition there will be an international trophy for which teams from all over the world, notably India and the Argentine, will be eligible.

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Are College Students Muts?

IN the shower of letters which have come in to us from college students and professors all over the country in regard to Mr. Steffens' series "How To Get an Education Even in College," Mr. Steffens has picked these extracts as illustrating best the points which he wishes to answer. As other letters come in he will reply to them, standing up for the college student and his right to his own education

ALTHOUGH a professor, I am not so solemn an ass, I trust, as to take your suggestions with entire seriousness. In so far as they are designed to stir the animals up, however, I hail with joy the ructions they are bound to produce. You are quite right in urging the students to "start something" in college. And naturally, of course, they will begin by attempting to reform everything about the college except themselves. This will be good for the faculty, which needs a great deal of reforming, in spots at least. Anyhow, we need the exercise involved in gently but firmly repelling too much reform from the outside. But the best thing about such experiences is that they will force us to more vigorous efforts to form and reform our youthful charges. We will have to do it to save our faces and to keep them busy. B.

I MEANT to be taken seriously. And I know, of course, the students will try to reform everything else at college before they find themselves. But they will find themselves, finally, and that's what the professors, the colleges and these articles are for. So—don't warn them. Don't tell them too soon that all that's the matter with the colleges is the students, just as all that's the matter with the world is their parents. No. Don't interfere. Help. Help to stir up the animals. L. S.

IF there is any major error in your "How to Get an Education Even in College," I should say that it consists in the assumption that students come to college to get an education. Some may do so, of course, but if there ever was one whose purpose was education, a whole education and nothing but education I have failed in fifteen years of teaching to meet him. Of course he may have died young. At least I hope so. Of course, cultivation of the social instincts is a beautiful and useful thing, in part, that is,—but in part only. The rest of it expresses itself in various forms of high jinks and low jinks sufficiently amusing and adolescently human, no doubt, but demanding constant repression. Otherwise the weeds would soon take the colleges. And that one task is enough to keep the deans going all the time, and the rest of us a considerable part of the time. B.

OF course students are "muts," as the professor says, but that's why they should be educated. And all the rest of this paragraph only shows the need of getting the students themselves to want an education. I know they don't now. And I admit, too—indeed I admitted in one of my articles—that a college-student was beginning too late when he began to save himself at college. He ought to have begun in school or, better still, before he was born. L. S.

I AM very willing to admit that some of your accusations against the college are true. We have some professors who ought to be recalled; we have courses in the curriculum which we do not approve (or at least part of us do not); we have some universities whose faculties would be exceedingly shocked to have some modern economic, social or religious ideas taught in their classes; we have too much formalism and form; we are probably not practical enough, but will your method work? W. H. M.

YOU are too practical, too young. No methods work. They are worked, and in the working, change and become effective. L. S.

George Eliot and Women's Morals

By ELLEN KEY

IN George Eliot we have a distinguished yet typical case of woman's contribution to the development of moral ideas. She was a confirmed disciple of Comte and Spencer. She had translated Feuerbach's book against Christianity. She lived in a conscience marriage, because the man she loved had not gone through the forms necessary for a legal divorce, and was therefore tied to an unfaithful wife. She became, by her works, a golden bridge between the old morals and the new. She found in her new philosophy of life sound reasons for supporting the time-honored moral laws. In her writings she glorifies self-sacrifice, goodness, faithfulness and duty. She is an example of what Nietzsche means when he says satirically that the Englishman who discards the Christian religion holds more closely than ever to Christian morals. But the devotion of George Eliot as that of other unbelievers, has a deeper foundation, in the love of humanity that has been practised with more consistency by many so-called heathens than by many believers in Christianity. George Eliot held that life had neither beauty nor meaning unless lived in self-devotion, in mutual helplessness, in the sacrifice of one's own happiness for that of others. She founded her morals on Darwin's theory of heredity, on Spencer's teaching of the influence of environment upon morals and upon Comte's religious teaching of the oneness of humanity. Because morals are relative she thought it necessary that each generation should live according to the standards of its own time. Only thus could they reach the stability necessary for building further and higher. She was deeply conscious of the controlling power of the present over the future. She believed that every little yielding to temptation had disastrous effects, not only on the sinner, but on future generations. This idea of the solidarity of the human race gives a greater sense of responsibility than do the teachings of Christianity. Christianity believes in the forgiveness of sins, but the new morality teaches the unending and uncontrollable consequences of evil, as well as of good.

Also "deeds are our children, a fruitful and immortal progeny." George Eliot, who said these words, has crystallized the new thought of her time into the art of her books. With true intuition she tells of the fall or victory, damnation or salvation of the soul. She reveals the natural ideal of countless women when she glorifies obedience to the law of human love.

Thirty or forty years ago George Eliot was an unlimited moral power. She helped all of us who had outgrown Christianity to a new outlook upon life. She gave us strength for self-sacrifice and comfort in suffering, by assuring us that nothing we had suffered would matter a hundred years hence, and that the only thing that would matter was what we had suffered for. However severe was her teaching which she offered us to fit us for our responsibilities toward humanity, we all accepted this training with burning gratitude, not the least among us those who learned from her a sense of sobriety in working for those new ethics in which she herself did not believe; the right to a great love when it proves itself a power to elevate the life of the individual of the race, the right of personal freedom of choice when the choice blazes a glorious path to greater heights, the right of self-assertion in cases where it brings about greater values for the present and the future than would self-denial, the right of hard-heartedness when self-sacrifice would harm those for whom the sacrifice is meant and last but most important, the right of the future. If the past held all the rights for our sacrifices there would be no possibility of developing a higher morality, but only spreading the established morality over a wider area. In spite of George Eliot, Tolstoi and other noble teachers of self-sacrifice it is not true that altruism is in every case the highest virtue while egoism is always on a lower moral plane. Self-preservation and self-development are basic conditions for the practice of self-sacrifice. They are duties toward the whole of society because the progress of all depends upon the greatest growth in the life of each individual. One day's thought is enough to make us recognize this truth in a large way, but a whole lifetime is not long enough to teach us how to draw accurately the hair splitting distinction between self-assertion which is right and that which is wrong, between that which will help the rest of humanity and that which will not. If either side must be over-emphasized it is better that women in their moral revolution shall err on the side of exercising the power of human nature and especially women's human nature on the side of self-sacrifice and sympathy. The noblest women in life or literature are those who have reached the peace and harmony which is possible only when a spiritual balance has been realized in their lives.

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The Case of Pièrre Lamotte

By FRANK DANBY

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

THE stories that are never told are sometimes the most thrilling ones. Behind the verdict of the coroner's jury there often lurks a tale that, if it could be told, would outdo the fiction of the writers of detective stories in power and in bizarre adventure. These stories which will appear for the next six issues are tales of this sort. Frank Danby is a well-known English writer of wide reputation

Extract from a London evening paper:

AT Windsor yesterday an inquiry was opened by the Coroner (Mr. Morton Bull) into the death of Pièrre Lamotte, the distinguished French dramatist, whose body was discovered at an early hour Saturday morning, just below the Eton rafts.

Mr. Lamotte, during his stay in England, was the guest of Keightly Wilbur, young literary Maecenas of Carlton House Terrace, who, it is understood, will be called tomorrow to throw what light is possible upon the mystery of his friend's death.

. . .

At the adjourned inquest, true to newspaper anticipation, the first witness called, after the necessary formalities had been gone through, was Mr. Keightly Wilbur. The Court was crowded with literary celebrities and well-known people.



"'Pièrre followed you, stood beside you, looking down at me'"

After being duly sworn Mr. Wilbur said:

"I am Keightly Wilbur, author of 'The Nut's Progress,' 'Love,' and other pieces. I am also a playwright, and in my leisure hours I collect oriental china and Jacobean glass. I have a few other hobbies and I live in Carlton House Terrace. Mr. Pièrre Lamotte was my guest, but hardly my friend."

The Coroner asked a little impatiently:

"You were intimate with him?"

"I have no intimates." He added, sententiously: "The great are always lonely."

Mr. Wilbur said that after a long interview with Sir George Alexander he and Pièrre Lamotte went down together from Paddington by the 5.5 to Datchet, arriving at 6.3. It was a beautiful evening; they changed into flannels and sat in the dinghy talking about Puritanism and the play, until it was time to dress for dinner.

"Was there any one else upon the houseboat, any servants or visitors?"

"There were two ladies, my Japanese valet, who waited upon us, and, I believe, a couple of female servants, a cook, and something that was called either a tweeny or a slavey."

"Was there any other visitor?"

"Dr. Nicholson pulled up after dinner, moored his boat alongside and came on board."

"How long did he remain?"

"About half an hour I should think."

"Then the singing and playing were resumed until . . . ?"

"I make a point of never knowing the time."

"During the evening had there been a quarrel or dispute or any break in the harmony?"

"There was certainly one break in the harmony."

The Jury leaned forward, the reporters sharpened their pencils, and Mr. Bull felt pleased with himself for his question:

"Go on, please."

"One of the strings of the piano gave way, the G. of the third octave, I believe."

The laughter gurgled again, and again Mr. Bull said he would not permit these exhibitions, rebuking Mr. Wilbur for his flippancy. Mr. Wilbur said wearily that he had been answering futile questions for over an hour.

"You can throw no further light on the case?"

"I see no obscurity about it."

He was told he could stand down. The hour was late and the Court adjourned until the next day. In the meantime the Jury were taken to see the houseboat and the room in which Mr. Lamotte had slept.

THE *Marguerite* was one of the best boats on the river, luxuriously fitted, the drawing-room in Chinese style with hanging lamps that tinkled musically, black satin divans and embroidered cushions; many-colored Chinese glass pictures were on the walls and fine kakemonos. The dining-room was Florentine, and the bedrooms merely comfortable. There was nothing on the boat to suggest tragedy.

The Coroner said:

"Gentlemen: Have you heard enough or do you wish to adjourn for the attendance of the visitor, Dr. Nicholson, who looked in for half an hour and listened to the music. I have a letter from him in which he asks to be excused if possible. He is on the panel and has many poor patients in this district and in Hurley. I do not propose to bring him from his work unless you, gentlemen, think it necessary."

The jury of petty tradesmen, recruited from the neighborhood, had already been two days away from business, and the rate of remuneration was low. They were unanimous in not wishing to adjourn for the attendance of Dr. Nicholson, and were then shepherded by the Coroner into finding a verdict. They found that Monsieur Pièrre Lamotte had met his death by drowning, but how he got into the river there was no evidence to show.

Mr. David Devenish, whose interest in coroners and their courts dated from the Arbuthnot Case, about which in the first instance he had been so signally mistaken, had a trenchant leader the next day in the *Daily Grail*, commenting upon the inconclusiveness of this verdict, and finding fault with the way the proceedings had been conducted.

THE article aroused a certain amount of attention, and several people wrotè letters. Others, mute, inglorious Algernon Ashtons, expressed their views in clubs and at suburban dinners. But nothing, of course, was done, and within a few weeks Pièrre Lamotte's death ceased to occupy the public who read newspapers.

Eighteen months after the death of Pièrre Lamotte, David Devenish met for the first time, Miss Ellaline Blaney, lately returned from completing her musical education in Paris, and already reëngaged by Mr. Edwardes for the new musical comedy at the Gaiety.

At nineteen Ellaline had been a pretty girl with fair hair, blue eyes and lovely little teeth. At twenty-one, after the advantages of eighteen months in Paris, and one or two at the Gaiety, she was one of the loveliest things imaginable, her outlines refined, grace added to her beauty, gay as a child, with the exotic charm of a super supper cat. David succumbed, succumbed utterly, to the great entertainment of his many friends, and the undisguised and sympathetic amusement of Mr. Keightly Wilbur.

But David Devenish was not the man to take lightly even a love affair with a

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Gaiety girl. Within three weeks of the first meeting he asked Ellaline to marry him.

She told Keightly of this proposal on the following Sunday. He had come to fetch her for a motor drive, but the luxurious flat in Ashley Gardens was full of fog and their intentions halted. It was after they had discussed the weather, last night's audience, and one or two other topical questions, that Ellaline came out with her astonishing news.

"David Devenish has asked me to marry him."

"No! Brave boy! And of course you said 'yes'?" Keightly flung himself on the sofa and seemed highly diverted. Time was a little accentuating his hebraicism,—his hair seemed blacker, and his nose longer. Ellaline was offended at the way he took her news.

"Why shouldn't I?" she said sulkily.

"Why, indeed?"

Between the fog and the red glow of the fire her fair hair shone like a will o' the wisp in marsh land.

"You are very good-looking and improving in your stage work, but your conversation lacks originality."

"You know what I *could* talk about."

"Cosmetics and the necessity of distilled water for the complexion."

"Of something you would not like anybody to know," she answered angrily, watching him, nevertheless, as if to see how he would take the blow.

"And what is that?" he asked imperturbably.

"Of what happened that night on board *The Marguerite*."

He looked at her, surprised and then thoughtful.

"Of course," he answered, "of course. The very thing. I had forgotten all about it. Yes, you must tell David. You or I must tell him. That will do the trick, I expect. Of course I should tell it better than you . . . "

"What do you mean? I needn't tell him if I don't choose."

"David is really a remarkable person, full of prejudices, yet with an underlying sentimentality that can rise and veil them as this fog veils this room."

"I hate you."

"I know—they always do. And because you love me and hate me, hardly knowing which, you poor transparent little idiot, you think of marrying that good fellow, David Devenish!"

"He won't think you a good fellow when I tell him what I know about you."

"Won't he? I believe you're wrong."

"You won't laugh presently."

"Shall I not? Are you about to consign me to a cold and 'ce-ruel' jail? Shall I go forth from this warm and wicked flat with gyves upon my wrists? It is a wicked flat! or will be so described in the evening papers."

She did not understand him in the least, and he succeeded presently in goading her to the telephone.

"Westminster 4638! Are you there? Is that Mr. Devenish's flat? Oh! well, I wish you'd come round."

Obviously David Devenish expressed himself overjoyed at the invitation.

"Whenever you like. No, I don't know about lunch . . ." She hung up the receiver and said:

"He'll be here in ten minutes."

The fog had thickened, and David Devenish's voice was heard in the hall.

He came in with both hands extended, but seemed surprised to see Keightly lounging familiarly on the sofa, and stopped short.

Ellaline, who had risen before his entry, began quickly to talk about the fog, said mendaciously that Keightly had only just come. David felt there was something in the atmosphere, tense and unexpected, to which Keightly Wilbur held the cue. Keightly was self-possessed and appeared amused.

"She sent for me to consult me as to your proposal. I stand in *loco parentis* to her, as you possibly know."

A faint color showed in David's face, but he made no other sign of anger.

"I understand you have been helpful to her," he said stiffly, without any exhibition of feeling.

"The fact is," Keightly drawled—he seemed to be enjoying himself, which was certainly not the case with either of the others—"we are both of us a little uncertain as to whether before answering 'yes' or 'no,' she ought not to tell you a certain story."

"If it is Miss Blaney's pleasure."

"Whether it is Miss Blaney's pleasure or not."

WHEN Keightly began, it was as if he were talking to himself again, as if neither of them were there. David remained standing all the time the story was being told, and Ellaline crouched before the fire. They were spellbound almost from the first word. Keightly had the gift of arresting attention.

"Dusk, and the evening stars. Curious to recall it here in the fog. I always knew I should have one day to tell the story of how Pièrre Lamotte came by his death. But I thought it would have been in verse.

"The river that evening was a sheet of silver, until the mist rose, and then everything became a little unreal and mystic. We sat in the dinghy and talked about literature—literature and art. Pièrre told me again, as he had told me so many times before, of the beautiful visions he had seen under hashish, of rivers to which this one was a mere muddy stream, of mists on mountain tops dissolving to show a glorious dawn, of the red sun rising on the snow-clad peaks. We spoke of the experiment that was to be made after dinner.



"'I thought I was telling the story rather well,' said Keightly."

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"I had never taken hashish, and neither had Ellaline. Claudine Bosquet was an expert. Nicholson was to show us two amateurs how it was to be done, and how we could obtain the greatest effect. Claudine talked to Ellaline about it in a hushed voice in the drawing-room, and Pièrre told me in the dinghy. Nicholson had lived in Paris, was known to Pièrre, had once attended him when he had gone too far in his favorite pastime, and lay insensible for a day and a half.

"The big black divans were heaped with cushions, there were no chairs, dull red matting on the floor, no lights but one small lamp, modern, but of antique design; beside it a copper tray and four opium pipes. The piano had been pushed into the dining-room, the women were in white gowns, Pièrre and I in smoking suits. One side of the drawing-room was open to the river, the mist was still rising, a wet, white mist, and we heard Nicholson's boat without seeing it, a mysterious splash of oars and lapping of waters. Nicholson, when he came on board, would not let us talk. He arranged us in the hashish attitude, so that our dreams should be of Paradise.

"Nicholson cooked over the lamp like a strange Aladdin; the opium seethed and bubbled; he moulded it with his fingers into little pills, placing them in the pipes, handed them to us, one after the other, without saying a word. I had hardly taken my first whiff, and Ellaline, I believe, had made but a coughing pretence, when I saw Pièrre get up. Then everything became rather hazy, and all I remember was the tangle of stars becoming evident again and that the mist had lifted. So I drifted into Nirvana. I loved my Ellaline, and all the beautiful world; wonderful illuminating phrases came to me, and I saw into the heart of things."

He paused for a moment as if remembering. Then, in a sudden change of mood went on:

"Now, Ellaline, I have given you a start. Tell us what happened next. You had one whiff . . . "

She did take up the tale from him, but when she spoke it was as if she were speaking in her sleep; speaking through suggestion and involuntarily.

"I did not really inhale, I was frightened of the drug, and of the whole scene. I never wanted to do it, but you persuaded me. You could have persuaded me to anything then . . . "

"And now," said Keightly, smiling. David made an impatient gesture and Ellaline went on as if she had noticed no interruption.

"I hated the smell of the pipes, and I was cold and uncomfortable. Then you fell asleep . . . "

SHE stopped, and after a minute Keightly went on:

"You stood a long time beside Pièrre, and at first he talked poetry, but found you unappreciative. At dinner he had paid you compliments, and your bridling response had led him to think you were open to his advances. They don't understand your methods in Paris, your insatiable vanity and desire for indiscriminate admiration, your fickle, futile flirtatiousness. David, here, does not understand either. Nobody but I know the soul of the dancer, of the light woman who is nevertheless virtuous, who will take everything but gives nothing; who never loves but sometimes feebly desires. You liked Pièrre's compliments, were proud to score off Claudine, off me, even, a little. Perhaps you thought of an engagement in the new play; of advancing in your profession. But most probably you never thought at all when you sat down in the deck chair with Pièrre beside you, whilst he told you how lovely you were, and that he had become madly enamoured of you, you must go back to Paris with him. . .

"Claudine slept on, I slept on, dreaming exquisitely. You and Pièrre talked under the stars. The hour got late, and later . . . ."

NOW the girl on the hearthrug covered her face with her hands, the fire had caught her cheeks; David saw the sudden scarlet:

"My pipe got cold and went out. I was conscious of my surroundings, a little dreamy still. But of course when I am half asleep I am wider awake than most people. You came over and stood beside me, asked if it was as nice as I had anticipated. You were nervous and excited! Pièrre's love-making had gone a little beyond what you intended or expected. As far as you were capable of caring for anyone, you cared for me, and your move towards me was for protection, protection against the danger you yourself had brought about. Pièrre followed you; stood beside you looking down at me. He asked if I had had enough, said he could fill me another pipe, knew how to do it as well as Nicholson. I held out my hand; it was really for yours, but he put the pipe into it, went over to the tray, warmed a little pellet over the flame of the lamp, came back and dropped it into the pipe I held . . . "

"You went to sleep again," she interrupted hastily.

"No!"

"He said we must leave you undisturbed, that it would be dangerous to wake you."

"You were frightened of Pièrre by now; a little frightened. But flattered at the scene he made, flattered by the passion with which your beauty inspired him; your beauty and your complaisance! Even then you could not tell him straightforwardly and definitely that you were playing with him, that you meant nothing. You relied upon . . . Heaven only knows upon what you relied. You moved away again, and I ceased to inhale my pipe. I had heard his amorous whispers, seen your half-opened lips and shining eyes. After that I may have slept again. When I woke the stars were no longer in the heavens, and there was nothing but cold gray river mists and the water lapping against the sides of the boat. It was then I heard your frightened cry. . . . "

Her head had sunk lower, David had the inclination to lay his hand upon it, upon the soft yellow of its dishevelment.

"Need we have any more of this?" he said.

"Does it bore you?" Keightly asked politely, but apparently surprised. "I thought I was telling the story rather well. I had a terrific headache the next day, I remember; until Kito mixed me some specific of his own. Kito is very near to being a magician. I never can understand how you do without a man," he said carelessly to Devenish, getting up from the sofa, stretching himself, going to the window.

"The fog is worse than ever. I don't know how we are ever going to get to the Ritz. One can't see across the way now. It's a real Whistler nocturne; there's the reflection of a yellowish light from some window, and the gleam of the street lamp at the corner. For the rest it's almost opaque."

He appeared to expect they would come to him, join him in looking out, but neither spoke.

David sat down on one of the easy chairs by the fireside. As the girl crouched on the hearthrug it seemed as if she were at his knee. His impulse was to protect her; although he was chilled and repelled. He wished to condemn Keightly, but involuntarily he put himself in his place, and felt that the only difference between them was that in hot rage he might have killed the Frenchman who had abused his hospitality, put two hands upon his throat and throttled him. But Keightly, more coldly and deliberately, had flung him into the river, as any man would have flung him out of a house, from under a roof where he had betrayed his host. He saw the scene that must have taken place between the two men, and how it had come about; thinking too of the good name of the girl at his feet, and how it would be imperiled if it were ever known how Pièrre Lamotte came by his death; thinking of his newspaper, knowing this news would never reach it.

KEIGHTLY, when he left the window said casually:

"It is brutally cold. You might stir the fire into a blaze, Ella."

"I don't know why you have told me this," David said heavily, after another pause.

"Don't you?"

Ellaline had not moved.

"Neither do I."

Then he looked from one to the other, shrugged his shoulders slightly, smiled:

"You won't think me rude if I leave now, I hope. I want to see how the light of St. Stephen's shows from the Embankment. I am sorry I bored you."

David rose and faced him, standing between him and the door.

"Why have you told me that story today—now?"

"I wonder," Keightly answered. His eyes met David's, and they stood like that for the space of an instant. Then David fell back and Keightly went out, closing the door quietly behind him.

"What actually happened?" David found his lips saying when he was alone with her, when Keightly had gone.

"He threw him out."

"And that was all. You did not look, nor he, to see what became of him?"

"I was too frightened. I never thought that—that he—that he would be drowned. Keightly was so—so quiet—and—and cool. He said in a sort of polite way that he hoped I would be able to sleep now, and that he was sorry I had been disturbed. 'If Pièrre returns it will be as young Henry,' he said, and quoted something about a ghost:

> No eye beheld when Edmund plunged
> Young Henry in the stream.

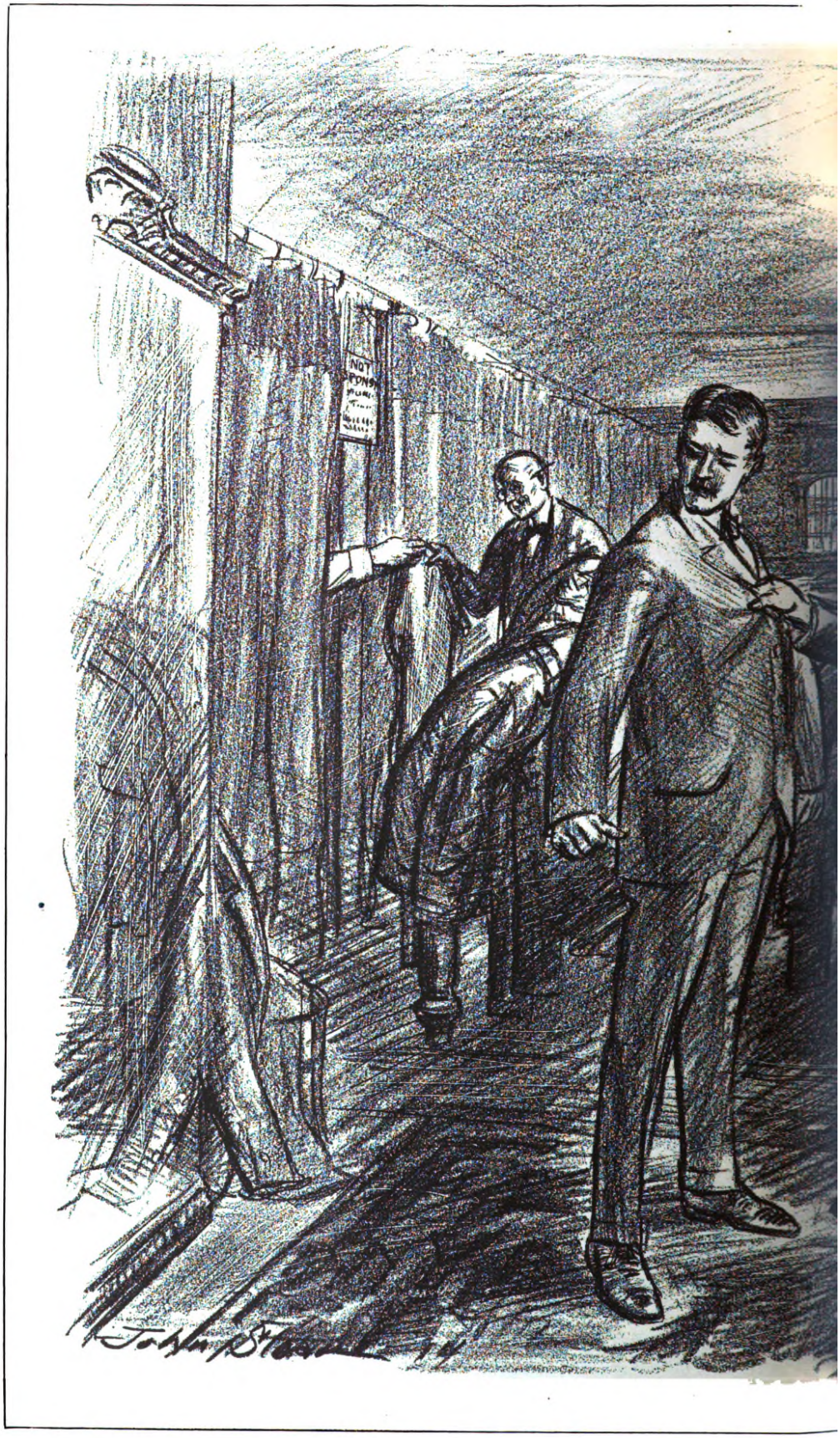
I don't think he quite knew what he was saying, I did not know what he meant. You don't blame me, do you?" she asked anxiously.

"No, no; certainly not," replied David quickly, if without conviction.

. . . . . .

David Devenish and Ellaline Blaney are not yet married. Rumor has it that she continues to refuse him because she does not wish to leave the stage. They sup together frequently at the Savoy Grill Room and people talk about them. The *Daily Grail* has published nothing further about the Lamotte case although it continues to criticize the findings of coroners' juries.

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HE BUYS HIS

"Madam, your husband might

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The Latest Thing

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

THERE was in her blood that which bade her hasten lest there should be something still new to her when she died. Death! She was continually haunted by the fear lest that itself might be new. And she would say: "Do you know what it feels like to be dead?—I do." If she had not known this she felt that she would not have lived her life to the full. And one must live one's life to the full. Indeed, yes! One must experience everything. In her relations with men, for instance, there was nothing, so far as she could see, to prevent her from being a good wife, good mother, good mistress, and good friend—to different men all at the same time, and even to more than one man of each kind, if necessary. One had merely to be oneself, a full nature, fully expressed. Greed was a low and contemptible attribute, especially in women—a woman wanted nothing more than everything, and the best of that. And it was intolerable if one could not have that little. Women had always been kept down. Not to be kept down was still, on the whole, new. Yet sometimes, after she had not been kept down rather violently, she would feel: Oh! the weariness! I shall throw it all up and live on a shilling a day, like a sweated worker—that at all events *will* be new! She even sometimes dreamed of retirement to convent life—the freshness of its old-world novelty appealed to her.

To such an idealist the very colors of the rainbow did not suffice, nor all the breeds of birds there were; and her life was piled with cages. Here she had them one by one, borrowed their songs, relieved them of their plumes; then, finding that they no longer had any, let them go, for to look at things without possessing them was intolerable, but to keep them when she had got them even more so.

She often wondered how people could get along at all whose natures were not so full as hers. Life, she thought, must be so dull for the poor creatures, only doing one thing at a time, and that time so long. What with her painting and her music, her dancing, her flying, her motoring, her writing of novels, and poems, her love-making, maternal cares, entertaining friendships, housekeeping, wifely duties, political and social interests, her gardening, talking, acting, her interest in Russian linen and the Woman's movement; what with traveling in new countries, listening to new preachers, lunching new novelists, discovering new dancers, taking lessons in Spanish; what with new dishes for dinner, new religions, new dogs, new dresses, new duties to new neighbors, and newer charities—life was so full that the moment it stood still and was simply old "Life," it seemed to be no life at all.

She could not bear the amateur; feeling within herself some sacred fire that made her "an artist" whatever she took up—or dropped. She had a particular dislike, too, of machine-made articles, for her, personality must be deep-woven into everything; look at flowers, how wonderful they were in that way, growing quietly to perfection, each in its corner, and inviting butterflies to sip their dew! She knew, for she had been told it so often, that she was the crown of creation—the latest thing in women, who were, of course, the latest thing in creatures. There had never, till quite recently, been a woman like her, so awfully interested in so many things, so likely to be interested in so many more. She had flung open all the doors of Life, and was so continually going out and coming in, that Life had some considerable difficulty in catching a glimpse of her at all. Just as the cinematograph was the future of the theater, so was she the future of women, and in the words of the poet "prou' title." To sip at every flower before her wings closed; if necessary to make new flowers to sip at. To smoke the whole box of cigarettes straight off, and in the last puff of smoke expire! And withal no feverishness, only a certain reposeful and womanly febrility; a mere perpetual glancing from quick-sliding eyes, to see the next move, to catch the new movement—God bless it! And, mind you, a high sense of duty—perhaps a higher sense of duty than that of any woman who had gone before; a deep and intimate conviction that women had an immensity of leeway to make up, that their old starved, stunted lives must be avenged, and that right soon. To enlarge the horizon—this was the sacred duty! No mere Boccaccian or Louis Quinze cult of pleasurable sensations; no crude lolling plutocratic dollery of a spoiled dame. No! the full deep river of sensations nibbling each others' tails. Life was real, life was earnest, and Time the essence of its contract.

To say that she had favorite books, plays, men, dogs, colors, was to do her but momentary justice. A deeper Equity assigned her only one favorite—the next; and for the sake of that one favorite, no Catherine, no Semiramis, or Messalina could more swiftly dispose of all the others. With what avidity she sprang into its arms, drained its lips of kisses, looking hurriedly the while for its successor; for God alone—she felt—knew what would happen to her if she finished drinking before she caught sight of that next, necessary one.

AND yet, now and again Time played her false, and she got through too soon. It was then that she realized the sensation of death. After the first terrible inanition, those moments lived without "living" would begin to assume a sort of preciousness, to acquire holy sensations of their own. "I am dead," she would say to herself; "I really am dead; I lie motionless; hearing, feeling, smelling, seeing, thinking nothing. I lie impalpable—yes, that is the word—completely impalpable; above me I can see the vast blue blue, and all around me the vast brown brown—it is something like what I remember of Egypt. And there is a kind of singing in my ears, that are really not ears now; a gray, thin sound, like—ah!—Maeterlinck, and a very faint honey smell like—er—Omar Khayyám. And I just move as a blade of grass moves in the wind. Yes, I am dead. It feels exactly like it." And a new exhilaration would seize her, for she felt that, in that sensation of death, she was living! At lunch, or it might be dinner, she would tell her newest man exactly what it felt like to be dead. "It's not really disagreeable," she would say; "it has its own flavor. You know, like Turkish coffee, just a touch of india-rubber in it—I mean the coffee." And the new one would sneeze, and answer: "Yes, I know a little what you mean; asphodels, too—you get it in Greece. My only difficulty is that if you *are* dead, you know—you—er—are." She would not admit that; it sounded true, but she was sure it was not, because to be dead like that would be the end of novelty, which was to her unthinkable.

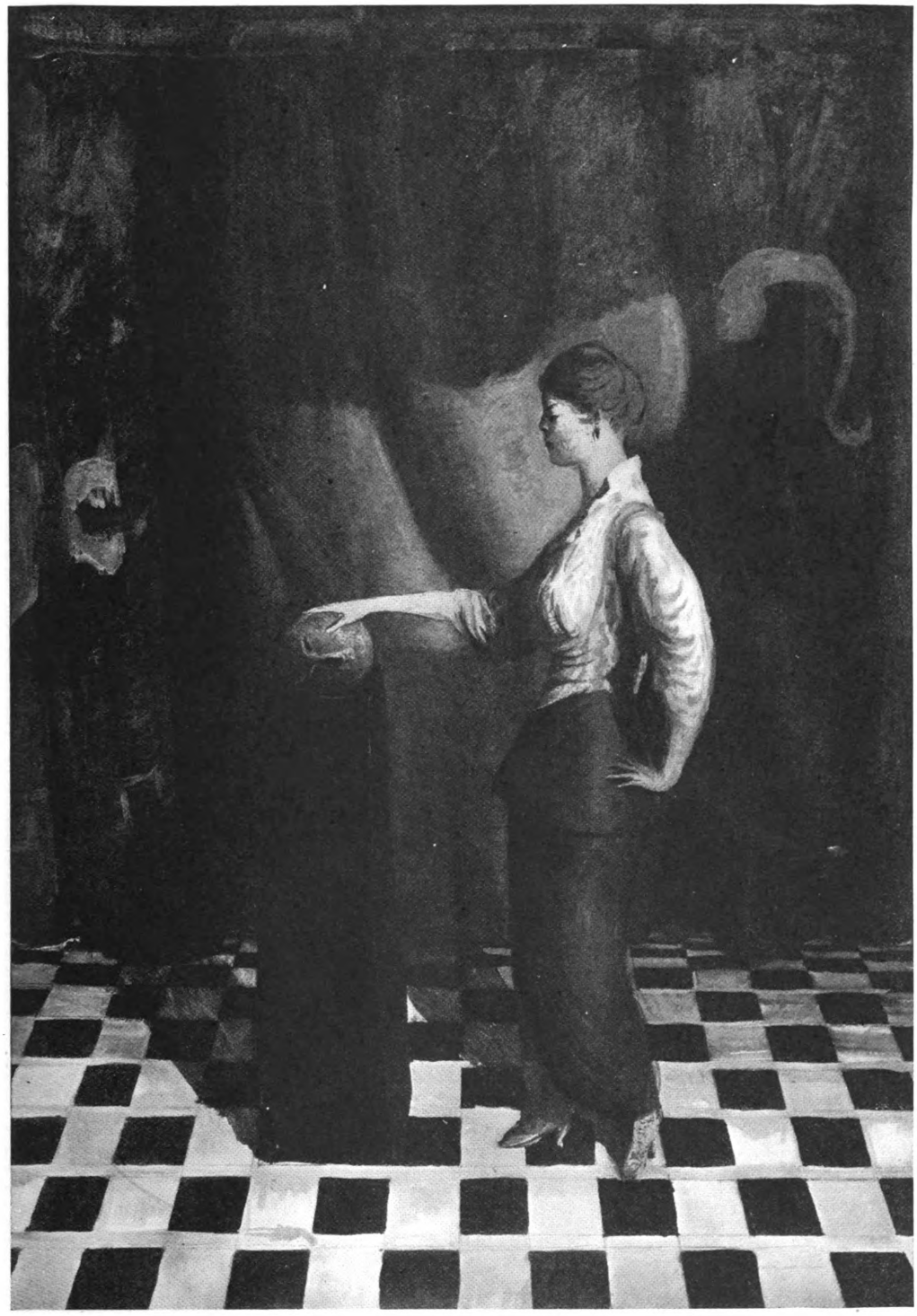
ONCE in a new book she came across a little tale of a man who "lived" in Persia, of all heavenly places, frantically pursuing sensation. Entering one day the courtyard of his house he heard a sigh behind him, and looking round saw his own spirit apparently in the act of breathing its last. The little thing, dry and pearly white as a seed-pod of "honesty," was opening and shutting its mouth for all the world like an oyster trying to breathe. "What is it?" he said; "you don't seem well." And his spirit answered: "All right, all right! don't distress yourself—it's nothing! I've just been crowded out. That's all. Good-bye!" And with a wheeze the little thing went flat, fell onto the special blue tiles he had caused to be put down there, and lay still. He bent to pick it up, but it came off on his thumb in a smudge of gray-white powder.

The fancy was so new that it pleased her greatly, and she recommended the book to all her friends. The moral of course was purely Eastern and had no applicability whatever to Western life, where the more one did and expressed, the bigger and more healthy one's spirit grew—as, witness what she always felt to be going on within herself. But next spring she changed the blue tiles of her Turkish smoking-room, put in a birch-wood floor, and made it all Russian. This she did, however, merely because one new room a year was absolutely essential to her spirit.

In her perpetual journey towards an ever-widening horizon of woman's life, she was not so foolish as to prize danger for its own sake—that was by no means her idea of adventure. That she ran some risks it would be idle to deny, but only when she had discerned the substantial advantage of a new sensation to be had out of them, not at all because they were necessary to keep her soul alive. She was, she felt, a Greek in spirit, only more so, perhaps, having in her also something of America and the West End.

How she came to be all was only known to that Age—whose daughter she undoubtedly was—an Age which ran all the time, without any foolish notion where it was running to. There was no novelty in a destination, and no sensation to be had from sitting cross-legged in a tub of sunlight—not at least after you had done it once. *She* had been born to dance the moon down, to ragtime. The moon, the moon! Ah! yes. It was the one thing that had as yet eluded her avidity. That, and her own soul.

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There had never, till quite recently, been a woman like her, so awfully interested in so many things, so likely to be interested in so many more.

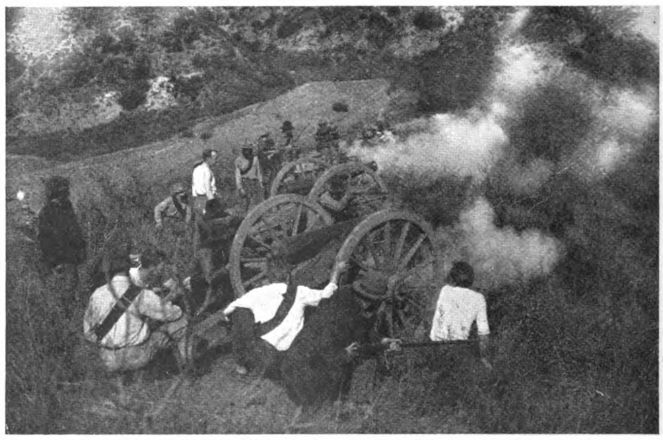
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Best Seller Drama

By ELEANOR GATES

WHAT the "movies" will do for the drama is summed up in one word, according to Miss Gates. That one word is quick-action. The pantomime which we see occasionally on the legitimate stage, resembles somewhat the drama of the future, if her opinion of the movey-trained audiences is correct

IN America today more people attend moving-picture plays than see legitimate drama. And it has been claimed that the movies have hurt the legitimate drama. No doubt this is true—temporarily. The men and women who used to fill the balconies of our theaters now fill the orchestra seats at moving-picture houses, but—they will come back. And if the movies have taken, they are also beginning to give. People who seldom or never went to a theater, now go to the movies. And in time, if not already, they will move on to the balconies of legitimate drama. We have an analogous example of this progressive movement in the book world. The people who read light, trashy stories today are the people who read literature of a better class to-morrow. They get the book habit; and the moving-picture patron gets the theater habit.



A battle scene from a Boer war film

The inference here is that the moving-picture audience is below the patron of the legitimate drama in mentality. I believe that such a statement is too sweeping. People who seldom go to the theater do go to the moving-picture houses frequently. The cost is small, and if they do not get a great deal, it is also true that they did not expect a great deal. They have turned to the movies because they have been tricked into attending bad plays by fulsome advertisements designed to force long runs; or they have grown to resent the tactics of ticket speculation—which is a striking example of killing the goose that laid the golden egg! That inferior mental equipment does predominate at the moving-picture is patent enough. What form of entertainment could cater more perfectly to the man who is a mental oyster? To the full-fed human who wishes merely to sit back and look?

BUT this sitting back does not *always* denote laziness. At the moving-picture house, the audience gets its drama by a succession of rapid and telling scenes. There are gaps between the scenes. So the audience must think—must fill these gaps by its own imagination.

But what the pictures *and* the imagination do not supply, the audience gets through the eye. For the trend of the plot, together with bits of dialogue, is flashed upon the screen. So, after all, it is the eye that must be appealed to. And for the playwright that points to trouble ahead. When people are accustomed to getting their drama solely through their eyes, the playwright must face the problem of appealing to them also through the only other channel open to him—the ear. And this is a handicap, since there is no easier way to convey an idea than the pictorial.

From the pictorial standpoint, the moving picture is supreme. What legitimate drama, with its cumbersome sets, can take you across deserts, through rivers, over mountains and into cities? Can show you the flight of aeroplanes, or the onslaught of troops and ships of war? Can supply one magnificent spectacle after another, whether pageant or battle?

The moving-picture audience gets the best seat in the house for fifty cents (at the most one dollar), and there is always music as the story unfolds—not music perhaps of a high order, but music to jingle pleasantly. That audience also gets its story through action—quick action. The most successful writer of scenarios is he who can carry his story forward by touching only the high spots. And touching the high spots means thrills—one close upon another. You might say that the moving-picture house is a bargain opportunity in thrills.

NOW it is just a step from the orchestra of the moving-picture to the orchestra of the legitimate theater—with a difference of an added dollar or so and evening dress. How will the dramatist of the near future please an audience that has had the best that the moving-picture house can give? For he *must* please that audience. Just at present the demand is not so pressing. But ten or fifteen years from now the moving picture as an influence on the legitimate drama will have to be reckoned with. For in ten or fifteen years the orchestra seats of our theaters will be filled by men and women who have been educated for the theater by the moving-picture house of today. Where else are our children being prepared for the drama of the future?

In the United States little attention is given to plays for children, for the reason that these do not pay. Even the word "child" or the word "little" in the title of a play will cost the producer and the author thousands of dollars. Immediately I can hear exceptions to this, because "Little Women" was such a success. But we must remember that "Little Women" was not a typical case. It had behind it many years of advertisement—and a wealth of sentiment. The same is true of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Those children's plays which have been notable successes were made from books that had had wide circulation; and indeed become classics in literature. The child's play with no such foundation for success can have no such financial returns. And the strongest proof of the truth of this assertion lies in the fact that writers are not writing for children, and producers are not enthusiastic on the subject of children's plays.

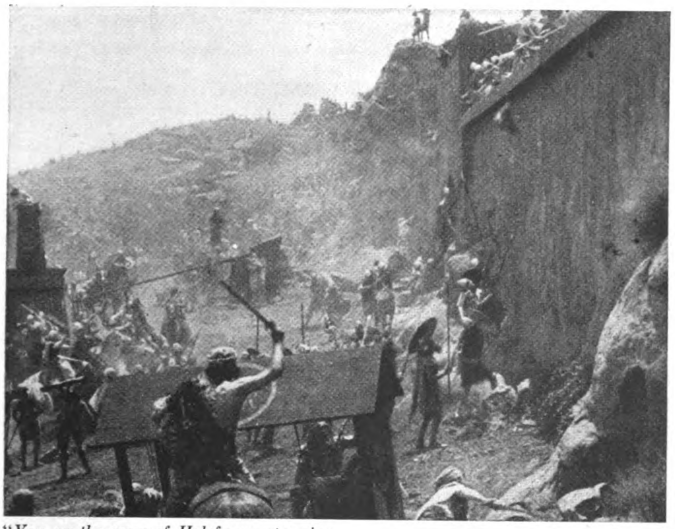
The child with no, or few, plays that are suitable for his enjoyment gravitates to the moving-picture house in droves—viewing, more often than not, films that he has no right to see. Take for example the very interesting photo play, "Soldiers of Fortune," which is now showing everywhere. At two points in the unwinding of the reels men die by assassination—one, pitifully, in front of a firing squad; one driven to bay, and fighting desperately for his life. There are thrills for children! From behind me in the dark came the voice of a small boy—"Oh, mother, are they going to shoot him?" And mother answered, "Don't talk, dear, it isn't polite while the pictures are on." And take, for another example—"Judith of Bethulia," a magnificent series of reels. You see the army of Holofernes storming the battlements of the besieged city, a truly wonderful spectacle. But again there are sights appalling enough to the onlooker who knows they are achieved through clever stage tricks. At one point an unsuccessful general is borne in crucified; at another, Judith raises a broadsword and severs the head of the drunken Holofernes. Scarcely a sight for children. But the children *do* see these things. And, ignoring for a moment the question of whether they should or whether they should not, let us consider the fact that they *do* from the viewpoint of the drama of the future.

A decade from now, playwrights will be writing for them. To be a successful playwright *then* will mean knowing what will please those rows of bobbing little heads that look out from the gloom of the moving-picture auditoriums.

UNDOUBTEDLY these children, fifteen years hence, when they form part of our legitimate audiences, will demand drama that is spectacular. They will demand music, too—if not through

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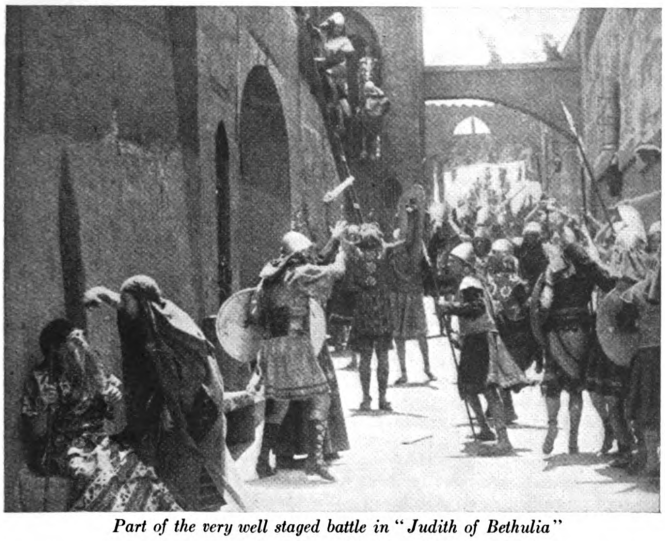
the play itself, then between the acts. They will demand, and get, legitimate drama at a dollar and a half, perhaps even one dollar. Can we question that they will demand thrills? Last and most important of all, they will demand quick action.



"You see the army of Holofernes storming the battlements of the beseiged city"

What kind of drama then will move across the stage ten years from now? Not drama, I believe, of less merit than the drama of to-day, but it will be different. The keynote in our coming drama will be *Move*. There will be little dialogue—and that will hit some of us playwrights hard! For we do love our dialogue, and suffer when a cut is made as if undergoing an operation. But, if the playwright suffers, the actor will come gloriously into his own. True, he will talk little, but the new kind of actor will like that, for he will act—with a capital A. He will act amid wonderful sets, with music, specially written, before and between and through the play. And since the public must have thrills, we shall have a drama of thrills. And once again, as in the good old days, the dead will be scattered all over the place.

With a wealth of scenery, music and action what shall we have? A play that is a perfected and glorified moving picture.



Part of the very well staged battle in "Judith of Bethulia"

BUT of the several factors that will go to make up the successful drama of the movie-trained audience, the most important will be action. The moving-picture creates impatient theater-goers. I do not say that impatience is a bad quality in a theater-goer. I say only that we people who are writing plays must take note of it. Already the book publishers are taking note of it. As an example of this let me quote for you the advertisement of a book fresh from the presses—a book by Mr. Robert W. Chambers—perhaps the most widely read author in America, if not in the world. Curiously enough, Mr. Chambers has chosen for his title the very words that I have found necessary to use in connection with the drama of the future. He calls his book "Quick Action." And the advertisement reads: "Chambers invented *get-there-quick* love stories. He holds the *speed record* for *rapid fire* romances. *Palpitating, pulsing, throbbing, rapid-fire* love—that's what you will find in this *hurry-up-Cupid* love story, 'Quick Action.'" And now mark this last line of the ad—"It is a book that panders to *impatient* readers."



From "Judith of Bethulia"

How significant this advertisement is! It was not taken from any sensational newspaper; it is not the advertisement of a sensational publisher. It is the announcement that D. Appleton & Company thought desirable to make in behalf of this book to the readers of the conservative New York *Times!*

"It panders to impatient readers!" And impatient readers are impatient theater-goers. They want to see drama in speed record time. They want comedy and tragedy that is rapid-fire. Since the moving-picture drama cultivates impatience, the dramatist of ten years hence will be forced to develop his characters *less* than he does now, while he sweeps his story along by a succession of telling scenes. This is the method of building a great success to-day. But in the near future no other sort of writing will have a chance of production. The coming playwright will tell his story by what is done, not by what is said. He will be an inspired scenario writer. He will illuminate through action. He will tip his pen with radium—and it must leap!

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Captain Watters' Paint Mine

By LINN MURDOCH HUNTINGTON

HE was rather by way of being a joke in the old city by the Ozama, was Captain Ezra Watters. He had been in Santo Domingo a year, and his ventures in mining and promoting had been many, and amusing. His promoting failed to promote, and he never had even a convincing story to tell of his mines. That he still seemed to have most of the money he came with, was taken as proof of the tender care with which Providence watches over drunken men and other simple persons.

His latest venture was the most amusing of all. While the good captain read the *Listin Diario* at the door of the Hotel Français, Barron of the Customs Receivership told the story to a select few gathered around one of the little tables within.

"Have any of you fellows ever been to Barahona?" he began. "Well, up country there, clean to San Juan, the people paint up their bohios with a sort of red clay. They dry it, pound it up, and make a sort of whitewash—or redwash—of it. Well, sir, Watters was down there a couple of months ago with Hazlit, the cedar man, and he took a great shine to this paint. Got a dozen sacks and filled them with it. Then he comes back and gets a concession for a couple of *caballerias* of clay, and says he's going up tomorrow on the *Cherokee* to sell it."

"That's about as good as his gold mine," said another. "He went up above Buenaventura to find Don Bartolomé Colón's old gold mine—said all the placer dust must have come from up river. When he came down with a peck or so of dust, we all began to figure on how to get a concession, till the Spanish-American Company's mining engineer, who was here, said it was all pyrites."

IT was not at all a bad place, thought the little captain. He had always known he would make a fortune here, and now the paint mine had come into his hands. He thought of the place he meant to buy when he had sold his concession.

Then he remembered Rosita, for he was a bit sentimental, this worthy captain, in spite of his gray mustache, and he was going to marry Rosita—sixteen, slender, very shy and very pretty, a real Dominican rose. So he padded into the dining room, manfully waded through his dinner, and went out to say his adieux.

He was an anachronism in the old city of the Colons, this plump little Yankee, but he liked it, and the people liked him. His course down the street was marked by many embraces, after the Dominican fashion of greeting and farewell, until he turned up gloomy Calle Colon.

Santo Domingo has been cleaned in spots, some of the streets have been macadamized, and along Calle Comercio it looks almost modern; but the dark old houses on Calle Colon have changed little since Nicolas de Ovando built them, and Spanish adventurers, from Diego Velazques to Balboa, lived in them. And in the midst of old Spain, the middle-aged Yankee captain and his youthful sweetheart! What wonder Barron and his friends snickered when they saw them.

THE *Cherokee* sailed the next day, bearing Captain Watters and his precious sacks of paint ore. Finally he found himself in the private office of Phineas Ware, titular deity of paint.

The little captain's story was brief, and not altogether convincing.

"I don't know a thing about paint," he said, "but it seems to work down there, so I just got a concession and brought up my samples. Your chemists can analyze it, and if they say you can make paint of the dirt, I reckon you and me can come to terms. The concession's good as gold, and I don't want much for it—just enough so's I can buy a place I got my eye on. I ain't hoggish. If it won't work—well, it ain't cost me much," and the captain waited wistfully for the decision.

Phineas Ware reflected. The captain had amused him, and there might be oxide in the clay, for it was very red, and his chemists were paid by the month.

"I'll have it analyzed," he graciously conceded.

Captain Watters bowed himself out and sent five of his precious ten sacks to the company's laboratory.

Now chemists are conscientious, even when paid by the month. No one but a chemist could tell—to say nothing of understand—what they did to the proffered samples. Their report made Phineas Ware sit up and light a fresh cigar. Stripped of technical verbiage, it said scornfully that there wasn't an atom of anything that made paint in a hundred tons of the stuff, but added, as an afterthought, that the five sacks presented showed what appeared to be placer gold in the quantity of about three hundred dollars to the ton.

Phineas Ware thought hard. Placer gold came near rivers, and Captain Watters had laid great stress on the transportation facilities afforded by the Nizaito, which ran through his land. Ware remembered, too, that gold dredges worked placer dirt at an unbelievably small cost. *Paint* mine, eh? Captain Watters was commanded to appear next day.

He came, a little shabbier than the week before, and hesitatingly asked about his paint ore. The rich man was urbane. The chemists were inclined to think his clay could be used by the company after certain processes—expensive processes, to be sure, but still on a commercial basis. However, they would like to examine a little more of the material. Could the captain have a few more sacks sent north?

The captain reflected aloud. The *Seminole* sailed north on Friday. He could cable to have a few sacks sent up from Barahona to Azua and just catch her.

"I ain't hoggish," he said. "If you can use it, I reckon we can do business; and if you can't, why, I've lost before. Anyhow, it didn't cost me much."

Clearly a man of few ideas, this worthy captain!

The *Seminole* finally arrived, in pursuance of her leisurely schedule, and the next day Captain Watters sent five more sacks to the Consolidated Paint Company's laboratory. The chemists performed their mysterious rites and made their report. It was like the first, but professional scorn marked its tone. They had already said the clay wouldn't make paint—it was annoying to be obliged to repeat. They also mentioned gold.

Phineas Ware made up his mind. Clearly, the company should improve this opportunity to secure a valuable paint mine. It did. The little captain proved not unreasonable. He clearly understood that it was an expensive process, and he sold his concession for twenty thousand dollars. The contract was drawn up by the company's lawyer, and, after a painstaking scrutiny by Captain Watters, was duly signed. A property containing clay which could be utilized in the business of the Consolidated Paint Company, and a concession which could not be broken—twenty thousand dollars—a mutual exchange. Very simple!

Captain Watters returned to Santo Domingo by the *Seminole*. He has married Rosita now, and lives on his *finca* up the Jaina.

ABOUT a month after his return—in fact, on the *Seminole's* return trip—there came a number of quiet young men with bronzed faces and a large shipment of expensive machinery. They immediately donned worn khaki breeches and scarred leather puttees, stowed the machinery in a *goleta*, and set sail for Barahona. They had a faculty of keeping to themselves and saying nothing, much resented by Barron.

They returned, presently—without the machinery, but with a full cargo of profanity not unmixed with amusement. They, too, were paid by the month.

It was their chief, a slender young man with hair prematurely gray, who told of their adventures.

"I don't know whether to swear or laugh," he said to Barron, after dinner one night. "Three hundred dollars to the ton, they told me, and showed me the assays—and all that machinery: pumps, giants, sluices! I went over the concession with a fine tooth comb, and there isn't enough gold there to fill a tooth! All the gold that stuff ever saw was what that little captain shot into the sacks with an *escopeta*, down on the beach. An old *resguardo* saw him, held him up for ten, and then held his tongue. Gold! It's the greatest wild-goose chase I ever heard of since old Ponce de Leon!"

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Balls and Strikes

By BILLY EVANS

Chance's Chances

A GOOD manager can get better results out of a good ball team than a bad manager. A good manager can do but little more with a bad team than a poor manager.

Frank Chance is universally recognized as a great leader. After managing a pennant winner for years in the National League, Chance shifted to the American. He assumed charge of the New York team. That club, when Chance took it, looked as much like the clubs he had handled during his régime, as day resembles night. Last place was unanimously conceded him before the start of the season. He managed to finish seventh, one peg higher than his club had been rated. Yet no manager in the world could have gotten better results than did Chance. That is my very humble opinion.

At the close of last season, I made part of the journey westward with Chance. Always accustomed to managing a club that was up in the race, the season of 1913, with a near tail-ender, had been a novel and strange experience for him. We discussed many of the tough situations he had been up against during the season. Some brought a laugh, others disgust, for like all great managers Chance can countenance errors, but raves at "bone-headedness." It is needless for me to add that Chance was forced to do considerable raving last summer.

There are some managers in the majors, who have never been at the head of clubs that have finished in the first division. There are others who have never had the thrill of being considered a pennant contender, but have been always fighting their hardest to keep out of last place. There are many leaders content to keep on managing, despite their inability to develop a winner. It was evident to me that Chance was not one of these.

"How would you like to manage a near tail-ender for a half dozen years, and go through what you have been up against this season?" I asked.

The idea made him smile.

"About two more years like this, and I wouldn't be able to manage anything. I am not used to tail-enders. I never could weather six seasons. I don't anticipate such a thing, however, for New York isn't going to have a tail-ender in 1914." Chance was mighty serious now, the funny happenings of 1913 had been forgotten.

"I'm going to get some ball-players," he continued, "then the fans will begin to realize I am a better manager than perhaps some give me credit for now. I don't care how much ability a fellow may have as a leader, he can't meet with much success if he hasn't got the players to carry out his plans. A manager with a poor ball club, is just like the driver of a racing car, who has a flat tire or is out of gasoline. He lacks the power. No manager can win ball games, unless the players go out and turn the trick for him. The class must be there. If it is, sooner or later it will assert itself."

That little talk with Chance made him an even bigger fellow in my opinion. Working on his theory, Chance has practically gotten rid of the entire New York Club that was wished on him, and has molded together a line-up that will prove mighty troublesome for many a pennant contender.

Loss of a Star Hurts

THE loss of a star player very often plays havoc with the strength and success of a ball team. Perhaps no better illustration of this truth could be cited than the case of Jack Barry, the wonderful shortstop of the Philadelphia Athletics. Barry is a player whose real worth is not appreciated until illness or injury puts him out of the running. When in the game he does his work with



Frank Chance

very little show, making plays look easy which the average shortstop would make appear as the hardest kind of chances. While not a .300 hitter, there is no batter more dangerous in a pinch, and I don't except the game's leading hitters. At pulling the squeeze play he is without a superior in the American League, and I seriously doubt if there is a man in the game more proficient than he at laying the ball down.

Unfortunately for Barry and the Athletics, there seems to be a jinx on the clever shortstop, and almost every year an injury of some kind puts him out of the game. It is at such times that his great value to Connie Mack's team is made apparent. This year a spike wound inflicted by Dan Moeller of the Washington Club, robbed the Athletics of Barry's service for a long time. Orr and Kopf are mighty good ball-players, but they have a hard rôle to fill when subbing for Barry. Barry's absence tends greatly to slow up Mack's great infield.

Taking Barry out of that infield is like taking a very important cog out of a delicate piece of machinery. The introduction of a new man into the infield necessitates the other players shifting their style. The play is slower, because the style of the new man must be constantly watched. It is impossible with any other infielder, to pull double plays as the Barry-Collins combination executes them.

Jack Barry is a grand ball-player, but it takes his absence from the game to impress the fact on fandom; Barry does little of the grandstand stuff.

Too Much Prosperity

THERE is in the American League a young pitcher who is rated by many critics as a star performer. A few years ago the youngster was unknown even in the minors. When he joined the majors he gave evidence of having plenty of stuff, but was very green, and needed a lot of experience.

In the club in question is one of the best catchers in the game. He worked hard with the raw recruit, and the youngster soon began to show signs of acquiring a big league polish. Practically all of his success was made possible by the careful handling and clever coaching of the brainy catcher.

Almost overnight the pitcher jumped into prominence, and his name often appeared in the head-lines. Critics said all kinds of nice things about him. From a quiet fellow, who followed every bit of advice offered by his backstop, he suddenly developed into a player who knew more about the game than the veteran catcher.

In a recent game, the catcher signalled for a curve ball on a certain batter. The pitcher shook his head, but the catcher insisted. The batter was known to be weak on a curve at the knee, but able to wallop a curve at the letters. The pitcher finally agreed to throw the curve; but instead of keeping it low, he broke the ball high, and the batter doubled to the left field fence, driving in two runs, enough to win.

Well, the catcher was sore, so was the pitcher. "Fine judgment," remarked the catcher, "you got that one right in his groove." The pitcher smiled rather sarcastically and replied: "Well, I relied on your judgment and threw a curve. I rather think we will have better success, if you do the catching and allow me to do the pitching." The conversation was a big surprise to me. The catcher realized it. This was his comment:

"Prosperity is too much for some people."

Just let that young pitcher have a slump, and he will soon conclude that baseball fame is fleeting, and fandom very fickle. He will then realize his best friend is the veteran catcher. He can't see things that way just now.

"Out of the Cellar" Slogan

BRANCH RICKEY is not making any rash predictions as to where his St. Louis American Club will finish. In recent years vaudeville performers have had to cut out that old joke about Washington being first in war, first in peace and last in the American League. St. Louis has been very busy holding down the last in the American League situation. Since 1908 when the Browns for a greater part of the year seriously threatened to win the pennant, the team has almost continuously flirted with last place. When Rickey assumed charge of the club, the one thing he drilled into his players was the desire to get out of last place. His team is not shooting at the pennant, but, on the contrary, is making every effort possible to keep away from the cellar position.

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Sports

By HERBERT REED

BATTING of the first order in college baseball is usually about as rare as the white rhinoceros, and it is therefore refreshing to find so many men this year above the .300 mark. An unusual feature of the marked advancement with the stick shown by Harvard is the steady work at bat of young Mr. Frye, one of the Crimson's pitchers. It is not possible, of course, to forecast what he will do in his big games, but he has been around the .400 mark or better in the early games, and this against as good pitching as he is likely to encounter at a later stage. In action he reminds one very strongly of Poole, the Yale catcher of many years ago who had, probably, as neat a style as any amateur who ever played the game. Poole met the ball better than a great many of the professionals who bat well in spite of their style rather than because of it. Pitchers in the professional ranks are notoriously poor hitters, but college batting has been so poor much of the time that a pitcher might well be expected to be close to the top. Frye, as it happens, is at the top of a first-class batting team, which makes his record all the more remarkable. Frank Mt. Pleasant, the Carlisle Indian, was to my way of thinking the best all-round player who ever wore a college uniform, and he, too, was a pitcher. His batting was always in the neighborhood of .500, which is terrific hitting for any man, amateur or professional, and he could play any position in the field. Like Bender and other Indians who have made a name for themselves in sport, Mt. Pleasant is a Chippewa.

Bender—Pitcher and Golfer

APROPOS of Bender, I wonder how many baseball fans know that he is not only an ardent, but also an extremely capable, golfer. The Indian mainstay of the Athletics maintains on the links the same imperturbable demeanor that marks his work on the diamond. Nor has his golf ever interfered with his baseball. Just another example of the efficiency of the "two-sport" man.

The "Rolling" High Jumper

EDWARD BEESON, the young Californian who has followed the example of Horine in setting a new world's mark for the high jump, has been criticized for his peculiar "rolling" style, just as was Horine. It had been said of Horine that he kept the bar in place with one arm as he "rolled" over it, and the same thing is being said of Beeson. After all, it is a matter for the Amateur Athletic Union to settle, and in the meantime there probably will be other Californians to copy the style of Horine and Beeson. Alma Richards, who won the Olympic Championship in the high jump, actually dives over the bar, yet there has been little criticism of his method save that he might possibly change it for one that might get him over a greater height. Probably the jumper with the prettiest style was E. B. Bloss, of Harvard, who, however, did not set up new records.

Harvard's Rowing Pilgrimage

HARVARD oarsmen have gone about their English Henley undertaking in a particularly sane way. The Union Boat Club of Boston, which is practically an all-Harvard combination, will lead the quest of the Grand Challenge Cup, supported by the Harvard second crew which made such a good showing in the American Henley at Philadelphia, and while neither of these eights is the fastest in the United States they can be depended upon to give a good account of themselves, and to further the interests of clean international sport. With Paul Withington in the Diamond Sculls, and the two Boston boats in the biggest event on the list, America will be better represented than has been the case in many years. Since none of the entrants claims to represent the best rowing in America, they will all be spared the annoyance suffered by other crews that have been too much in the limelight after appearing in England. Criticism that is well intended is sometimes rather trying in a foreign country, and American oarsmen have had too much of it.

America's Golf Disaster

THE American golfing disaster at Sandwich was foreseen by a good many close followers of the game, who hoped against hope. But "neither the angels in Heaven above nor the demons down under the sea" could be expected to come through a championship playing only eighteen-hole matches. The system of play hits the English experts quite as hard as the American and in that sense is as fair as such a system could be, but I do not think that any golfer of whatever country and whatever reputation could be expected to do himself justice short of the full thirty-six holes. Just as in duplicate whist the player has two chances with the same hand, with and against, so in thirty-six hole golf the player has two attempts at each hole, which is manifestly the fairest system. The failure of Ouimet, Travers and Evans should not be taken too seriously. Hilton, undoubtedly one of the greatest of golfers, has had his off days in this country, and it is inevitable that even the best of American players should have their off days on a strange course. It is to be hoped that the present "far-flung" American golfers will do better in France. They could hardly fare worse at La Boulie than at Sandwich.

Washington's Powerful Crew

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY'S powerful crew, which will be seen in action at Poughkeepsie again this year, will bear watching not merely because of the remarkable build of the men, but because of their ages. One of the best oarsmen in the boat is twenty-seven years old, and the average is far above twenty-one. Strictly speaking these are men, not boys, and there is no gainsaying the fact that men stand the gaff of a four-mile race better than boys. I have yet to see a baldheaded chap in a college crew who wasn't sitting up at the finish. It will be interesting to see whether this extremely heavy crew—there is one 190-pounder in the boat—can be driven so as to get in two or three spurts instead of one, as was the case last year. Against the watch, such a crew, rowing in the good form that Conibear has taught, probably would make any of them hustle, and if able to hit up the beat per minute could probably outlast most of the eights that will be seen on the Hudson. Even Wisconsin has turned out no finer physical specimens than Washington.

Queal—Maker of Runners

YALE has "come back" impressively on track and field this year, and much of the credit for the improvement is due to Queal, who has had charge of the runners. He has displayed keen judgment in figuring at just what distances his men would do their best work. Queal has turned a fair half-miler into a miler good for 4:25 any day, and has made a really fine quarter-miler out of a man who was at best a mediocre sprinter. He has also uncovered a number of new sprinters.

A Handful of Milers

THERE are today probably a dozen mile runners in the college ranks who can cover the distance in 4:25 or better, yet the Intercollegiate event was often won in the old days in 4:34 or worse. Training and coaching are improving, and track athletics are getting popular enough to bring out the good men who years ago devoted their attention to baseball or rowing. It is a hopeful sign, and it is to be hoped that the collegians, when they are graduated, will not flock to one athletic club, as was too often the case in the past. The smaller clubs are fighting an uphill battle, and deserve all the encouragement they can get.

Cornell's Rowing Course

CORNELL'S bid for the intercollegiate regatta another year on Cayuga Lake is not likely to be successful, although probably the race could be rowed under fairer conditions than at Poughkeepsie. There is nothing the matter with the course nor the observation train, save that there have been a good many postponements of two-mile races because of rough water. It is, however, too much to expect that other crews would enter a regatta of intercollegiate calibre on any one crew's home course. The making of records on "dead" water would be an advantage, of course, for it cannot be certain that the fastest crew at Poughkeepsie has made the record there, the tide having to be taken into account.

The Ugliest Mascot

IN the opinions of most followers of sport the ugliest mascot of college history was "Handsome Dan," the Yale bulldog, but the totem poles which are to be brought on from Seattle by the Washington crew are several classes beyond the Eli pet. Two of the poles stood guard over the quarters of the Northwesterners last year, but they were left behind, having been lost as a racing bet along with the rowing shirts that custom has indorsed as a proper wager.

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What They Think Of Us

Lincoln (Neb.) *Courier*

HARPER'S WEEKLY, more than any other journal, is interpreting the spirit of the day which President Wilson is trying to exemplify.

Charlton G. Ogburn, New York City

Had not HARPER'S WEEKLY since last August demonstrated it, I would not have believed it possible for the ideal to have been so nearly attained in magazine-making. The stimulus of it is the thing. That you are right ninety-nine times out of a hundred may merely be a matter of the viewpoint. Your today's issue strikes such a responsive chord that I am unable to refrain from writing you. I hope, therefore, that you will pardon this effervescence.

E. J. Thornburg, Logan (Mont.)

I am very much disappointed in the paper. I was not aware of the change in management. I accepted the trial offer. I have no use for any paper that champions such fakirs as Louis Brandeis and Gifford Pinchot. I am an old man of seventy years and have voted Democratic ticket all my life, but since seeing the effect of the Wilson Tariff I am stand-pat Republican and will vote that ticket —so kindly discontinue the paper and oblige.

Norman Lewis, Cleveland (O.)

Your editorial in this week's HARPER'S WEEKLY, entitled "The Cost of Courage," is one of the best I have ever read in any publication.

Chicago (Ill.) *News*

With whimsical satire, John Galsworthy in HARPER'S WEEKLY rebukes the plain man for being so unspeakably and discouragingly plain. "His narrow opinions," says the English playwright, "dominate the world."

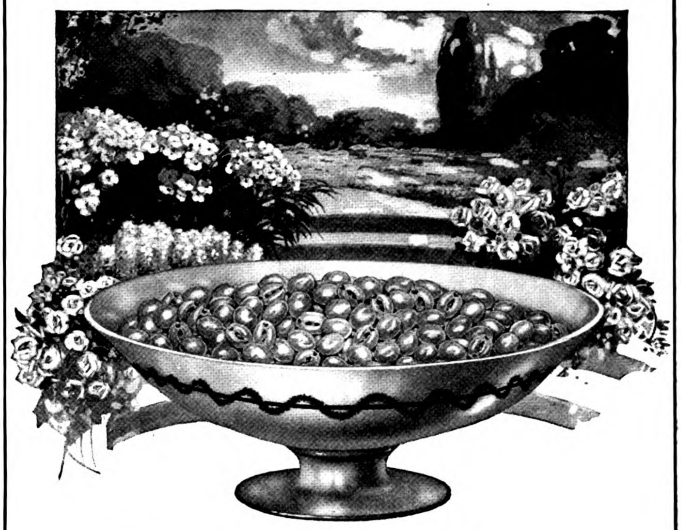
Perhaps it is not all the plain man's fault. He is not to blame if he feels uncomfortable when post-impressionism bobs up in the conversation. Similarly he is on the most distant terms with the molecular theory, futurism, Nietzscheism, William de Morgan fiction and differential calculus. More in his line are Potash and Perlmutter, the tango classics and a rollicking girl-show garnished with a little music. Probably he would really like to know if Rabindranath Tagore is the grand lama of Tibet, or a new-thought lecturer, and if Selma Lagerlof is a militant suffragette or the inventor of a new brand of cold cream, but between the vulgar necessity of earning three square meals a day and keeping track of the major league games he has not the time.

Kansas City (Mo.) *Times*

Mr. Norman Hapgood is making HARPER'S WEEKLY a real factor in affairs. Under his editorship it is urging progressive measures—measures directed toward making better the common lot.

C. H. B. Floyd, Apalachicola, Fla.

HARPER'S WEEKLY continues to approach perfection. It has the *esprit de corps* of a crack American polo team and of Connie Mack's "Athletics" and of a masterpiece of Rodin. Ah! it has style! the most precious gift of the high gods.



The Meeting Place in Summertime

Is Around a Dish of Puffed Grains

Every morning, countless families are now meeting around a dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Some eat them with cream and sugar—some mix them with their fruit.

Every evening, legions again meet around Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk. At suppertime or bedtime these dainty morsels form an ideal good-night dish.

At noontime, Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice form the welcome luncheon. At dinner, they are scattered like nut meats over the ice cream. In the afternoon, girls use them in candy making, and hungry boys eat the grains like peanuts when at play.

The millions who do this know the utmost in a cereal-food delight.

The Perfect Foods

Prof. Anderson, in these puffed grains, has created the perfect foods. Here, for the first time, all the food granules are broken. Digestion can instantly act.

Inside of each grain there occur in the making a hundred million steam explosions. And the airy morsels which result are the best-cooked foods in existence.

They are foods for any hour. They never tax the stomach. And every atom of food value has been made available. No other method has ever created such ideal foods as these puffed grains.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

In the hot days coming—when you want to save cooking—when you want cool foods, easy to digest—serve a wealth of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Serve them as breakfast cereals, as dairy dishes. And use them like confections, for the taste is like toasted nuts.

Each puffed grain has a different flavor. But each is crisp and bubble-like and thin. Each is a dainty which everyone enjoys. Each marks the limit in good food.

Serve them both. Order a package of each from your grocer, then let the children vote on which they like best.

The Quaker Oats Company

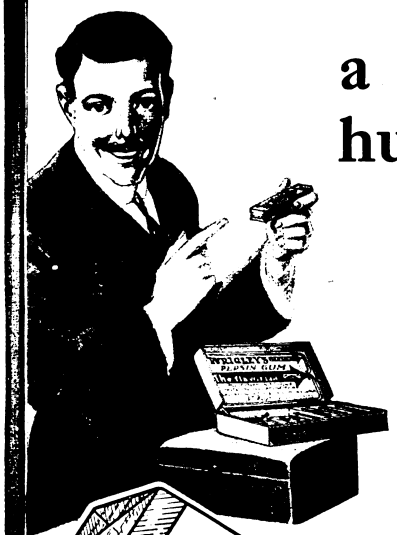
Sole Makers

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"The new air-tight seal makes every package of

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

a perfect humidor."



"I keep my cigars perfect in an air-tight box. ***This beneficial tid-bit is kept perfect with an air-tight seal.***" Every package is kept ***personal.*** Every piece is kept perfectly ***fresh*** and perfectly ***clean.***



It purifies the breath instantly of tobacco and other odors.

Keep this always fresh, delicious, beneficial tid-bit always handy. Give pleasant, regular aid to your teeth, gums, appetite, digestion.

There's no offering for your guests or family that's so WELCOME—so INEXPENSIVE—so sure to be FRESH no matter WHEN or WHERE you buy it.

It's the most economical pastime known!

Be Sure It's WRIGLEY'S
Chew it after every meal

Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Stock Speculation Again

ON this page in the issue of April 4 there was described the common process of buying stocks on margin—or part credit. The danger of such a practice received due emphasis and the moral drawn was that persons with small capital should hesitate to engage in speculation. The writer therefore was not a little surprised to receive the following letter signed by Henry Rawie, consulting engineer, of Washington, D. C.:

> It is absolutely false that buying stocks on margin is the same as buying furniture on the instalment plan, books by subscription, or purchasing real estate and mortgaging it, and it is entirely in such intended misrepresentations that so much harm is being done.
>
> If I buy furniture or books or real estate, by instalment, I acquire title inasmuch as no other buyer to the same identical property may dispute ownership with me. Every panic on the New York Stock Exchange arises because the deals are not what Mr. Atwood represents them to be, for the reason that the brokers do not buy and sell the actual stock, and the buyer has no security behind his margin except that of confidence in the ability of the broker to sell out one line of customers to meet another line coming in for the same property.
>
> If I buy real estate the broker cannot sell the same real estate to ten or one hundred other customers and depend upon closing them out and only make actual delivery to one, and that one an owner who never has parted with his stock, but keeps it for this very purpose of making loans upon the same share certificates over and over again.
>
> The broker sells one hundred shares, the customer puts up a margin, is charged with interest on the unpaid principal; the delivery is made between brokers representing loaning banks on the floor of the Exchange, the broker sells the same certificate within a minute, and continues to do so until the shares sold are many more than the shares outstanding.
>
> Why does not your financial authority tell the truth about the deals in margins by which fortunes are paid in interest, on fictitious shares of stock which have no other existence but upon the books of the banks and the brokers?
>
> To my mind there is one simple explanation of the evils which center about the Stock Exchange—the bucket shop evil—and this evil is rampant on the New York Stock Exchange, for it consists in pyramiding loans upon shares of stock that have only a technical existence, and an existence which the call loan and the demand for daily cash settlements, for hundreds of millions of dollars, may destroy in a few hours.

In one sense this letter does not deserve an answer, because Mr. Rawie has taken one or two sentences out of their context in my article of April 4, and thus wrenched them entirely away from their true meaning. However he expresses rather clearly a view held by many people. If the Stock Exchange is as bad as he makes out, it should be suppressed as a dangerous institution. Indeed if such a vastly important cog in the business and financial machine is so thoroughly vicious we have made a highly sensational discovery which should be blazoned forth at once.

Mr. Rawie's whole argument, except where his premises are wrong, is based upon the fact that certain active stocks are dealt in on the Exchange to a far greater extent than they are transferred on the books of the corporation. The extreme case is that of the Reading Company in 1906, a year of excessive speculation, which may never be repeated. In that year forty-three times as many shares of Reading changed hands on the New York Stock Exchange as were transferred on the books of the company.

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While there has been no other case to equal this, there are always more transactions in a small group of active stocks than there are transfers on the books of the companies. What does this fact prove?

It apparently proves that speculation far exceeds investment, although this conclusion is subject to modification. Many rich men buy stocks for investment and leave them with their brokers without transfer on the books, to escape having their ownership revealed. Investors living abroad often take the same course. It is said that 50,000 shares in one corporation are bought outright about every three months without transfer.

NO doubt "floor traders" (professional speculators who are brokers) and arbitragers (brokers dealing between New York, London, Paris and Berlin) make many "quick turns." For that matter, real estate dealers buy options on land, and a parcel may change hands in that sense two or three times a week. An organized speculative market affords great facility. In the highly organized and specialized condition of modern industry there are many persons as well as many processes in the distributive as well as the productive end. In every business there are those who trade or speculate on the "floating supply," and contract to buy and sell more goods than exist.

But this condition applies to only a few stocks on the Exchange. It is true that most of the dealings are in those stocks. But much the same applies to "Tintos" on the Paris Bourse and "Chartered" on the London Exchange. There is none of this "wind" in Chicago & Northwestern, St. Paul, Atchison, Pennsylvania, New York Central, Great Northern, Louisville & Nashville and hundreds of other stocks. It might be a good thing if constant and rapid passing from one ownership to another of stocks like Reading and Steel common were lessened, but the only harm it does is when amateurs, without adequate capital or knowledge, seeking in childish manner to make money without work, mental or physical, engage in speculation. Speculation is necessary and legitimate. Eliminate it and the conservatism of investment would arrest the development of the country. But speculation is just as dangerous for the amateur as the practice of medicine.

Mr. Rawie says no other owner may dispute ownership of furniture bought on the instalment plan. The buyer of stocks even on a small margin, or none at all, acquires title and can sell any time he desires. The buyer of books or furniture on part payment does not acquire title at all, and if he sells he performs a criminal act. No other owner can dispute title with the margin buyer of stock, as long as he meets his payments. And of course the buyer of books and furniture had to meet *his* payments.

Brokers buy and sell *actual certificates* of stock on the Exchange. Any statement to the contrary is absolutely false. Any margin buyer who pays up in full gets the actual certificate, and if he does not get it the broker is expelled from the Stock Exchange and goes to jail. Each time a broker transacts an order he not only receives or delivers the stock but pays for it in full. It is quite true that margined stock does not pass into the actual physical possession of the buyer as a mortgaged house, or books or furniture do. A bank which loans on stock has to have the certificate because otherwise the buyer could walk away with it. A man who buys a house on a 20-point margin and borrows 80 per cent. on mortgage from a bank is just as much at the mercy of the bank, and rightly so, but the bank cannot place the house in its loan envelope and does not need to do so because no one will walk away with it.

EVERY share of stock bought on the New York Stock Exchange exists. It is not "fictitious." It is actual stock. So at least courts and tax assessors assert. The fact that bankers or brokers hold it as collateral for loans and the margin speculator does not see the certificates proves nothing. Let Mr. Rawie buy stock and pay for it with his own rather than with a bank's money, and he will see it. He speaks of a broker making a loan "over and over again on the same share certificate," and of "selling the same certificate within a minute," when with every loan he must deposit the certificate as security for such "loan." "Does any one think," asks Mr. H. S. Martin, assistant secretary of the Stock Exchange, "that a bank will lend twice on the one certificate or permit the withdrawal of the security until the first loan is paid, or does any one think a bank will abet a fraud of this sort?"

The bucket shop evil is *not* rampant upon the Stock Exchange. By a bucket shop is meant an institution which does not buy or sell and make deliveries and full payment, but merely bets with its customers on prices and settles the difference. Perhaps there are Stock Exchange brokers who do this in their offices. There have been in the past. But on the Exchange itself the stocks traded in, anywhere from 150,000 to 500,000 shares a day, are not bucketed in any sense. They are paid for in full and delivered in full. The bucket shop evil is and long has been rampant throughout the country, but it has no relation to the Stock Exchange, or at least only the relation that robbery has to private property, which is that if there were no private property there would be no robbery.

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Good Intentions— Not Enough

The enlightened public today demands more. It demands absolute protection.

Every brewer tries to make pure beer and hopes it will be pure when you drink it, but—

They send it out in a light bottle, and it's the light that starts decay and develops the skunky taste.

Schlitz goes to you in a Brown Bottle which protects the beer from light and keeps it pure and wholesome from the brewery to your glass.

See that Crown is branded "Schlitz"

Order a Case Today

Schlitz The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous.

67 MB

ALICE HEGAN RICE created in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" one of those characters which win a world-wide love. Now she has created in "The Honorable Percival" a character which wins a world-wide laugh. Don't miss the first installment of "A Blighted Being" in

JULY McCLURE'S

At All News-Stands Fifteen Cents

There is only one evil rampant on the Stock Exchange—and a very serious one—even if it is only about one-fourth as great as it used to be. I refer of course to excessive speculation by persons unfitted by knowledge, temperament and possession of capital to speculate, and the natural, human willingness of brokers to accept that sort of speculation.

The essential difference between the stock and the real estate or furniture markets is that prices change more rapidly in one than the others. But the real estate broker or furniture dealer can sell the same property to ten or a hundred other customers if the first one does not pay up. In actual practice householders and farmers and furniture owners are dispossessed every day for not paying up, just as margin speculators in stocks are dispossessed. In both cases loans and mortgages may be, and actually are, constantly called in with sad results. Of course the householder lives in his house, but so does the stockholder, for he uses it by drawing dividends. The only moral to draw from Mr. Rawie's letter is that the man who cannot afford to pay up and cannot meet changing fluctuations in any form of property has no right to buy that property on margin.

When a Pretty Maid

By

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

WHEN a pretty maid will kiss you, unabashed,
When one of the distant dozens
Of your wife's discovered cousins
Has met you, and her lips have forward flashed,
Your check upon the Bank of Youth is cashed.
Grow no further interested
Lest the payment be protested,
When a pretty maid has kissed you, unabashed.

When her "How de do?" is bracketed —or dashed—
With a brace of skimpy kisses,
Neither woman's size, nor misses,
As a Romeo you're slaughtered, skinned and hashed.
So wail your weeps and let your gums be gnashed.
Seek you politics and letters!
Love and war are for your betters,
When a pretty maid has kissed you, unabashed.

When a pretty maid has kissed you, unabashed,
When you wonder how you won it,
But she hardly knows she's done it,
Oh, you may be starred and gartered, plumed and sashed,
But the bright fires of Romance are cold and ashed.
Sage and scholar may regard you,
Prince and president reward you,
But—a pretty maid has kissed you, unabashed.

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Food and Health

By LEWIS B. ALLYN

Food Talks with the Children

FEW have better opportunity for noting the untoward effects of careless habits of diet than the dentist. The teeth consist of over 78 per cent. of mineral matter, and make heavy demands for adequate supplies of this valuable substance. If food is deficient in mineral salts, dental complications are sure to follow.

Sometimes a dentist will tell of his observations in a delightfully simple way. This point is observed in the recently published booklets—"Food Talks with Children" and "Preventive Dentistry," by J. S. Engs, D.D.S., Oakland, Cal. "Many children," says Dr. Engs, "suffer greatly from tooth-decay and its attendant evils, between the ages of six and, we may say, sixteen years. Decay of teeth, I think, results from many causes, some of which are at present not fully recognized. Amongst these, nutritional unbalance must occupy a prominent place if we may judge by the results obtained through research work during the past three years.

"If I am not wrong in my deductions, the dentistry of the future is going to be practiced more and more along preventive lines. We are going to try to prevent decay in children's teeth if it is possible to do so, and we know of no better way than by supplying the growing body of the child with everything that is needed in 'building material.' Proper assimilation being encouraged by plenty of fresh air and exercise, I don't see how we can fail to improve the child's general condition, and in so doing we will surely (hereditary taints excepted) help coming generations to better teeth."

Then follow suggestive dietaries for various conditions.

The author directs the child's attention to several analogies in plant and animal life which it is hoped will be conducive towards better habits of diet. The idea of improving general conditions through proper nutrition, instead of through drugs, "bitters" and "tonics" seems practically sane and sound.

What Is Poison?

THE present activities in the various state legislative bodies concerning restrictions in the use and sale of poisons has again brought to the front this old question.

Some fifty years ago it was proposed that pharmacists "consider as poison all drugs and preparations liable to prove fatal in doses of 60 grains, or, if a liquid, in doses of one fluid drachm and so designate them." If preparations were fatal in doses of 5 grains or less, they were to be known as "deadly poison."

Three more modern definitions are of interest:

(1) "A substance which, when introduced into the body and acting chemically, injures or interferes in any degree with normal physiological processes should be classed as a harmful agent and hence a poison." (*Hale.*)

(2) "Chemical, not organized bodies, that, when applied or administered to the animal organism, bring about definite



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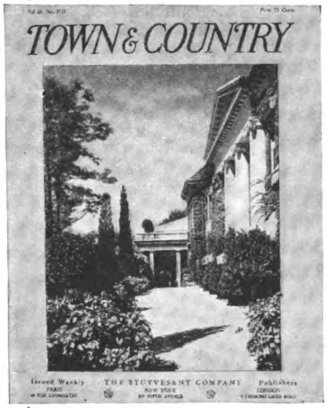
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On March 22nd **JAMES W. McCULLOCH** writes: "Please discontinue the advertisement of Wyandout Cottage, Saranac Lake, as we have rented the same from the advertisement in your paper."

On March 4th **Mr. CHARLES PRESBREY**, Vice-President of the Frank Presbrey Company, wrote us: "The advertisement in your February 14th number, which we inserted for one of our customers who wished to sell his house, has brought results far beyond our expectations. We knew *TOWN & COUNTRY* reached the class of people who would be interested in the property we advertised but eleven such inquiries as we received, we think, is a record."

On April 22nd the **GEO. M. POTTER AGENCY** wrote us: "Having been successful in leasing for the season one of the largest camps in the Adirondacks, for one of our clients, through the medium of *TOWN & COUNTRY*, and this after having used other mediums, we take pleasure in sending you under separate cover descriptive matter with illustration of another high-class property at Cazenovia, New York, which we have been requested to advertise in *TOWN & COUNTRY*. We congratulate you on the very evident pulling power of *TOWN & COUNTRY*."

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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

My Husband

came in and stood very near me. I wasn't looking at him, but down at my wedding veil, which lay tangled about my feet. Never before had we been together alone.

"My dear child," he said softly, "do you hate me so much?"

"I don't hate you," I said behind my hands. "But I cannot go with you anywhere. I cannot be your wife."—From

The Little Straw Wife

in the

JUNE LADIES' WORLD

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Edith Macvane	Edward Mott Woolley
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changes resulting in illness or death." (*Heiduschka.*)

(3) "Any agent which, introduced into the animal organism, may produce a morbid, noxious or deadly effect." (*Webster's Dictionary.*)

Reprint No. 146 from the Public Health Reports of the United States Health Service, contains an instructive digest of laws now in force relative to poisons and habit-forming drugs. Say the authors: "The novel feature of legislation during the past year is the inferential designation by North Dakota of tobacco, in the form of tobacco snuff and cigarettes, as a poison. Two laws recently enacted in that state prohibit the manufacture or sale of these articles."

Sections 1 and 2 of the North Dakota law read as follows:

Sec. 1. "It shall be unlawful for any person, firm, or corporation to import, manufacture, distribute, transport, sell, offer for sale, or to have in possession for sale, or to give away any snuff or any substitute therefor, under whatever name called, and as defined in this act."

Sec. 2. "For the purpose of this act, snuff is defined as any tobacco that has been fermented, or dried, or flavored, or pulverized, or cut, or scented, or otherwise treated, or any substitute therefor or imitation thereof, intended to be taken by the mouth or nose. Provided, however, that ordinary plug, fine cut, or long cut chewing tobacco as now commonly known to the trade of this state shall not be included in such definition."

The classifying of snuff and cigarettes as poison will be hailed with delight by many who wish to eradicate the former disgusting habit and by thousands who desire legal limitation placed about the latter dangerous one.

No Bath Needed

DOUBTLESS many readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY have shuddered at the ineffective and ofttimes filthy method of dish-washing frequently practiced by vendors of ice cream. For example, the custom in one ice cream "parlor" was to trail the used glasses through a pail of stagnant water. Hastily wiped on a doubtful rag by the method commonly spoken of as "a lick and a promise." A health officer expostulated with the proprietor and was informed that the dish pail contained enough formaldehyde "to kill all the bugs."

This practice has been rendered unnecessary by an unique product marketed by the "Oval Wood Dish Co., of New York City." A shallow saucer or bowl deftly fashioned from maple wood is substituted for a glass cup or china dish. These sanitary ice cream dishes are placed in suitable holders and are thrown away after a single service. There is no washing of greasy china or glass ware, no dirty dish-water under the counter leaving dishes sticky, germ-laden bacteria incubators. The proprietor who adopts these dishes is pretty sure to serve clean cream and clean spoons. The Oval Wood Dish Company is a public benefactor. Its idea is in direct line with individual drinking cups, sanitary fountains, paper towels and liquid soap containers—all tending to conserve the public health.

Fashionable Rice

FASHIONS in foods are just as pronounced as fashions in dress and are frequently as fatuous. This statement is particularly applicable to our cereals.

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Mr. S. A. Knapp in Farmers Bulletin 417, United States Department of Agriculture, puts the matter concisely:

"Fashion demands rice having a fine gloss. To supply this the rice is put through the polishing process, which removes some of the most nutritious portions of the rice grains. Estimated according to the food values, rice polish (or flour) is 1¾ times as valuable for food as polished rice. The oriental custom, much used by farmers in the South, of removing the hulls and bran with a pounder and using the grain without polishing is economical and furnishes a rice of much higher food value than the rice of commerce. In the process of polishing nearly all the fats are removed. In 100 pounds of rice polish there are 7.2 pounds of fats. In 100 pounds of polished rice there is only 0.4 pound of fat. Upon the theory that the flavor is in the fats, it is easy to understand the lack of flavor in commercial rice and why travelers universally speak of the excellent quality of the rice they eat in oriental countries."

Nature evidently intended this outer skin of the rice grain to be eaten. That this valuable covering is removed with difficulty, may be gathered from the fact that to remove the outer skin, the grain is put in huge mortars holding from 4 to 6 bushels each, and pounded with pestles weighing 350 to 400 pounds. Strange to say, the heavy weight of the pestles breaks very little grain. "The polishing," says Mr. Knapp, "is effected by friction against the rice of pieces of moose hide or sheepskin, tanned and worked to a wonderful degree of softness, loosely tacked around a revolving double cylinder of wood and wire gauze. From the polishers the rice goes to the separating screens, composed of different sizes of gauze, where it is divided into its appropriate grades. It is then barreled and is ready for market."

Save the manufacturers this unnecessary labor, get a better flavored, more nutritious grain by asking your grocer to supply you with the natural brown rice.

The Letter of the Law

PROFESSOR CHARLES LAWALL recently published in the *Journal of the American Pharmaceutical Association* an article entitled "The Letter of the Law." In it he cited several instances where the letter of the law is quite different from its spirit:

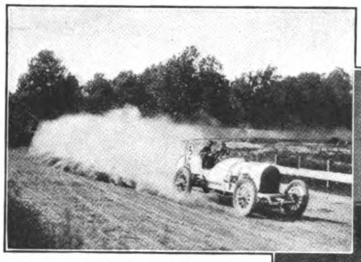
An official in the Bureau of Animal Industry who, in his over-zealous efforts to enforce the new rulings regarding the declaration of cereal starches, discovered that coriander, as commercially found upon the market, contained a few vetch seeds which were necessarily ground with the coriander and, notwithstanding the efforts of a dealer in spices to clean the seeds as far as was possible by mechanical means, ruled that "if the coriander seed contained only one vetch seed in a million it would necessitate the labeling of sausage in which a fraction of a per cent. of such coriander were used as seasoning, as containing leguminous starch."

This may sound ridiculous, but it is a fact, and the spice dealer was forced to appeal to the Secretary of Agriculture to bring about a common sense interpretation of the ruling in question.

The following suggestion is offered as a remedy for existing deficiencies in our present system of food and drug legislation:

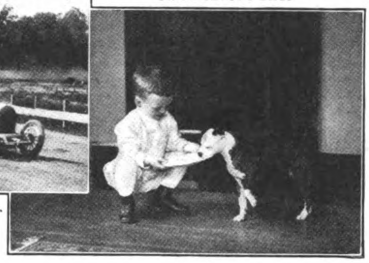
What we need to bring about a healthy condition in food and drug legislation is not large numbers of prosecutions based upon trivial or non-essential points, in which nominal fines (that act in no way as a deterrent) are imposed, but fewer and more wisely selected cases which involve basic principles where a penalty is imposed that really makes the defendant feel the weight of the punishment, and then to follow up these prosecutions by a continued enforcement of the law in similar cases until such violation is entirely stamped out.

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WHEN THE MAN PAYS

By a Man Who Paid

Have you read this remarkable confession in the June number of

THE LADIES' WORLD?

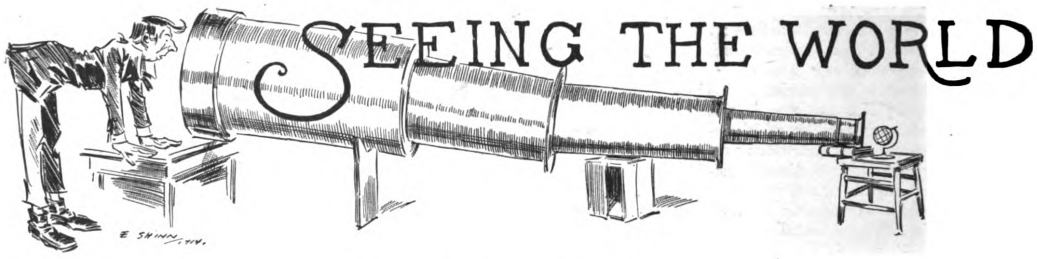
"My most dangerous inheritance was a winning way with women" —so the story begins.

"The woman pays for what she does, the man for what he knows" —so the story ends.

You will find it worth while to "read between the lines."

The June Ladies' World All news-stands, 10 cents

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Society Note

Joe Richards was kicked in the face Saturday.—Morton (Pa.) *News*

Living to Fight Another Day

Wanted—To trade a good army rifle for a pair of running shoes. See S. S. Skelton.

—Fayetteville (So. Car.) *Observer*

A Belated Sale

Because of my recent death I will sell all the stock and fixtures of my store. J. Benzig.

—Adv. in Wheeling (W. Va.) *Register*

An Unlicensed Dentist

Miss Clara Libby had a peculiar experience a few days ago while feeding the chickens. She was stooping down throwing out feed, when a rooster came up and grabbed hold of one of her teeth and hung on until it became so loose that it dropped out. This may sound like a fish story, but the party who told us is one of our most respected ladies.

—Elk Creek (Neb.) *Citizen*

Dressed Like a Bass Drum, May Be

People in this vicinity are warned against giving money to a stranger disguised as the Salvation army.

—Lane (W. Va.) *Recorder*

Standing Together

Another Georgia town has voted in favor of saloons, and here is the reason given by a citizen: "If we are going to stand for our women folks wearing shadow skirts and slit skirts and transparent skirts, and our younger women learning to dance the boll weevil wiggle, the Texas Tommy tango, the bunny hug, the bear dance, the half center, the buzzard flop and the puppy huddle, and so on down the line, then the men folk might just as well have their saloons and the whole push go to hell together."

—Pineville (Ga.) *Herald*

His Apprenticeship

Fred B. Smith, for 25 years an evangelist, has retired from religious work to become an executive officer of an asbestos manufacturing company.

—Sioux City (Iowa) *News*

The Evil That Men Do

—— was a unique character. An honest comment on his life in a newspaper is hard to make. We do not want to say an unkind thing about him. He put nothing into this world and he got nothing out. His hoarded wealth brought him an early grave, and he could take none of it with him. He was honest as he saw honesty; obeyed the laws of the land when it cost him nothing; neighbored with no one; trusted no one; got all he could get and kept all he got.

—Marquette (Kans.) *News*

How Big Is a Garden?



—By permission of the International News Service

Plenty of Knoys

Miss Ella Hancock visited her grandmother, Mrs. Martha Knoy, a few days last week.

Miss Joan and Miss Joy Lee visited Mrs. Kate Knoy Friday.

Ellis Alley visited at Thomas Coles, Sunday.

Mrs. Tena Knoy visited J. C. Lee's Tuesday.

Joseph Lee and family and Mrs. Mary Knoy visited at Ben Knoy's Sunday.

Homer Knoy and family visited at John Knoy's Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Knoy of Wakeland visited at Charles Hancock's Sunday night.

—Hurricane Hill Cor., Martinsville (Mo.) *Reporter*

Little Incentive to Do So

Mrs. Fred Smith has not fully recovered from her recent illness. Fred is still washing dishes.

—Fargo Cor., Caldwell (Idaho) *Tribune*

Unstable Roofs

A high wind took the roof from Mr. Bruns' barn Saturday. The chicken house roof also came off but that was caused by the darn roof striking it.

—Dority Creek Valley Cor., Prairie Farm (Wisc.) *Breeze*

Gratitude

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Cone wish to sincerely thank all the kind friends who worked so hard to save our property from destruction by fire last Thursday at our house, and hope to be able to return the favor to each and every one in the near future.

—Hartford (Mich.) *Day-Spring*

Cleanliness

Wanted—5-foot bathtub; must be bargain; also few loads of dirt for filling.

—Adv. in (Oklahoma) *Pointer*

Prudent Waiting

* * * * * The couple were married at the home of the bride's parents, where they will remain until the groom gets a position.

—Centralia (Mo.) *Messenger*

Where Rhetoric Still Thrives

Never did the town hall present a more animated scene, bubble over with brighter prospicience, wear a more satisfied smile over an enviable record, and a renewed plebescite of confidence and power, nor return smile for smile, compliments, courtesies for courtesies, mellifluous words for dulciferous agraphs than on last Monday evening on the occasion of the adjourning sine die of the old board of trustees and the induction of members-elect and the inauguration of the new board. The courtesies of gentlemen made room for the many lady friends present, whose handsome gowns, radiant smiles and healthful and cheerful aura set off the banked and floral tributes, making it a typical "garden of gull."

—Cicero (Ohio) *News*

Modesty

Watermelons are getting so plenty around Obar that farmers are feeding them to the hogs. We had several this week.

—Obar (New Mexico) *Progress*

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Contents for June 13, 1914

NORMAN HAPGOOD, EDITOR

Laurence Irving 2

Editorials 3

The Mexican Cactus . . Medill McCormick 6
How the situation in Mexico City looked to our special correspondent
Illustrations from photographs

How a Big City Breeds Its Man-Killers . . Frederick Wilson and Katharine Buell 8
Illustrations from photographs

Who Is Fibbing Now? 10
Mr. Hapgood or the New York *Herald*?

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 11

Around the Capitol ..... McGregor 12

When the Bills Come In ..... Eugene Manlove Rhodes 13

When Your Boy Gets a Job ..... Edmund Vance Cooke 15
Verse

"That's Him" ..... E. Fuhr 16
Cartoon
Commencement at a coëducational college

The Arbuthnot Case ..... Frank Danby 18
Illustrated by Everett Shinn

Food and Health ..... Lewis B. Allyn 21

The Perfect One ..... John Galsworthy 22
Illustrated by Guy Pène du Bois

Are College Students Muts? 24
What Mr. Steffens thinks

Sports ..... Herbert Reed 25
The Colleges' Rowing Coaches

Balls and Strikes ..... Billy Evans 26

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 27

What They Think of Us 30

Seeing the World 32

Good Things to Come

The whole future of the PROGRESSIVE Party must be determined soon after Mr. ROOSEVELT returns on June 24. Next week Mr. HAPGOOD will tell some important things about the management of that party, not heretofore made public.

Mr. HAPGOOD'S opinion of the relation of GEORGE W. PERKINS to the PROGRESSIVE Party is expressed in the double cartoon by CESARE.

The cover of next week's issue will be a most remarkable portrait of Mr. ROOSEVELT done by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, and a brief description by this famous artist of the impression that Mr. ROOSEVELT made on him when Mr. FLAGG went down to Oyster Bay to draw his picture.

It has been said that in case of war with MEXICO the attitude of the Spanish-speaking people of New Mexico and Arizona would be inimical to their country's welfare. McGREGOR, our Washington correspondent, has made a study of the people of New Mexico and believes them to be among the most loyal of American citizens.

The last of the remarkable and distinguished series of articles by JOHN GALSWORTHY will appear. It is called "THE CONQUEROR," and is one of the finest pieces of satirical description that has been contributed to English literature in recent years. Our good fortune in getting GUY PÈNE DU BOIS to illustrate this series has helped to make it one of the most successful in late years.

The "Tales from the Coroner's Court," by FRANK DANBY, illustrated by EVERETT SHINN, makes a feature that is as entertaining as it is novel.

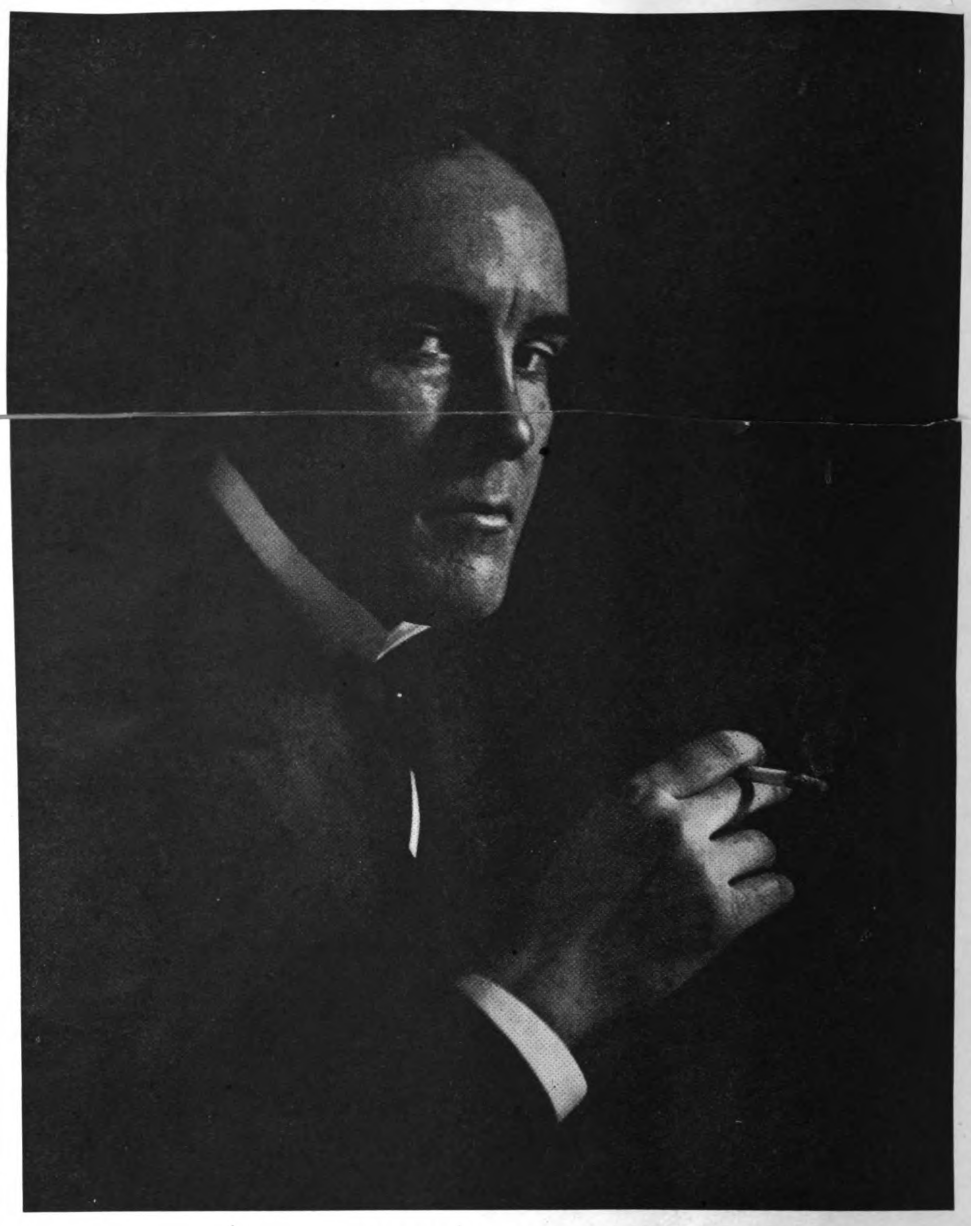
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LAURENCE IRVING

LAURENCE IRVING, who went down with the *Empress of Ireland*, was a man of uncommon force and originality. The fact that he was the son of Sir Henry Irving was probably the determining cause of his being on the stage. His interest in history was strong, and he considered seriously a diplomatic career. His knowledge of literature was extensive, and his understanding of it profound. His great model was Tolstoi, of whom he always spoke as "The Master." His conversation was very rich through his depth of thinking, his knowledge of history and literature, and a vocabulary that was remarkably broad, apt and distinguished even for an educated Englishman. He acted some parts well, but his significance in connection with the stage was as a playwright and producer. In recent years, his most important contribution to the progress of the drama was what he did to make the work of Brieux familiar to the English-speaking world. His ability as a playwright was shown by the publication of "Peter the Great" when he was only twenty-one years old. That play had elements of greatness in it, and many students of the drama have regretted that Irving did not give more time to playwriting. "Richard Lovelace" was a charming comedy, and many of his adaptations were powerful, but he never again threw his whole energy into that side of his work.

Personally, he was one of the biggest of men, and his last words to an acquaintance who offered to assist in Irving's attempt to rescue his wife, "Take care of yourself, old man, and God bless you," sounded exactly like Irving to all who had the privilege of his friendship.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII] No. 2999 | *Week ending Saturday, June* 13, 1914 | [10 Cents a Copy $5.00 a year

Safety and Trade

TWO friends of the writer of this paragraph went down with the *Empress of Ireland*. We have no desire to discuss that ship, or what shall be done with the captain of the *Storstad*; or to recall the horrors of the *Titanic*, on which other friends perished; or of the *General Slocum*, or of any others in the fateful list. Let the dead past bury its dead.

In Washington there has long been pending a bill to increase safety at sea, partly by exacting more lifeboats and men fit to man them, mainly by making the sailor's life one that self-respecting men will follow. Senator La Follette has fought ardently for this bill. Andrew Furusuth, president of the Seamen's Union, is giving his life to it. There seems to be little chance of its passing. The steamship companies are against it. They say it would cost money.

Of the *General Slocum*, the coroner's jury said, "inefficient crew." Of the *Titanic* the senatorial commission said, "the crew, inefficient in skill and number." Commenting on the quality of seamanship as the greatest cause of wrecks, Mr. Furusuth says:

"White men are leaving the sea. Modern education and the worn-out, ancient status cannot continue together. Men refuse to go into or remain in any calling which will not furnish sufficient upon which a family may be kept. More and more men come to sea as does the sewage. Last Congress passed a law providing for more reasonable hours of labor for officers of vessels, and it is largely disobeyed, either secretly or openly, with the excuse that the ship owners cannot find men from whom officers can be made. Let this thing continue a few more years and the Asiatic will have to be accepted on the bridge in command, because none others will be available. . . .

"Sea power is in the seaman. Ships are but the seaman's working tools. If there be a desire in the white race to retain its sea power, the Caucasian must be brought to sea again. Nations which desire to share in that sea power must depend upon their own citizens or subjects. If a reasonable safety at sea be desired, men of strength, courage, and skill must be induced to again seek the sea; and they will not come to accept existing status nor tolerate other existing conditions."

Yet who expects the Seaman's Bill to pass? The ship-owners say it would be bad for business.

The Land Question in Mexico

BEFORE we can get out of Mexico we may be compelled to enforce an idea of how the underlying land problem should be solved. Our recognition of the Constitutionalist government may depend on the program which it has. Everything comes back to the land question. Have any of our readers given this subject so much real study that they can suggest a plan that will be fundamental and also workable in the particular circumstances in which Mexico finds herself? Anybody whose intellect can mature such a scheme will be doing good to both countries. The ancient Hebrews sought a solution of their difficulties in the division of land; so did the Gracchi of Rome; and so have many others through the centuries. Perhaps there is no country on earth today where the land question is so all important as it is in Mexico.

Getting On

IT is a tribute to the spirit of American people that there is infinitely less of the war spirit than there was in 1898. The attitude of the United States is that of reluctant assent to a necessary police duty, with military glory and conquest in disfavor.

Charge Four Dollars

SENATOR GALLINGER has decided to run for reëlection. Mr. Steffens once went into a town in Connecticut and found the farmers there were getting $2.00 apiece for their votes. He then asked questions about the extra cost of trolleys, gas, etc., and calculated that graft cost the same men $2.40 apiece. He made these facts public, but the result was not what he expected. The result was that the farmers then raised their price to $2.50. Senator Gallinger has had an extensive and dominant influence not only in local affairs in New Hampshire but also in national affairs, for which we all pay. Our advice, therefore, to the voters of New Hampshire, is to make their price at the forthcoming election $4.00.

On Being Alive

THE *Tribune* of New York is doing more to live up to its Horace Greeley reputation than it has done before in many years. It is a Republican newspaper, but it is fighting Penrose in Pennsylvania and Barnes in New York. The reactionaries are winning at a good many points just now in spite of the general progress, and they inevitably win at many points because they are awake all the time and on the job, which cannot be said for their opponents. This country has not yet reached the stage of civilization in which people work as constantly and hard for the State as they work for their own pockets.

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The Trust Program

IN spite of the Mexican War trouble, the Tolls Exemption problem, and the passage of the Tariff and Currency Bills, the President, with a mixture of determination and wisdom, has stated that the Trust Program must go through at this session. His wish is that the whole of the strictly party program shall pass now while the Democrats have a large majority, leaving for future passage those many bills on which there will be no party division.

The essential elements of the President's trust policy should be put into law before Congress adjourns, but it would be unwise to pass anything except those measures which have been thoroughly thought out. The so-called Omnibus Bill, [illegible]ng the confused ideas of many factions, would probably do more harm than good. It is doubtful if even an interlocking directorate bill should be passed now, because of the inability to agree upon the essential elements of such a policy. For the same reason, a stock and bond bill should be confined to railroads. The most important thing is to pass the Trades Commission Bill and to pass it in the right form. The inefficient work of Congress on the trust problem this winter has brought out sharply the well-known fact that our legislative machinery is not well suited to careful, consecutive work on complicated business situations. The country needs a permanent body of high skill that shall work constantly on such matters, and whose work shall form the basis of legislation. The principal obstacle to the passage of a proper trades commission bill is the Attorney General, a man of strong conviction and high ability, who is at heart opposed to progressive trust legislation at all.

There are now pending in the House three bills:

1. The Covington Bill to create an interstate trade commission.

2. The Clayton Bill which defines and makes criminal certain unfair practices. It also deals with holding companies, with interlocking directorates and interlocking contracts between railroads and other concerns, and it contains a very weak provision that the anti-trust laws are not to be construed so as to forbid the existence and operation of labor, agricultural and other organizations for mutual help, or to forbid individual members of such organizations from carrying out the legitimate objects thereof. Also it has elaborate provisions with regard to injunctions, of which the most significant is the one limiting the power of the courts to issue injunctions in case of labor disputes.

3. The Raeburn Bill, which authorizes and requires the Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate the issue of railway securities.

In the Senate, a sub-committee on interstate commerce has drafted a tentative bill covering the trade commission, interlocking directorates, holding companies, regulation of stock issues and interlocking contracts between carriers and other corporations and banks. The provisions in the Senate Bill about a trade commission are substantially the same as those in the Covington Bill. The Senate Bill does not touch unfair competition, and its provisions concerning interlocking directorates, holding companies and the regulation of securities are not in harmony with those of the House bill. The worst bill in the whole lot is the Clayton Bill. There is something wrong in nearly every section, but the gravest faults may be pointed out:

1. The provisions defining unfair competition if enacted would do much harm. They apply to individuals as well as to combinations, and might prevent transactions against which there is no legitimate objection. They would occasion much litigation and introduce new uncertainties by reason of the use of vague limiting adjectives which the courts have not defined. Exceptions are made which would have the effect of actually weakening the Sherman Act. For instance, in the section prohibiting price discrimination, it is provided that the prohibition shall not apply to discrimination in price on account of differences in the quantity of the commodity sold. A handy way of building up monopoly often is to make discrimination based on differences in the quantity sold. This is unlawful under the Sherman Act. The Clayton Bill would make it lawful.

2. The labor provisions of the Clayton Bill would bring on a big political controversy. Labor wants a straight out exemption from the Sherman Act. This the President will not grant. The Clayton provision is meaningless. It was intended to mislead labor, but labor is not misled, and will not accept it. Neither is labor satisfied with the injunction provisions.

The most promising suggestion yet made is that certain sections of the Stevens Bill, authorizing the Trade Commission to prevent unfair competition, be inserted in the Covington Bill when it reaches the Senate; and that this bill be then enacted, and the Clayton Bill be left to perish in the Senate. Thus unfair or oppressive competition would be declared to be unlawful without further definition. This would be the general rule for the Commission to administer. It would be provided that whenever the Commission has reason to believe that any unfair or oppressive method of competition is being used, it shall hold a hearing, and if it shall find that the method in question is unfair, it shall issue an order prohibiting the use of that method. If the order is not obeyed, the Commission may petition the court to enforce the order. Such a provision would be an effective substitute for the harmful sections of the Clayton Bill relating to unfair competition. It would strengthen and give life to the Commission without risk of injury to anybody.

If Congress will do so much, and no more, with the trust program, it will have fulfilled the party's obligations, reassured the business world, and averted errors in which might lie the seeds of future trouble.

Governor Ammon

THE Governor of Colorado was not pleased with the issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY which dealt especially with the strike troubles in his state. He sent us a telegram relating to Mr. Atkinson's article, reading as follows:

"The purported interview with me in your issue of May 23 was unauthorized, and the statements in the article are grossly and viciously misleading or untrue. "Elias M. Ammon."

The position of HARPER'S WEEKLY in the matter is explained by the editor's telegram in reply to Governor Ammon's, which was:

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"Your telegram is so indefinite that we can make no use of it. I edited Mr. Atkinson's article carefully myself and am convinced of its fundamental correctness. Of course it represents the view of sympathy with Labor but we stated that fact in the headnote and referred to the editorials for the HARPER'S WEEKLY view. We shall be extremely glad to print any statement from you covering specific points or general principles, but you must realize that your telegram really says nothing whatever. We wish to be fair to everybody in this controversy, and while we sympathize with some of the objections made to your method of handling the situation, we also realize the extreme difficulties you have had to encounter."

Mr. Atkinson's opinions were those of an educated and serious man who has studied the situation a long time and whose views thoroughly deserved to be made public. That they were not in emphasis the same as the opinions of HARPER'S WEEKLY itself was made entirely clear. Governor Ammon, although excitable and flustered by a difficult situation, has the best of intentions and has labored day and night to find a solution. No public official, however, can cry for mercy in a crisis. He must be held not only to excellence of intention but to successful action. Editorially, we have not criticized the Governor. If Mr. Atkinson was too severe on him, he is more than welcome to make his answer in a more convincing way than through such generalities as his telegram contains.

Justice and Law

AARON BURR has not left an over-fragrant memory, but he was a strong and thoughtful man. One of his remarks was, "Law is whatever is boldly asserted, and plausibly maintained." One of the truly creative efforts of the present is to give law a sounder basis than that—so to modify it that it will in its principles reflect this day's deepest-lying ideas of right, and its machinery put those ideas easily, evenly and cheaply into practice. It hopes for the day when an ordinary Italian passionate murderer and Charles Becker will be treated equally, and when in a civil suit a poor man and a rich man will have equal opportunities in trial, skill and in appeal.

Description

IF a man undertakes to do anything of public service without being part of a machine, or if an organization which is composed merely of representative citizens and has no predatory interests undertakes to do anything, the word which sums up the objections of the standpat mind is "self-constituted."

A Feeble Metaphor

WHY the proverb "dead as a door-nail"? Cannot the world think of something that seems deader? To our mind, a door-nail wholly fails to suggest such deadness as marks the sentences on patriotism and horror emitted by a certain species of mind when discussing Mexico; or on eulogies on order and freedom by the same minds when discussing Lawrence, Mass., Paterson, New Jersey, or Trinidad, Colorado.

More Language

ANOTHER singular expression is "uncalled for." If a man makes a most violent criticism of some person, condition or institution, it seems to be generally accepted that a protest couched in this term is expressed about as strongly as the dictionary allows. If you call a man a thief, wife-beater, and poisoner, he is likely to assert that your language is "uncalled for."

Cheerfulness

A CERTAIN polite and efficient railway conductor's "run" is on a line for which he has worked 20 years, and on which his pleasant face is familiar to thousands. He is 38 years old, married, and has six children. He lives 55 miles from New York, where every morning he must be up at 5 o'clock in order to take charge of his regular train, the 6:13 for New York. He reaches New York at 8:10. At 9:30 he takes another train out on a short run, returning to New York at 10:30. At 4:35 in the afternoon he takes his regular train home, arriving at 6:52 and reaching his house at 7:30. From 10:30 in the morning until 4:35 in the afternoon he is alone in the city, away from his family, with nothing to do. He does not read much, and, having a large family, cannot afford to spend a nickel recklessly. He goes to the "movies" occasionally, not because he is particularly interested, but to pass the time away waiting for the 4:35. Two Sundays out of three he is free to be home and cultivate the acquaintance of his children, who seldom see him throughout the week. If even a part of those six hours in New York could be shifted to the other end of the line he could have a garden and enjoy his family. He says that no such arrangement can be made, however, without sacrificing some of his salary, and he cannot afford to lose a dollar. He is thoroughly "game", does not utter a whine, and says that he must make the best of it.

A Meditation

WE have failed to think ever worthily of the men about us, our brothers. We have let our tongue loosen anger and irritability against those with whom we work, sad as we, and, like us, struggling. In this cleansing of confession, we know that tonight and now our sin has passed away. Again Thy gift of peace is upon us. And we turn from our wrongdoing, healed.

And, yet more, we ask for peace to our troubled mind. Free us from what will dull our sense of Thee. Let no mischance assail the citadel of our inmost life. Let tumult beat vainly against this center of quiet. Banish our hurry. Restore to us the steadiness of Thy will, the hush of Thy indwelling.

Help us to make an end of the sorrow that is in the land, the hurt that each heart carries. Use us in just this place, which may be lowly, at just this time, which seems unworthy. Teach us that the times are in Thy hand, that we are to work cheerily, and live undismayed by the vastness of Thy task and the slowness of Thy method. Reveal to us that justice will at last prevail, and that Thou art unworried through all the flurries of war and selfishness.

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The Mexican Cactus

By MEDILL McCORMICK

THIS has been a journey of contrast and paradox. George Barr McCutcheon and George Cohan would be fitting collaborators for its dramatization. The comic runs together with the heroic. We have no sense of finality or of consequence. By the time you read these lines—sooner—before they reach the printer, this may have proved merely a bizarre curtain-raiser for a tragedy. Frederick Palmer and Richard Harding Davis were two of the three musketeers who set out for Mexico City. One of them complains that he cannot begin, and the other that he does not know how to conclude, his story of the latest great American adventure.

Vera Cruz, after a few days of excitement which followed the landing on April 21, has resumed its calm, its bull-fighting and its pulque. Its own gendarmes again police its streets and its own judges have displaced the provost courts. There is no American who has not commented upon the amazing, pleasant acquiescence of the Vera Cruzanos in the foreign occupation of their city. There is no Mexican with whom I have talked, from his grace, José Mora del Rio, Archbishop of Mexico, to the boy who brings me my morning coffee, who has not commented upon the astonishing benignity of the American Government and the buoyant gentleness of the soldiers toward the people. At the cavalry camp where sometimes I go to lunch or dine with Kennedy, who has got a medal of honor, "Moro Bill" Reed, Captain Meyers (Meyers is bossing two troops now) and the rest, the children gather round the mess tent three times a day to share the soldiers' rations. When the Archbishop came to Vera Cruz on his way to Rome, General Funston sent my friend Chaplain Joyce, of the Fourth Artillery, to meet him. Father Joyce played tackle at the university and suggests an Irish policeman rather than an Irish priest. Save for the little silver insignia of Christ upon his collar, he is dressed in a uniform exactly like that of any other commissioned officer of the army. His Grace had read in Mexico of the severities of the "blond barbarian" and at first believed that it was an officer who had come to arrest him and not a fellow priest who had come to greet him.

WE are under martial law and the Americans have just been forbidden to go beyond the lines. No Mexican can come in from the interior until he has been searched. The Provost-Marshal-General closes the drinking places at ten, and to make the city healthful for the troops is carrying out with military severity plans which will do for Vera Cruz what already has been done for Panama and Havana.

You cannot live among a people without mimicking their manners and their psychology. The Americans resident in Mexico, and, to a less degree, we of the later invasion, prove it daily. When I came in with the news of Private Parks' execution, soldiers did not appear singularly astonished or horrified, but they promised themselves full punishment of the murderer. Decent, sober, sensible Englishmen and Americans here have argued with me that the assassination of Madero, the nullification of the congressional elections and the disappearance of Huerta's critics, all were acts justifiable in the maintenance of orderly government.



Infantrymen scouting in the sand dunes near Vera Cruz

The incongruity of life in Vera Cruz is of one kind. In Mexico City it is of another. Life under Huerta is like life under Bomba in Naples. The story of our trip to Mexico already has been told too widely, considering its little importance. Twice we were arrested; once surrounded by slovenly, sandaled little soldiers who shoved us off to jail to be searched, and once taken by the inspector of secret police in Mexico, who released us at the instance of the Brazilian Minister. But I want to tell again the conditions of the Mexican capital, because it not merely illustrates its present government but the temperament of the people which submits to it. If our adventures on the road to Mexico City were not very wonderful, the road was.

I had been told to reserve my admiration for the passes and the heights above Orizaba. But above Atoyac it was

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Lieut. Fletcher of the U. S. Navy shaking hands with a major and a captain of the Mexican Federal forces, about ten miles outside of Vera Cruz, after a pow-wow under a flag of truce

more wonderful than anything I had ever seen in the tropics, more wonderful than the Pass of the Caraballo or the Straits of San Juanita in the Philippines. When trains ran regularly from the coast to the capital they did not take more than seven hours from the tierra caliente to the plateau 8000 feet high. It is like a short day's journey from Phoenix to Spokane by way of New Orleans.

The cañon sides which drop below you, and the sheer ridges which rise almost perpendicularly above the train are clothed with the green of the tropics—green beyond any lush spring grass you ever saw at home. Round and round winds the road, over bridge after bridge and through countless tunnels, so that there is one little town which you see eleven different times from the train. The Indian women who try to sell you sweets and warm beer swarm up the green cañon, so that those whose importunities you think you have fled at one station greet you at the next. From sugar cane you go through pine groves. In the early afternoon you drip with perspiration, and at Orizaba after nightfall it is uncomfortably cool unless you have a warm coverlet on your bed. I felt nearly clear after we left Orizaba and quite safe after we had eaten our rice and frijoles and omelette and chicken at Esperanza. Here we were in the country of the great haciendas. The country roads are impossible, so their owners have little mule-drawn tramways from their houses to the station. In the cornfields there grow rows of cacti from which is drawn the sap which, fermented, makes the pulque of Mexico. The walled dwellings on the haciendas suggested medieval keeps, somewhat domesticated, as it were, and adapted to the climate. They were what some economists call self-contained. They each had a windmill to pump and to grind, a chapel in which to pray, stables and granaries, a look-out tower, quarters for the servants and a considerable dwelling for the owner, all within one whitewashed wall. Through the dusk we could see the silhouette of a frosted volcano.

WE were in bed at twelve and up at about six. Barefoot Indian boys were running about selling *El Imparcial*, *El Pais*, *El Indipendente* and some little weeklies that had pictures of the blond barbarians encamped in "*dangriente Vera Cruz.*" The City of Mexico was decked as if for a carnival. Everywhere flags hung from the windows to protect the houses from the mobs. Every automobile carried the national flag of its owner unless he were an American. Everywhere there were policemen and rurales carrying firearms. The foreigners shared the mutual suspicions of the Mexicans and, like them, were afraid of Villa, Huerta and Zapata. Men whom they trusted for one reason they would not trust for another. Strong men would not give them a just government, and just men would not give them a strong government. They all were inclined to curse us for not recognizing Huerta and then to curse Huerta. They objected to our having meddled in Mexican affairs and prayed for intervention. But we were getting used to contradictions. We not only heard them, we saw them. The capital of Mexico reminds you a little of the capital of prosperous Belgium. The autocracy of Diaz, supported by the taxes of the poverty-ridden Indian, began its embellishment. The Zocalo, the Alameda, the Paseo de la Reforma, all show the handiwork of real artists. The unfinished National Opera House is finer than anything of the sort in the British Empire or in the United States. But there is an Indian village of wattled huts on the outskirts of the capital. On the streets and on the steps of the Chamber of Deputies there are officers as smartly uniformed as the artillery or cavalry of the French Republic. And right beside them the cabmen are nothing but blanket Indians.

I wanted, of course, to interview General Huerta. He refused to see any more correspondents, but I saw the General in his automobile when he stopped at the French kiosk, near Chapultapec. He spends his whole day motoring, despatching all business of state in his car. He will pick up one minister, ride with him for an hour, drop him and pick up another. This, I was told, is one of General Huerta's idiosyncrasies. I am inclined to think it is a precaution. He sits in the car with a member of his cabinet, with two or three military aides in the limousine, and another aide in front with the chauffeur. He, himself, is almost invisible in a corner of the back seat. A bullet directed at the moving car would more likely kill one of the scions of the Mexican aristocracy riding with the General than it would kill the General.



Signal C. Marine Corps on a high mound overlooking the country for miles, trying to locate Gen. Maass

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How a Big City

By FREDERICK WILSON

THIS is a description of the Rosenthal murderers, written by a newspaper reporter who attended the trial throughout. It is an example of the attitude of the newspapers toward crimes of this sort, and, therefore, of the point of view that is familiar to the public

"CAPTAIN of this band of murderers" was the term applied to Webber as he testified on the second trial of Charles Becker, former Czar of New York's Tenderloin, for instigating the murder of Herman Rosenthal, a gambler who squealed. Callous beyond the power of words to wound, Webber accepted the epithet, but District Attorney Charles Whitman objected to this characterization of his witness, and the examining lawyer changed the form, not the substance, of his query.

To the amended question, "You were in charge of the four gunmen who planned and carried out this murder?" Webber, satisfied, nodded affirmation. He, the counsel in the case, the judge who presided—every one— was satisfied. It was commonplace, accepted as a matter of custom, of everyday knowledge.

Murders by the slum-dwellers known as gunmen and gangsters have become so common in New York that only those of particular ferocity, or which are attended by some peculiar feature, now get more than the barest mention in the metropolitan newspapers. For this there is a reason. The lives of Webber, "Bald Jack" Rose, Harry Vallon, "Dago Frank" Cirofici, "Lefty Louie" Rosenberg and Harry Horowitz, known commonly as "Gyp the Blood," Herman Rosenthal, the gambler the latter quartette slew, and Charles Becker, the policeman who urged them to the crime, throw light on the question.

All but two of these men were born and bred in the slums of the lower East Side. Each one, after his fashion, got his head above the slime, trampling mercilessly upon the unfortunates by whom he climbed. All of the gunmen, it is admitted, battened upon the unfortunate women of the street. For bigger money, to settle their feuds, or for fear of a greater wolf than they, they killed.

Webber, Rose, Vallon, and Rosenthal were gamblers. Staking their slender fortunes upon the turn of a card, they first played "stuss" through the dens of the slum portions of the city. They gathered gold, they acquired gambling places of their own. They got more wealth. The pitiful gains filched from the derelicts and gunmen failed to satisfy, and the whole quartette, with many of their kind, deserted the slum and crept out, a menace to the brighter lights of Broadway where victims could be "trimmed" with prospect of greater returns.

Then came quarrels, money, the jealousies of their women. "Big Jack" Zelig, a famous gangster chief, a terror of the half-world, was arrested as a result of jealousy. When he was released to testify against a police czar, another gangster, "Red Phil" Davidson, shot him through the body on a street car. Zelig died in a hospital, and the police magnate was saved. Davidson never told who egged him on to kill. "Spanish Louie," another gangster, is known to have been killed for revenge. On the stand, Webber was openly charged with plotting and procuring that crime. He denied it half-heartedly.

Webber's history in great measure is also the history of Rose and Vallon.

"Did you ever do an honest day's work in your life?" Rose was asked on the witness stand. Rose thought a moment, hesitated, then said: "Yes, I did." He was not asked to specify the occasion.

SENSATIONAL as it was, the trial of Becker brought out nothing more plainly than this—that the law of the jungle rules in the slum. "Lefty Louie" Rosenberg and his three companions killed for hire. They got their price. But whatever they may have done in other cases, in the case of Rosenthal, they did not kill for pay alone. The risk was too great. Rosenthal, harried by Becker, his partner and former friend, was filling the air with cries of graft on the part of Becker. Becker was in danger. Rosenthal must be "croaked," he said. So he called in "Bald Jack" Rose who for him wrung reluctant money from the gamblers he protected. Rose went to the house where Rosenberg lived with his wife, "Lily, the French Doll of the East Side," and urged the murder of the squealing gambler. "Lefty Louie" was afraid. Becker called on Webber and Vallon.

"The only way you can be squared with Becker," all three told the gangsters, "is to get the boys and croak Rosenthal."

There was no choice. They knew that Becker's grip was sure. Prison, separation from their women and their low delights were sure if they did not obey. Murder Becker's enemy, and they had a chance to escape. They might gain liberty and powerful protection.

"Croak Rosenthal on a corner, anywhere, even in front of a cop," Rose swore Becker told him. "It will be all right. I am strong enough to get you free."



"I cannot keep them at home. They must get out in the air and have a little fun"

Well, they croaked Rosenthal. On last April 13, all four gunmen died in the electric chair at Sing Sing, terrified by the Unknown, but facing it grimly like the wolves they were. They believed, to the last, Becker's promises of power to free them.

"Tell the truth about Becker. My death lies at his door," said Rosenberg to his girl wife when all hope was gone. And, true to her pledge, the doll-faced but hard-eyed girl kept her vendetta and denounced the once powerful Boss of the Tenderloin from the witness stand as he, cornered, fought savagely for life.

Not only have the New York gunmen of the Becker case sprung from the great city's slum. Gallagher, who shot Mayor Gaynor; Czolgosz, whose fatal shot brought down McKinley; Mahoney, who only a few weeks ago fired at Mayor Mitchel at the very door of the City Hall —they, too, were wolves of the slums.

IN the "flop houses" along Park Row and the Bowery, at the one-cent coffee huts which stand at the very entrance to the Tombs are seen the wolves whose teeth are worn. Ragged, unkempt, unshaven, they "panhandle" the passer-by for "just a penny to get a cup of cawfee."

This is the end to which men like the gunmen come after they outlive their crime-filled youth. It is among these people that they find their natural and congenial companions. Dangerous characters, enemies of society, they have been removed where they can do no further harm, but there are many more where they came from. Something must be done to rid the city of these prowling wolves.

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Breeds Its Man-Killers

By KATHARINE BUELL

THE same story of the gunmen is here given by a woman who represents the point of view of those interested in the environment from which such crimes spring, and who understands the gunmen, as a wise woman guiding the upbringing of the young

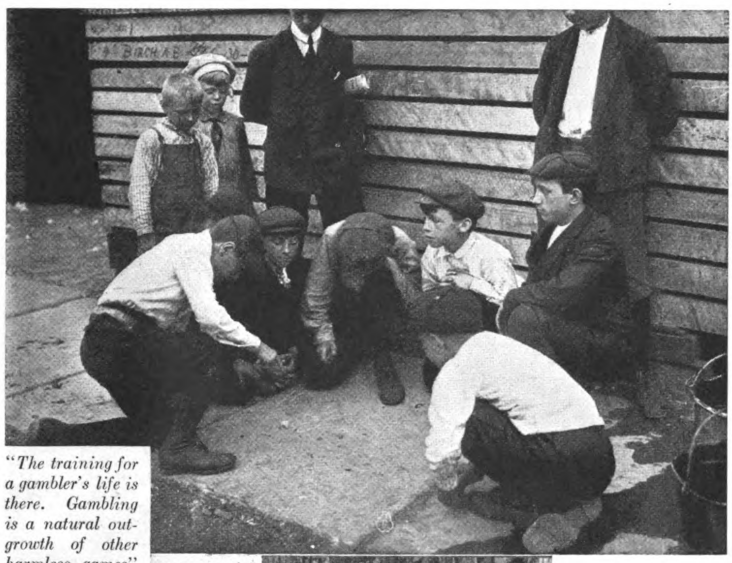
IT is a tale of the city streets and of four stupid little boys who learned the lessons of experience from the teeming life of the pavements. None of the four gunmen came of the criminal classes. Their parents were all hard-working and respectable. Three of them were of Jewish parentage, and "Dago Frank" as his name indicated, was an Italian. His parents were respectable, church-going people, poor, to be sure, but by no means vicious. His sisters were members of the "Girls Friendly Society" of the San Salvador Episcopal Church on Broome Street. It is rumored that he himself sang in the choir when he was a little boy.

"Whitey Lewis" was a Polish Jew, twelve years old when he came to this country, and with a clear record and a respectable family history. His father had been a foreman in a cigar factory in the old country, and, having studied the bookbinding trade when he was young, took up that occupation when he came to New York.

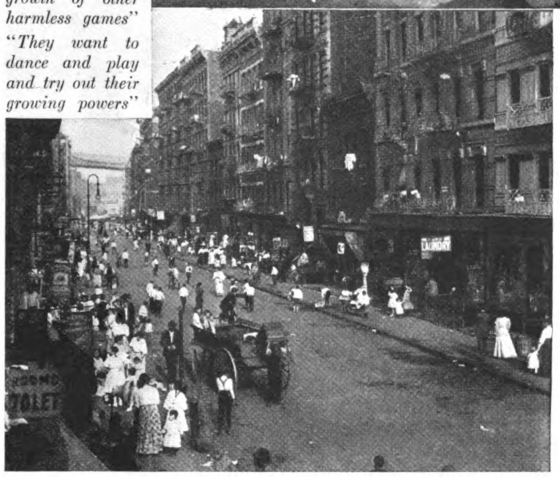
"Gyp, the Blood" was educated carefully by a private tutor in the Hebrew language and religion in addition to his public school education.

"Lefty Louie's" father was a prosperous orthodox Jew, not only respectable, but strict and law-abiding as any Puritan grandfather of two generations ago. "I don't know what you call a bad boy," he once said to a friend. "Some people think a boy isn't bad if he keeps away from bad women and doesn't steal. I think a boy is bad if he can't come to his meals on time."

All these boys went to the public schools, all came from honest homes. Where then did they learn to be the tools of the criminal element that lurks in the poverty-stricken districts of New York? I asked Miss Lillian Wald, head of the Henry Street Settlement, one of the wisest and most distinguished women in America, and one who for twenty-one years has made a study of the life of the East Side, what she thought it was that had taken these boys from their good homes and their school environment and had made criminals of them.



"The training for a gambler's life is there. Gambling is a natural outgrowth of other harmless games"



"They want to dance and play and try out their growing powers"

"Back of it all," she said, "is the fact that we grown people do not take enough account of the pleasure-seeking instincts of the young. Children must be happy and they must play. Young people must enjoy themselves and be gay. In simpler societies, in smaller towns and in the country, these things take care of themselves naturally. It is easy for neighbors to get together and enjoy each other's company in harmless, pleasant ways. It is easy for the children to find wholesome, simple playthings. But in the city there is nothing accessible with which to satisfy the craving for joy. Everything must be prepared especially to fill the need."

She moved over to the window. In front of the settlement house had been planted a tree. In order to protect the roots and allow a little moisture to seep through, an iron grating had been placed over a patch of earth. The earth had been scratched up and dug out for six inches by hands small enough to reach down between the close-fitting bars. "You see," said Miss Wald, "in the country the children can dig and grub about in the earth to their hearts' content. Here in the city we haven't given them anything to dig, and they have made this feeble, pitiful attempt to satisfy their longing for the good brown earth. They are not bad little children, they don't want to hurt the trees; they merely want something to dig in."

It is the same with the older children and the young people. They want to dance and play and try out their growing powers and faculties upon the external world, but we give them nothing to take hold of. The boys who became the gunmen went to the public schools but you know how far removed are the academic courses of our modern primary schools from the needs of these little European peasants who have to adapt themselves to a world which their parents do not in the least understand and cannot explain to them. "Their parents have not neglected them. They are merely helpless under the conditions which they do not understand well enough to remedy. Mothers often come to me and say despairingly: 'What shall I do with my children, Miss Wald? I can't keep them at home. Home would be a prison to them. They must get out in the air and have a little fun.'"

IT was that getting out in the air which started "Lefty Louie" on his downward path. Until he was six years old his mother kept him in the house. He got what air he could from the windows and on the fire-escape. When he was six years old he had the measles, and the doctor told his mother that he must be out of doors more. It was sending him out upon the streets to save him from pining away in the stuffy air of the tenement home that gave him his lessons in the craft of the criminal. No sooner was he out upon the streets

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then he began to pick up all the information about stealing and gambling which Miss Wald described as she continued:

"What can a little boy do on the streets? He has none of the inanimate forces of nature against which to try his growing powers. He has no animals to tame and train as the country boy has. The only pliable things in all his world are his little companions. All the training that the city boy gets is training in the relations with his fellows, in being quicker than they or shrewder than they, getting ahead of some one else, often in the most innocent of games, often, also, in ways not so innocent. The mothers say to me, 'We cannot spend the time to take our little boys and girls up to the parks, sometimes we haven't the car fare. They must play in the streets where we live.'

"The children learn to gamble. Gambling is a perfectly natural outgrowth of other harmless games, and at first is played in the same spirit, but the training for a gambler's life is there. He also learns to steal from the push-carts. It is all a game to him.

"AS he grows older, if he wants to go to the dance-hall and dance, as every normal boy and girl does, often the only means provided for him are dance-halls run for the sole purpose of exploiting his natural love of pleasure.

"We older people sit by and smile benignantly when the young people of our families in their pretty light clothes dance in the boathouses in the summer-time or under the mistletoe at Christmas. We are overjoyed at their light hearts and their innocent gaiety. These boys have the same temperaments. They love gaiety in the same way, but the only places that they can go to dance are halls where every ingenious device is used to turn their minds from harmless pleasures to more sordid forms of self-indulgence. It is not done directly. If one of the boys, like 'Lefty Louie,' takes his girl to a dance-hall, nobody asks him to get drunk, but benevolent waiters in white aprons march up and down with tinkling glasses, and he thinks himself stingy if he doesn't offer his girl a drink. It is all done by suggestion, very cleverly—the white aprons, the cool-looking glasses, the counter and bar out in full view where the dancers pass it as they whirl about."

"BUT why," I asked her, "if conditions are so bad and it is so hard for children to grow up into normal human beings, why are they not all criminals? What was it that picked these four little boys to be gunmen and henchmen of notorious criminals?" "The answer to that is very simple, I think," said Miss Wald. "These boys were the stupid ones. It is a great tribute to the natural intelligence of humanity that so many who come up through this mill of training in trickiness and criminality settle down to honest, hard-working, law-abiding lives. The ones who are most harmed are the ones with the poorest quality of brains. The gunmen if they were not actually defective, were dull, and with their dullness went its inevitable accompaniment, vanity. The boys wanted to be big people. They wanted to be important, to be looked up to. They tried, all of them, to be honest workmen and rise in their trades, at least they all took up various trades at one time or another.

"'Lefty Louie' worked in the shipping department of a department store. 'Whitey Lewis' entered his father's trade of bookbinding, and later took up tinsmithing. 'Dago Frank' worked on the New York News Bureau, carrying stock exchange reports about. 'Gyp, the Blood' worked as errand boy. But they were not clever enough to get along rapidly in their trades or to be the important people that they aspired to be, and they had not the mental stamina to drudge along patiently at their work and hope for distant promotion. It was easier to hang about the streets, to show off on the corner. It was this vanity and love of importance that made them an easy mark for the clever gambler, whom they knew by reputation to be a 'big chief,' or for the blue-coated brass-buttoned sergeant of police.

"LEADERS of the criminal world are wonderful psychologists. It does not take them very long to pick out from the group of boys loafing at a street corner the very one most susceptible to a few well-couched words of flattery. They tell him what a clever fellow he is, how they have been looking for a long time for somebody as smart as he is to do a little job for them. They give him something simple at first, something that he 'can get away with,' and before very long they have made of him a loyal adherent. He is loyal to the brass buttons because their wearer is the only man who has flattered him into feeling important and useful and brave without any special effort on his own part.

"It is a comment upon us, our cities, our schools and our intelligent citizens that the man who was most successful in making these boys feel their manhood and their natural human importance was Jack Zelig, former leader of the band of gunmen to which these four unfortunate boys belonged."

Who Is Fibbing Now?

THE New York *Herald* is peeved because HARPER'S WEEKLY has spoken of it as a paper which usually takes the reactionary attitude and gives as one illustration its sympathy for Tammany in the last campaign. It used the argument that the Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, when he was Chairman of the Committee of One Hundred and Seven, wrote to the *Herald* and asked that it print a certain appeal for funds on the ground that it was maintaining a neutral attitude. It then wishes to know whether the Chairman was fibbing then or the Editor is fibbing now. The *Herald* ought to ask something harder. Its attitude was *officially* neutral, and the Chairman thought he had the right to take what advantage he could of that pretended neutrality. Its attitude, however, was actually strongly pro-Tammany. In order to give the *Herald* pleasure, it is easy to furnish a few instances of the fact that practically everything in the way of headlines, news, texts and editorials was of a kind to show hostility to the Fusion campaign. Discord and confusion in the Fusion ranks were alleged constantly, as well as inexperience and uncertainty in the Fusion leaders. The first serious editorial on the situation is dated July 11. This editorial ridicules the Fusionists for taking such intense interest in whether Mr. Whitman, Mr. McAneny or Mr. Mitchel should be the candidate for mayor, as this matter ought to be left to the primaries. On July 26, it wishes to know whether Tammany is too bad for McAneny or Gaynor to accept its support, and, if not, why they do not say so, and adds: "As for Mr. McAneny, his silence on the subject must be absolutely shocking to the Committee of One Hundred and Seven." Immediately after the choice of the Fusion ticket on the first of August the news columns become more directly hostile and seize every chance to imply Fusion discord and inefficiency. On August 6, a headline is "Fear Break from Fusion," and the opening words are "Chaos is the only word which adequately describes the situation in the Fusion camp." A little before, it had said: "The primaries are less than a month away, yet Tammany is the only camp in which any real harmony seems to exist."

EDITORIAL attack begins vigorously on August 17. On that date, the *Herald* editorially declares that Fusion is to be spelled with the prefix "con." On August 6, there is a very hostile cartoon to the effect that the Republicans are barred, and low-brows, Socialists and I. W. W.'s welcomed.

On September 1, one sentence reflects the view that Mr. Mitchel, the candidate, represents "folly and inexperience." A cartoon works the great jest about fusion and con-fusion, brings in "pink teas, fads, up-lifts and crazes," and indirectly prophesies victory for the Tiger. According to the *Herald*, "Well-informed political leaders were placing the blame for the dissensions that have arisen on Norman Hapgood and Joseph M. Price yesterday. They asserted that everything would have been all right if the Committee of One Hundred and Seven had done the work it was organized to do and quit there. The Committee, they said, was formed primarily to safeguard the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. Having nominated a city ticket and candidates for presidents of the five boroughs, it should have quit."

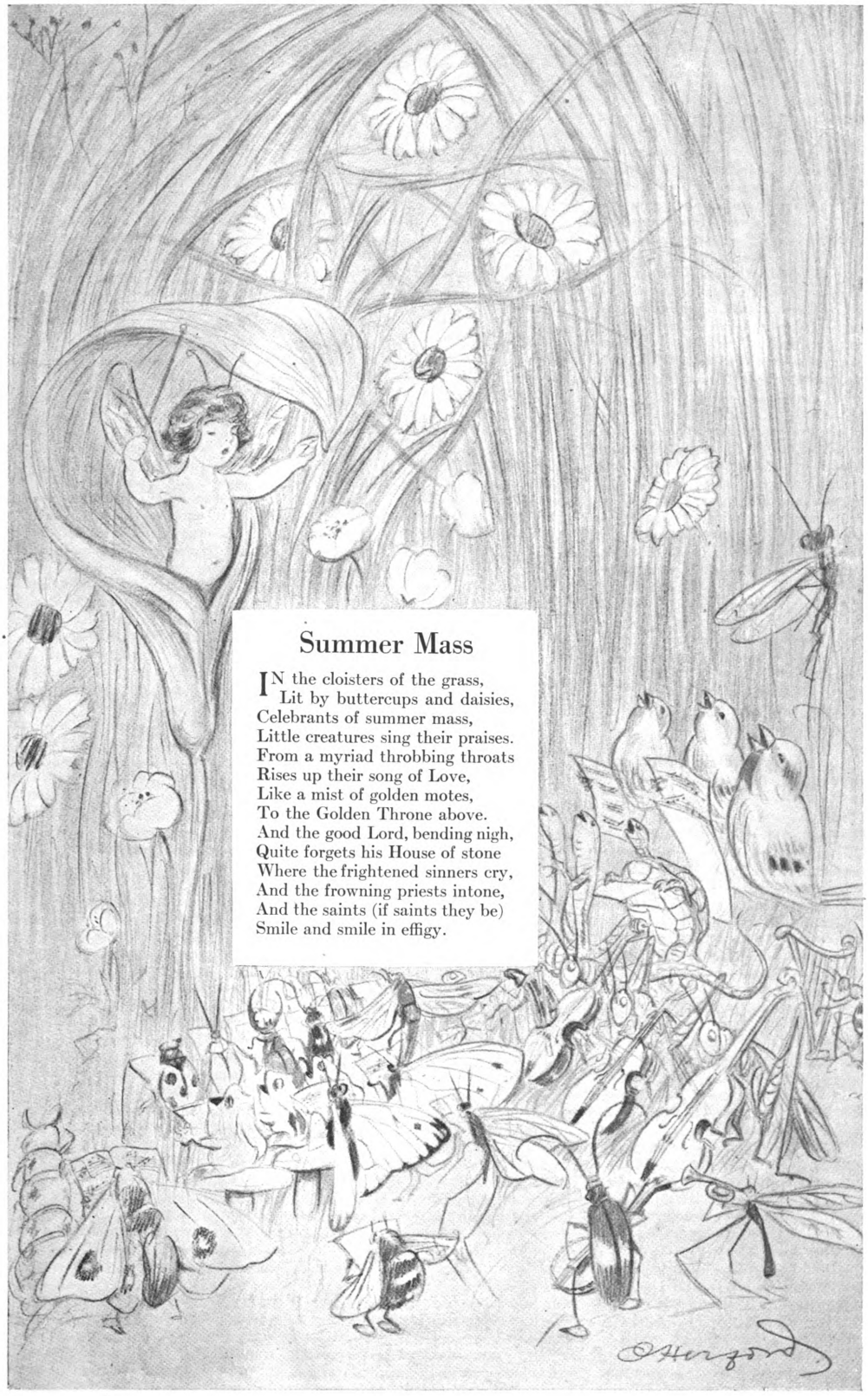
ON September 13, is a serious editorial stating that the Fusion leaders have not begun to fight *or even to think*. As to the Chairman, the *Herald* says he "is in over his head and ears, and is being criticized for being unreasonable, impracticable, and generally doing more harm than good. It seems to us that Mr. Hapgood has not divested himself of his old habits of erudition, into which he fell when advocating the cause of woman's suffrage at parlor meetings. Woman's suffrage arguments will not avail much in electing Mr. Mitchel mayor in this exceedingly practical city."

The hostility to Mr. Mitchel is equally clear and is exploited on many different dates. If the *Herald* is interested in recalling them, it can examine its editorials of the 19, 20 and 21 of October and its cartoon of October 31. Is HARPER'S WEEKLY fibbing, or is the New York *Herald* trying vainly to emerge from a hole?

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

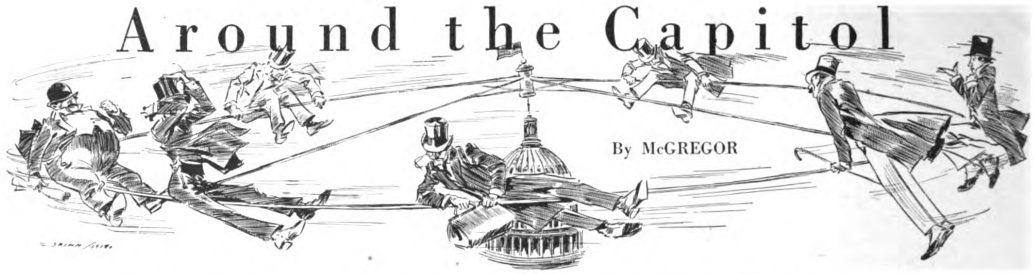


Summer Mass

IN the cloisters of the grass,
Lit by buttercups and daisies,
Celebrants of summer mass,
Little creatures sing their praises.
From a myriad throbbing throats
Rises up their song of Love,
Like a mist of golden motes,
To the Golden Throne above.
And the good Lord, bending nigh,
Quite forgets his House of stone
Where the frightened sinners cry,
And the frowning priests intone,
And the saints (if saints they be)
Smile and smile in effigy.

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Around the Capitol



The Old Guard

"THE Old Guard dies but never surrenders" is a proverb not entirely applicable to the old guard of standpat Senators and Representatives. They are perfectly willing to surrender when political death at the hands of the voters is a probability. Witness the withdrawal of Senators Hale, Aldrich and Crane. The standpat Senators have been encouraged by recent elections into the belief that they will survive the ordeal of the senatorial elections next fall. Simultaneously with the success of Penrose in Pennsylvania in securing the Republican nomination, Senator Gallinger announced his reconsideration of withdrawal from the senatorial contest in New Hampshire, and, in deference to the numerous appeals made to him by a devoted constituency, has announced himself as a candidate for the election. Perhaps Penrose's election would enable Senator Oliver to withdraw his withdrawal from the race two years hence. Senator Perkins' failing health is a sufficient excuse for him, and of course Stephenson will not enter the race again. Senator Jones of Washington is still considered a raw recruit, though voting steadily with the old guard, and so with Sherman of Illinois. Curtis has been encouraged to make the race against Bristow for the Republican nomination with good prospects of success; and Foraker, owing to Senator Burton's withdrawal from the race, will probably obtain the nomination in Ohio. There remain Brandegee, Dillingham, Gallinger, Penrose and Smoot, and there is a strong effort in New York to induce Senator Root also to enter the lists for reëlection.

Gallinger

GALLINGER should by all means secure the support of Hearst in his campaign for reëlection. Both are for subsidizing our coastwise traffic so far as the Panama tolls are concerned; for which the Hearst papers commend him, and Gallinger paid Hearst the notable compliment of suggesting a congressional investigation to discover whether reputable physicians were really using babies instead of dogs for experimental practices in the hospitals. What the real doctors of New Hampshire and their friends may have to say about Dr. Gallinger's attitude toward the profession is another question. Senator Gallinger's recent defense of Colorado conditions and his attempted identification of the Western Federation of Miners with the I. W. W should endear him to what he calls comprehensively "capital."

West in Defense of Rockefeller

SENATOR WEST, the very new Senator from Georgia, serving until there can be an election by the people, unwittingly produced quite a commotion in the Senate the day following the mass-meeting which Judge Lindsey and others addressed, in attempting to strike out the provision in the Agricultural Appropriation Bill which dissolved the partnership between the General Education Board and the Department of Agriculture. Mr. West claimed that Alfred Noble, in exploiting the oil fields of Baku, Russia, had done just what Mr. Rockefeller had done as the leading spirit of the Standard Oil Company. It was difficult for him to yield the floor fast enough to Senators who wished to reply.

Senator Martine: I hope the United States may be spared from living on the contributions of a Rockefeller or a Carnegie. It would be equivalent to a family living on the wages of sin.

Senator Kenyon: I ask, in all respect for the Senator's argument, would the Senator favor taking the money of a bank robber and devoting it to these uplift purposes?

Senator Reed: But the point is, if the Church were to take money brought to it by a bank robber, knowing that it was stolen money, the Senator says the Church would do wrong.

Senator Gore: Does not the Senate think the $250,000, which he is anxious the government should accept at the hands of the Education Board, could be better used in pensioning the widows and orphans of the men who were recently sent to untimely graves in Colorado?

Mr. Shafroth: Does the Senator realize that under this item of the appropriation bill the money of Mr. Rockefeller has been paying the government employees their salaries?

Senator Lane: I am told by persons who have been on the scene that these little children and their mothers retreated into pits which were dug in the ground under the floor of the tents in which they lived, and that after they were fired and became ablaze the smoke and gas settled down and began to smother them. I do not know whether you have ever seen or had anything to do with a person who has been smothered to death. As a physician, I have. They die a very miserable and unhappy death.

Senator Hughes: According to the last information I have been able to gather, Representative Foster had received no reply from Rockefeller to his telegram to the effect that these men were willing to arbitrate, waiving altogether the question of the recognition of the union.

Senator Gallinger came nobly to the defense of Senator West:

To my mind it is extremely unfortunate that a debate such as has been conducted during the last half hour in this chamber should be held. I am an optimist and yet I fear for my country when I see what is going on in this nation today. There was a strike a while ago in the city of Lawrence in the State of Massachusetts. We had a debate here about it and women and children were brought from Lawrence to Washington as they have now been brought from Colorado. The men who led that strike were the same men who today are claiming that they have a right to destroy property and that they have a right to murder in what they conceive to be the interest of labor. The greatest danger that confronts us is not from any foreign nation engaging us in war, but is here at home in this controversy between capital on the one hand and labor on the other.

During these interruptions Senator West was continually assuring the Senate that he was not aware of this and knew nothing about that, that he was not familiar with any of the recent investigations; and finally he withdrew the motion to strike out the provision.

Mr. Rockefeller and the General Education Board

PERHAPS the most interesting contribution to this debate was given in the following statement by Senator Gore:

Mr. President, I feel I will be justified in saying at this juncture that the General Education Board holds as a part of its securities $2,500,000 of stocks or bonds of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, which is the master company of the Colorado labor war with the miners in Colorado. I may also say that the General Education Board has a million or more of the stocks and bonds of the International Harvester Company, the Steel Trust, the Tobacco Trust, the Sugar Trust, and, I think, all the other industrial combinations which have been adjudged by the Supreme Court of this country to be violators of the law of the land.

Of course, the question about receiving tainted money for good ends has been a mooted one ever since Washington Gladden drew a red line in American thought by protesting against the reception by his denomination of a gift for foreign missions by Mr. Rockefeller, belonging to another denomination. But it would seem to the most charitably inclined that a gift of money outright to the General Education Board would have been much better than tying it up with stocks and bonds in corporations which have since been proved to be criminal, or are now under indictment. It would make a good many schoolteachers, for example, to say nothing of colleges, interested in the continued prosperity of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company.

Senator Bradley

SENATOR BRADLEY of Kentucky was a good representative of the stalwart Republicanism of the South. He had been Governor of Kentucky, and was elected Senator by the defection of the saloon representatives from Louisville, who ordinarily would have voted for Beckham, the Democratic candidate, now, in the changes of political life, likely to be Bradley's successor. But Bradley will be chiefly remembered in the Senate as the best story-teller in that body since the death of Senator Bob Taylor. The two were inseparable companions. Often a Senate roll-call would interrupt their delightful pastime of swapping yarns and they would emerge together from the Republican or Democratic cloak-room, and wait until they learned from some bell-wether of one or the other side of the Chamber how the Senate was dividing; whereupon Senator Bradley would vote Aye, Senator Taylor, No, and then having cancelled each other in the council of the nation would return to their story-telling contest. Senator James will probably wear Senator Bradley's mantle in this regard, and he gets most of his yarns second-hand from his boon companion Heflin, the champion story-teller of the House.

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When the Bills Come In

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

Illustrated by W. J. Enright



"It is because of this paralyzing effect of fixed payments upon the human mind, or certainly upon my mind, that I have now hit upon the happy idea of writing a series of papers, and laying them by to eke out my life-insurance"

MOST writer-folk are nervous. They are not writers because they are nervous: they are nervous because they are writers. And to be painfully aware, on February twenty-ninth, that one must, by writing, procure $289.32 on or before March thirty-first, makes it possible and probable that he will not even raise the thirty-two cents.

It is because of this paralyzing effect of fixed payments upon the human mind, or certainly upon my mind, that I have now hit upon the happy idea of writing a series of papers, and laying them by to eke out my life-insurance.

There are many advantages in this scheme, beside the obvious one that if I had sold these papers while—or whilst—I yet lived, I should doubtless have spent the money long ago. First, the missus will probably get more of that good money for the MSS than I could possibly have got. For that particular brand of MSS she will have the market cornered, and if there is any demand at all she may make quite advantageous terms. I can find it in my heart to hope that she will be very austere. Second, I may cheerfully say "I" when "I" is what I mean without clumsy subterfuge or foolish circumlocution. It is one of the many advantages of being dead—perhaps the greatest advantage—that you do not have to be modest. In some ways it was very tiresome to be alive.

Third, I may use the humble parenthesis when I see fit; I will be at liberty to fearlessly split infinitives or tensed verbs: last and best, I shall not have to read the proofs.

I think I shall write a little about writing—for two reasons, neither of which reasons is that I have anything particularly new or valuable to say. But I have reason to believe that most readers are writing, or are going to write, or think they are going to write.

There is everything in a name, no matter what Verulam says.

Take the Republican Party of today. So long as one faction submits to be branded as Insurgents or even as Progressives, while the other wing is triumphantly known as Republicans, "Standpatters," or the "Old Guard," we may expect no great changes. But when the radicals shall be known as Republicans and the conservatives are called the "Non-Progressives," then we shall hear tidings.

When the United States can plagiarize the Filipinos and get the transaction whitewashed as assimilation, while the writer who really assimilates another man's thought, makes it a part of himself, recoins it and utters it again, will be called a plagiarist—(unless indeed, he is a genius)—I trust we can see that the name of a thing is a question of the very first importance.

Observe that I am not writing of men of genius. No one will accuse the genius of plagiarism. No one—not even Thomas Fleming Day—will accuse Mr. Rudyard Kipling of plagiarism. I suppose the man does not live who would not think it an honor to have Mr. Kipling plagiarize from him.

PLAGIARISM is an ugly word. I mean now the word as a word, not the thing. The sound of it is intrinsically ugly, only less hateful than the hideous no-word "pants." And no one can possibly spell plagiarism without a dictionary.

What curious things men do! We used to write with pens, and then we spelled the word "recie—Wait a minute!—Oh yes!— "received," in full, by means of making "e" and "i" exactly alike and putting the dot half way between the two letters. But with the advent of the typewriter this evasion will no longer serve. Now we spell it "rec'd."

HERE'S another funny thing. Mr. Jones, a tired business man—every business man is a Tired Business Man nowadays, and it is for his Weariness that musical and other comedies must be silly—dictates his letters. As the stenographer does not usually know the full name and address of the correspondent, Mr. Jones gives that as a preliminary both to save time and as a precaution against forgetting to give it at all. Hence the formal superscription:

Mr. James Estwick Smith
Kennebec,
Me.

Dear Sir:

This is sensible enough, so far. But, from habit, Mr. Jones uses the same form of superscription when he does the writing himself—(with, perhaps, "*My dear Mr. Smith,*" or "*Dear Jim,*" instead of "*Dear Sir,*")—although the form is then meaningless, since he knows the address without such note. And Thompson, who has no stenographer, and has never dictated a letter, uses the same formal, commercial superscription—because Jones does!

We are all the slaves of habit. We do things every day, merely from the force of habits whose origin we have never known.

You have noted that unless the larger horse of a team were driven on the off side you are annoyed or even distressed? This is, of course, because your heart is on your left side. You may say that it is because you are used to that particular arrangement of horses: but did you ever ask yourself why the larger horse is harnessed upon the right side? Let us follow it up: it is really very interesting.

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It is because, not so very long since, we had a postilion to drive for us, who rode one of the horses. It was his habit to hitch the smaller horse on the left hand side, because it is easier to get on a small horse than on a larger one—and because it was the habit to mount a horse from the left side.

The habit of getting on a horse from the left side was formed because men had the habit of wearing the sword upon the left side: therefore to get upon a horse from the right side while wearing a sword, was not practical; one's sword would get tangled between one's legs. The habit of wearing the sword on the left side rather than on the right was formed because most men were habitually right-handed; and so could draw easier and quicker from a scabbard on the left. The habit of being right-handed was formed so that the heart might not be easily reached by the opposing sword: and the sword habit was partly because man is a fighting animal, and partly because he was clever enough to invent something better than teeth and claws to fight with.

We might easily go further and inquire how man acquired the clever habit of thinking—but that would be to set reason to explain itself, a horrible habit, fortunately confined to philosophers.



"And to be painfully aware, on February twenty-ninth, that one must, by writing, procure $289.32 on or

That chain of thought seems fairly clear; but we are not always so fortunate. Every one knows why Friday is an unlucky day and thirteen an unlucky number, especially the legally hanged; but who has found the mystical bond between the [illegible] horse and the red-headed girl? Yet there must have been some reason for this fortunate fact. Come to think of it, the colors go well together.

REASON assures us that waiters wear evening dress because, yesterday or day before, the master was attended by his own man, and the man wore the master's cast-off clothing; but reason throws no light on why the master ever wore evening dress in the first place. Doubtless there is some arbitrary historical cause; but I do not think reason ever had anything to do with evening dress. Perhaps it is of Puritan origin, a species of penance for the sins of the flesh: perhaps it was originally a symbol of devil-worship.

When I was alive, it so often distressingly happened that when I had finished writing a little passage and saw that it was good, I must needs cry out, "There's that beast Kipling again!"—having discovered that I was once more the victim of a too tenacious memory. To be sure, I could change the phrase from "a contemporary of Nineveh and Tyre" for instance, to "a contemporary of Damascus and Arpad;" but the phrase was none the less stolen for being spoiled, and I was naturally resentful. Therefore, it is easy to see why Mr. Kipling is associated with plagiarism in my mind, because he has so frequently been the plagiarzee—if I may coin a needed word.

There is a great deal more of this unconscious stealing going on than you wot, and I think that no one would be more surprised than some of the guilty parties, who were innocently unaware of it.

I have had the opposite experience too, more than once, and have gravely cut out a good phrase under the impression that it was loot, to find out, too late for publication, that it was of my own authentic make; to say nothing of the numberless cases when I was in doubt, but tacked on quotation marks to be on the safe side. Curiously enough, I once had plagiarism thrust upon me. I used a quotation, with perfectly good quotation marks in the MSS. These were cut out in galley sheets. Twice, I nobly restored them in the proofs; yet the quotation marks were rigorously suppressed, and the booty was finally printed without them, to my great joy.

To plagiarize a man is the surest way as well as the commonest way to disseminate his principles. If you but plagiarize him often enough, you make him immortal, and then you cannot plagiarize him at all. He has become part of the common stock. Do your utmost and you only succeed in making a happy allusion. You cannot plagiarize the Decalogue, or Shakespeare or the Gettysburg Address. Thus, if you have only written something worth while in the first place, the plagiarist is your best friend.

FOR, you may cheat, swindle, defraud and steal in merely material ways and walk unsuspected,—honored, anyway. Cases have been known where a box-car has been stolen, or even a whole railroad, and no one the wiser. But the one theft that you cannot commit with impunity is the literary theft. It is not only always detected; it is always detected immediately. True, it is seldom exposed, unless by officious third persons. The wise writer is delighted with this proof of merit; the unwise writer is, commonly, at least prudent enough to let sleeping dogs lie, to ware the deadly parallel column.

One cowardly and popular device is to convey a striking sentiment or a striking phrase by making one of your characters, A or Y, use it in his speech. Thus, if the transfer passes unnoted you get credit for originality: whereas if it is noticed, you still get credit for cleverness in making your man A, or your man Y, so well read and so humanly consistent. This is obviously the safest form of literary theft. But it is a base and unworthy evasion, showing the same meanness of spirit involved in making hedge-bets. I seldom resort to it myself. My talent lies more along the lines of plain piracy.

ONE thing more about quotations. If you are trying to convince, in a subtle argument where closest attention is desired, quotation marks are prone to distract attention from the vital matter of what is said to the irrelevant matter of who said it first. It is often advisable to give the weighty passage enforcing (or causing) your views, without the quotation marks; and then, after you have made your point, you may cite the authority who supplied you with your master-stroke. With a little practice you also can acquire the habit of forgetting to name your authority.

If strictly original work were printed in the normal way, and borrowed or worked-over material punished and proclaimed by red ink, literature would be one vast red Pacific, sparsely dotted by barren islets of black.

To remold a thought, inspired by enthusiasm and admiration—that beneficent process cannot be stopped without stopping all thought. It is needful, however, to cast into the crucible one new ingredient—yourself. Be you never so light of weight, if you add yourself to the alloy, you are making a legitimate scientific experiment, even though it may be a futile one. But if you do not put yourself into the remolding, you are merely melting down your loot, silver curiously carven, into unrecognizable bullion, for

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the sake of an ignominious safety. When you do this you are not merely a thief. You are also a wastrel.

Our most commonplace, everyday speech is compounded of forgotten plagiarisms. When we say, "There are

Now for the application. It is commonly said to my little friend Legion: Read the great writers for style. But, I say to him: Read the great dead masters for ideas. Devour them, Fletcherize them, digest, assimilate, make them part of your



before March thirty-first makes it possible that he will not even raise the thirty-two cents"

more good democrats in Oyster Bay, believe *me*, kid, than in many a Harmon Club," we don't really think of

> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.

But Tennyson turns over in his grave, nevertheless.

Lest I forget when I write my forthcoming paper, Notebooks and the Artistic Temperament, let me now urge my little friend Legion to exercise great caution in taking down the bright sayings of his friends, for future use. It is not safe. They have such an abominable habit of cribbing their bright sayings from books.

blood; let the enriched blood visit your brain. The resultant activities will be fairly your own, and the little kinks and convolutions of your brain, which are entirely different from the kinks of any other brain, will furnish you all the style you will ever get.

There are no really fresh ideas; just as there is not any fresh air. Air and ideas are refreshed and refreshing, vitalized and vitalizing; but the thoughts have been thought before and the air has been breathed before.

Note, however, that I advise to read the great *dead* writers for this purpose. This is for two reasons. The great dead writers will not protest, and there are not many great ones living. For what few there are, they are not apt to protest: but they would make note of it privately and think coldly of you.

I find that I have not been quite honest about my reasons for writing this paper. I am keen about the life insurance feature, right enough. But neither will I be sorry to be remembered—kindly, I hope—for a fleeting second. Then surely, like Gaffer and Granny Tyl in The Bluebird, we live again, we dead, when we are remembered; we move dimly in the spinning mist and smile our love at you.

It is curious to think how highly you would value the slightest word from me from where I am now. Yet, could you really question me, it is like you would ask me about some utterly trivial thing, just as I, could I get word from you, would probably ask you about baseball championships or presidential elections or some equally unimportant matter. For the fact that I still existed would of itself answer the one Important Question; just as the great thing with you is not whether you are a Shakespeare or a coal-heaver, which is a slight and superficial matter. The great thing is, that you exist at all. That is the one incredible miracle.

As a matter of fact, what I feel just now is not regret so much as curiosity as to how it happened. Cyrano wished to die upon a hero's sword. We have few conveniences for such exit now. We are reduced, broadly speaking, to dying of sickness, mental error, adulterated food, doctors of an experimental turn, or motor-cars. Personally, I hope that it was not a motor-car, or at least that it was not an intoxicated motor-car. The idea of being killed by an intoxicated motor-car has always been distastful to me.

Postscript

OWING to the disgusting and heartless importunities of my creditors, especially of the insurance company, I have been compelled, most reluctantly, to modify my original plan and to dispose of these papers now. This leaves me in a false position, which I feel keenly, and I trust you will share my regret.

When Your Boy Gets a Job

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

YOU'VE always seen it coming, yet you hardly thought it true
That he, your boy, should go to work and quit his hold on you,
And you even less suspected, save in some way vaguely dim,
That such a simple circumstance would loose your hold on him.

But

He's got him a job and he's holding it down,
And it's useless to make any row.
Alike to him now are your smile or your frown,
For he's "earning his own clothes now."

His Magna Charta's signed and sealed. His Rubicon is crossed.
His Independence Bell is rung; his shackles all are lost.
He flouts the whole world in the face from emperor to mob;
July the Fourth lasts all the year, for he—he has a job.

So

The world is his oyster to open at will,
He is solving the when and the how.
Oh, yes, *your* opinions are worthy, but still
He is earning his own clothes now.

It's true he's still a table-guest. He has not quit you quite.
Three times a day he condescends to take his little bite.
He occupies a bedroom in your house, for after all
A "job" may be important, yet a "salary" be small.

Though

At first it looked like a fabulous roll
To choke the proverbial cow,
He has learned that a doughnut encircles a hole,
So he's "earning *his own clothes* now."

You are rather glad he's done it. You're proud that he has hurled
His little, half-grown gauntlet at the big and brutal world.
And yet in all the after-years, your heart shall know a throb
And sing the dear, dependent days before he had "a job."

For

It takes scarce an effort of mind to recall
When he made his primordial bow,
Who had dreamed on that day of no clothing at all,
He'd be buying his own clothes now.

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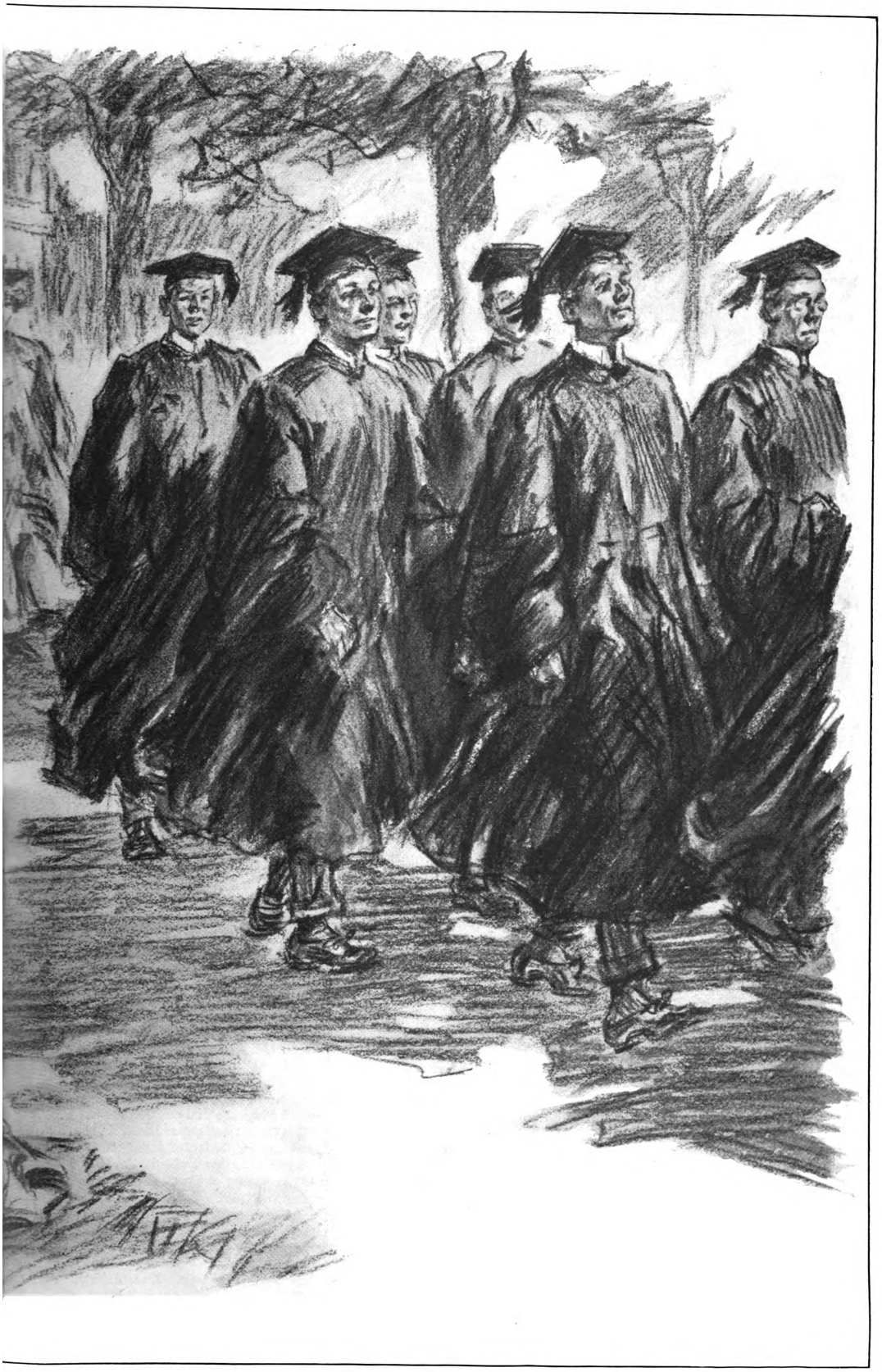


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The Arbuthnot Case

By FRANK DANBY

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

AT St. Pancras yesterday, the City Coroner (Mr. G. H. Turner) opened an inquest on the body of Leonard Hobbs, a schoolboy who met his death under very distressing circumstances.

Mr. Turner, addressing the jury, told them the facts were not in dispute. The boy had been sent home from a preparatory school at Broadstairs in order to undergo a slight operation—the removal of tonsils and adenoids. The boy's mother undertook the little nursing that was required, and after having spent the day by his side remained with him during the night. The boy was of a nervous disposition, and a composing draught had been left for him to be used if required. About two o'clock in the morning he became exceedingly restless and his mother prepared to give him the medicine. Unfortunately she gave him, instead, a large dose of a carbolic disinfectant that stood near it in a somewhat similar bottle. The mistake was discovered almost immediately, the doctors summoned, and every remedy tried. But without avail. The boy died the following day, and upon the facts being made known to the Coroner he ordered a post-mortem examination in the usual way.

Mrs. Arbuthnot looked hardly old enough to be the mother of a boy of twelve. She was slight and fair, very pale, and seemed terribly distressed. She gave her evidence in a low voice that occasionally was almost inaudible.

"I am Ethel Arbuthnot. I have been married twice. Leonard was my only son. The operation took place in the dining-room that had been prepared on purpose. I was with him the whole time. I was very distressed but not unequal to what I had to do. Afterwards he was carried into his own room. I felt very tired and exhausted, and the first part of the night my husband sat up with me. He gave me a small glass of brandy and soda before he left. I don't think I slept at all, but I may have. I was awake when Lennie began to get restless and talk. He said he was sure he should not sleep again and that he felt sick. It was the condition that Dr. Harkness had anticipated. The electric light was not on, there was only a night light in the room. I had been sitting by the bed and got up to get the medicine. . . ."

Here she stopped abruptly, grew very white, and it seemed as if she was about to faint. A murmur of sympathy ran through the Court, and Dr. Turner suggested she might like to rest a little while he called the medical evidence. Her husband assisted her out of the room, and she was heard sobbing as they passed through.

"One of the saddest cases I have been called upon to investigate," the Coroner remarked feelingly.

Dr. Harkness said the boy was strong and healthy, apart from the natural nervousness about the operation. He did not usually operate without a professional nurse in attendance, but this was the slightest operation known, little more serious than the extraction of a tooth. Mrs. Arbuthnot gave them most efficient help. He was a surgeon and physician in general practice. The carbolic was ordered by him, a solution of one in ten. It was for sterilizing his instruments. He had not used it, however, as he came straight from home and they were already sterilized. He saw the bottle of carbolic but his impression was that it was much larger and of a different shape from the one that contained the bromide. It was by his instructions that the room was kept dark. Mrs. Arbuthnot suggested a night light and he thought it a good idea. He was sent for again at three in the morning.

He then related the symptoms of the young patient, the remedies used, and their effect. But from the first the case was seen to be hopeless, and almost all they could do was to relieve the suffering with opiates. Mrs. Arbuthnot was naturally in acute distress, she kept begging them wildly to try different remedies. At the end she had a violent attack of hysteria, completely lost control of herself, and had to be restrained from drinking the remainder of the carbolic. They thought the hysteria might develop into actual mania, and after consultation he decided to give her a morphia injection. He had seen her every day since then, but was not yet completely satisfied as to her mental condition.

TWO days later the Coroner received the following letter:

Personal—Without Prejudice
381 Upper Brook Street

Dear Sir:

You held an inquest yesterday on little Leonard Hobbs. The jury and yourself expressed your sympathy with the bereaved mother, Mrs. Arbuthnot.

It may interest you to know that an inquest was held on Mrs. Arbuthnot's uncle, with whom she lived as a girl, and a year or two later on her aunt, who both died under circumstances necessitating investigation—Mr. and Mrs. Latimer Rowlands of Adderley, Sussex. In the opinion of the nurses and many other people there should have been a similar inquiry into the death of her first husband, James Hobbs, a fine young man of eight-and-twenty, who quarrelled with Mr. Gerald Arbuthnot a few days before he was taken ill. You adjourned the inquest yesterday for further medical evidence and the witnesses were bound over. I think the above facts should be before you when you reassemble. And one or two others which you can easily verify.

Mrs. Arbuthnot is heavily in debt, having lost money playing baccarat at Boulogne and Le Touquet. She plays bridge daily at high points, dines at expensive restaurants, and dresses from Jay's. By the death of her son she comes in for a few thousand pounds of ready money at a time when the need for it is acute.

You were not satisfied with the medical evidence. But the medical evidence is the least part of this strange case of successive inquests upon Mrs. Arbuthnot's relations.

Yours sincerely,
Julia Vibart.

Mr. Turner read the letter slowly, and then re-read it. It struck him as malicious, but it was certainly a curious coincidence, if true, that there should have been inquests on so many of Mrs. Arbuthnot's relations. Mr. Turner was a dutiful and conscientious person, if a little dull—eminently fit for his position. He sent for his officer and directed him to find out if the statements about Mrs. Arbuthnot's aunt and uncle were correct, and what were the findings.

The statements were true and the findings inconclusive. Under these circumstances, and in accordance with his duty Mr. Turner sent Mrs. Vibart's letter and the result of his officer's investigation to the public prosecutor, who wrote back word that he would be represented at the adjourned inquest. This was not a fortnight later, but a month, Dr. Maudsley having asked for an extension of time in order to conclude his post-mortem.

That month had made a considerable difference in Mrs. Arbuthnot's appearance. Now, seated by her husband's side in the body of the Court, whilst Dr. Maudsley was giving the result of the post-mortem she was seen to be of engaging appearance, her mourning modified and elegant.

Mr. Humphrey Marden, representing the Director of Public Prosecutions, concentrated his attention upon her for some time, although without her becoming aware of it. She wore a little spot of black sticking plaster as if to heighten the effect of her pallor, and, probably for the same purpose, her eyelashes were artificially darkened. She appeared sad, but not unduly so. Once, in reply to some observation of her husband, she even smiled, although as if under protest, displaying pretty teeth. Mrs. Arbuthnot had taken off her gloves in readiness to be sworn, and Humphrey Marden noticed that her hands did not match the delicacy of her figure, they were large and the knuckles prominent, the flesh grown over the flat nails, which were pinkly varnished. Mr. Marden thought they were cruel hands. She wore no wedding-ring although she had been twice married. There was a man's ring on her little finger, one diamond set in thick gold.

AFTER the conclusion of Dr. Maudsley's evidence, when, in the natural order of events, the verdict of "Death by Misadventure" would have been recorded and the rider of the jury's sympathy put into correct form, there was a slight pause. Then the Coroner said with some abruptness:

"Gentlemen: After the last adjournment of this case I received a letter, the contents of which I felt it my duty to communicate to the Director of Public Prosecutions. His representative is here today, and wishes me to call the writer."

Mrs. Vibart was a tall and graceful woman, nearer fifty than forty, and evidently of a higher social position than the Arbuthnots. She gave her evidence without any exhibition of feeling.

"I am Mrs. Vibart, wife of Archibald Vansittart Vibart of Tregarthen Towers, Cornwall, and 381 Upper Brook Street. I wrote the letter to the Coroner produced, and am prepared to be examined upon it. I know nothing of the death of Leonard Hobbs, but am well acquainted with his mother and her history. Mrs. Arbuthnot's first husband was my half-brother. Mr. Arbuthnot was in the house at the time of his death, although my brother had ordered him out of it a few days before he was taken ill. After these facts came to my knowledge I did and do think, there were suspicious circumstances about my brother's death. I did not communicate with the Coroner on that occasion. I thought the murder was constructive,

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and might be difficult to prove. Nothing could bring him back," she added simply.

At the word "murder" a little thrill ran through the half-empty court, and the pressman was seen to be writing rapidly. Mr. Arbuthnot had again risen to his feet, but was silenced by the Coroner.

In reply to Mr. Marden Mrs. Vibart said:

"When I read the report of the inquest on my brother's son, the fourth of her relatives who had died whilst under her care, I could no longer remain silent. I am not actuated by any particular feeling of malice towards Mrs. Arbuthnot. I know the implication of my letter."

At the adjourned inquest Mrs. Vibart was the first witness called. Mrs. Arbuthnot's solicitor was in court and proved most unfortunate in his questions. He elicited incidentally a story of an unhappy *marriage à trois*, and much that was damaging if not damning to his client. Mrs. Vibart managed to barb with venom each apparently innocent answer.

"No, I never met Mrs. Arbuthnot until she had been married some time to my half-brother. She was not in my social circle; her father was a publican. Yes, my brother was very attached to her, although she treated him so badly. He made a will dividing his property between her and his son shortly before his mysterious death. My information came from the nurses. They were both very scandalized by Gerald Arbuthnot's constant presence in the house in the last days of my brother's life, and all that went on."

Mr. Waterlow objected sharply to the word "mysterious" and said Mr. Hobbs died of typhoid fever, and there was nothing mysterious about it except in the evil imagination of the witness. Mrs. Vibart calmly replied that her brother did not die of typhoid fever but of a concurrent pneumonia. Before any one had time to stop her she added:

"The window of his room was thrown wide open when he was in the sweating stage of high fever. Neither of the nurses had opened it."

Nevertheless, and at the instance of Mr. Marden, evidence of Mrs. Arbuthnot's financial position was called for and produced. It was overwhelming and incontrovertible. She was blacklisted in two of the great Trade Protection papers, there were judgment and other summonses against her, and she had been frequently sued.

It appeared also that not only was Leonard Hobbs' life insured for a considerable amount, but Mrs. Arbuthnot had been endeavoring to raise money on the policy. She had been in communication with the office a week or two before the boy came home to undergo his trifling operation. She had not succeeded in raising the money. The office had asked for two substantial sureties, and they had not been forthcoming.

This evidence produced a very painful impression.

The jury asked what had become of the bottle of carbolic and the bottle of bromide for which it had been mistaken. The Coroner told them that when Mrs. Arbuthnot had, in her frenzy after the boy's death, attempted to drink the remainder of the carbolic solution, the bottle had been broken, and unfortunately the pieces had been thrown away.

In the end they came to the conclusion that Leonard Hobbs had met his death from poison, feloniously administered. And on this after the necessary formalities had been gone through, Mrs. Gerald Arbuthnot was committed for trial on the Coroner's warrant.

The next scene in the drama was in extraordinary contrast. Instead of the sordid court-house, the jury of petty tradesmen, the policemen and the adjacent mortuary, there was the large and beautiful house in Grosvenor Square, priceless tapestries on the staircase wall, and the thronging guests in their fine laces and jewelry pressing up to where stood their hostess at the head of the stair in her tiara, the famous pearls around her neck.

The throng was great, and the ladies leisurely in their movements. A quiet undistinguished gentleman, gray and middle-aged, found himself wedged between two who talked with as much freedom as if they had been in the seclusion of their, no doubt, elegant dressing-rooms.



"The boy died the following day"

"That's Julia Vibart there; just in front of Lady Sylvester in black velvet. Did ever a woman get her own back so neatly? They'll hang that Arbuthnot woman."

"I suppose she is guilty?"

"Not a bit of it, my dear. Charlie used to know her when she was Mrs. Jim Hobbs. He says she's the last woman in the world to make a holocaust of her relations; she hasn't the pluck."

"How far do you think things went between her and Archie Vibart!"

"He paid a few bills for her. Julia found it out and came down upon him like a ton of bricks. But what could she expect when she married a man ten years younger than herself."

Another voice struck in upon the talk.

"Archie Vibart is the sickest man in London today. He says if anything happens to Mrs. Jim he'll blow his brains out. He knows if it had not been for him that letter to the Coroner would never have been written."

The middle-aged man with the gray

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whiskers who was wedged in near there could not help listening.

"Brains! Archie Vibart's brains! If he had had half an ounce of intelligence he would have carried on with any one in the world rather than Mrs. Jim, as you call her, Mrs. Gerald, she is now. Julia is a vindictive woman and he might have known what to expect."

The congestion of traffic broke up at the moment, but the man who listened found himself little better circumstanced. It was Mrs. Vibart herself who was now talking of the Arbuthnot case, quite calmly, and as if her interest in it was no different from that of the general public.

"Poor Jim," she was saying, "she led him a dreadful life; he used to come to me with his troubles. After she met Gerald Arbuthnot she refused to live with her husband, although she remained in the same house with him. Gerald had practically nothing, and she had no means of her own, only what Jim gave her. He was quite infatuated with her or he would have taken my advice earlier."

"That was . . ."

"To insist on the friendship with Gerald Arbuthnot being broken off. Instead, he actually had him to stay in the house! He said he wanted to show his confidence in her! Jim was never very wise."

"And then?" The clean, shaven thin, and alert man to whom she was talking was well known through his connection with one of the big half-penny papers. He was evidently pumping her for copy.

"Then all at once he seemed to realize what was going on, and turned the man out of the house. He was taken ill a few days afterwards. I was abroad at the time. She telegraphed to me and I hurried back, but of course I arrived too late."

"You really do think she made away with him?"

"I really do know that she had all to gain and nothing to lose by his death. He had run through his money, or the greater part of it. The nurses were very suspicious of her."

"You questioned them?"

"They told me he had food the doctors had not ordered, and of the open window; that Gerald Arbuthnot sat with her in the library all the time, and she ran up and down between them with the bulletins."

"You know that nothing of this is evidence. You will not be given the same latitude at the trial as you were at the inquest."

"I ask you, or any unprejudiced person, how would you relish the ministrations of your wife when you were dangerously ill, if her lover were downstairs waiting to hear the bulletins?"

"*Was* Gerald Arbuthnot her lover? I understand they did not marry for over two years after your brother's death."

"Why should they hurry to go through the ceremony," she answered, shrugging her shoulders.

AT the Assizes, when the Recorder addressed the Grand Jury he gave a weighty and judicial account of the case of "The Crown v. Ethel Arbuthnot." He wished to point out to them that as regarded the inquests on Mrs. Arbuthnot's aunt and uncle, further investigation had revealed the fact that the man was an habitual drunkard. He seemed to have had a fall or blow of which he was only able to give a very incoherent account. The jury found he died from an accident, the cause of which there was not sufficient evidence to show. But there was nothing at all to connect his young niece with the event. As regarded the woman, they had a verdict to the effect that she died from an overdose of veronal whether self-administered, or feloniously by some other person or persons, there was again no evidence available. There was no accusation of any kind made then, or until now, by inference or otherwise, against Mrs. Arbuthnot who was a mere school-girl at the time, and he did not know how such a charge could be sustained. Then they came to the death of her first husband, James Hobbs. The person who had written to the Coroner was James Hobbs' step-sister, and if they decided on sending the case for trial it would be on the strength of this document, of which the prejudice was easily apparent. James Hobbs died of typhoid fever and pneumonia. Several doctors saw him in the course of his illness and the practitioner in attendance filled in the death certificate. They had to clear their minds of anything they had heard or read about the case, and consider it entirely on its merits. The Coroner's Jury found that Mrs. Arbuthnot had done this dreadful, this almost incredible deed. If there was any doubt in their own minds they would find a true bill and the case would be tried by a competent tribunal. But if, on the other hand, and after mature deliberation, they were unable to bring themselves to this conclusion, they would throw out the bill.



"Was found squeezed between the railings of Mrs. Vibart's house"

The jury threw out the bill, and Mrs. Arbuthnot, who had already been in custody for five weeks, was ordered to be immediately released.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later there were big placards at all the street corners and London was startled by the announcement

SUICIDE OF ETHEL ARBUTHNOT
SENSATIONAL SEQUEL TO THE
ARBUTHNOT CASE

The report of the inquest is too long to transcribe. But an extract from David Devenish's subsequent leader in the *Daily Grail* will summarize it sufficiently:

"By taking her own life in the sensational manner described in another column Mrs. Ethel Arbuthnot has added an absorbing chapter to the annals of criminal psychology. We make no apology for giving *in extenso* the letter she left behind her:

The brokers have been in the flat and everything seems to smell of them. We can't get any credit from the tradespeople and people stare at me in the streets. I'm very little better off here than I was in Pentonville, and although the Grand Jury threw out the bill against me I shall always be suspected and pointed at. But I'm not going to suffer alone. It's all Julia Vibart's fault, but for her disgraceful letter there would have been a vote of sympathy for me at the Coroner's inquest, and no one would have thought anything more about it. I did give Lennie the carbolic by mistake whatever any one may say. I never dreamt of it burning his throat and mouth. Gerald had given me a brandy and soda and I did not know what I was doing. The tradespeople and moneylenders have got Lennie's insurance money. I have not benefitted a penny by it. I've had a most unhappy life, and now everybody is speaking ill of me without knowing what I've been through. Uncle was always teasing me when I was a child, making me do and say things I hated. He made me stand up and beg for my Sunday dinner once, as if I had been a dog. If I ran under his feet when he was drunk and he fell to the bottom of the stairs, I can't see that I was to blame because his skull was fractured. And as for Aunt she watched me and kept me in her stuffy rooms and never let me do anything I wanted. She *asked* for the veronal; she couldn't sleep, and I gave it to her out of kindness, enough to make sure.

It was cruel to say that I did anything to Jim; nobody but Julia would have thought of such a thing. He used to make awful scenes and I was frightened of him. If I opened the window it was because he seemed so hot, and if I gave him things to eat it was because he said the doctors were starving him. There was never anything between Gerald and me whilst he was alive, whatever people said. I was fond of Gerald, we were great friends. When I told him about opening the window and giving Jim a sandwich or two, he said he thought I was quite right; he was a great comfort to me all the time Jim was ill. That is what Julia resented; that I should have any comfort. She was always jealous of me, first with Jim and then with Archie, because I have sex attraction and she hasn't. I want every one to know that she is responsible for my death, to point at her. I am going to take a big injection of morphia and then impale myself on her railings, or lie down on her doorstep—that's where I shall be found, and I hope she'll like it.

"As we know she carried out her intention, and was found squeezed between the railings of Mrs. Vibart's house in Upper Brook Street at an early hour on the morning of the 5th."

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Food and Health

By LEWIS B. ALLYN

Unclean, Ungodly

THE sanitary campaign of the State Board of Indiana will meet with a hearty endorsement from thousands of local Boards of Health. Secretary J. N. Hurty submits the following hot shot: "The reason we have so many dirty towns is because there are so many dirty people. Some towns stink, but in such, the inhabitants stink first. No town is in itself bad, it is the people who are bad. The town is a mirror. It reflects the people. A man who is clean in mind will be clean in person, he will have a clean front yard and a clean back yard.

A littered dooryard or a dilapidated house reflects a littered and dilapidated mind.

If an overrunning outhouse borders the alley it is because the instinct of decency and cleanliness is woefully absent in the owner or tenant or both. The old proverb—'Cleanliness is next to Godliness' was changed by Governor Thomas Marshall to—'Cleanliness is Essential to Godliness.' No cleanliness, then, of course, no godliness. A dirty town is an ungodly town.

Some towns, yes many towns, have flies on them. They have flies on them because they are dirty. They are ungodly for that very reason.

A town may have several churches and many church-going people, but if it is dirty and stinks, it is ungodly. 'By their works ye shall know them.' Of course, how else can they be known. I sat on the porch of a house in a certain town one summer evening. It was hot and sultry. Every once in a while a gentle movement of the air would bear foul odors to my nose. It was the nearby outhouses I smelled. What kind of people are they who have such surroundings? Are they strong-minded and clean? Think of people so disposing of their sewage as to poison the air and also make it possible for flies to transport unspeakable filth to their food. Why shouldn't such people have typhoid fever? They invite it, don't they? Surely, every man is the architect of his own misfortunes. Foul outhouses and flies spell typhoid. Why have them? The answer is simple. They who have them are not of a high order of mentality. They who have them are weak in righteousness, and impractical.

Shall the dirty be compelled by law to be clean? No, indeed, not unless their dirtiness threatens the health and comfort of others. The Scripture says: 'He who is filthy let him be filthy still.' Of course, what is the use to do otherwise? Compelling him who is filthy to be clean in person and premises will not make him clean in mind and soul.

He'll be filthy still. We must teach cleanliness to the unclean. Then if they become clean and stay clean, it is because cleanliness is in their nature. If they stay dirty, it is because they are inherently dirty. Force won't change them. The reason we cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear is because it is a sow's ear. It is not silk. A naturally dirty man cannot be made into a clean man. It is an iron law of nature that only those may be saved who can accomplish their own salvation. Dirty towns will exist just so long as dirty people exist. Dirty towns will disappear when clean people predominate."

A New Slogan

THE battle cry of "swat the fly" is changed to read: "Swat the man who lets him breed."

The New Guaranty

A VALID and unfavorable criticism of the present Food and Drugs Act relates to the much-discussed guaranty clause:

(Regulation 9. Form of Guaranty) Section 9.

(a) No dealer in food or drug products will be liable to prosecution if he can establish that the goods were sold under a guaranty by the wholesaler, manufacturer, jobber, dealer, or other party residing in the United States from whom purchased.

(b) A general guaranty be filed with the Secretary of Agriculture by the manufacturer or dealer and be given a serial number, which number shall appear on each and every package of goods sold under such guaranty with the words, "Guaranteed under the food and drugs act, June 30, 1906."

(c) The following form of guaranty is suggested:

"I (we) the undersigned do hereby guarantee that the articles of foods or drugs manufactured, packed, distributed, or sold by me (us) (specifying the same as fully as possible) are not adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of the food and drugs act, June 30, 1906.

(Signed in ink) ————————."

(Name and place of business of wholesaler, dealer, manufacturer, jobber, or other parties.)

CHOICE assortments of fakirs and food liars have taken advantage of this regulation and foisted upon honest people their debased concoctions. Partial relief has been afforded in the new Food Inspection Decision No. 153, which reads:

Amendment to Regulation 9, Relating to Guaranties by Wholesalers, Jobbers, Manufacturers, and other Parties Residing in the United States to Protect Dealers from Prosecution.

Regulation 9 of the Rules and Regulations for the enforcement of the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906 (34 Stat., 768) is hereby amended, effective May 1, 1915, so as to read as follows:

Regulation 9, Guaranty. (Section 9)

(a) It having been determined that the legends "Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906" and "Guaranteed by (name of guarantor), under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906," borne on the labels or packages of food and drugs, accompanied by serial numbers given by the Secretary of Agriculture, are each misleading and deceptive, in that the public is induced by such legends and serial numbers to believe that the articles to which they relate have been examined and approved by the government and that the government guarantees that they comply with the law, the use of either legends, or any similar legend, on labels or packages should be discontinued. Inasmuch as the acceptance by the Secretary of Agriculture for filing of the guaranties of manufacturers and dealers and the giving by him of serial numbers thereto contributed to the deceptive character of legends on labels and packages, no guaranty in any form shall hereafter be filed with and no serial number shall hereafter be given to any guaranty by the Secretary of Agriculture. All guaranties now on file with the Secretary of Agriculture shall be stricken from the files, and the serial numbers assigned to such guaranties shall be canceled.

(b) The use on the label or package of any food or drug of any serial number required to be canceled by paragraph (a) of this regulation is prohibited.

(c) Any wholesaler, manufacturer, jobber, or other party residing in the United States may furnish to any dealer to whom he sells any article of food or drug a guaranty that such article is not adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906, as amended.

(d) Each guaranty to afford protection shall be signed by, and shall contain the name and address of the wholesaler, manufacturer, jobber, dealer, or other party residing in the United States making the sale of the article or articles covered by it to the dealer, and shall be to the effect that such articles are not adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of the Federal Food and Drugs Act.

(e) Each guaranty in respect to any article or articles should be incorporated in or attached to the bill of sale, invoice, bill of lading, or other schedule, giving the names and quantities of the article or articles sold, and should not appear on the labels or packages.

(f) No dealer in food or drug products will be liable to prosecution if he can establish that the articles were sold under a guaranty given in compliance with this regulation.

W. G. McAdoo,
Secretary of the Treasury.
D. F. Houston,
Secretary of Agriculture.
William C. Redfield,
Secretary of Commerce.
Washington, D. C.
May 5, 1914.

It will be noted that instead of filing a guaranty with the government, the packer, wholesaler, manufacturer, jobber, etc., may guarantee direct to the dealer, the latter being afforded all needed protection. Since the guaranty of agreement to the Food and Drugs Act appears upon the bill of sale, invoice, etc., and not upon the label of the package no consumer will be misled by supposed governmental endorsement. One notes, however, that there is nothing in this decision that requires the food to be pure. The dealer alone is protected; legalized adulteration may proceed as before.

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The Perfect One

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

Illustrated by Guy Pène du Bois

SOME of us call him a good sport. Mr. Galsworthy calls him "The Perfect One." The things that he is interested in are indeed numerous. The things that he does not see—well, read Mr. Galsworthy

WHEN you had seen him you knew that there was really nothing to be said. Idealism, humanity, culture, philosophy, the religious and aesthetic senses—after all, where did all that lead? Not to him! What led to him was beef and whisky, exercise, wine, strong cigars, and open air. What led to him was anything that ministered to the coatings of the stomach and the thickness of the skin. In seeing him you also saw how progress, civilization, and refinement simply meant attrition of those cuticles which made him what he was. And what was he? Well, perfect! Perfect for that high, that supreme Purpose—the enjoyment of life as it was. And, aware of his perfection—oh, well aware!—with a certain blind astuteness that refused reflection on the subject—not caring what anybody said or thought, just enjoying himself, taking all that came his way, and making no bones about it; unconscious indeed that there were any to be made. He must have known by instinct that thought, feeling, sympathy, only made a man chickeny, for he avoided them in an almost sacred way. To be "hard" was his ambition, and he moved through life hitting things, especially balls—whether they reposed on little inverted tubs of sand, or moved swiftly towards him, he almost always hit them, and told people how he did it afterwards. He hit things, too, at a distance through a tube with a certain noise, and a pleasant swelling-up under his fifth rib every time he saw them tumble, feeling that they had swollen up still more under their fifth ribs and would not require to be hit again. He tried to hit things in the middle distance with little hooks which he flung out in front of him, and when they caught on, and he pulled out the result, he felt better. He was a sportsman, and not only in the field. He hit any one who disagreed with him, and was very angry if they hit him back. He hit the money-market with his judgment when he could, and when he couldn't, he hit it with his tongue. And all the time he hit the government. It was a perpetual comfort to him in those shaky times to have that government to hit. Whatever turned out wrong, whatever turned out right—there it was! To give it one—two—three, and watch it crawl away, was wonderfully soothing. Of a summer evening, sitting in the window of his Club, having hit balls or "bookies" hard all day, how pleasant still to have that fellow Dash and that fellow Blank and all the beastly crew to hit still harder. He hit women, not of course with his fists, but with his philosophy. Women were made for the perfection of men; they had produced, nourished, and nursed him, and he now felt the necessity for them to comfort and satisfy him. When they had done that he felt no further responsibility in regard to them; to feel further responsibility was to be effeminate. The idea, for instance, that a spiritual feeling must underlie the physical, was extravagant; and when a woman took another view, he took—if not actually, then metaphorically—a stick.

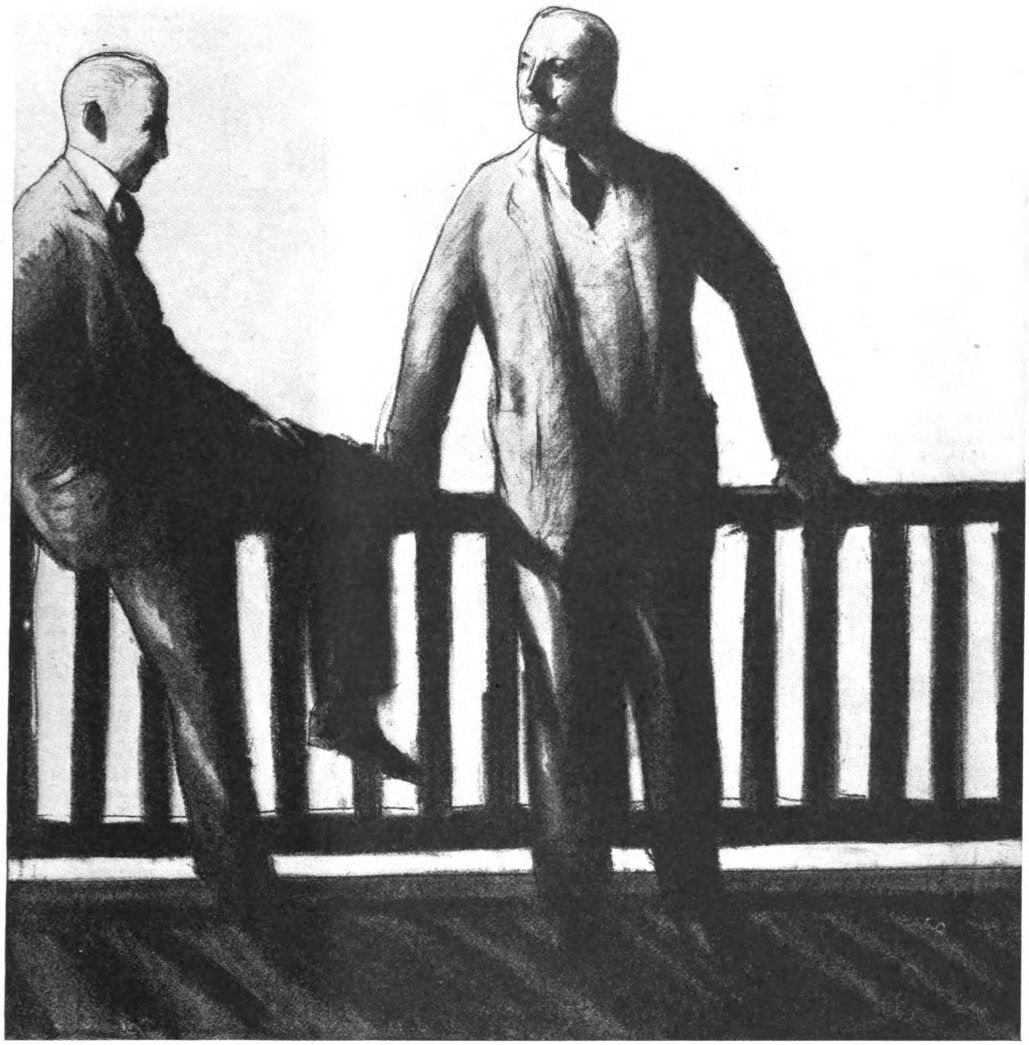


"One could see him perhaps to the best advantage in lands like India or Egypt, striding in the early morn over the purlieus of the desert with his loping, strenuous step, scurried after by what looked like little dark and anxious women"

He was almost Teutonic in that way. Not that he liked Germans. Next to the government, he liked hitting them better than almost anything. Indeed, you could not miss them; what with their beer-drinking and general expansion, they loomed larger to him than haystacks. Right and left he hit them all the time. He had a rooted conviction that some day they would hit him back, and this naturally exasperated him. It was not as if he could stop hitting them. If a man could not hit Germans in these days — what could he do? In the midst of danger to the Game Laws, of Socialism, and the Woman's Movement, the only hope, almost the only comfort, lay in hitting Germans. For Socialists were getting so near that he could only hit them now in Clubs, Music Halls, and other quite safe places; and the Woman's Movement might be trusted implicitly to hit itself. Thus in the world-arena there was nothing left but those godsends, the government, and Germans. Always a fair man, and of thoroughly good heart, he gave them credit for just the amount of generosity and good will that he felt present in his own composition. There was no extravagance in that; and any man who gave them more he deemed an ass.

HE had heard of "the people," and indeed at times had seen and smelt them; it had sufficed. Some persons, he knew, were concerned about their condition and all that, but what good it would do him to share that concern, he could not see. Fellows spoke of them as "poor devils" and so forth; to his mind they were "pretty good rotters," most of them—especially the British workman, who wanted something for nothing all the time, and grumbled when he got it. The more you gave the more they wanted, and if he were this —— government, instead of coddling them up he would hit them one, and have done with it. Insurance indeed; pensions; land reform; minimum wage—it was a bit too thick! They would "soon be putting the blighters into glass cases, and labelling them 'This side up.'"

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"'*And what was he?*' '*Well, perfect.*'"

Sometimes he dreamed of the time when he would have to ride for God and the King. But he strongly repelled of course any suggestion that he had been brought up to a belief in "caste." At his school he had once kicked a scion of the Royal family; this heroic action had dispersed in his mind once for all any notion that he was a snob. "Caste" indeed! There was no such thing in England nowadays—had he not sung "The Leather Bottel" to an audience of dirty people in his school mission hall, and—rather enjoyed it. It was not his fault that Labor was not satisfied. It was all those professional agitators, confound them! He himself was opposed to setting class against class. It was, however, ridiculous to imagine that he was going to hobnob with or take interest in people who weren't clean, who wore clothes with a disagreeable smell, people, moreover, who, in the most blatant way, showed him continually that they wanted what he had got. No, no! there were limits. Cleanliness at all events cost nothing—and it was the *sine quâ non*. What with clothes, a man to look after them, baths and so on, he himself spent at least two hundred a year on being clean; and even took risks with the thickness of his skin, from the way he rubbed and scrubbed it. A man could not be hard and healthy if he wasn't clean, and health and hardness were his little gods.

One could see him perhaps to the best advantage in lands like India or Egypt, striding in the early morn over the purlieus of the desert with his loping, strenuous step, scurried after by what looked like little dark and anxious women, carrying his clubs; his eyes, with their look of outfacing Death, fixed on the ball that he had just hit so hard, intent on overtaking it, and hitting it even harder next time. Did he at these times of worship ever pause to contemplate that vast and ancient plain, where in the distance Pyramids, those creatures of eternity, seemed to tremble in the sun haze? Did he ever feel an ecstatic wonder at the strange cries of immemorial peoples far travelling the desert air;

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or look and marvel at those dark and anxious little children of old civilizations who pattered after him? Did he ever feel the majesty of those vast, lonely sands, and that vast, lonely sky? Not he! He d—d well hit the ball, until his skin began to act; then, going in, took a bath and rubbed himself. At such moments he felt perhaps more truly religious than at any other, for one naturally could not feel so fit and good on Sundays, with the necessity it imposed for extra eating, smoking, kneeling, and other sedentary occupations. Indeed, he had become perhaps a little distracted in religious matters. There seemed to be things in the Bible about turning the other cheek, and lilies of the field, about rich men and camels, and the poor in spirit, which did not go altogether with his religion. Still, of course, one remained in the English Church, hit things, and hoped for the best.

ONCE his convictions nearly took a toss. It was on a ship, not as English as it might have been, so that he was compelled to talk to people that he would not otherwise perhaps have noticed. Amongst such was a Briton with a short beard, coming from Morocco. This person was lean and brown, his eyes were extremely clear; he held himself very straight, and looked fit to jump over the moon. It seemed obvious that he hit a lot of things. One questioned him therefore with some interest as to what he had been hitting. The fellow had been hitting nothing, absolutely nothing. How on earth, then, did he keep himself so fit? Walking, riding, fasting, swimming, climbing mountains, writing books; hitting neither the government nor Germans! Never to hit anything; write books, tolerate the government, and look like that! It was not done. And the odd thing was, the fellow didn't seem to know or care whether he was fit or not. All the four days that the voyage lasted, with this infernal, healthy fellow under his very nose, he suffered. There was nothing to hit on board, the ship being German, and he himself not feeling very fit. However on reaching Southampton and losing sight of his traveling acquaintance, he soon regained his equanimity.

He often wondered what he would do when he passed the age of fifty; and felt more and more that he would either have to go into Parliament or take up the duties of a county magistrate. After that age there were certain kinds of balls and beasts that could no longer be hit with impunity, and if one was at all of an active turn of mind one must have substitutes. Marriage, no doubt, would do something for him, but not enough; his was a strenuous nature, and he intended to remain "hard" unto the end. To combine that with service to his country, especially if, incidentally, he could hit Socialism, and poachers, Germans, loafers, and the income tax—this seemed to him an ideal well worthy of his philosophy and life, so far. And with this in mind he lived on, his skin thickening, growing ever more and more perfect, more and more impervious to thought, and feeling, to aestheticism, sympathy and all the elements destructive of perfection. And thus—when his time has come, there is every hope that he may die.

Are College Students Muts?

Mr. Steffens is very much interested in the letters that continue to come in in regard to his articles on education. He here answers more of the points which his critics raise

MR. STEFFENS' criticism of the colleges is that the undergraduates are not making their own education; the implication is that if they would, the world would be the better for it, or at least the undergraduate world would be.

The astonishing thing is that the prime example of democratic activity in college, the foot-scraping of the Viennese, is not only known but is positively a habit in one of the larger Eastern colleges, and has probably its counterpart in all the rest. The students of this college stamp their feet, vigorously, noisily, democratically, at certain definite times. They are when a professor's dog follows him into the lecture room, when a professor announces a "cut," and whenever any one, instructor, lecturer or undergraduate, refers seriously and sanely to any subject connected with sex. It affects him exactly as a professor's dog.

And these are the men whom Mr. Steffens wants to make education democratic. G. S.

THERE'S nothing astonishing about this foot-scraping. The parents of these boys would protest similarly at similarly unimportant things: a frank sex-talk, for example, or political and business stealings. The "yellow dog" of the life insurance scandals set us all scraping our feet; not the typical corruption of big business corporations. The New Haven scandal is just as astonishing as if the insurance exposure had not occurred. And we would scrape our feet if we should see the yellow dog following the Pennsylvania railroad into the class-room, or the fire insurance companies. It's all a matter of what you scrape your feet at, and the hope of the world is that college students will pick their scrapes more carefully, themselves, than their teachers and parents do. L. S.

CERTAINLY he does not want the few exceptional fellows to do this; that would be tyranny. He suggests that the students work for representation in making up the curriculum. Well, a few students have done this. They have forced unwilling faculties to give courses in Socialism, for example. But the great majority of students are either satisfied with the courses that are given, or are utterly indifferent to the courses they take, so long as they get sixty-five credits in four years. G. S.

I ASK students to seize power and self-control, not because they are fit for it, but because they are not, and should be. And, as with women and labor, the only way to become fit for self-government is to practice it. L. S.

MR. STEFFENS gives his bias away in his very first sentences when he refers to that notorious fiction, the idealism of youth. It is not the idealism of youth but the idealism of the middle forties that is dangerous and inspiring. If college men have any ideals, they are exactly those of other men about them, and are usually represented by a wife and a fixed, comfortable position in a small social circle. G. S.

I ADMIT that the idealism of forty is better, when it exists at all, than that of twenty, but that's why I want to see youth begin to try at home and in college to work out their own salvation. They'll get up against that which makes us middle-aged students the better idealists: the opposition of Things as They Are; colleges, for example, and the great cynical, stupid majority. President Wilson saw the system first at Princeton. You can see it at your college. L. S.

YOU talk about I. W. W. Well, we aren't as bad as that, but come, hear, and be convinced that we have a great many ideas of our own which have not been transferred to us by the process of osmosis.

As we said before we will admit some of the accusations made, but the conclusion must be that you had better let us alone. We are doing well and will come out all right in the end. W. H. M.

NO. You will not. It isn't at Madison, Princeton or—any other college. Colleges, like cities and states, are all alike, essentially, and students who travel to find "better things" are like citizens who look for "good government" elsewhere.

I didn't say as "bad" as the I. W. W. I said as "good." And I have "heard." I have been to college, and I heard, lately. L. S.

"WHAT do you think of Lincoln Steffens' articles in HARPER'S WEEKLY?"

I have asked a large number of university men this question, and every one had formed a definite opinion.

"Great!" said most of the students. "I hope every Prof. in the college reads them. But what if they do? They can not and will not get his point of view."

"Absurd!" said a few. "Why, if the average undergraduate were to study what he pleased we would have only dancing masters and football coaches on the faculty." And even as I wondered at these last, I remembered that they intended to become teachers themselves —or were members of Phi Beta Kappa. In brief, they were "grinds." A. F. W.

I DIDN'T hope "every Prof." would read me. That's no use. I wanted the students to read and—do what those students did: Think it over. L. S.

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Sports

By HERBERT REED

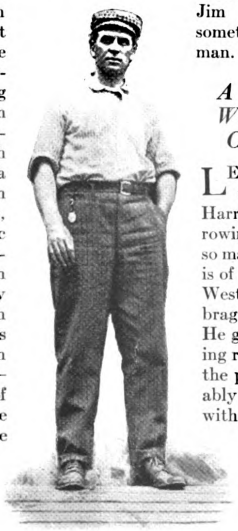
TWO of the great American regattas will swing down into rowing history in the course of the next fortnight, and with them the most conspicuous work of the great coaches—for to the general public it is their domination of the college oarsmen rather than their tutelage of the club crews that keeps rowing alive far into the summer that counts. It is perhaps this failure to keep constant watch over the foremost tutors of the sweep method of driving a shell through the water that results in the small general knowledge of their personalities, and the ready credence in the many bizarre stories that are told of them. They are in no sense ogres, these men—they are quite human, pretty thoroughly ingrained with common sense, that in the course of their specialized work amounts to shrewdness—and their main object in life, in the course of making a living, is the attainment and conservation of the ability to study and classify younger men. In this attainment and in this conservation lies the measure of their success, all other things being fairly equal.



Courtney, of Cornell

Cornell's "Old Man"

PROBABLY more weird yarns have been put forth in the name of, and about, Charles E. Courtney, of Cornell, than any other man in the coaching ranks. The Courtney mythology is older than the Rice mythology, for instance, and yet there is already a fairly healthy Rice mythology. To the man who has been brought up on the Courtney mythology, a meeting with the "Old Man" is replete with surprises. Outwardly, at least, he is quite like other men. In appearance there is nothing weirder about him than there was about Theodore Thomas. Each would have passed for a prosperous business man at any time. In athletics, if not always in music and painting, the master's genius is usually in proportion to his ability to conceal it. So with Courtney. If Ithaca's "Old Man" has certain personal peculiarities—and he has his share of them—they are for home consumption; they are for his own people, the men of Cornell and their university, to both of which he is intensely loyal. Courtney has been painted as a man blaring, with wealth of expletive, through a megaphone. As a matter of fact he does a large part of his actual coaching in the boathouse, and in the last week of preparation at Poughkeepsie he will take his crew over four miles with fewer than a score of words of direction. "Perhaps," said he, one day in his launch, "I could teach them a little more these last few days, but I shall not try. I shall simply let them alone." This last week is spent mainly in keeping friends and relatives of the oarsmen off the float.



Jim Rice, of Columbia

Jim Rice, Humorist

THE real humorist of the lot is James C. Rice of Columbia, who has pushed Courtney's men hard oftener than any other coach. He is a man whose ebullient personality "gets over" to his crew, and who has done more with frequently poorer material than any other coach. He is the originator of the terms "wet and dry" and "corkscrew" stroke, and the application of these illuminating terms to the work of any man on the machines or in the boat goes further toward correcting faults, and correcting them quickly, than any amount of megaphone abuse. He is master of the apt word, the fitting phrase, of sarcasm that thrusts home without permanent sting. Even in a coach it takes something of a man to display a keen, a piercing insight into the mental interiors of the young men under them, and still retain them as friends. And Jim Rice is something of a man.

A Quiet Western Coach

LESS prominent than Courtney and Rice is Harry Vail, the man who teaches rowing at Wisconsin, whence come so many good, natural oarsmen. Vail is of the quiet type. Certain of the Western scribes and supporters may brag about the crew, but Vail never. He goes serenely on his way, teaching rowing and teaching it well. In the preliminary season he has probably more trouble than any of them with rough water and weather conditions, but no one has ever heard him complain beyond a mere statement of fact. And Vail's work is gradually but inevitably getting better—ripening so that, dangerous as the Badgers have been in the past, they will be even more dangerous in the near future.

The Man from Seattle

SINCE Hiram Conibear has had charge of the Washington University eight he has been something of a puzzle to Eastern rowing critics. They pointed out that he had not in reserve the vast experience of the Eastern rowing coaches. Conibear himself admitted that. But he is something of a student—so he kept extremely quiet, watched the work of other eights, and taught himself as well as his men the things both needed to know. He went at the matter in hand in a common sense way and produced common sense and extremely interesting results. He has the faculty of being able to apply what he learns to his crew. He is a born teacher in that he can not only teach his pupils but also teach himself—a rare combination. Some excellent theories of rowing, theories that will stand the test of actual racing in time, can be evolved from nothing more substantial than skilful observation, and this is to a large extent the method of the man from Seattle. More will be heard from Hiram Conibear and his wonderful materials if the combination remains on the water front for another regatta or so.

Jim Wray

James Wray, who has done so much for boating at Harvard, is one of the most retiring men in the game until it comes to talking of single scullers, of which fraternity he is still a more or less active member. Wray, it must be remembered, is not a rowing "czar" at Cambridge, as are most of the others at their respective universities, and is dominated save in the matter of actual instruction by a rowing committee. Daily, almost, he is called upon for the exercise of tact of a high order. And the constant exercise of tact in handling men over him and men under him at the same time, combined with teaching rowing to a horde of candidates for the Crimson shells, makes a full day for any man. Like most of the other scullers, Wray gets excellent watermanship from his men, and the Harvard 'varsity is notoriously slower in rounding into top form than most other crews. The reward comes late, but in recent years it has been a full reward. In his street clothes one would never suspect the Harvard coach of being a sculler of the first class, and it is not until he is out on the river, coaching from a single, which his powerful build and pretty blade-work keep pretty well up with a full boatload of his pupils, that one realizes what a mass of a man this quiet chap is. There is no uproar about Wray's coaching.



Jim Wray, of Harvard

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Balls and Strikes

By BILLY EVANS

The Spit-ball Delivery and Fisher

THE spit-ball delivery has ruined many a pitcher. It made but one. Look over the major league records for the past twelve years, and you will find the name of many a twirler, once touted to the sky, who is either doing duty back in the bushes, or has dropped entirely out of baseball. If I were to name the many pitchers put out of the game by the excessive use of the spitter, it would indeed be a mighty lengthy list. Elmer Stricklett stands out as the only pitcher who did a come-back on the strength of the spit-ball delivery, after having been counted down and out as a successful twirler. When Stricklett suddenly discovered that the ball could be made to do all kinds of fancy tricks by applying saliva to the sphere or finger, he was in the Coast League, and was just about at the end of his string as a pitcher. Mastering the new delivery, he went out and won a long string of victories, attracted the attention of the big league scouts, and did a highly successful comeback in the majors. The history of the spit-ball is that it has ruined many an arm of steel. Stricklett's is the only case on record where it brought back a "glass arm," to use the diamond term.

Most pitchers when going along successfully through the use of the spit-ball delivery were blind to the injury it was steadily working on their pitching arm. I know of only one pitcher who got his chance to make good because of a deceptive spit-ball and yet he has entirely abandoned that style of pitching. The player I refer to is Ray Fisher, a valued member of the pitching staff of the New York team of the American League. At the beginning of his career, Fisher used the spit-ball almost exclusively, only mixing in a fast one every now and then. He was a mighty hard man to beat, because he boasted of a spitter that had a very good break, and his control of it was such that he could keep it at the knee almost constantly. It is a well-known fact that the spit-ball is not hard to hit when broken high. Only when the ball is kept at the knee are the best results obtained. While Ed Walsh, the famous Chicago pitcher, always had a deceptive break on his ball, he owed much of his wonderful success to his great control. Walsh's control of the spit-ball was almost uncanny. I don't believe I ever saw him get one as high as the letters, and very few higher than the waist line. He could pitch ball after ball at the knee and seldom would he vary six inches. When broken at the knee it is well-nigh impossible to hit the moist delivery with any degree of success.

It would seem a rather difficult thing for a pitcher to break away from a style that had practically made him, and learn an entirely new system. That is just what Pitcher Fisher, of the New York team, has done, and he is meeting with mighty good success. I have worked a number of games behind Fisher this year, and so far I have seen him resort to the spit-ball only once. That was in a pinch, with Tris Speaker, the hard-hitting outfielder of the Red Sox, at the bat. A couple of men were on the bases at the time, and a hit would have changed the game entirely. With the count two balls and two strikes, Fisher used a spit-ball, and kept the Red Sox star from hitting safely.

I was considerably surprised at this change in Fisher's style, and one day after he had lost a tough game to Boston, I spoke about it to him. His reply was interesting. "I quit the spit-ball," said Fisher, "before the spit-ball made me quit. When I stopped using that style of delivery, I had not suffered any inconvenience because of its use. I knew a number of other pitchers who had been put out of the business by it. I figured that I was only human and that it would get me sooner or later, if I persisted in its use. I made up my mind to try to get by with the old style assortment. I am succeeding pretty well, and I feel positive I have prolonged my career as a pitcher a number of years." Mr. Fisher is a wise young man.

Baseball Fan Is Wise

THE baseball fan is wise to all the fine points of the game, and he knows when he is getting a run for his money, also when a player is giving his club owner all that is coming to him. The baseball fan is also a mighty critical fellow, and you must deliver the goods at all times, if you want to stand high in his favor. He will praise your laudable efforts in the field and at the bat, and he won't overlook any of your mistakes. In this connection, Tris Speaker, the famous outfielder of the Boston Red Sox, tells of some funny remarks that were directed at him in a recent game.

There is no doubt about Speaker being one of the greatest ball players that ever lived. Old timers who have seen the stars for the past forty years freely admit that Speaker compares very favorably with the best of them. Speaker is an expert in every department of the game, but shows to best advantage as a fielder, where he has no superior among the present-day crop of outfielders. Speaker plays the shortest field of any outfielder I know. At going back after a ball he is a wonder. His judgment in that respect is truly wonderful. At the crack of the bat, he seems to know just where he must be to get that ball, and he is usually there. Because of his ability to go back after a ball, he is able to play a very short field, thereby catching a lot of line drives and short hits that would fall safe, with the ordinary fielder playing the position. On ground balls Speaker is almost as sure as an infielder, and is wonderfully accurate for a left-handed thrower. In a recent game with New York, he came in very fast on a line drive hit by Maisel; the ball took a bad bound, got away from him, and what should have been no more than a single was turned into a home run. Boston lost the game that afternoon 3 to 2. On coming in from the outfield, Speaker informed me that the boys in centerfield bleachers had told him in very strong terms just what they thought of the play. Here are a few of the many things said, that Speaker remembered.

"I could have done no worse," yelled one fellow, "and I wouldn't ask for $18,000 either."

"If I was getting as much money as you," added another, "I would give a rebate on all balls that got by me."

"If they are willing to give you $18,000 for playing that way, I don't know how much you would want if you ever hit your stride again."

"Why don't you split with Hopper, and have him help you out in a pinch," was the comment of the bleacher comedian.

Golf and Baseball

IS golf a good sport for the ball-player, a major leaguer in particular? That is a question which is giving a number of big league managers and owners much concern. There are some who believe golf in no way injures the ability of the player on the diamond. There are others who are not so positive on that point. It is really surprising how popular golf is with many of the stars of the two big leagues. Players who rather dislike morning batting practice, which is usually compulsory when playing at home, like nothing better than going over the golf links when appearing on the road.

Christy Mathewson, of the Giants, is a great lover of the game. A few years ago Manager McGraw, of the Giants, attributed an unexpected slump on the part of Mathewson to the playing of too much golf. I am told that "Matty," while not blaming golf for his slump, gave up the game temporarily at McGraw's request. It so happened that he at once started a winning streak, which of course only strengthened McGraw's opinion that Matty was doing too much golfing.

Clyde Engle, the clever utility man on the Boston team, who has been holding down first base for some time, is one of the best golfers in the business. This year Engle's work at the bat has been very weak. A number of critics have come out openly, blaming too much golf for Engle's weakness at the bat. Engle has always laughed at the idea, insisting that the playing of golf had no effect on his baseball work. His failure to strike his batting stride, however, has him worried.

Batting Slumps

NO one has ever been able to explain batting slumps, but the greatest hitters in the game suffer from them every now and then. Sam Crawford, one of the greatest batsmen in the game, recently emerged from one of them. It is the unusual thing for Crawford to fail to hit safely, but on the recent trip of the Detroit team through the east, the Tiger slugger went hitless in seven consecutive games. Not until he made a single in a game with Boston was the spell broken. The hit was made off the delivery of Leonard, as effective a pitcher as Detroit faced on the trip. I spoke to Crawford about the slump, because it was unusual for him to have such a prolonged one. "Did you ever go more than seven games without getting a hit?" I asked him, after he had singled to left field. His reply was quite interesting, from a player who has been in the majors about fifteen years. "I may be mistaken but I don't ever remember of going over three games in my life without getting the ball safe." It is a cinch some pitchers will suffer for the slump Crawford suffered on the first trip east.

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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Reforming a Big Corporation

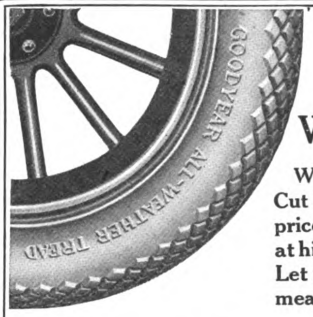
AS surely as the anarchy which prevails in Mexico today is the direct product of corruption in Government administration, just so surely is the swelling tide of Socialism that threatens to engulf our whole nation the direct product of corruption in our business life. From remarks of a stockholder at the annual meeting of the American Locomotive Company. I have dealt with corporations all my life. The things that come out of them are many of them good, but there is one thing that is always bad —the loss of the personal power of the individual. I believe this is a matter in which we need throughout the country every bit of moral grain there is among our business men. From remarks of James F. Jackson, Attorney and Chairman, special committee Boston Chamber of Commerce before U. S. Senate Committee on Banking.

Stockholders in this country are careless and indifferent. They seem to think they have done their full duty when they sign a proxy for some body to vote for them at the meetings of the corporation. They take no interest in its affairs, seek no information about it, demand no explanations and seem to prefer a state of profound ignorance. If anything goes wrong, instead of combining and fighting for their rights, they clamor for governmental action and more laws. From remarks of John G. Milburn, noted New York corporation lawyer, before U. S. Senate Committee on Banking.

Under the heading, "The Case of the American Locomotive" in HARPER'S WEEKLY of Nov. 22, 1913, I wrote of the efforts of a lone stockholder, Mr. Isaac M. Cate, of Baltimore, to reform the business methods and practices of that important corporation. Only a small part of Dr. Cate's interesting and detailed allegations were referred to in that article. He has since made further statements, and a committee of three directors, assisted by two stockholders, has issued an exhaustive report, based largely upon the results of an investigation made at the directors' request by a former president of one of the subsidiary companies, Mr. John Havron. As a result we have data from which a rare picture may be drawn from the investors' point of view of the magnificent inefficiency of a large corporation.

By perusing Mr. Cate's various statements and the directors' replies thereto, he who runs may read a whole course of valuable lessons. First it may be inferred that large corporations with thousands of stockholders are badly managed because the officers and directors are not primarily owners and therefore are not really interested. Secondly to overcome this evil the stockholder must learn to be alert. Thirdly the case of the American Locomotive shows in minute detail wherein the stockholder must be on his guard. But to get down from generalization to specific fact, Mr. Cate's statements, or intimations, were briefly as follows:

1. To relieve its bankers during the panic of 1907 the company sold to these bankers 9,000 shares of the valuable 7 per cent. preferred stock at $90 a share, and bought from them 25,000 shares of the far less valuable common



Tire Prices Which Appear Unjust

When tires cost more than No-Rim-Cut tires, every evidence is that those prices are unjust. Yet 16 makes sell at higher prices—up to one-half higher. Let us tell you why those extra prices mean an utter waste

No-Rim-Cut Tires In Four Ways Excel

Note first that Goodyears—after millions of tests—hold top place in Tiredom. No other tire ever won so many users. And never before were men changing to Goodyears so fast as they are today. Our this year's increase in tire sales so far is 55 per cent.

And No-Rim-Cut tires have these four features which no price buys in any other tire:

The No-Rim-Cut feature—the only way known to build a satisfactory tire which makes rim-cutting impossible.

Our "On-Air" cure—an extra process which saves the blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. It adds to our tire cost $1,500 daily.

Our rubber rivets—hundreds of which are formed in each tire, during vulcanization, to combat the loose tread danger.

Our All-Weather tread — a tough double-thick tread, as smooth as a plain tread, but grasping wet roads with deep, sharp, resistless grips.

Mark that at no price does any other maker give you one of these features, which together save tire users millions of dollars.

Why We Undersell

Goodyear prices are due to matchless output, to efficient methods and to modest profits. But our tires represent — as our prestige must prove — the utmost in a tire. Plenty of tires offer lesser quality, but none can offer greater.

Any dealer will supply Goodyear tires at Goodyear prices if you tell him that you want them. And you will always use them when you test them once.

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No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

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Dealers Everywhere Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber (1571)



NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

THESE incomparable sweets are the most universally popular of all dessert confections. Whether served at dinner, afternoon tea or social gathering, Nabisco Sugar Wafers are equally delightful and appropriate. In ten-cent tins: also in twenty-five-cent tins.

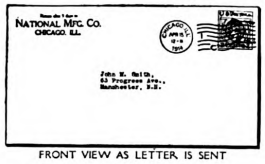
ADORA

Another dessert delight. Wafers of pleasing size and form with a bountiful confectionery filling. Another help to the hostess. In ten-cent tins.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

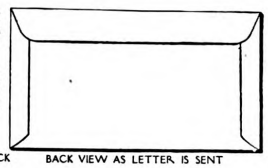
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FRONT VIEW AS LETTER IS SENT



Sectional View of Short FLAP SEALED TO BACK


BACK VIEW AS LETTER IS SENT

One Envelope with Two Flaps

One Flap For Sending
One Flap For Returning

Round Trip Envelopes Cut Your Costs In Half

ONE ROUND TRIP ENVELOPE EQUALS TWO SEPARATE ENVELOPES BY CARRYING BOTH MESSAGE AND ANSWER

50% ECONOMY in envelopes, printing, inserting second envelope, addressing, etc. EFFICIENCY 100%

SINCE the beginning of Envelope history man has used envelopes with only one sealing flap.

To carry a message and bring back an answer has always required TWO complete envelopes.

The Round Trip Envelope now upsets this accepted custom by giving each envelope TWO FLAPS, compelling the ONE envelope to do the work of TWO. It also does what no two separate envelopes can ever do, as you shall presently see.

The patent office records in Europe and America describe our invention as *"An envelope with a single pocket and sealing flaps on either side."* Please read again and fix clearly in your mind as this is all there is to our whole story.

Ridiculously simple, is it not? And to think this was not done ages ago. But it wasn't and even the name **"Round Trip Envelope"** had to be coined by this Company for the purpose.

Note here the simple illustrations of surface and sectional views of this ONE Envelope performing the work of TWO thru just an extra flap—above, as it goes to a customer, and below, as it again returns. *Safely and surely, with identification and Postal records complete.*

So much for what this two-flap envelope IS.

What it DOES is the agreeable surprise to organized business, with possibilities beyond all comprehension at one reading.

If you had a man in your office who daily destroyed your correspondence records how long would it take you to stop such a costly leak?

For any business using the mails, Envelopes carry records equally as valuable where orders and remittances are to be returned or receipted for, but the problem was to preserve these records while out of your possession.

The solution comes to you in Round Trip Envelopes, because customers all like them for making business transactions easier. From the point of SAFETY the benefit is mutual.

Be Wise and Capitalize the Waste Products of the Commercial Wastebaskets

Round Trip Envelopes are primarily designed to utilize the waste products from the business wastebasket because the spent Envelopes carrying the first message possess the only complete, accurate post office record showing dates and hours of mailing and receipt by both parties together with identity of the original addressee. Mail customers unconsciously preserve and return you this valuable record because you make it easy and pleasant to do so.

Just ask any large mail order, or publishing house how much unidentified mail and remittances reach them. The answer we can assure you will be astounding.

Write for Samples

You might mention a quantity and let us quote a price.

Round Trip Envelope Co.
Patentees and Manufacturers
NEW YORK CITY—KANSAS CITY, MO.
337 W. 36th ST. 1594 GRAND AVE.

As a matter of fact one large western Mail-order house has accumulated nearly a million dollars in unidentified remittances received. Round Trip Envelopes would have reduced the Envelope expense one-half and made both buyer and seller much happier

Every modern business suffers more or less with this great defect in organized system and millions of dollars are annually miscarried in the mails or lost in legal conflicts thru failure to preserve these invaluable records.

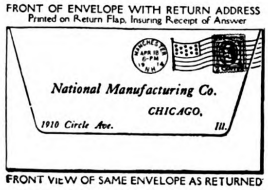
For several years past a number of large concerns doing a mail order business in various lines have demonstrated that the returns from Round Trip Envelopes exceed those of the old method of using two separate Envelopes.

Your customers will instantly fall in with this new idea, and the prestige of progressiveness will be an unexpected reward and a business asset.

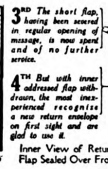
This is not difficult to grasp, as tests have shown beyond all doubt that the human interest in Round Trip Envelopes is pretty much the same in the minds of past masters of business experience or the most rurally ignorant. In removing a message from the envelope the recipient unconsciously withdraws the fresh addressed sealing flap from within the envelope. With it comes the ever same pleased expression, *"how simple."*

This is a Power of Salesmanship which should not be overlooked by the shrewd executive who formulates mail campaigns.

FRONT OF ENVELOPE WITH RETURN ADDRESS
Printed on Return Flap, Insuring Receipt of Answer

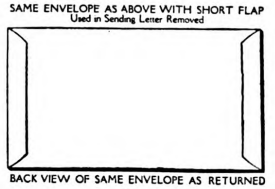


FRONT VIEW OF SAME ENVELOPE AS RETURNED



Inner View of Return Flap Sealed Over Front

SAME ENVELOPE AS ABOVE WITH SHORT FLAP
Used in Sending Letter Removed


BACK VIEW OF SAME ENVELOPE AS RETURNED

READ—

The Unknown Quantity

By

JULIET WILBER TOMPKINS

In which X equals one side of a domestic triangle.

The story appears in

THE JULY

Ladies' World

All News-stands, 10 Cents

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Read How "Bill Came Back"
By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER
In JULY McCLURE'S

A School on a Farm where boys learn by doing. Actual contact—under competent instruction—with the tilling of the soil, growing and harvesting of crops on a 670 acre farm. As the seasons change, every day brings new and real experience. Put the whole boy to work where he will get the "how" as well as the "why." Shops, work with tools and animals, deep woods, a beautiful lake, tramps, boating, bathing, sports, right associates, with an exceptional school and camp equipment—just the thing the city boy most needs,—vigorous, healthful, out-of-door life in the sunshine. The Summer Camp Session opens June 15th. Get catalog and particulars from
THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL Edward A. Rumely, President, Rolling Prairie, Ind.

stock at $45 a share, or $225,000 more than the then market price.

2. Several important officers of the company and their relatives are stockholders in supply companies from which the American Locomotive Company makes purchases. This appears to be especially true of the president, vice-president and purchasing agent.

3. Prices paid by the American Locomotive Company for supplies are too high.

4. The American Locomotive Company should manufacture its own supplies. The Baldwin Works, its only large competitor, does so.

5. With fewer natural advantages the Baldwin Works make larger profits.

6. Officers of the American Locomotive are extravagantly paid.

The directors in their reply deny that any fraudulent, illegal or even questionable practices were found. In one or two cases it is easily proved that Mr. Cate's suspicions and figures were wrong. It is also fairly well shown that in many instances the company did not pay exorbitant prices for supplies.

But taken as a whole and in detail the directors' carefully worded 40-page circular is a grudging and cautious but *sweeping admission that Mr. Cate was right.* Here is set forth by the directors themselves the minutiae of *poor, shiftless, careless management,* which if the stockholders have an ounce of spunk will eventually be driven out of office.

The directors have the audacity to say that the company practically made a present to its bankers, Harvey Fisk & Sons, in the panic of 1907 for "altruistic" reasons! How easy it is to be altruistic with other people's money! Directors are supposed to be trustees. Does it come within their province to adopt a system of philanthropy with the trust funds committed to their care to relieve their friends in times of stress? But let us see the evil results which flowed from this action.

Having relieved its bankers from 25,000 shares of stock in the height of the panic at a market loss of $225,000, the company then adopted a policy of peddling the stock out from time to time at the best prices obtainable.

All this stock was sold by July, 1908, and in June of the same year dividends were paid on this stock. None have ever been paid since, and of course none were earned at that time in all probability, as the plants were operating at a very low percentage of capacity in the extreme business depression then existing. Moreover the company at about the same time borrowed upon its note.

The whole incident is redolent with suspicion. To relieve a friendly banking firm, one or more partners of which were directors of the company, the company itself bought stock from the bankers at a price far above the market. Then while the company peddled this stock out upon unsuspecting investors, it maintained dividends upon the stock and issued notes, which the directors admit were put out to enable the stockholders to receive a return upon their investment. If this is not finance of the utterly condemned order I wholly mistake the trend of public opinion as well as old-fashioned, sound common sense business precepts.

The directors admit that the purchasing agent and the president have not submitted proposed purchases and contracts to the board of directors. The directors even admit, to use their own words, "that the affairs of the company have not heretofore been so frequently and carefully supervised and regulated by the board of directors as good business requires."

Furthermore the directors recommend that the president and vice-president who have been receiving bonuses in addition

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to their $50,000 and $35,000 salaries respectively get along without these extras. The directors even hint that $50,000 and $35,000 are perhaps too much, although Mr. Cate was informed that the reason for such big salaries was to "put dignity in the eyes of railroad officials," who are the purchasers of locomotives. The directors further recommend that no officers of the company serve as directors in any other company with which it has dealings, although the report does not go as far as suggesting that officers sell their many holdings of stock in companies from which the American Locomotive Company buys supplies. However, it is suggested that especial care and scrutiny be maintained to see that the American Locomotive Company gets a "fair deal" in such purchases. The investigator employed by the committee of directors recommended that the company make many of its own supplies instead of buying them from other companies, but on this subject the directors have not yet committed themselves.

From the fact that already many of the practices complained of by Mr. Cate have been dropped, and various interlocking connections severed, it is clear that the old order of things is on the defensive. At first the sole complaining stockholder received a scant hearing. Directors are not accustomed to persuasion or intervention from a single stockholder. But in time the lonely one received the support of 900 of his fellow share owners. A single voice, if raised loud enough, will accomplish wonders.

The directors' report has nothing to say about the general charge that the company's only competitor is far more prosperous. In regard to the $2,600,000 loss in the automobile business the tone is hopeless and helpless. In a general way the report "puts up" to the full board of directors the careful consideration of many questions, evidently badly considered or not considered at all in the least. Is it not a pitiful commentary on the supposed ability of our leading financiers that a single stockholder, not an expert in the business, a man of advanced years and retired from active affairs, should be able single handed by no force other than publicity, to compel the complete revamping of one of the most important corporations in the country? If there are many other similar cases yet to be revealed, the reputation of American corporations as investment media will certainly be destroyed.

Our friends whose practice is to get their copies of

HARPER'S WEEKLY

from the news-stands will find it advisable to place a standing order in advance with their news dealer.

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Order your copy for June 20 now—the Roosevelt number. It will be sold out early.



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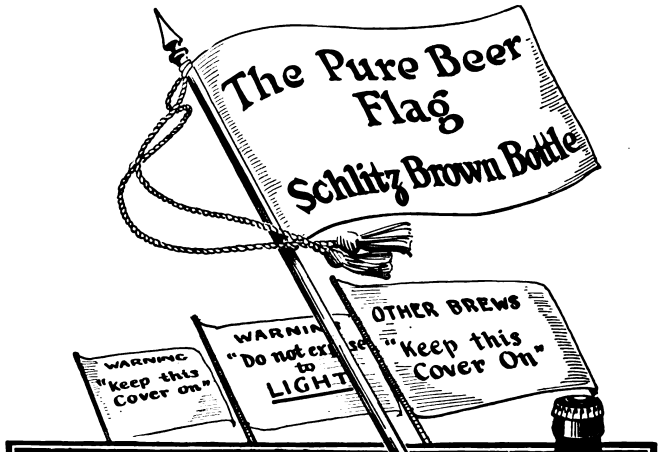
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IF you are particularly impressed by any article in HARPER'S WEEKLY, mention it to those who might be interested in it.

We shall always be glad to send a marked copy of the WEEKLY to any of your friends if you will send us the name and address, and mention the title of the article you wish your friend to see.

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We extend the hand of warm fellowship to everyone who raises the pure beer flag.

The brewing industry is one of the greatest in the world.

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No one can afford to take chances with the purity of beer.

That's why the light bottle is condemned.

It is insufficient protection from light—which starts decay even in pure beer.

See that Crown is branded "Schlitz"

Schlitz Brown Bottle

The Beer 68MB That Made Milwaukee Famous.

Order a Case Today

Five Thousand Mothers

have journeyed to **Freiburg, Germany**

for the benison of

The Twilight Sleep

Five thousand babies have been borne by these mothers without pain and without a single fatality to mother or child.

This is no fairy tale.

It is the gospel of hope that is offered to all the mothers of the world.

Read the July Ladies' World

All news-stands, 10 cents

What They Think of Us

C. O. Henry, M. D., Fairmont (W. Va.)

At the annual meeting of the West Virginia State Medical Association held at Bluefield, W. Va., May 13-15, I was appointed a committee of one to convey to you the appreciation of the medical profession of W. Va. for the article, "A Campaign of Lies," by Katharine Loving Buell, and to thank you and the author for the magnificent stand your paper and the author have taken in the interest of scientific medical research.

Claude Meeker, Columbus (O.)

Tell me as an editor of a great periodical yourself, where are we, as magazine readers, drifting? Outside of a comparatively few high brows, shall we become a nation of readers of ephemeral literature and what will be the effect on our character?

Time that can be allotted to reading: two or three hours daily mostly in the evening. Menu: three or four daily newspapers—on library table twenty or thirty magazines. I sit in magnificent seclusion surrounded by some three thousand volumes of the world's best thought, every individual volume of which seems to cry out at my neglect. But the bookcases are seldom opened, except to be dusted. I hurry from one magazine to another and when I have finished forget in which one I read something that particularly attracted me.

Corpus Christi (Texas) *Caller*

Art is nourished on tradition, yet only attains its highest purpose when it overcomes and outreaches tradition. Compelling art is not so much the mirror to society as it is what is beyond the mirror—what is more subtle than reflection, more mystifying than personality. We think that the true atmosphere of art stirs in a certain Chinese lyric by Pai Ta-shun, published in a recent issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Chicago (Ill.) *Post*

The current number of HARPER'S WEEKLY quotes an unnamed business man as declaring that "Times are never going to be so loose again as they have been in the United States." "Loose," comments that journal, "is just the word to describe the condition which we have in the past labeled 'prosperity.'" The distinction is one which we do not often make because it it is not very flattering to our pride.

Life (New York City)

It seemed that the Army and Navy Club of New York has expelled Mr. Hapgood's HARPER'S WEEKLY because of some muckrake army pieces in it, but the papers quote Brother Hapgood as declaring that the club doesn't amount to a hill of beans in itself, and all that troubles him about that is that army officers should not realize that he is punching up the army for its good.

No club amounts to much as a censor of papers or periodicals. The propensity of clubs is to stop papers at the precise time they are most interesting to members and make them maddest, with the result that sales of the paper increase a little because members have to buy it. That is mean to members, but the paper usually survives.

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San Diego (Cal.) *Tribune*

HARPER'S WEEKLY is still on sale on the Marysville news-stands and some of the subscriptions addressed to residents of that section have not yet expired; consequently, every week the citizens of Marysville turn eagerly to the rear-page department of the periodical captioned: "What They Think of Us," hoping against hope that what Marysville thinks of HARPER'S WEEKLY may be printed there in bold-faced type so that all the other readers of this "journal of civilization" may be properly edified thereby.

It is needless to say that every week the citizens of Marysville are disappointed in their quest as they were in their request.

HARPER'S WEEKLY belongs to the old school of journalism.

It never retracts; because retractions are a reflection upon the journal's assumption of infallibility.

Besides if this Marysville precedent is established as the citizens of Marysville demand, there would be no end to the retractions in the back columns of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Let Marysville bear its burden of contumely at the pen of a sobbing sister and the stubborn injustice of an editorial fogy; San Diego can sympathize with Marysville, for once on a time she was treated in precisely the same way by the outland editor (perhaps even by the Marysville editors).

We had our trouble with the anarchists of the I. W. W. and the outland editor was ready enough to condemn our forthright method of handling a situation that had become intolerable and for which there was no other remedy than the one we applied.

Let Marysville find consolation, however, as San Diego does, in the knowledge that the anarchists will hereafter preach and practice their anarchy elsewhere.

Furthermore let not Marysville grieve over the sob stuff of a sob sister earning professionally the price of her sobbing.

Even a sob sister must eat.

San Francisco (Cal.) *Town Talk*

Mr. Hearst, says the new editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, is always against the public welfare. To know what the public welfare is a man must have an ear glued to the keyhole of the pearly gates. Is it known in HARPER'S sanctum that Mr. Wilson has steadily advanced the public welfare, and that Colonel Roosevelt, whom some of us regard as a most efficient divine scourge, has advanced the interests of his country by the impetus which he gave to the general movement for the demolition of our national institutions?

Pittsfield (Mass.) *Eagle*

We are glad that HARPER'S WEEKLY takes this tactful way of saying that Steffens is on the right mental track once more. During his stage of vagueness, he kept his readers busy wondering what on earth he was driving at and many were convinced that he had gone the way of all those who ramble around in the realm of mysticism and apply their mental resources to abstract themes.

Steffens did his best work in his exposure of municipal corruption.

We have no doubt that it did as much as any other one literary thing to set in motion that great wave of reform which swept over the country and aroused the conscience of the people as it had not been aroused since the days of the Civil War.

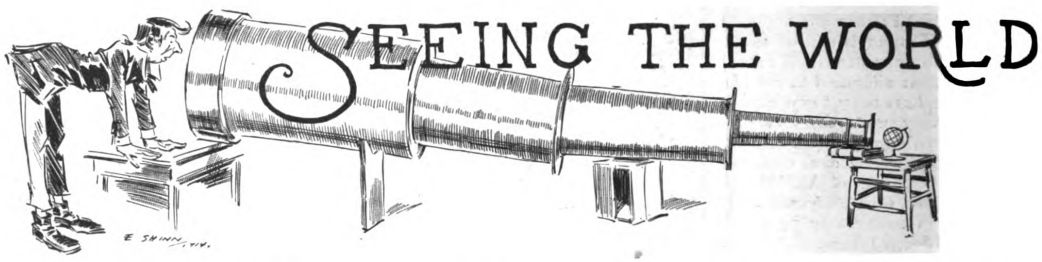


ALICE HEGAN RICE created in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" one of those characters which win a world-wide love. Now she has created in "The Honorable Percival" a character which wins a world-wide laugh. Don't miss the first installment of "A Blighted Being" in

JULY McCLURE'S

At All News-Stands Fifteen Cents

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The Pepper of the Earth

Bachelors and spinsters get biffed pretty regularly from all sides, but once in a while a staid matron will jump up and declare that B. and S. are the salt of the earth. That helps quite a bit. We presume that the people who marry and in a few weeks apply for a divorce are the Cayenne pepper of the earth.

—Maryville (Mo.) *Pilot.*

Sign Your Name

We this week received a communication from Route One that we cannot publish because it wasn't signed. An editor can make enemies enough and get into trouble enough on his own account without dabbling in other people's private affairs. Besides he can't run as fast as he could seventy-five years ago. Nix for the unsigned articles.

—Athens (Wisc.) *Record.*

He Builds His House

Peter A. Peterson, who has a claim out in the Jarboe neighborhood, returned last week from Omaha, where he took unto himself a wife. He purchased ten head of milk cows and brought them back with him, and will go into stock-raising right.

—Mallette Co. (S. D.) *News.*

A Social Martyr

It is reported that Cupid has been busy at Tichigan the past winter, and the result will be that a good many wedding receptions will be held in June. I have had the pleasure of congratulating a large number of young married couples, and some old ones, too, but on one or two occasions I would rather have sympathized with either the bride or groom than offered them my congratulations.

—Tichigan Cor., Waterford (Wisc.) *Post.*

What Men Wear

Yes, Hortense, half the fellows who pick flaws with the new styles for women are themselves wearing B. V. D. abbreviations, tango hats and shirts slit from top to bottom; besides he wears a monogram on his shirt bosom and dainty cuffs on his trousers.

—Searcy (Ark.) *Citizen.*

Good News

A card from C. A. Laird, son of Harry Laird, informs the "Democrat" that his father is slightly improved and that they now have hopes of his recovery, although he suffers much pain from his fractured jaw, which will be good news to his many Lock Haven friends.

—Lock Haven (N. Y.) *Democrat.*

His Advantage

Personal—If this should meet the eye of J. Smith and he will send present address to his old home, he will hear of something to his advantage. His wife is dead.

—Kinkaid (Kans.) *Dispatch.*

The War in Boyland—Gen. Huerta retreats from Mexico City



—Chicago *Daily News*

Rarer Than a June Day

At 7:30 the sounds of the wedding march scintillated through the Meyers' House like tired waves laving the shores of a mighty lake. Seldom if ever has such a scene been witnessed in this place. The smell of spring flowers was everywhere coming to all nostrils. Presently there was a slight disturbance at the right-hand entrance and then the bride entered on the arm of her father James Lowcroft, the well-known merchant. Simultaneous at the opposite door was another disturbance and the bridegroom entered attended by John Merrill Simpson of Des Moines. Then the two parties proceeded down the middle aisles, meeting under a beautiful marriage bell where the two hearts were beautifully made as one, which was followed by congratulations all along the aisles.

—Mercyville (Iowa) *Banner.*

From Diamonds to Ice

Gen. Van Wagoner is converting his ice house into a cold storage building. He will have ice shipped in this summer and stored so he will have plenty on hand all during the season. Davis, the jeweler, expects to give up his bench at the Smith barber shop this month and will work for Mr. Van Wagoner.

—Effingham (Kans.) *News Leaf.*

No Chance for "No"

Just cast your eyes around you today and ask yourself if you ever saw sweeter, lovelier, daintier, more kissable, more beautiful, blonder blonds, more bewitching brunettes, more coquettish, tantalizing, Titian-haired Tessies, prettier, plumper, orange and strawberry-fed darlings than the melliferous-mouthed maidens of Joyous Jacksonville?

—(Florida) *Times Union.*

Athletic Pedagogues

From a newspaper announcement and reports of Dame Rumor we have reached the conclusion that about four of our teachers will jump the broomstick.

—Filer (Ark.) *Journal.*

The Reasons for It

At this season of the year if you see the "old lady" in the garden digging with a hoe, you may bet there is going to be vegetables, but if you see the "old man" in the garden digging with a hoe, don't bet. Maybe he's hunting fish bait.

—Ozark (Ark.) *Democrat Enterprise.*

Making Light of It

Fire burned Hugh Henderson's fence last Thursday evening and the men made rails for Hugh Friday and he gave a candy party Friday night. There was a large crowd present and all report a fine time.

—Athens (Wisc.) *Chronicle.*

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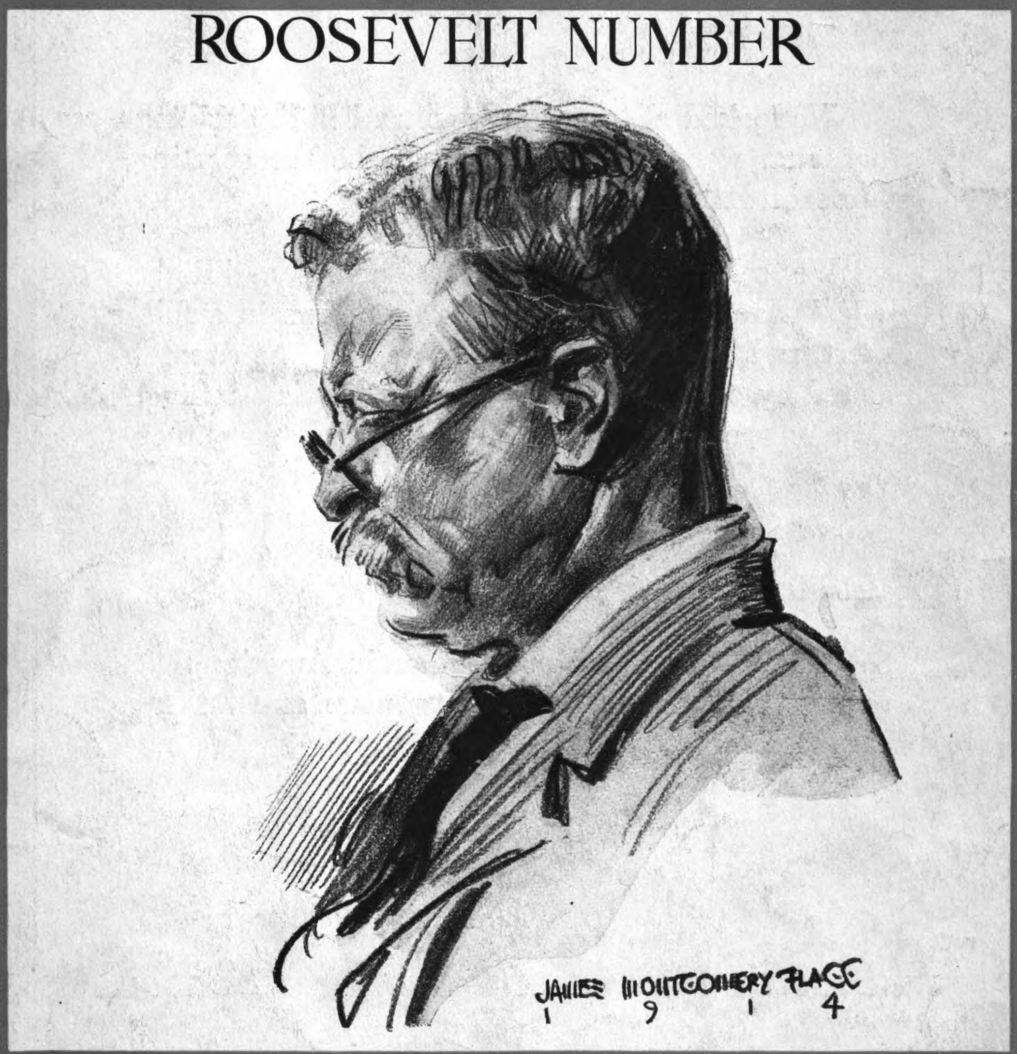
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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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JUNE 20, 1914 PRICE TEN CENTS

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The Best Sporting News in America

Billy Evans and Herbert Reed

We looked all over the country before deciding what men were the best fitted to be the sporting editors of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

We selected Herbert Reed, famous as "Right Wing." He will report the sporting news in a full, expert, and entertaining manner, and will be supplemented by other authorities on polo, rowing, sailing, golf, tennis, canoeing, fishing, football, and many other interests.

Billy Evans and others will write for us on baseball.

There is no other publication in America that can keep you posted on sporting news as HARPER'S WEEKLY can.

Subscribe Now for the Summer Season

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Contents for June 20th, 1914

NORMAN HAPGOOD, EDITOR

Delicatessen ..... John Sloan 2
A Drawing

Editorials 3

Our Spanish-American Fellow Citizens McGregor 6
Illustrations from photographs

Around the Capitol ..... McGregor 9

Teddy ..... James Montgomery Flagg 10
"How he looks to me"
Illustrations from photographs

Roosevelt, Perkins and Wilson ..... N. H. 11
What will become of the Progressive party?
Illustrations from photographs

The Conqueror ..... John Galsworthy 13
Illustrated by Guy Pène du Bois

The Sandwich Man ..... W. T. Larned 15
Verse

A Question of Power ..... O. E. Cesare 16
Cartoon

Putting it Across .. Theodore F. Macmanus 18
Modern salesmanship

Pen and Inklings ..... Oliver Herford 19

The Case of Mornington Ransby Frank Danby 20
Illustrated by Everett Shinn

The Marysville Case .. Edward B. Stanwood 23
Their side of it

Seeing the World 24

Balls and Strikes ..... Billy Evans 25

Sports ..... Herbert Reed 26
Track news of the season

Finance ..... Albert W. Atwood 27

What They Think of Us 30

Business—A Profession John Graham Brooks 32

For Next Week

CHARLES JOHNSON POST set out to write up the NAVY and he found to his delight that almost all the reforms that he advocated for the Army have actually been put into practice by the NAVY. The article containing his discoveries will appear in next week's issue.

CORDIALS and COFFINS by Professor ALLYN is a rather sensational title of a very sensational exposure. He tells about the use, either inadvertent or deliberate, of wood alcohol in the making of cordials. If you ever take a cordial it might be just as well for you to read this article.

Since Mr. MELLEN started to tell what he knew about Mr. MORGAN, and Mr. Morgan's friends came back and told what they knew about Mr. Mellen, there has been a great deal of conversation about who is to blame for all these matters. Is it big financiers like Mr. Morgan, or railroad presidents like Mr. Mellen, or critics like Mr. BRANDEIS, or the swarm of dummy directors? Mr. HAPGOOD will give his opinion in a special article next week.

The fourth story by FRANK DANBY in the thrilling detective series that we are now publishing is, if anything, better than the previous ones.

YACHTING, ROWING, and POLO are the three subjects about which the SPORTING world is at present agitated. HERBERT REED will give authoritative information about these three sports.

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DELICATESSEN

By John Sloan

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Carranza's Plan

IT is the strength of the Constitutionalists' military position, their certain triumph in the near future, with the contemplated moral effect of the seizure of the capital city, that made the Constitutionalists adverse to being represented at the Mediation Conference. The plan of mediation, as originally agreed to, contemplated only the settling of the difficulty between Huerta and the government of the United States, but as affairs have developed, the plan has included from time to time the whole problem of the pacification of Mexico, the erection of a constitutional government, the granting of larger political liberty to the submerged fifteen million, and the final settlement of the land problem. Under the old régime a great part of these lands were unlawfully alienated from the people. The government must pay their present owners for them, but some plan ought to be adopted, under a homestead law, by which the masses may have the opportunity to acquire homes. In Huerta's desperate plight the agreement between the two original parties to the controversy was easy enough. The great problem was to bring the Constitutionalists to consent to any provisional government whose personnel was not dictated by them. The United States could not be put in the impossible position of making war upon those who are fighting for constitutional liberty, who were not inclined even to agree to an armistice until the revolutionary cause had triumphed. Revolutions can no more stand still than they can go backward. That the United States should have been saved from a war of invasion is brilliant accomplishment enough. We have besides reason to hope that the ends for which the revolution was begun are likely to be won. That any hint of a compromise with the old Cientifico element is abhorrent to the Constitutionalists is reasonable and just. They accurately attribute the failure of the Madero revolution to the attempt at harmonizing irreconcilable elements in Mexican politics by keeping many of the old Diaz crowd in office. Carranza and Villa mean to exterminate plenty of the Cientificos and put the rest where their influence will be least. They do not mean to repeat the mistakes by which Madero fell.

The Next Move

VILLA did not proceed directly south from Saltillo to San Luis Potosi; Constitutionalist forces, to the number of 5,000 men, were left between the two cities for the purpose of intercepting the Federal garrison after its retreat from Saltillo to San Luis Potosi. Villa returned east to Torreon and then marched directly south along the railroad to Zacatecas, the fall of Zacatecas being succeeded by that of Aguas Calientes, a short distance south of Zacatecas and a hundred miles east of San Luis Potosi. General Obregon, after cutting the railroad connections south of Guadalajara, proceeded to invest that city with its small Federal garrison, the second city in Mexico in size. General Pablo Gonzales marched from the east towards San Luis Potosi, already threatened by the Constitutionalist forces under Eulalio Gutierez. The fall of Guadalajara enables Obregon to join his forces with those of Villa and Gonzales, the Army of the Northeast and the Army of the Northwest and of the Center meeting for the first time. The fall of San Luis Potosi will probably be followed by a stand of the demoralized Federal forces at Queretaro, about a hundred miles south of San Luis Potosi and about a hundred miles north of Mexico City. But the serious military resistance of the Cientificos is obviously at an end.

The Campaign Against Bryan

LET nobody suppose that the persistent and widespread effort to discredit Mr. Bryan is spontaneous. It has, to be sure, that element of spontaneity which attacks on progressive leaders always have, the tendency of all factions to get together to destroy such a leader in the most immediately available way; but there is always mixed into this kind of natural combination a great deal of astute planning. If Mr. Bryan could be broken down in his influence or forced out of the cabinet, the whole movement that he represents would receive a setback which would be hailed with enthusiasm by all those elements in the community which think the political and business principles of the first McKinley administration were first cousin to the millenium.

The Power of Attention

WHATEVER happens, Wall Street keeps one great power. It can focus the country's opinion on any subject it wishes. It can keep going the question of whether a particular measure that is in contemplation makes against prosperity or not. Money is timid, little money as well as big money, and this ability to preserve anxiety for long stretches of time amounts to a tremendous power. It is one thing that keeps America agitated and makes impossible the steady progress of other civilized countries.

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A Pillar of Society

PATRICK CALHOUN has been one of the mainstays of that highly respectable organization which combines society prestige, business power, and political influence. He was the conservative protagonist in the California fight in which Heney was the most dramatic leader on the other side. What Calhoun has been doing lately, however, may injure his standing with good society. It is one thing to plunder the community and it is another and much less permissible thing to plunder your own friends. The California Railroad Commission has charged Mr. Calhoun with plundering the organized railroads of San Francisco, of which he was president, to the extent of one million dollars. Mr. Calhoun stood in closely with great banking interests in the East at the time he was the staunchest opponent of muckrakers and the other villains who were endeavoring to free California from the control of the Southern Pacific and of the United Railroads of San Francisco.

Idle Wives

IT is the privilege of youth to see life in simple ways. If something is wrong, all you have to do is to change it. James Oppenheim has written an excellent feminist novel, which he names "Idle Wives." The story telling is brisk, the style poor. He has a boy's knack of locating a sore spot in the modern anatomy, of seizing a popular problem. He diagnoses the case with incisiveness, and then hurries out his remedy. In the recently discovered phrase of Keats', there is a "glorious gain" in the searching diagnosis. There is, of course, less value in the remedy, because the malady is too complex to yield to a single cure.

"The women of this age have a soft snap", says the work-driven husband. "It's the men that bear the brunt. If you stood a week of what I stand, you'd forget you had nerves."

Here is the statement of the wife:

"I gave up my work—I gave up everything—I just became a housewife for a while. And I've borne two children. Idleness—I didn't want it. I had to be idle. John had to keep up. He had to live like the others. I'm not needed. The children don't need me. The house doesn't need me. John doesn't need me. I'm rotting away—and I might have been some one."

The husband uses a word which she dislikes.

"Forbid! That was it: she was a slave, a servant, a child. In a flash he had revealed the fact that she was not free, but in chains—and had been in chains ever since he had married her."

The wife leaves her home, and returns to the skilled probation work which she had done before marriage. The husband seeks a reconciliation.

"I suppose", she said scornfully, "you would be willing to let me go on with my work!"

"Willing!" he muttered. "Well, I'd like to know what a modern husband has to say about that! I've quit thinking you're a bit of property."

"Love and freedom!" she breathed. "Marriage in love and freedom!"

He had just confessed to her the very thing she had yearned nine long months to hear, namely, that he was willing—that he wanted to coöperate; that he believed in her work; that somehow she could be wife and mother and yet find time for some other vital activity.

Oppenheim's solution for idle wives is work outside the home; often a help, and always a right, but a less complete solution than the author thinks.

In telling his story he spills emphatic words on almost every page. On one page he has "exquisite", "bitterly", "poignantly". Many incidents are "miraculous", "marvellous". Smiles are "divine" and "curious". The characters are hurtled through emotional crises which are "ghastly", "breathless", "unbelievable", "unbearable". Laura Jean Libbey and E. P. Roe rarely wrote with more fervor to the page than this talented, promising but overstating young novelist. The mood of the reader refuses to be jerked up aloft on mountain peaks of emotion and tumbled into abysses. "Nothing violent endures"—it is an old saying, but Oppenheim will do well to heed it, if he wishes a measure of permanence for his vivid narrative.

Kent on Heney

WILLIAM KENT, by belonging to no party, has the privilege unusual for a politician of praising and helping deserving men in all parties. He has lately paid the following tribute to a man who has nobly earned it:

I favor and have long favored the election of Francis J. Heney as Senator from California for various good and sufficient reasons: First, because at a time of infinite peril to the welfare of our Commonwealth, he stood out as the bravest champion we had in the fight against graft and privilege. Second, because of his remarkable qualifications. The battle against privilege, which we must fight to a finish, has but started. In the ideas and ideals of conservation there rests the hope of rescuing the Commonwealth from exploitation by selfishness. No one, by experience or by thought based upon that experience, has a clearer view of these problems than has Frank Heney. His courage in making the fight is beyond question. In land fraud cases, and in cases of graft in San Francisco, his course has been fearlessly consistent and definitely in the line of public welfare. He has deserved well of us and we not only pay tribute to our sense of gratitude in honoring him but what is more important we justify our belief in the growth of a sentiment put into definite actions that means democracy in government and equalization of economic opportunity. Not only California, but the Nation needs a man of Heney's caliber, courage and conviction in the Senate of the United States.

Heney has borne the brunt of the contest for freedom in California. His state could honor herself in no way more than in honoring him.

Candor

ROGER C. SULLIVAN has sent around the following letter:

You will be interested to know, I am sure, that my senatorial candidacy has brought surprisingly unanimous response from every voting precinct in Chicago, as well as the state at large.

Your friendliness has contributed much to this and I want you to know that I appreciate it. Nothing in the campaign, not even final success at the polls, can give me more personal satisfaction than this hearty and friendly response from all sides.

In thirty years I have taken part in many contests within party lines. I have consistently stood with my friends and for what I believed was right to the utmost of my strength. But I can say in all candor that, no matter how sharp the differences of opinion, no matter how keen the contest in

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convention or primary, I have never harbored factional bitterness, never carried personal prejudices, never held grudges against men who happened to be on the other side. With me, past differences of opinion never leave scars.

It is one of the pleasantest experiences of my life, to learn, as I have learned, since becoming a candidate for senator, that my characteristics in this respect are so well known to my fellow Democrats.

With the hearty assurances of support that have already come to me from men like yourself on all sides, my nomination and election are practically assured. YOU KNOW ME WELL ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT I SHALL NOT BE FORGETFUL IN THE HOUR OF VICTORY.

Desiring everybody to know where I stand in this contest, as expressed in the statement announcing my candidacy, I am enclosing copies of that statement. If you can use additional copies among your friends and neighbors they will be sent promptly on request.

Again thanking your for your friendliness and support, I am,

Whatever may be said about Mr. Sullivan, there is no doubt whatever that he will carry out the promise which we have taken the liberty of setting in black type. Anybody in Illinois who wishes to vote, not for his home, his city, or for his state, but in the hope of a job, should vote for Mr. Sullivan. He will not be forgetful in the hour of victory.

The Conservation Program

SECRETARY LANE is running his Department with extraordinary ability. Apart from his administrative work, he has a legislative program which consists of:

1. The Alaskan Coal-leasing Bill.
2. The General Leasing Bill for oil, coal and phosphates in the United States.
3. The bill affecting water power on public lands.
4. An extension of time on the irrigation projects.
5. The Radium Bill.

It is up to the House and Senate to pass these bills. The community will not stand for their being allowed to die from inattention. If they get through the House this session, they will pass the Senate next winter; but if the House neglects to pass them now, their fate will be seriously endangered.

A Beautiful Forest

MRS. GEORGE W. VANDERBILT, in selling Pisgah Forest to the government at a rate much below its market value, did national service. The forest includes portions of Transylvania, Henderson, Buncombe and Hayward Counties in North Carolina. It covers the entire eastern slope and parts of the northern and western slopes of the Pisgah range, which is one of the most prominent of the southern Appalachians. Mr. Vanderbilt was the first of the large forest owners in America to adopt the practice of forestry, and for nearly twenty-five years he worked to keep the value of this large tract unimpaired. It stands as an object lesson in forestry as well as a tract of beauty and charm. It will be carried on by the government as a game refuge for the preservation of fauna of the eastern mountains, and is already well stocked with game and fish. Members of the National Forest Reservation Committee look upon this as the best purchase yet authorized, and Mrs. Vanderbilt has earned public appreciation in the spirit she has shown.

Conservation Bills

THE Ferris Bill now before Congress is in some respects superior to the Adamson Bill, especially in the provision for the re-purchase of the lands for rights of way, etc. It saves the people all of the increment accumulated in fifty years. Under this bill the government would pay the actual cost of the land, water rights, and of non-perishable property, and a fair value for all perishable property. The Adamson Bill comes too near giving the water power companies something for nothing. It is extremely important that Mr. Lane's conservation program should be put through the House at this session. It is not a party matter, there is no possible excuse for obstruction, and very little for difference of opinion.

Pronunciation

MAJOR BOUGHTON is an able young lawyer in Denver. Although he is under an annual retainer from the Mine Owners Association of Cripple Creek, this is an organization of metaliferous mine owners and is not affiliated with the coal mine operators. During the strike Major Boughton has served as judge advocate of the military commission that superseded the courts in the strike district. Later he acted as chairman of the national guard committee that investigated the affair at Ludlow. HARPER'S WEEKLY already has commented on the committee's report. Major Boughton came to New York the other day as official representative of the Governor, to defend the national guard, and to refute some of the statements made by the committee of Ludlow strikers' wives who came east with Judge Lindsey. His first appearance in New York was before the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, in session at the City Hall. The following is an extract from his testimony:

Major Boughton: It is common with some of those who have appeared before you, and whom I heard in Washington and in New York, at public gatherings, to use the word "massacre," variously pronounced by the witnesses.

Chairman Walsh: I don't understand what you mean by "variously pronounced."

Major Boughton: I think one of them pronounced it "massacree."

Chairman Walsh: That would not affect anything except probably the lack of educational advantages of the ladies, would it?

Major Boughton: I want it to be understood.

Chairman Walsh: Have you any feeling against her?

Major Boughton: No sir.

Chairman Walsh: Why do you call attention to her lack of education?

We often accuse the Socialists of fomenting class consciousness and class prejudice. How about the privileged classes? We would recommend to Major Boughton and the aristocrats of Colorado in general a certain statement by William Wordsworth:

> Know that pride
> Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
> Is littleness; that he, who feels contempt
> For any living thing, hath faculties
> Which he has never used; that thought with him
> Is in its infancy.

The problem of social justice will not be solved until all snobbishness is removed from our social feeling.

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Our Spanish-American Fellow Citizens

By McGREGOR



AMONG the many patriotic offers of service for whatever may be required of American soldiers in Mexico, the following exhibition of loyalty to the government, from New Mexico, is of especial significance:

ALBUQUERQUE, N. MEX., *April 14, 1914.*

Hon. H. B. FERGUSSON, *Washington, D. C.*

MY DEAR SIR: The Mexican situation looks serious now. It seems that the patience of President Wilson is about exhausted. He has been right from the beginning and he is right now.

When the War of the Rebellion broke out, in 1861, my father was one of the very first in New Mexico to offer his services to President Lincoln. He promptly received a commission, and raised a regiment of volunteers, and for two years and more rendered distinguished service to his country—his adopted country. Myself, my brother, Ireneo L. Chaves, and my boy, Amado, jr., are native-born American citizens, and I wish you would offer to the President our services. My brother and I are not too old and my boy—17 years—is not too young to fight under the glorious flag of our country—the American flag.

Just think for a moment what the condition of New Mexico would be if we did not belong to the United States. It would be deplorable. We are duly grateful to Almighty God that we are native-born American citizens.

If we can be of any service, we will report for duty on a moment's notice.

Yours, truly,

AMADO CHAVES.
IRENEO L. CHAVES.
AMADO CHAVES, Jr.

The letter to Representative Fergusson takes one back to the monument which stands in the plaza of Santa Fé, City of the Holy Faith. The monument contains these inscriptions:

To the Heroes of the Federal Army who fell at the Battle of Valverde, fought with the Rebels, February 21, 1862.

To the Heroes of the Federal Army who fell at the Battles of Canon del Apaches, La Glorieta and Peralta, April 21, 1862.

In the Capitol there is a bronze tablet:

In Memory of Maximiliano Luna,
Speaker of the House of Representatives, Territory of New Mexico, 1899.
Captain of Troop F, First United States Volunteer Cavalry (Rough Riders).
First Lieutenant, 34th U. S. Volunteer Infantry.
Born June 16, A.D. 1870. Died in discharge of duty, Philippine Islands, Nov. 18, 1899.

Any timid American who has been wondering where the sympathy of the Spanish people of New Mexico would lie in a contest with Old Mexico, may be reassured. They will not allow any one to call them Mexicans. They are New Mexicans, if you please. Better still, they are Spanish-Americans, and certainly no other hyphenated Americans have any better right, through language, customs, or the traditions of a glorious past, so to distinguish themselves.

Santa Fé, just a little off the main line of travel, is the seat of the oldest civilization that has persisted on American soil. It is still a quaint combination of the old and the new. The burro and the automobile dispute with each other the right of way through the streets. The railroads bring coal to those who can afford to use it, but long strings of burros daily wend their patient way through the desert solitudes, each small animal laden with little bundles of pinon or dwarf cedar sticks, the fuel of the poor. The original San Miguel Church, erected in 1604 or -5, and therefore two or three years before Jamestown was founded, to say nothing of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock, faces a modern, all too modern Capitol, with the regulation white pillared portico, some Philistine of an architect not possessing the historical sense which would have persuaded him that, of all places on the Continent, here was the opportunity to follow the best type of Spanish architecture. But by far the most interesting building is the Governor's Palace, a rambling, one story, adobe building, occupying a whole square. Here Governor Lew Wallace, with a desert environment, wrote "Ben Hur". It was the writer's privilege to witness here a scene that was almost historic, the reception of the pen with which President Taft signed the New Mexico Constitution, pronouncing it very good. Unfortunately for the hopes of New Mexico, he at the same time intimated that the Arizona Constitution was no better than it should be, on account of certain heretical provisions called the initiative, the referendum and the recall. And New Mexico had to wait a while longer for Statehood. But it was a brilliant assemblage of Spanish Dons and their wives and daughters that received the almost historic pen; and one auditor will never forget the eloquent speech, in purest English, but with the softly modulated tones of the most musical of tongues, in which there was a reference to "this ancient palace which our fathers builded."



The writer was invited to a banquet at St. Michael's College, an institution that has done much for the higher education of the New Mexican citizens. Thirty of the alumni of the University present were members of the Constitutioual Convention, then in session. The students sang their college song to San

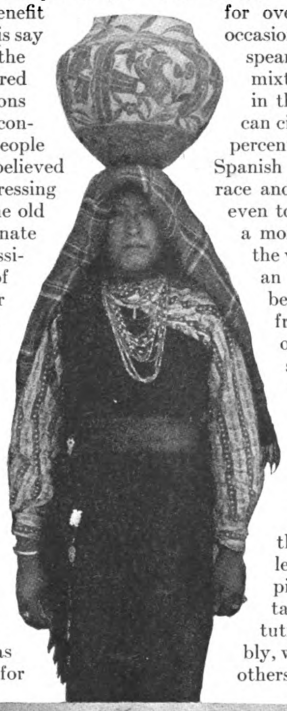
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Miguel and then the State Song, to the tune of "My Maryland."

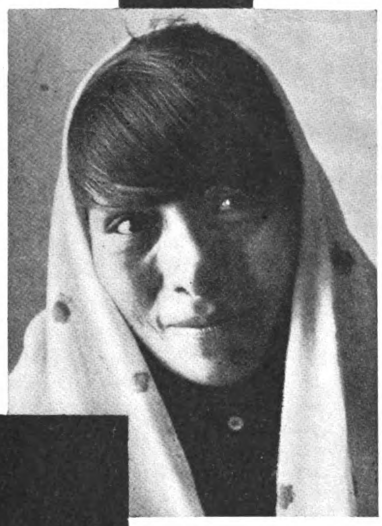
We read the story of thy past, New Mexico, New Mexico,
What wondrous deeds, what fame thou hast, New Mexico, New Mexico.
So long as time's great cycle runs
And nations weep their fallen ones,
Thou'lt not forget thy patriot sons, New Mexico, New Mexico.

After several speeches relating to the Territory's joining the "grand sorority of the American Republic", a gentleman arose and said that for the benefit of the guest from the East he would say his say in the dear old Spanish tongue. Finally the stranger was asked to speak, and he uttered a few heart-felt words about his impressions of his Spanish-American fellow-citizens, confessing his provincial ignorance of the people and the history of New Mexico, which he believed was shared by most Easterners, and expressing the hope that some fit representative of the old race and tongue would soon sit in the Senate of the United States, in order to help in dissipating the general ignorance of the rest of the American people about his State. After that little speech, the stranger might have had anything that courtesy and hospitality could grant. When he went to pay his hotel bill, and offered to secure local endorsement for a check, the host made a profound bow and said that it was impossible for him to think of an endorsement for that check. If the 200,000 people of Spanish descent in New Mexico could be spread out evenly over the United States, their example would be a corrective of our brusque, not to say brutal, American manners. The first words the American visitor learns in New Mexico, from their constant repetition, are "Buenas Dias, Buenas Tardes; Buenas Noches", the salutations for morning, afternoon and night. The first words the working immigrant to America learns belong to two languages, English and the Profane.

These Spanish people of New Mexico, forming yet some sixty per cent of the population, are not of the mixed breed one finds south of the Rio Grande, or even in Arizona, where there is a small remnant of Spanish blood. Indeed, it is probable that there is no purer Spanish stock in Old Spain itself, unless it be in the remote mountain regions where there was little admixture with the Moorish population that remained in Spain and was finally absorbed. Blue eyes and fair hair often are found with the swarthy skin of the desert, for the old aristocratic phrase, "blue blood," originated in Spain, and the Goths and Vandals, the latter settling (V) Andalusia, were a fair-haired, blue-eyed race. These people have not mingled their blood with negro, for there has never been any negro population in New Mexico. They have been fighting the Indians for over three hundred years, and save for occasional captive women of one's bow and spear, there has been surprisingly little mixture with the Indians. The Pueblos, in their historic villages that antedate American civilization, are distinguished for the large percentage of full blood Indians. "Pueblo" is Spanish for "people", and means both an Indian race and their village. So it is almost an insult even to deny that these Spanish-Americans are a mongrel breed. They have the faults and the virtues of the ancient Spanish race. It was an unworthy slander of a proud people that became a classic in the last century from frequent quotation: "New Mexico! A land of flowers without perfume, of birds without song, of rivers without water, and of women without virtue." The first three counts in the indictment, however, are measurably true. Even as far down as the Mexican border, the dust from the Rio Grande blows in one's eyes a good part of the year.



They are becoming a bi-lingual people, though many of the older folks refuse to learn English, which the younger generation picks up with ease, while Spanish is still taught at their mothers' knees. The Constitutional Convention was a bi-lingual assembly, with an interpreter for the Chair and three others for the floor. There is some advantage, the clarifying of thought, in having one's speech interpreted. There must be a pause after every phrase while the interpreter reproduces it. Only one or two members of the Constitutional Convention, or of the first state legislature, were ignorant of English, but it was easier for them to understand the mother tongue. The American politician soon finds it to his advantage to speak alternately in English and in Spanish. Now all this tends to a quickening of the intelligence, since the acquirement of a new language adds another shelf to the brain with a new vocabulary to fill it. Yet with our English prejudice we long thought the New Mexicans unfit for American citizenship because they spoke Spanish. It reminds one of the Scotch soldier who wrote home from France, after a battle, that the prisoners got down on their knees and jabbered away as if the Lord understood French. It is really no disloyalty to the American Flag to call it *Bandera Americana*. In Santa Fé one finds on one front window the familiar words, "Drug Store", on the other, "Botica"; on the window of another establishment, "Hardware", on the other window, "Ferretería."





Types of New Mexico Indians

Whence came these Spanish fellow-citizens of ours, who now have their part in determining with their suffrages the destinies of the American Republic?

Alvar Nuñes Cabeza de Vaca was the first discoverer of New Mexico. He, with other survivors of the ill-fated expedition in Florida of Panfilo de Narvaez, remained for six years among the Indian tribes and then marched across the country in the early part of the year 1535, finding Spanish settlers at Culiacan, in Sonora, Old Mexico, and then, crossing over into New Mexico, he discovered the "Seven Cities", now Suni, the largest

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pueblo. He reported his discovery to the Viceroy of Mexico and departed to Spain.

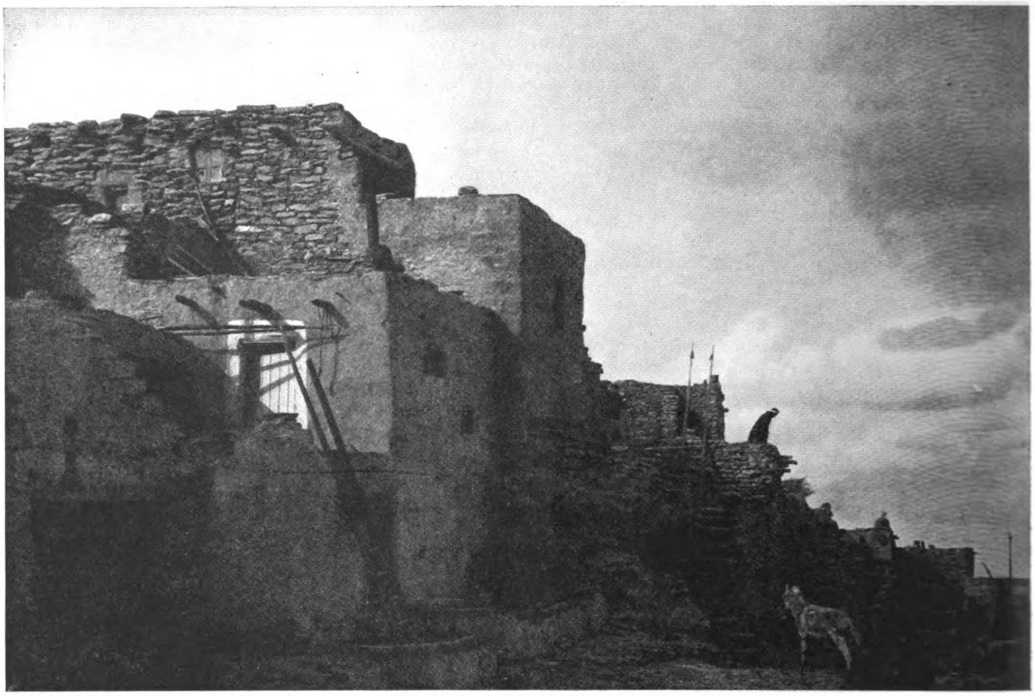
Father Marcos de Niza, a Franciscan Friar, a scholar and writer, led an expedition into New Mexico in 1509, the African Estavanico, a slave who had accompanied the former expedition, acting as guide. The good Father sent some Spanish soldiers and a few friendly Indians forward to ascertain the disposition of the people toward Spain and the Gospel, with the African in charge. Tragedy followed when they reached the Seven Cities, for Estavanico ill-used the Indian women, and he was killed and many others of the expedition. This hoary tradition may help to account for the fact of the Spanish prejudice against the negro and the unwillingness of the negroes to settle in New Mexico, though they swarm across the Mexican border. Some of this expedition escaped and reported the tragedy to Father Niza, who nevertheless journeyed onward until he caught sight of the pueblo, which he declared to be greater in size than Mexico City. He returned to Mexico and made a report to the veracious chronicles of the time, the half-family probably being what we would call a mere man. From this time on into the latter part of the nineteenth century there were Indian wars, wars with Pueblos, and Apaches and Utes and Navajos and Comanches.

IN 1821 Mexico achieved her independence from Spain and New Mexico became a state of Old Mexico. Then in 1848 there was the entirely peaceable exchange of flags, the flag of blood and gold for "Bandera Americana." General Phil Kearney took possession of Santa Fé in 1846, the officials took the oath of allegiance to the United States and Kearney said:

> We have come not as conquerors but as your friends. From this day on, the authority of Mexico ceases, and you now form a part of the United States of America and as such you will be given the full rights and privileges of American citizenship. You will be protected in your lives, your property and your religion.

The same promise of citizenship was made in the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848.

The state is pretty evenly divided as to politics. The



The Pueblos, in their historic villages that antedate American civilization, are distinguished for the large percentage of full blood Indians

of his discoveries in 1538–9. Followed several expeditions of Franciscan Friars, bent upon the evangelization of the Indians, some of them becoming martyrs to the faith. Finally, in 1581, Antonio de Espejo, a wealthy nobleman and soldier, combined the two undertakings of rescuing the missionaries and finding gold, being successful in both aims, discovering gold and silver in the region of the Colorado River. His enthusiastic description of New Mexico led to the first formal expedition of colonization, under the command of Don Juan de Onate, who made the first permanent settlement, with sixty families, 30 miles south of Santa Fé, where the Rio Chama joins the Rio Grande. This was in the year 1598, O Colonial Dames and Sons of the Puritans! The settlement of the country gradually extended and Christian civilization spread from this date until the great Pueblo uprising in 1680. Onate was the founder of Santa Fé, in 1604 or -5, and built San Miguel Church, now a chapel of the Christian Brothers and part of St. Michael's College. He was the grandson of Cortez and the great-grandson of Montezuma. Most of the Spanish settlers were driven out of New Mexico by the Indians in 1680 but the country was re-conquered by De Vargas, Santa Fé being retaken after a terrific battle and being re-settled with "sixty six and a half families", according

Legislature elected Republican senators, but the people chose a Democratic representative. It is claimed that the Spanish-Americans are not like the Irish-Americans in being "against the Government." They are taught reverence for authority and they do not distinguish between the Government and the Administration which happens to be in power. So the people are Democrats when a Democratic president sits in the White House. And they are Republicans when a Republican is president. But if anyone supposes they are not politicians enough to run the State after the most approved American fashion, further cogitation is needed on his part. Here is "La Voz Del Pueblo", a Las Vegas paper, published in Spanish, and the headlines of two years ago announce: "Estupenda Victoria Democrática. El Partido Republicano en las Eleciones Sufre tal vez la Peor Derrota de su Historia. En La Cámara de Representantes Habra Mayoría Democrática." This is just to show how easily Spanish may be read, and how like an American newspaper, on the day of election, these headlines read. But there is one occasion in which Spanish is forgotten and the best newspaper English is spoken with accuracy and discrimination. That is when the Santa Fé boys get together on the baseball field.

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Around the Capitol



Public Ownership for the District

THE last Congress created a Public Utilities Commission for the District of Columbia, the Board of Commissioners being its members. With full powers of regulation granted, the Commission has had an enlightening experience as to the futility of regulation. Crosser of Ohio introduced in the House recently a bill providing that the Government of the District should take over and operate the street railways, and the Commissioners appeared at the hearing before the District Committee unanimously in favor of the Prosser bill. Commissioner Newman took the ground that "any public service ought to be administered by a public agency with the element of profit eliminated." Commissioner Siddons made the significant statement:

> The Public Utilities Commission, in its attempt to regulate the Washington companies, has met with so much obstruction and opposition to effective regulation that I seriously doubt that we can regulate them effectively.

Commissioner Harding testified to the general efficiency of government employees, as compared with those of private corporations.

The three opinions taken together were a striking presentation of the case for government ownership.

Another Democratic Senator

GOVERNOR McCREARY of Kentucky, who is himself flirting with the senatorship idea, has named a comparatively unknown man, Johnson N. Camden, as the successor to Senator Bradley, increasing the Democratic majority in the Senate by two. It is announced that Senator Camden will be a candidate for the remainder of Senator Bradley's term, in the fall elections. Ex-Governor Beckham seems to be the leading candidate for the full term beginning on March 4th.

For Popular Use

THE Bureau of Mines, while it has encountered the opposition of such economists as Fitzgerald, of the Appropriations Committee, and the indifference of Senators and Representatives from non-mining states, continues to demonstrate its efficiency with the meager funds that are placed at its disposal for the saving of human life. Six new devices have been recently invented and patented; so that the public may have the full benefit without paying any tribute to a private corporation. The consulting engineer of the Bureau, William E. Gibbs, has completed the oxygen-breathing device with two inventions, one conducting away the expired air and the other reducing the high pressure of the oxygen. George S. Rice, chief mining engineer, has devised a collapsible iron cage for rescue work. J. W. Paul, engineer in charge of rescue work, has invented an electrical signalling device for rescuers lowered into the shaft of a dangerous mine. The other invention merely saves dollars, and was made by Alfred G. Heggem, in charge of the oil inventions, being a new type of valve for controlling the flow of oil or gas when a new well is dug. It is interesting to note also that the Bureau has applied for a number of patents for the extraction of radium, these inventions being the work of the laboratory at Denver, Colorado.

Labor Unions and the Anti-Trust Law

THE unanimous vote in the Committee of the Whole for the provision relating to labor unions and farmers' unions indicates how completely the President succeeded in harmonizing conflicting ideas on that subject. First, he let it be known plainly enough that even at the cost of failing in his whole trust program he would veto the proposal to exempt any class from the possibility of violating the Anti-Trust Act. The original amendment to the pending anti-trust bill has been quoted in another issue. The President agreed to a further addition following the lines of the Baltimore platform: "Nor shall any such organizations be held or construed to be illegal combinations or conspiracies in restraint of trade." But the doing of illegal acts in restraint of trade will be punished as heretofore. It is impossible to make out of this "a surrender of the President to labor." On the other hand, the wise friends of labor in the House feel that the granting of any special privilege or immunity is the last thing that organized labor really wants, and the proposition for a straight exemption from prosecution was voted down.

Pennsylvania Politics

IN round numbers, the voters of Pennsylvania number 1,200,000. In the last presidential campaign Roosevelt received 444,000, Wilson, 395,000, and Taft, 273,000 votes. In the recent senatorial primaries Penrose received, in round numbers, 200,000 votes, while the conscience vote of the Republican Party that went to Dimmick numbered 100,000, or together about 25,000 more votes than Taft received. Palmer and Budd, his Democratic antagonist, received about 200,000 votes, being 195,000 short of the Wilson vote, while Pinchot received 50,000, being 390,000 short of the Roosevelt vote. So the main thing to be considered is the voting population that neither enrolled nor voted in the primaries. It is the general belief that Penrose polled his full strength in the primaries. A good many of the Progressive or Washington Party are anxious enough to beat Penrose but are not willing to lend themselves to any plan having the present rebuke or the future defeat of President Wilson in mind. With Mr. Roosevelt stumping for Pinchot, a large increase in his vote is expected, and the average independent voter of the state is going to find out for himself whether Pinchot or Palmer has the better chance of victory at the polls and cast his vote for the man who can most probably poll the largest vote against Penrose.

In Iowa

SENATOR CUMMINS won the nomination for Senator in the Republican primaries over his rival, A. C. Savage, who was supported by the Old Line Republicans. Representative Maurice Conolly was the successful candidate in the Democratic primaries. Senator Cummins voted for Roosevelt for President on the ground that Republicans were released from any obligation to vote for Taft. The Old Liners are treasuring this up against him and are preparing to cast their votes for Conolly. Senator Cummins, unfortunately for himself, has made it impossible for Iowa Democrats to vote for him. The size of the Progressive vote will determine whether he or Conolly will win.

More Senatorial Amenities

SENATOR STONE: If it is considered objectionable to read a communication of this character from a Cabinet officer criticizing a Senator's statement made in debate, I will not read it, but merely use the information conveyed in the communication.

Mr. Smoot: I certainly have no objection, because every figure that I quoted to the Senate in that statement is quoted from the Department of Commerce. I shall be pleased indeed if the Senator will have the letter read, and then I will ask——

Mr. Stone: Oh, sit down.

Mr. Smoot: That the report of the Department of Commerce be put in the Record.

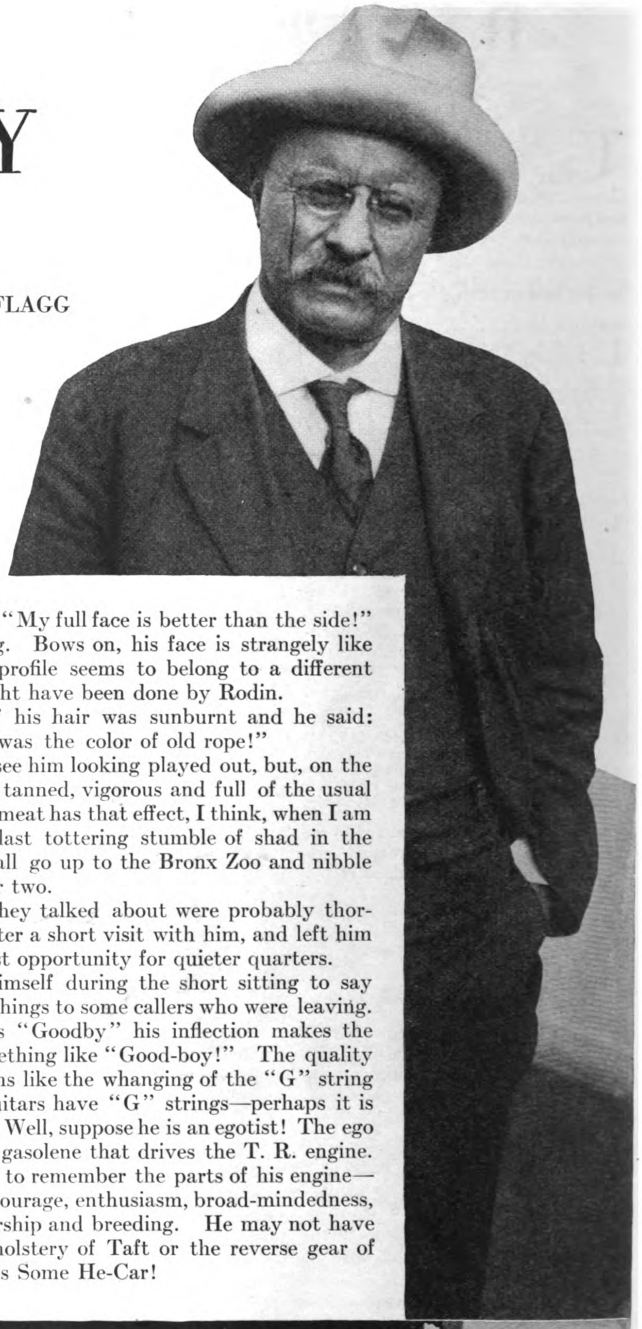
Mr. Stone: Will the Senator be still? I did not ask particularly whether it would be pleasing or displeasing to the Senator from Utah, but whether it would be proper as a senatorial proceeding to read the letter. . . . I want the attention of the Senator from Utah when he is through with the conversation he is holding, for I am reading this especially for his benefit. I want to rub this on his sore spots with cayenne ointment, hoping that in spite of the pain it may have some good effect on the intellectual and moral obtuseness he displays whenever he undertakes to discuss the tariff.

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TEDDY

By

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



HIS life, when he is on his own continent, is one damn caller after another!

Sagamore Hill was overrun with little governors, georgewperkinses, and South African explorers the other sunny afternoon, while I waited to see T. R. in a side room that was full of wild animals he had known.

After greeting me his next remark was "My full face is better than the side!"

As a matter of fact it is no such thing. Bows on, his face is strangely like a nice blond Japanese war mask. His profile seems to belong to a different man. His super-dreadnaught head might have been done by Rodin.



I asked him if his hair was sunburnt and he said: "No, it always was the color of old rope!"

I expected to see him looking played out, but, on the contrary, he was tanned, vigorous and full of the usual pep. If monkey meat has that effect, I think, when I am feeling like the last tottering stumble of shad in the late spring, I shall go up to the Bronx Zoo and nibble a champanzee or two.

Those boils they talked about were probably thoroughly cowed after a short visit with him, and left him gladly at the first opportunity for quieter quarters.

He excused himself during the short sitting to say a few thousand things to some callers who were leaving. When he booms "Goodby" his inflection makes the word sound something like "Good-boy!" The quality of his voice seems like the whanging of the "G" string of a guitar, if guitars have "G" strings—perhaps it is the "I" string. Well, suppose he is an egotist! The ego is the necessary gasolene that drives the T. R. engine. Knockers ought to remember the parts of his engine—common-sense, courage, enthusiasm, broad-mindedness, integrity, scholarship and breeding. He may not have the ten inch upholstery of Taft or the reverse gear of Wilson, but he is Some He-Car!



Colonel Roosevelt upon his arrival in Washington

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Roosevelt, Perkins and Wilson

By N. H.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is politically stronger than he has been since Taft began to go back on the nation. He is stronger because to his natural popularity are added: first, the desire of the Progressives to hold office; second, the desire of the Republicans to hold office; third, the desire of all reactionaries to give Wilson a drubbing; fourth, the desire of Hearst, Tammany, Clark and other so-called Democrats to discredit the President; fifth, the desire of all whose privileges have been lessened or threatened by the tariff and other progressive legislation; sixth, the absence of any other leader, Republican or Progressive, strong enough to compete with Roosevelt.

A few farseeing observers said, as soon as Wilson loomed above the horizon, "Theodore Roosevelt will be the hope of the conservatives in 1916."

Colonel Roosevelt said before he went to South America that he meant to make himself the leader of the opposition on his return.

"What will be your issue", asked a friend, "the tariff?"

No, the Colonel then thought the tariff would not offer a safe issue, or the currency, but Mexico might.

However, he is a shrewd man and waits. He came back and looked the ground over. He said a few things about Colombia and tolls exemption at once, but he consulted with his most trusted lieutenants before he took up dangerous domestic controversies. On Memorial Day he came out against the Wilson tariff policy and against the Democratic Trust policy. He did it in a written statement, submitting to no questioning by the reporters. Then he went away to Spain.



President Wilson

Nine Questions

HE returns next week. He will have had several weeks to reflect and observe. He will soon have to answer a number of questions. They will run about like this:

1. Is the Progressive Party to remain a separate party, standing for principle, treating Republicans and Democrats impartially, according to their men and measures; or is it to work with the Republicans whenever it can find an excuse to do so, and against the Democrats everywhere?

2. The Colonel will campaign in Pennsylvania and California, where he can do so without opposing any Republicans except gross machine members. Will he campaign in such states as Kansas, Massachusetts and Illinois, or will he refuse in such places to take sides between Progressives and Republicans?

3. Are there any Democrats or Democratic measures of which he approves?

4. Will he seek to repeal the Wilson tariff law, if elected? Will he re-enact the Payne-Aldrich law?

5. Will he repeal the Currency Act? Will he seek to enact the Aldrich plan?

6. Will he re-enact tolls exemption?

7. Will he change our present policy toward Mexico? What will the new policy be?

8. If he were president, would it be the duty of all good citizens who believe in his policies to support the administration in next fall's elections? Is it the duty of good citizens, Progressives or Republicans, to hold up Wilson's hands next fall if they believe he has, in his program, courageously and ably obeyed the expressed will of the voters?

9. He has attacked the Democratic trust measures indiscriminately. He has said the Progressive program is the only one that can do anything with the trusts. Will he tell what that program is? Does it include the famous missing plank? Is it fairly represented by the "literature" which Mr. George W. Perkins has been sending out from Progressive headquarters?

Where Perkins Comes In

NOW a heavy responsibility rests on the man who has the destiny of a splendid new party so largely in his power. On him rests the burden of deciding whether the new party, hope of so much of the youth of the land, shall be conservative or progressive, opportunist or wedded unfalteringly to principle. To decide this question, he must decide another. He must decide whether or not George W. Perkins is to remain dictator of the party's policy. Some of the younger, more principle-loving members have demanded Mr. Perkins' resignation from the chairmanship of the National Committee. Colonel Roosevelt has hitherto been the strongest supporter of the brilliant financier. In face of the storm that is about to break, will he back Perkins to the end?

Let us study this Perkins situation. The public knows nothing of it, and it will play a large rôle before November 3.

The almost silent rebellion of the more liberal leaders of the party against Perkins began about the time the party was formed. Mr. Perkins was, of course, well known in the community. He had many excellent qualities, but his relation to finance was not such as to suggest a point of view like that of a majority of persons composing the Progressive Party. Mr. Brandeis says, on p. 119 of his "Business as a Profession":

"Such is the power which the American people have entrusted to the managers of these large companies. How has it been exercised? Substantially as all irresponsible power since the beginning of the world: selfishly, dishonestly, and, in the long run, inefficiently. The breaches of trust committed or permitted by men of high financial reputation, the disclosure of the payment of exorbitant salaries and commissions, the illegal participation in syndicate profits, the persistent perversion of sacred trust funds to political purposes, the coöperation of the large New York companies to control the legislatures of the country—these disclosures are indeed distressing; but the practice of deliberate and persistent deception of the public which the testimony discloses, though less dramatic, is even more serious. Talleyrand said, 'Language was made to conceal thought.' George W. Perkins would teach us that 'Bookkeeping was made to conceal facts.'"

That Missing Plank

DURING the Progressive campaign in Chicago, Mr. Perkins showed intense interest in the trust plank. He practically threatened to withdraw his support from the party unless he had his way about that all important business plank. After a long, sharp fight, the Committee on Resolutions, dominated by the radical elements, refused to follow Mr. Perkins. It endorsed the Sherman Law, recommending that it be strengthened. The radical plank read by the Resolutions Committee was read in the convention. It was adopted by the convention. Then occurred one of the

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most remarkable events in the history of any self-governing Democracy. The convention was treated as if it amounted to no more than a collection of school boys. Oscar King Davis was sent to the Associated Press office to withdraw the trust plank. He was to substitute one more in accord with the ideas of Mr. Perkins. He did it. Whether it was Mr. Perkins himself or Mr. Roosevelt who actually sent Mr. Davis is of no importance. Mr. Perkins was the active force in the successful effort to over-rule the views of the majority of the Progressive Party on the monopoly question.

During the campaign, Progressive orators were in great confusion on the trust question. Some thought the party had come out against monopoly along much the same line as the Democratic platform. Others thought it had come out in favor of monopoly, diluted by the vague thing called "Regulation", the idea urged by Mr. Perkins and Judge Gary. The radical element of the party was furious. Protests came with increasing vehemence. So great did the insistence become that the original trust plank was put back into the version of the platform being printed for circulation. This was accomplished long after the election, in December or January.

When Mr. Roosevelt made his statement on Memorial Day, he did not say whether the trust policy of the Progressive Party to which he referred was the Perkins version or the version contradicting it.

What Mr. Perkins wishes the Progressive Party to stand for in industrial controversy has been made clear beyond all doubt, because the National Committee has been publishing a party organ called *The Progressive Bulletin*, and Mr. Perkins has directed this publication. It says:

"Mr. Perkins directs the financial and practical management of the Roosevelt Party—luckily for the party." He also directs the intellectual policy in coöperation with Col. Roosevelt. His view of trusts in the shortest form is this:

"Both these platforms (the old parties' platforms) rely upon compelling competition; and no policy which relies upon that will bring us one step nearer to an actual grapple with the trust problem."

Up to the time of election, the *Bulletin* was largely filled with eloquent attacks on the Wilson policy and the Sherman Law, praise of existing trusts, and arguments against any check on combination.

The steel trust and the International Harvester Company, in which Mr. Perkins is financially interested, are praised so often and so liberally that the *Bulletin* reads like an organ of those concerns. Both of these corporations have taken an active stand against organized labor, and Mr. Perkins has reiterated his opposition to it with frequency and emphasis. The attitude taken by him is that labor ought not be allowed to act as a concentrated force the way capital does but should exist only as isolated units, accepting from capital whatever a benevolent despotism is inclined to grant. There is nothing secret about the terrible hours existing in the steel industry, or the lowness of wages, or the perfectly unimportant amount of the so-called profit-sharing, which is put forward as a sop to take the place of independent action by labor unions and as a compensation for bad wages and long hours.

THOSE who wish to study Mr. Perkins' views instead of taking conclusions, might go to a file of the *Bulletin* and start on the following:

September 16, 1912. A digest of the Progressive platform in which no reference is made to the clause in the trust section which displeased Mr. Perkins and which was taken out.

September 23, 1912. A violent attack on the Sherman Law and a celebration of combination to the unlimited extent favored by Mr. Perkins.

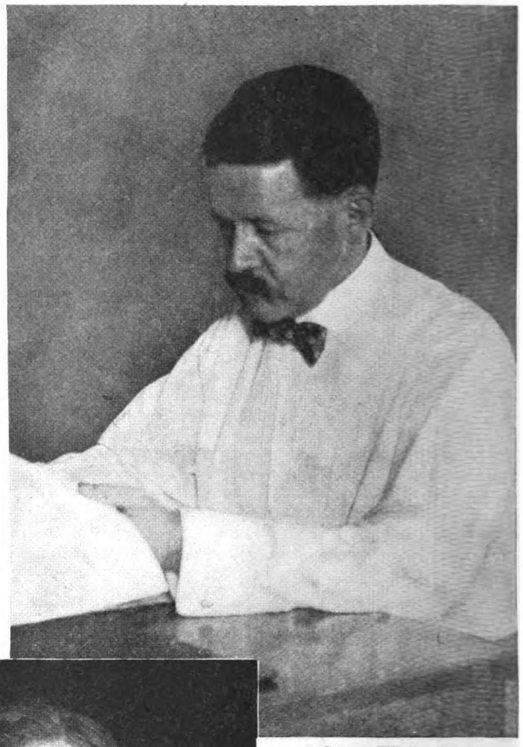
September 30, 1912. The trust plank of the Progressive Party again digested with the objectionable part of it left out.

September 30, 1912. An article of Mr. Perkins' reprinted, attacking the Sherman Law and attributing much of our trouble to "colossal blundering" in our effort to regulate monopoly.

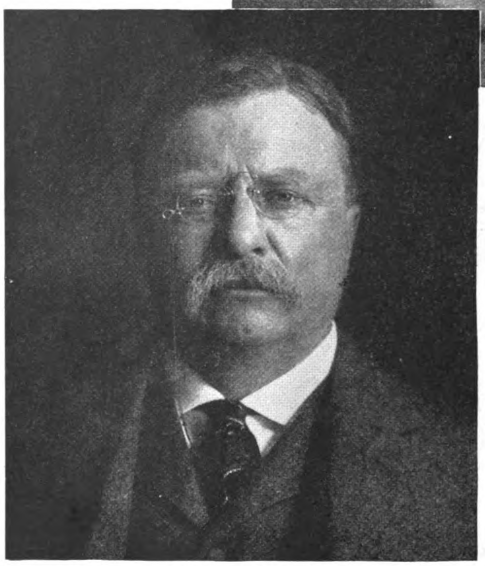
October 3, 1912. An article by Mr. Perkins from which any leader would be led to suppose that the Progressive Party was hostile to the Sherman Law.

October 14, 1912. A letter from Mr. Perkins to Mr. Bryan, attacking the Sherman Law and the efforts of the Taft administration to enforce it.

In our opinion, it will be the death blow of the Progressive Party as a really liberal organization if it has to take the steel corporation as its model. A reading of the material put out by Mr. Perkins can leave in nobody's mind the doubt that in his judgment the steel corporation is the type of what business ought to be. This is true both of its relation to the public and of its relation to labor.



George W. Perkins



Theodore Roosevelt

This identification of progressive principles with the Perkins industrial regime is talked about constantly among the leaders. They will probably be made public during the campaign of the next few months. It will be infinitely better for the young party if it can get rid of Mr. Perkins as chairman of the National Committee. It would then be free to decide for itself what its relation to monopoly will be and also what its opinion of the rights of labor shall be. Shall one man rule the whole party?

SUCH is the situation with which Col. Roosevelt is about to deal. It will require all his matchless political resourcefulness. To make his party a progressive party, in fact as in name, would require that he should refrain from attacking progressive measures, even when they are being promoted by President Wilson. To make it a reactionary party, to lead it little by little over into the Republican fold, would of course make a strong combination against Wilson, but would serve no purpose more ideal. We should like to see Colonel Roosevelt act like a great intellectual and moral hero; we should like to see him come back, not to punish Wilson for doing well, but to say: "You are the president of all the people. I as one of the people will do my best to see that you receive assistance and not embarrassment in your work."

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The Conqueror

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE man who is successful, as Mr. Galsworthy's "Conqueror" is successful, is a type familiar everywhere—especially in this country. This article, the last of the distinguished series, is, in its analysis of character, one of the finest pieces of work in recent English literature

HE was given that way almost from his nursery days, for he could not even dress without racing his little brother in the doing up of little buttons, and being upset if he got one little button behind. At the age of eight he climbed all the trees of his father's garden, and arriving at their tops, felt a pang because the creatures left off so abruptly that he could not get any higher. He wrestled with anybody who did not mind rolling on the floor; and kept awake once all night, because he heard that one of his cousins was coming next day who was a year older than himself. It was not that he desired to see this cousin, to welcome, or give him a good time; he simply designed to race him in the kitchen garden, and to wrestle with him afterwards. It would be grand, he thought, to beat some one a year older than himself. The cousin however was scratched at the last moment. It was a blow. At the age of ten he cut his head open against a swing, and so far forgot himself as to cry when he saw the blood flowing. To have missed such an opportunity of being superior to other small boys made an indelible mark on his soul, for though he had not cried from pain he had cried from fright, and he might have beaten both emotions.

His first term at school he came out top, after a terrific struggle; there was one other boy in the class. And, term after term he went on coming out top, or very near it. He never knew what he was learning, but he knew that he beat other boys. He ran all the races he could, and played all the games; not because he enjoyed them, but because unless you did, you could not win. He was considered almost a prize specimen.

He went to College in an exhausted condition, and for two years devoted himself to dandyism, designing to be the coolest, slackest, best-dressed man up. He almost was. But as that day approached when one must either beat or be beaten in learning by one's contemporaries, a fearful feeling beset him, and he rushed off to a crammer. For a whole year he poured the crammer's notes into his memory. What they were all about he had no notion, but his memory retained them just over that hot week when he sat writing for his life, twice a day. He would have received a first, had not an examiner who did not understand that examinations are simply held to determine who can beat whom, asked him in the living voice a question, to answer which required a knowledge of why there was an answer. He came down exhausted, and ate his dinners for the Bar. It was an occupation at which he could achieve no distinction save that of eating them faster than any other student; and for two whole years he merely dreamed of becoming the best amateur actor and the best shot in England. His method of acting was based on nothing so flat as identification with the character he personified, but on the amount of laughter and applause that he could get in excess of that bestowed on any other member of the company. Nor did he shoot birds because he loved them, like a true sportsman, but because it was a pleasure to him to feel each day that he had shot or was going to shoot more than any one else who was shooting with him.

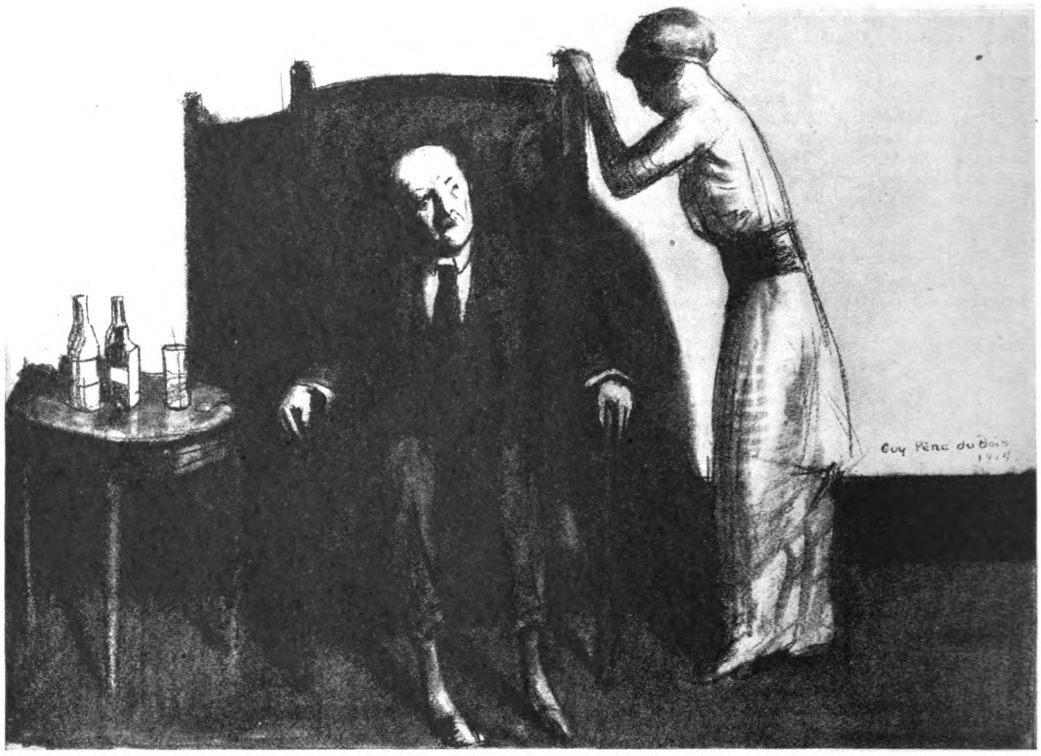
The time had now come for him to embrace his profession, and he did so like an Englishman, with his eye ever on the future. He perceived from the first that this particular race was longer than any race he had ever started for, and he began slowly, with a pebble in his mouth, husbanding his wind. The whole thing was extremely dry and extremely boring, but of course one had to get there before all those other fellows. And round and round he ran, increasing his speed almost imperceptibly, soon beginning to have his eye on the half-dozen who seemed dangerously likely to get there before him if he did not mind that eye. It cannot be said that he enjoyed that work, or cared for the money it brought him, for what with getting through his day, and thinking of those other fellows who might be forging ahead of him, he had no time to spend money or even to give it away. And so it began rolling up. One day, however, perceiving that he had quite a lot, the thought came to him that he ought to do something with it. And happening soon after to go into a picture gallery, he bought a picture. He had not had it long before it seemed to him better than the picture of a friend who rather went in for them; and he thought: "I could easily beat him if I gave myself to it a little." And he did. It was fascinating to perceive, each time he bought, that his taste had improved, and was getting steadily ahead of his friend's taste; and indeed not only of his friend's, but of that of other people. He felt that soon he would have better taste than anybody, and he bought and bought. It was not that he cared for the pictures, for he really had not time or mind to give to them—set as he was on reaching eminence; but he dreamed of leaving them to the National Gallery as a monument of his taste, and final proof of superiority to his friend, after they were both gone.

About this time he took silk, sacrificing nearly half of his income. He would have preferred to wait longer had he not perceived that if he did not, his friends ——, and ——, and —— ——, would be taking silk before him. And since he meant to be a Judge first, this must naturally be guarded against. The prospective loss of so much income made him for a moment restful and expansive, as if he felt that he had been pushed almost too far by his competitive genius; and so he found time to marry—it being the commencement of the Long Vacation. For six weeks he hardly thought of his friends ——, and ——, and —— ——, but at the end of September he was shocked back into a more normal frame of mind by the news that they also had been offered and had taken silk. It behooved him, he felt, to put his wife behind him, and go back into harness. It would be just like those fellows to get ahead of him, if they could; and he curtailed his honeymoon by quite three weeks. Not two years had elapsed, before it became clear to him that to keep his place he must enter Parliament. And against his own natural affection, against even the inclinations of his country, he secured a seat at the General Election, and began sitting. What, then, was his chagrin to find that his friend ——, and his friend ——, and even his friend —— ——, had also secured seats, and were sitting when he got there! With sitting in the Courts, and sitting in the House, he became lean and very yellow; and his wife complained. He determined to give her a child every year to keep her quiet; for he felt that he must have perfect peace in his home surroundings if he were to maintain his position in the great life race for which he had started, knowing that his friends ——, and ——, and —— —— would never hesitate to avail themselves of his ill-health, to beat him. Besides none of those fellows were having many. It cannot be said that he found his work in Parliament congenial; it seemed to him unreal. For he could not get a mind—firmly fixed on himself and the horizon—to believe that all those little measures which he was continually passing, would really benefit people whose lives he absolutely had not time or inclination to be familiar with. When one had got up, prepared two cases, had breakfast, walked down to the Courts, sat there from half-past ten to four; walked to the House, sat there a little longer than his friend —— —— (the worst of them); spoken if his friend —— had spoken, or if he thought his friend —— were going to speak; had dinner, prepared two cases, kissed his wife, mentally compared his last picture with that last one of his friend's, had a glass of barley-water, and gone to bed—when one had done all this there really was not time for living his own life, much less any one else's. He sometimes thought he would have to give up doing so much, but that of course was out of the question, seeing that his friends would at once shoot ahead. He took "Vitogen" instead. They used his photograph, with the words: "It does wonders with me," coming out of his mouth, and on the opposite page they used a photograph of his friend —— —— with the words: "I take a glass a day, and revel in it," coming out of his. On discovering this he increased the amount at some risk to two glasses, determined not to be outdone by that fellow.

He sometimes wondered whether, in the Army, the Church, or the Stock Exchange, or in Literature, he would not have had a more restful life; for he would by no means have admitted that he carried within himself the microbe of his own fate.

His natural love of beauty, for instance, inspired him when he saw a sunset or a mountain or even the sea, with the thought: How jolly it would be to look at it! but he had gradually become so reconciled to knowing he had not time for this, that he never did. But if he had

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His youngest daughter, moving to the bell behind his chair, hearing him suddenly mutter, bent hastily and just caught the words: "Pipped him on the **post,** *by Gum!"*

heard by any chance that his friend —— —— did find time to contemplate such natural beauties, he would certainly have contrived somehow to contemplate them too.

As the time approached for being made a Judge, he compared himself more and more carefully with his friends ——, and ——, and —— ——. If they were appointed before him, it would be very serious for his prospects of ultimate preëminence. And it was with a certain relief tempered with sorrow that he heard one summer morning that his friend —— had fallen seriously ill, and was not expected to recover. He was assiduous in the expression of an anxiety that was quite genuine. His friend —— died as the Courts rose. And all through that Long Vacation he thought continually of poor ——, and of his career cut so prematurely short. It was then that the idea came to him of capping his efforts by a book. He chose for subject "The Evils of Competition in the Modern State," and devoted to it every minute he could spare during autumn months fortunately bereft of Parliamentary duties. It would just, he felt, make the difference between himself and his friends ——, and —— ——, to a Government essentially favorable to literary men. He finished it at Christmas and arranged for a prompt publication. It was with a certain natural impatience that he read, two days later, of the approaching issue of a book by his friend —— ——, entitled: "Joy of Life, or the Cult of the Moment." What on earth the fellow was about, to rush into print, and on such a subject, he was at a loss to understand! The book came out a week before his own. He read the reviews rather feverishly, for they were favorable. What to do now to recover his lead, he hardly knew. If he had not been married it might have been possible to arrange something in that line with the daughter of an important personage; as it was, there was nothing for it but to part with his pictures to the National Gallery by way of a loan. And this he did, to the chagrin of his wife, about the middle of May. On the first of June he read in his Sunday paper that his friend —— ——

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had given his library to the British Museum. Some relief to the strain of his anxiety, however, was afforded in July by the unexpected accession of his friend —— to a peerage, through the death of a cousin. The estate attached was considerable. He felt that this friend at all events would not continue to struggle; being English he would surely recognize that he was removed from active life. His premonition was correct; and his friend —— —— and himself were left to fight it out alone. That Judge who had so long been expected to quit his Judgeship, did so for another world in the fourth week of the Long Vacation.

He hastened back to town at once. This was one of the most crucial moments of a crucial career. If appointed, he would be the youngest Judge. But his friend —— —— was of the same age, the same politics, the same calibre in every way, and more robust. During those weeks of waiting, therefore, he grew perceptibly grayer. His joy knew only the bounds of a careful concealment when at the beginning of October he was appointed a Judge of the High Court; for it was not till the following morning that he learned that his friend —— —— had also been appointed, the Government having decided to add one to the number of His Majesty's Judges. Which of them had been made the extra Judge he neither dared nor cared to inquire; but, setting his teeth, entered forthwith on his duties.

It cannot be pretended that he liked them; to like them one would have to take a profound and as it were amateurish interest in Equity, and the lives of one's fellow men. For this of course he had not time, having to devote all his energies to not having his judgments reversed, and watching the judgments of his friend —— ——. In the first year that fellow was upset in the Court of Appeal three times oftener than himself, and it came as a blow, when the House of Lords so restored him, that they came out equal. In other respects of course the life was something of a rest after that which he had led hitherto, and he watched himself carefully lest he might deteriorate and be tempted to enjoy life, steadily resisting every effort on the part of his friends and family to draw him into recreations other than those of dining out, playing golf, and improving his acquaintanceship with that Law of which he would require a perfect knowledge when he became Lord Chancellor. He never could quite make up his mind whether to be glad or sorry that his friend —— —— did not confine himself entirely to this curriculum.

It was about then that he became a politician so extremely Moderate that neither Party knew to which of them he belonged. It was a period of uncertainty, when no man could say in whose hands power would be in, say, five or ten years' time, and instinctively he felt that he must look ahead. A moderate man stood perhaps the greater chance of steady and perpetual preferment, and he felt moderate, now that the spur of a necessary political activity was removed. It was a constant source of uneasiness to him that his friend —— —— had become such a dark horse that one could find out nothing about his political convictions; people, indeed, went so far as to say that the beggar had none.

He had not been a Judge four years when an epidemic of influenza swept off three of His Majesty's Judges, and sent one mad; and almost imperceptibly he found himself sitting with his friend —— —— in the Court of Appeal. Having the fellow there under his eye day by day, he was able to study him, and noted with satisfaction that, though more robust, he was certainly of full and choleric temperament, not very careful of himself; and at once he began taking extra care of his own health, giving up wine, tobacco, and any other pleasure that he had left. For three years they sat there side by side, almost mechanically differing in their judgments; and then one morning the Prime Minister went and made his friend —— —— Lord Chief Justice, and himself only Master of the Rolls. The shock was very great. After a week's indisposition, he reset his teeth and decided to struggle on; his friend —— —— was not Lord Chancellor yet. Two more years passed, during which he undermined his health by dining constantly in the highest social and political circles, and delivering longer and weightier judgments every day. His wife and children, who still had access to him at times, watched him with anxiety.

One morning they found him pacing up and down the dining-room, with the Times newspaper in his hand and every mark of cerebral excitement. His friend —— —— had made a speech at a certain banquet, in which he had hit the Government a nasty knock. It was now, of course, only a question of whether they would retain office till the Lord Chancellor, who was very shaky, dropped off. He dropped off in June, and they buried him in Westminster Abbey; his friend —— —— and himself being chief mourners. In the same week the Government was defeated. The state of his mind can now not well be imagined. In one week he lost five pounds that could not be spared. He stopped losing weight when the Government decided to hang on till the end of the Session. On the fifteenth of July the Prime Minister sent for him and offered him the Chancellorship. He accepted it, after first drawing attention to the superior claims of his friend —— ——. That evening in the bosom of his family he sat silent. A little smile played three times on his worn lips, and now and again his thin hand smoothed the parallel folds in his cheeks. His youngest daughter, moving to the bell behind his chair, hearing him suddenly mutter bent hastily and just caught the words: "Pipped him on the post, by Gum!"

He took up his final honors with the utmost ceremony. From that moment it was almost too noticeable how his powers declined. It was as if he had felt that having won the race he had nothing left to live for. Indeed, he only waited till his friend —— —— had received a slight stroke, before, under doctor's orders, he laid down office. He dragged on for several years, writing his memoirs, but without interest in life; till, one day being driven in his bath chair down the Esplanade at Margate, he was brought to a standstill by another chair being drawn in the opposite direction. Letting his eye rest wearily on the occupant, he recognized his friend —— ——. How the fellow had changed; but not in nature, for he quavered out at once: "Hallo! It's you! By George! You look jolly bad!" Hearing those words, seeing that paralytic smile, a fire seemed suddenly relit within him. Compressing his lips, he answered nothing, and dug his bath-chair man in the back. From that moment he regained his interest in life. If he could not outlive his friend —— —— it would be odd! And he set himself to do it, thinking of nothing else by day or night, and sending daily to inquire how his friend —— —— was. The fellow lived till New Year's Day, and died at two in the morning. They brought him the news at nine. A smile lighted up his parched and withered face, his old hands, clenched on the feeding cup, relaxed; he fell back dead. The shock of his old friend's death, they said, had been too much for him.

The Sandwich Man

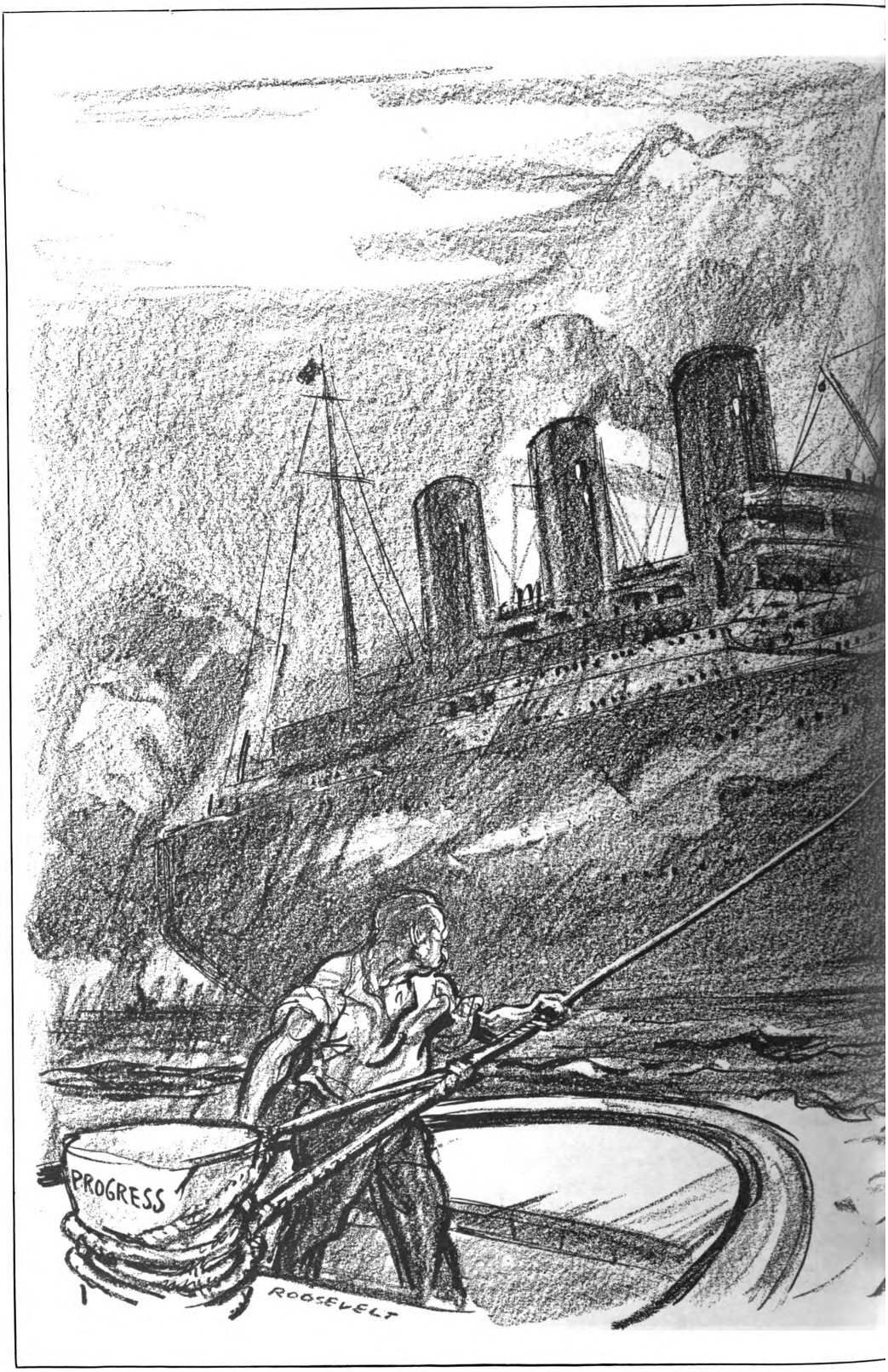
By W. T. LARNED

ALONG the lane that's Nassau street
The city's swarm goes buzzing by,
While he, with laggard, leaden feet,
Works out the whim of Destiny—
Decreed to indicate the way
To Kerrigan's Free Lunch Café.

A supernumerary he
Upon the stage where life is played
In terms of tragi-comedy,
With mimes of ev'ry guise and grade.
Deny him not a certain art—
Does he not look and act the part?

For this a mother bore and reared
A son. For this, through all the years,
He hoped and hated, strived and feared—
The climax of his toil and tears.
In life's election "also ran"
The one who walks—A Sandwich Man.

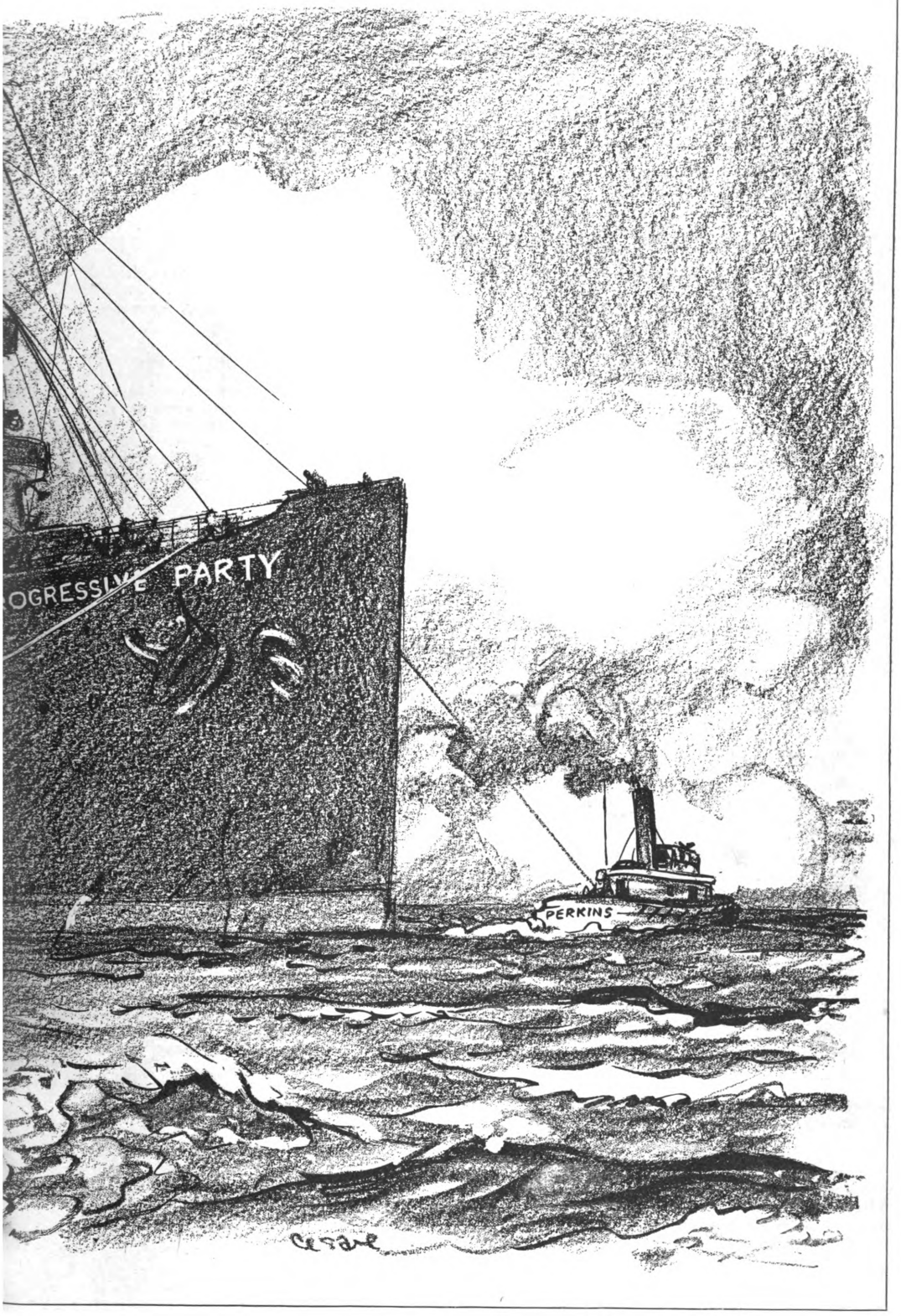
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POWER

at Perkins bursts his boiler

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Putting It Across

By THEODORE F. MAC MANUS

A TYPE *of the appeal made to the intellect of salesmen by the modern sales manager and advertiser. Excerpt from an address delivered at one of the great motor car plants in Detroit, showing in striking fashion how deeply the source and science of selling is probed by great industrial institutions*

THE elemental facts about a motor car are more influential in making sales in the long run than any other data which may be advanced.

The layman almost invariably sums up his combined reasons for buying a car in some one, simple, but comprehensive, recital of its special appeal to him.

A dozen different characteristics in the car may have influenced him, but they are all merged into one brief, sententious description of the factor which brought him to a decision.

The "points" in any car gradually crystallize into a simple, definite estimate, which passes from mouth to mouth and establishes its comparative and relative standing with other cars.

And the elements which enter into this brief, blunt summing-up are nearly always fundamental and more or less universal.

They do not usually concern themselves with mechanical detail but simply blanket the car's general reputation in a few significant, commonplace phrases.

In our modern thirst for the specific and our idolatry of specialization most of us overlook the force of the old fundamentals—the old, simple factors and influences which carry a man's mind to conversion and conviction.

We insist upon belaboring the mind of the prospect with perfectly appalling mechanical data; shrieking at him the multitudinous superiorities of our product, instead of reciting, in a quiet, unstrained voice, the story of its general good-repute and the simple reasons therefor.

Let me illustrate what I mean by an example which I have had occasion to cite a great many times during the past several years.

We all know that the mind and the character of Abraham Lincoln or of Theodore Roosevelt or of any man who has achieved the thing called greatness was, or is, made up of a million complexities.

Thus we know that Mr. Roosevelt has so many elements mixed up in him that he almost defies analysis and characterization.

We know that he has a marvelous acquaintance with the bards of ancient Ireland. We know that he is equally eminent as sportsman, naturalist, statesman, philosopher and citizen. We know that he possesses a bewildering assortment of information on almost every subject on earth, in heaven, or in the waters under the earth.

And yet we can trust the first workman we meet, with a clay pipe in his mouth, and a pail on his arm, to give an amazingly shrewd and comprehensive characterization of Theodore Roosevelt.

That is due to the fact that the simple mind naturally harks straight back to the elemental and the universal. It is not embarrassed by a multiplicity of elements—it reduces them all to a single element. With a wave of the arm and the discharge of two or three rapid-fire sentences, the common man, with his unblurred vision, can strip the Truth of its complexities and contradictions and present it to our astonished vision, naked and unashamed.

He cannot explain all the depths and shallows contained in the heart and intellect of William H. Taft, but with brutal directness, and in a few bludgeon-like words, he can tell you why William H. Taft is no longer President.

He is woefully and shamefully misled and misinformed by a million deceptive and deceiving influences, and he is sometimes unjust and cruel in his peremptory conclusions—but when all is said and done, the man whom he consigns to oblivion probably got no more and no less than he deserved.

In other words, the ordinary mind is usually right, even when it is wrong; whether the thing at issue be a man or a manufactured product.

IF I were a manufacturer, I would rather have a million people say, in the language of the barber-shop, that my car "cost less to run" than to utter almost any other praise concerning it which I can at this writing conceive.

"The Centaur costs less to run"—heavens, can't you see the capacity for everlasting growth contained in that pregnant phrase?

A car that costs less to run—see how straight that goes to the heart of all motor car desirabilities and disabilities.

And in the face of the deep-seated influence which that thought exerts, the hold it takes upon the average mind—which is the public mind and the public imagination—how futile and unnecessary are all the other intricacies and complexities of salesmanship and advertising, over which we wrestle and groan from year's end to year's end.

"Bill Taft is a mighty good man but"—"The Centaur's a good car and they tell me it costs less to run."

CAN'T you see the two thoughts traveling with lightning speed from city to city, and town to town, and state to state, —repeating and reiterating themselves from a million mouths to a million pairs of ears, by the fireside, and at the cross-roads, and in the general store, and about the hotels, and in the smoking-room, and wherever men and women meet to talk of motor cars?

Perhaps it took a hundred thousand sales-talks, descriptive of a score of Centaur virtues, to bring about that simple conclusion—but in the light of that conclusion and its potentialities of growth and profit, how futile the sales-talks and how unnecessary and tiresome the details.

Suppose at the worst that the thought was a mere assumption—that Centaurs cost just about as much, but not any less to run.

And then suppose that every one of several thousand Centaur salesmen took that thought as the core and the center and the nub of his argument—and quietly, insistently, everlastingly drove it home.

Can't you see the pleasant, soothing fiction—if it were a fiction—penetrating to the furthest and remotest haunts of men and taking up its permanent abode in fifty million minds?

Can't you see it actually forcing the thing to come true, even if it had not been true before?

Suppose the advertising eternally hovered and fluttered and gyrated around this delectable topic—not boasting about it or screaming it, but subtly and insidiously suggesting it, and forever making the unwary reader feel that he was only being reminded of something he already knew beyond peradventure.

Can't you see how salesmanship would be simplified?

Can't you see how many thousand times the mind of the prospect could be dragged away from distracting attractions in other cars which might interfere with a sale?

And mind you, I am not intimating that this fundamental virtue is the one and only motor car characteristic which could be made to exercise this magical influence.

A motor car, like a man, can conform to any one of several of the verities which make for public confidence and approval.

In the man, the home-spun decencies, and the clarity of judgment and straightforwardness of conduct which result therefrom, exercise the greatest attraction.

When the brooding mind of the public breaks silence and says: "Well, he may be impulsive, but he's honest"—in the language of the street, "believe me" the public mind has said something.

And so in the summing up and the estimate of motor car value, the verdict generally revolves around those elements which make for service—not that external glitter which enamours the few, and which may mean much or nothing in the intestines of the machine.

The Ford is almost unspeakably cheap—but the man in the street or on the farm almost invariably adds that "it's a darned good little car, at that." And the price—plus that verdict—earns a paltry $12,000,000 a year for Mr. Henry Ford.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

THE PASSING OF THE PAPER SNOW



WHAT is to become of that old fashioned contraption we call The Stage Set, with its painted trees, its papier mâché rocks and its paper snow? The pessimist will picture for you a doomed Laocoön writhing in the python-like coils of a monster moving picture film.

No pessimist should be without a Laocoön—or at the very least a trained octopus. For grasping monopolies and high tariff monsters and all that sort of thing, they are absolutely indispensable.

I once had a pet octopus who could pose for anything from The Theatrical Syndicate to the Chewing Gum Trust—but it died of overwork during the Roosevelt-Taft Administrations—and since my plaster Laocoön is at present posing for Mr. Cesare as "Mexico strangled by American landed interests" (the principal Python is labelled William Randolph Hearst) my picture done from memory lacks some of the grandeur of the original. Nevertheless it serves its purpose—it speaks the truth. Old man Melodrama with his stage pistol and his paper snow and his ruined daughter must go—but his offspring, the dramas of the future will stay—they will live.

History is in the act of repeating itself. The cineomatograph today is doing for the so-called realism of the stage exactly what the Instantaneous photograph did for the realism of the photograph album and the picture gallery of twenty—or was it thirty—or forty years ago?

In a recent exhibition of (and in) bad taste behold the old family album of Mrs. Haute (neé Oat) Monde—note the realism of the horsehair chair—the floral urn, the marble balustrade of the cold grey landscape of the photographer's back cloth. Observe the deathlike rigidity of Hezekiah and Mirandy as they stare apprehensively at the camera. They are just back from their honeymoon, and the artist has commanded them to look pleasant while he counts sixty, and in their grim New England way they are determined to look pleasant if they die in the attempt.



Look at the battle picture of the same period. The general on his impossible rocking horse,—the soldiers in toylike attitudes, anticipating their rigor mortis. The bursting shell in the upper left hand corner, the dismantled gun, or the wounded soldier (or both) in the lower right hand corner.

Instantaneous photography has taught us that a frozen bridal couple and a rocking horse general are not true to nature. We now see their absurdity.



Just as surely is the cineomatograph teaching us the absurdity of the conventional stage picture and what is humorously called stage management in the grouping of the characters.

In what is called a "strong scene" on the stage, when vice triumphs or virtue is exposed, Virtue and Vice face each other as near the center as possible and to right and left in attitudes suggesting astonishment stand the stage spectators one behind the other in Indian file, and so that the audience may have an unobstructed view of the stage villain's carefully creased trousers or the leading lady's riding boots—even the furniture effaces itself as much as possible.



An almost perfect example of this archaic stage grouping is the annexed picture of a "Lamb's" rehearsal in which Mr. Belasco is shown in the act of reprimanding Mr. Hopper before his trembling confrères.

The moving picture camera, staging a scene like this, would look over the heads of the spectators and render such foolish stage grouping unnecessary.



With the perfection of the color "movie", the stage exterior scene will disappear entirely. The next generation of playgoers will smile at the tradition of paper snow and papier mâché rocks as we smile today at the crude makeshifts of the Elizabethan period. The Drama of tomorrow realizing the hopelessness of competition with the superior realism of the camera will fall back upon plays requiring only indoor scenes—or if exterior, of a symbolistic or purely decorative character, and the playgoer, dizzy of the rapid fire pantomime of the movies, will find comedy in the clash of character, and tragedy in the adventure of the soul.

The low brow manager will be confounded and the comedy of manners will have its day.

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The Case of Mornington Ransby

By FRANK DANBY

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

SUICIDE of a London Barrister. A London Barrister Shoots Himself on Wimbledon Common." So ran the posters, but there was not sufficient interest taken in the case to fill the Coroner's Court at Wimbledon when the inquiry was opened.

The jury, having been sworn, filed into the mortuary to see the body. The walls were whitewashed, and the floor of stone. The body of Mornington Ransby lay uncoffined on the wooden plank, and these twelve men, eleven of them perfunctorily, and one with seeing eyes, gazed at him as he lay. This one was an artist, absurdly out of place with his fellow jurymen, surprised at finding himself in such a position, and yet curious of the adventure. Roger Macphail saw in the cold clay, like sculptured marble, the torso of an athlete and a head low-browed and Greek, hair close-cropped and black with a kink in it, a resolute chin, delicate ears, lips a little thick and a square jaw. Involuntarily he exclaimed:

"What an extraordinarily handsome man."

"You're lookin' at his face, sir. His hands would tell you more. See if he hasn't got a thick or deformed thumb. Suicides and murderers generally have something unusual with their thumbs."

Roger Macphail looked as he was bidden, by one of his fellow jurymen, and saw that though the dead hands were finely modeled, the left thumb was short and stumpy, as if unfinished.

"You've noticed that before?" he asked his informant.

"Often and often", was the reply. "You look out for it when you're called again."

Roger Macphail shuddered at the idea that he should ever be called again to serve on a coroner's jury.

They filed back to their places. The coroner, Mr. Flynn, took his seat, and the first witness was sworn. The first witness was the milkman who had found the body and given notice to the police. Mr. Flynn was quick and impatient and managed to keep all the evidence relevant.

James Welford was not allowed to dilate upon the gruesomeness of the spectacle, nor his feelings when he "came acrost it"; what he said to his missus was ruled out, and in lieu of the great access of self-importance, he felt snubbed and slighted when he was told to stand down.

Next came the police evidence, and then the identification.

Dr. Robert Hunt was the first witness from whom any evidence of importance was to be expected. It was from his house Mornington Ransby had gone forth to his death.

A little, insignificant man, dun colored and ordinary, the authority with which he might have spoken was certainly not observable in his manner. Dr. Hunt gave his evidence nervously and hesitatingly, and he had done little more than admit to his own name, address, and profession, and relationship to the deceased, before Roger Macphail, at least, practised as he was in reading facial expression, decided he was not standing there with the intention of speaking "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," but to deliver, parrot-fashion, a story in which he had been well-coached.

"I am a licentiate of the London University, and practise in Wimbledon. Mornington Ransby was my wife's brother. He had broken down in nerve, and was staying with us to recruit."

"What do you mean by broker. down?"

"He was very depressed."

Examined and cross-examined by the medical coroner who flagrantly asked leading questions, Dr. Hunt gave the textbook symptoms of neurasthenia, or nervous breakdown. It appeared that Mornington Ransby had lacked none of these, was depressed and sleepless, ate irregularly, suffered from indigestion, and thought himself incapable of getting through his work.

"What was the nature of his work?" interrupted Mr. Flynn.

"He had a growing practice at the Bar."

"Was he in any pecuniary difficulties?"

"Oh, no! He was a rich man."

"You know of no personal or private troubles?"

The witness here hesitated, and the Coroner pressed his question.

"There had been I believe some little friction between him and his wife."

A slender, gray-whiskered gentleman here rose and said he represented the widow of the late Mr. Mornington Ransby.

Mr. Flynn asked if Mrs. Ransby were in Court.

"Mrs. Ransby is unable to be present, she is prostrate with grief. The differences between her and her husband were due to Mr. Ransby's state of health. Mrs. Ransby saw her husband the Tuesday before his death, was concerned at his condition, and came to us with a view to taking steps to safeguard him."

The gray-whiskered lawyer with gold pince-nez was a partner in the firm of the celebrated criminal lawyers, Messrs. Lauser & Lauser. He went on to make a statement which he himself might have described as ex parte, as to Mr. Mornington Ransby's mental condition. He said the whole affair was naturally very painful to the family, and he asked the gentlemen of the press, of whom by the way there was only one present, not to give the matter more publicity than was necessary. He spoke feelingly of Mr. Ransby's gifts, and the promising career that had been cut short in this untimely way.

Further evidence elicited that when last seen alive Mr. Ransby had told his host that he would be engaged with his correspondence and did not wish to be disturbed.

Mr. Flynn asked, if Mr. Ransby had been engaged in correspondence, what had become of the letters? Dr. Hunt, recalled, said that none had been found, and it was conjectured that he made this an excuse in order to secure solitude. Dr. Hunt said, further, that the deceased always resented the watch that was kept upon him, and evaded it to such good purpose that he had purchased a six-chambered revolver that very day, that five chambers were still loaded when they found the body and the pistol beside it.

Ultimately Mr. Flynn told the jury death must have been instantaneous, that the cause being so evident he had not thought it necessary to order a post mortem.

A verdict of "suicide whilst of unsound mind" was brought in and everybody except Roger Macphail seemed completely satisfied.

Roger Macphail, whose bulging forehead, and brilliant eyes, crumpled face, humorous, with a touch of grotesquerie, were made more remarkable by a black, eighteenth-century stock, was, according to the opinion of cultured London, the only living exponent of the lost art of painting.

From the Court he went to the Savoy for lunch, meeting there Keightly Wilbur, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, and who listened to his description of the inquiry at Westminster with interest.

"I am sure there was a mystery behind that verdict if we had been allowed to hear it."

"There is always a story behind a coroner's verdict", Keightly answered a little sententiously.

He went on to tell Keightly what a juryman had said about the thumbs of murderers and suicides, and Wilbur spread out his own hands thoughtfully. They were nervous and muscular, without irregularity, and he said:

"I should think that theory would not hold water", and began to talk of the extraordinary fatuity of uneducated observation. Roger brought him back to the subject in hand.

"I must get to know what was the story behind this particular verdict. What a model Mornington Ransby would have made."

Roger drew a thumbnail sketch of him on the table cover as he talked.

"Six feet high at least, and forty inches round the chest." He went on: "He was at the Bar, had a practice, surely many people must have known him. How am I to get to hear something more about him?"

"Ask Devenish; Devenish knows everybody and everything; it is his profession."

David Devenish joined them.

"Here you are! You know Macphail, don't you; you're the very man we want."

"What's the subject under discussion?"

"The Coroner's jury and Mornington Ransby."

"I tell you it will come between me and my work", said Macphail earnestly. "I have assisted at a crime, I have helped to libel the dead."

"You'll have to help him, Devenish, Roger's work counts."

David Devenish said a courteous and assenting word.

"I will have some inquiries made."

"It will be awfully good of you."

Keightly seemed to be ruminating.

"Wait. I believe I have a clue, half a clue. I say, Devenish, didn't Mornington Ransby marry one of the Jardine girls?"

"I think that was his wife's name. Why?"

"Of course he did, I remember all about it now. So that's the man! The plot thickens. I was at his wedding. What a curious coincidence, that I should be at his wedding and Roger at his inquest. You'll have to go to his funeral, Devenish. Was nothing said about his wife?"

"That she was distressed."

"Then she couldn't have been one of the Jardine girls." Keightly answered with decision. "Or else whoever said it,

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lied. The Jardine girls are never distressed."

Before they had time to consider this cryptic utterance the waiter intervened.

"What are you fellows going to have to eat? Bring me a finnan haddock and some poached eggs."

Roger Macphail was completely indifferent to food and asked for underdone cold beef, while he continued to draw the head of the dead man on the tablecloth. David was a gourmet, and took some time before he decided upon sole diablé, and a double cutlet. After which interlude they got back to the topic.

"Didn't Lauser say there were no differences between Ransby and his wife, or only slight ones?" David asked.

"Yes."

"Bring me a slice of smoked salmon; mind you cut it very thin, and some Savoy toast. That must have been a mistake. Mornington Ransby filed his petition a few weeks ago. I remember noticing it because he had been married less than two years."

"Filed his petition!"

"Started divorce proceedings against his wife."

"Sooner or later the Jardines are always divorced," Keightly interpolated complacently. "It's the way they were brought up. Old Mother Jardine, when you shake hands with her, presses yours, sighs, and says, 'But I must be faithful to my husband!' Before the eldest girl was sixteen John Jardine used to lock her bedroom door from the outside and take the key . . . "

He then continued to talk about the Jardines, of whom he told incredible and quite unprintable stories. He said there were four girls, one lovelier than the other, and two sons, all without the moral sense.

David Devenish asked where these lovely and corrupt Jardine girls were to be met, but Roger Macphail was interested only in hearing about the one who had married Mornington Ransby.

"Ransby married the most beautiful of them all, Esmé. I can't take you to see her because I don't know where she is to be found. But Leda, the eldest sister, is a friend of mine. I can take you both to see Leda as soon as we have finished lunch."

David Devenish pleaded an engagement.

"Will she talk about Mornington Ransby? Will she tell me why he committed suicide?"

"I shouldn't be surprised; she would talk about anything."

"Let me know if you hear anything sensational," David said lightly when he left them together.

"It won't be fit for the chaste columns of the *Daily Grail*," Keightly scoffed. "In true stories of crime the truth has always to be edited for the newspapers."

Leda Jardine lived in a little house in Weymouth Street, where the woodwork was all black and the paint yellow, the prints Japanese; and the incongruous smell of incense met the two men as they entered the hall.



Keightly lounged in an easy chair

Leda was in the drawing-room, alone, but there were several cups on the tea-table drawn up to the sofa, as if she expected guests. She wore a wonderful Japanese gown and was smoking a Turkish cigarette, Lucana-Sandorides brand, of course. She expressed herself delighted to meet Roger Macphail and thanked Keightly for bringing him; she was obviously well acquainted with his work. Roger found her less beautiful than Keightly had described, but had not been in the room ten minutes before he was ready to admit she was also, and compensatingly, more brilliant. She laid herself out to entertain him.

"You must come and see me when Keightly isn't here," she said presently. "Keightly always wishes to absorb the conversation. If he fails he becomes epigrammatic, in a soft undercurrent of sound! I want to talk to you about that wonderful picture you did of mauve orchids and a lead figure. I want to know why Pan was crying instead of piping. Was it because the orchids ought not to have been out of doors? Do tell me, I adored the color scheme, grays and purples and the rents of blue in the cloudy skies."

"He is not here to expound his artistic creed. He asked me to bring him in order that you should talk about Mornington Ransby. He was on the jury that found Mornington committed suicide whilst of unsound mind," Keightly broke in abruptly and a little brutally. But Roger saw that Leda was not even agitated.

"Were you on the jury? How strange! They didn't say an unkind word about him, did they? I hope not. Poor, dear Mornie."

"He was your brother-in-law?" Roger asked.

"Was he mad?" inquired Keightly. "That is what we really want to know, and if so, what was it that drove him out of his mind?"

"Mad! Of course not. What an idea; he was very clever and nice . . . "

"The story behind the verdict! that is what Roger has come to hear. Tell us the story, Leda."

"You don't want to publish it? You won't publish it?" She got Roger's assurance, and then said, as if it were the merest commonplace:

"Poor Mornie killed himself because papa wanted him to take Esmé back."

"Come, come, Leda. That's not the way to tell a story. Begin at the beginning. Remember, Roger Macphail knows nothing of papa and his methods, or of the Jardine passion for hushing up family scandals, keeping their tainted name from the public purview. Tell us of the marriage, of what manner of man was this Mornington Ransby who turned his back upon the world, of the events that led to the tragedy. Settle yourself comfortably. Take advantage of the gathering dusk and all extraneous circumstance. Come over and sit by me on the fender stool; let the firelight play on your peroxide head . . . "

"We first met Mornie at a musical party at Menzas. Esmé was one of his pupils, and he accompanied her when she

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sang 'Good night and Goodbye', that incomparable masterpiece . . . "

"Muckispiece."

"Don't interrupt. I shan't go on if you interrupt."

"I am dumb. Proceed, but don't, I implore you, copy Carrie Morelli's methods too closely, abjure adjectives . . . "

"Esmé sang; she looked lovely in pale blue and a Madonna manner; like a Murillo. Mornie fell speechlessly in love, we all saw him doing it. He asked Menzas to introduce him. Esmé deprecated compliments about her singing in her childish, embarrassed way, looking at him shyly and then dropping her lids. We knew the way so well because we used to see her practising it before her glass. But she could have been absolutely natural with Mornie. He was her slave from the first moment, and even listened for hours to papa's platitudes in order to be near her. Papa thought very well of him, and said he was a 'worthy young man'; papa has a habit of talking like that. But of course what really made him worthy in papa's eyes was an inheritance of about £25,000, and a growing income at the bar. Curiously enough he was really a little like papa's encomium, like hot roast beef and suet pudding, and coming home to it after a Sunday sermon—quite good and domestic. He adored Esmé's saintliness, admitted that I was brilliantly clever and 'unhappily married', believed that Alma was devoted to her children, and Sylvia to mamma. He even believed in mamma, and that in her youth she had been a great pianist. There was hardly anything that was told him that he did not believe, he was enchanted with the family as well as with Esmé."

"I don't know why I never met him while all this was going on?"

"I kept you a secret. Mornie had no taste for the bizarre and he was always glad that 'under my trying circumstances I was so circumspect.'"

"Oh!"

"We all guarded his innocence. Poor dear! when he married he still had us all in his mind as various mythological goddesses, in mid-Victorian clothes. The whole thing was a little hard on Esmé, but papa insisted. They actually took a house in Bayswater—Bayswater! And when they came back from their honeymoon we all crowded round Esmé to see how she would behave. It looked at first as if she had grown into her skin, as if she had become the plastic saint Mornie thought her. She wore nothing but a halo of domesticity and something substantial and brown, out of her trousseau. She came to dinner with papa and talked of 'housekeeping books', demurely. She took us all in and we all played up to her. Alma put on her company manners and one would never have dreamed that she supplemented the marital stockbroker. We all began to believe that Menzas only gave Sylvia singing lessons . . . "

"It is lucky Roger paints instead of writing or I should object. I have always intended to write the story of the Jardines in the manner of the Rougon-Marquart series, and no one must be beforehand with me."

"You would not make us credible. Don't forget we are all in society."

Roger asked when it was that Mornington Ransby found his wife out.

"That is really the most important part of the story, the dramatic part. Esmé must have become the character she assumed, because when she fell in love, and falling in love was a habit with her, she did incredibly foolish things, like women in novels."



Roger Macphail, the only exponent of modern art

"For instance?"

"Mornie wanted Esmé's picture painted, and either Alma or Sylvia suggested Gordon Young. Gordon Young! I don't suppose you ever heard of him. He was of the chocolate box school. You know, Keightly, what a strong sense of humor Sylvia has. Gordon found Esmé a very difficult subject. At first she gave him a two hours' sitting, but afterwards I think it took about six to get her posed; at first she went twice a week, and then three times, and then every day. He said he wanted to study her expression at all times, and under all circumstances, that it was going to be his masterpiece. He dined with them, and they brought him to see papa. Papa does not approve of artists in a general way, but that of course did not prevent him finding Gordon Young 'very respectful.'

"Mornie was very quaint and credulous, and quite sympathetic to all Gordon's difficulties with his subject. Gordon attempted Esmé as a mediaeval saint, and a Madonna, as a Dryad, and Ceres, and all sorts of things, gravely discussing each new suggestion with her husband.

"It could have gone on almost forever, certainly a year or two, or until Esmé got tired of him—she was sure to have tired of him. Gordon was fair and flabby, wore his hair a little too long, and his clothes a little too negligé; talked of High Art but painted like Leighton. It had been going on for about two months, and not only the whole family but all our friends knew exactly what was happening, when one day, about eleven o'clock in the morning, as Keightly's friend, Carrie Morelli, would say, 'I was surprised at my toilette' by an amazed servant coming up and saying 'Mr. Ransby is in the drawing-room and asks if you will see him at once. He says it is very urgent.' To continue from the same authoress, 'I hastily donned my wrapper', and descended.

"'Esmé has left me,' he said. He seemed really unhappy about it, and as if he were going to cry. I was startled, it seemed so unnecessary. I said:

"'Oh, no! Mornie, I am sure you have made a mistake. Why should she? Everything was going on so nicely."

"'She has gone away with Gordon Young,' he said in the most tragic way you could imagine.

"Nothing I could say would convince him that it was impossible. She had determined apparently on doing everything in the most elementary way. She had even left him a letter. He said he did not know how he could break it to papa.

"You can imagine the scene at Kensington. Papa raved and wept; mamma retired to bed and said she was 'prostrated', sent for a doctor, several new novels from the circulating library, ordered beef-tea and a sweetbread cooked in cream.

"When papa had finished raging and weeping, he said he must find where the misguided girl had gone; must follow and bring her back. He assured Mornie it was all a mistake, sent telegrams to my brothers and talked in quotations about his gray hairs being brought in sorrow to the grave, and about King Lear; but at the end of three days managed to discover that they had gone to Paris. He followed them, met Gordon Young in the hall of the Grand Hotel.

"The one thing that makes me think less of Gordon Young is that he was satisfied with so little. I am sure papa would have given him five thousand pounds.

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But he offered one thousand to begin with—you know papa was in business when he was a young man and he loves bargaining. Gordon jumped at it, simply jumped at it, Stacy told me. He had never had so much money of his own in his life.

"Papa took Esmé home to Kensington Gardens Square, and went at once to Mornie telling him how bitterly she repented and how unhappy she was. He also mentioned about Young, and that he was going to America.

"Mornie behaved like an angel. He never said a word to papa about what he thought of Esmé, nor of what he intended to do, but he went down to Southampton with Guy Brandon and met Gordon on his way to the steamer. Guy told me no man had ever had such a thrashing before. He had to go to a hotel and send for a doctor, and delay his passage. People came round and asked what it was all about. I think a policeman offered to take Mornie into custody, but Gordon had the sense not to charge him.

"Then he came back to town and filed his petition.

"Mornie and Esmé had another interview, two of them, and then he went down to his sister who lived in Wimbledon.

"He wrote to us all: told papa that he saw no other way out, and to Esmé that he would not stand between her and her heart's desire; to me quite a grateful letter thanking me for having been kind to him. He said Esmé must have her freedom without the shame of a divorce, that none of us must be hurt. . . .

"PAPA was *so* pleased when he heard poor Mornie had committed suicide. Poor Mornie. I think he behaved very well, don't you?"

When she had finished speaking there was silence in the room. Keightly for a moment was unable to think of an epigram. Roger Macphail was dumfounded at the callousness of the revelation and the attitude of mind it revealed.

Naturally it was Keightly who recovered himself first.

"I suppose, Macphail," he said, "you will admit now the jury brought in the right verdict?" He laughed that little half-stifled characteristic laugh of his: "Mornington Ransby shot himself to save a slur on the fair fame of the Jardines!"

Roger answered, half-mechanically:

"Greater love hath no man than this. . . "

"Esmé looks lovely in her widow's weeds, and speaks of Mornie so beautifully," continued Leda. "Mornie left her all his money, she is quite independent of papa now."

"And I suppose she will go to America by the first fast boat?" asked Keightly.

"Oh, no! I dined in Kensington Square last night. Sir Rupert Baring was there. Esmé was drooping her lids and looking angelic. You know we have no title in the family. Esmé reminded us of that when we sat together in the drawing-room afterwards. And there was a very contemptuous notice of Gordon's work in one of the evening papers. I think she has quite got over it. And she is such a bad sailor! 'Sir Rupert is a little bald, but *so* sympathetic,' she said."

The Marysville Case

By EDWARD B. STANWOOD

THERE are always two sides even to a labor dispute. Marysville feels that its side has not been properly presented in HARPER'S WEEKLY. *Mrs. Gillmore's account of the strike which was tried in that city presented the point of view of a labor sympathizer. This reply, written by Mr. Edward B. Stanwood, District Attorney of Yuba County, presents the feeling of the citizens of Marysville*

"SEMI-MEDIAEVAL" though it may be, Marysville has yet had enough connection with modern times to know Mrs. Gillmore well as a pleasing writer of light fiction. As a reporter of facts, however, she is less of a success. Still, I can hardly believe she is responsible for the prefactory statement at the head of her article that she "was present during the Marysville strike." That statement is certainly due to some editorial misunderstanding. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Gillmore was not only not present during the strike, but she was not present during any part of the trial which came five months later except during the arguments of counsel. She was obliged to depend upon hearsay for her knowledge of the testimony, and unfortunately she sought her information from the defense and its adherents.

Strictly speaking, there was no "Marysville strike." The strike, or riot, took place just outside the town of Wheatland, about sixteen miles from Marysville. Both towns are in Yuba county and Marysville is the county seat, so of course the trial was held here.

No attempt was made by the prosecution to defend the sanitary conditions of the hop fields where the homicides occurred. They were regarded as entirely irrelevant. The owners of the hop fields acceded to all requests for sanitary betterment before ten o'clock in the forenoon and immediately started to put their promises into effect. However bad the conditions had been, they could in no sense justify killing officers at 5 P. M.

It was admitted in argument by the defense that the two men convicted, Ford and Suhr, were I. W. W. agitators, and the evidence at the trial was overwhelming that they were bent on making a demonstration in behalf of the I. W. W. organization at any cost. Actual conspiracy to commit violence and murder rather than fail in this demonstration was brought directly home to them. In the case of Suhr there was the further element that he actually shot one or more of the officers, as shown by his own confessions after arrest, one of which was made in my own hearing.

Mrs. Gillmore's article says "Voss and Reardon drew their clubs, and striking right and left, pushed their way through the crowds." The transcript discloses no evidence of this. In fact, the first violence came from the mob. The alleged incidents of Reardon pointing his gun at Ford and then at a Swedish girl do not appear in the transcript of testimony.

As for the Porto Rican, described by Mrs. Gillmore as "magnificently" killing Deputy Sheriff Reardon and District Attorney Manwell, all that is really known about him is that he was shot and killed while trying to beat Sheriff Voss to death. An attempt was made at the trial to attribute all of the other killing to him (presumably because he was dead and beyond the reach of justice), but this theory could not be regarded as established.

It is impossible to take up all the minor errors into which Mrs. Gillmore has fallen. Notice should be taken, however, of the charge that "Marysville wanted blood." Nothing could be more cruelly false than this. The temper of the community was at all times moderate. Men who felt in any way prejudiced were careful to say so when examined as possible jurymen and were excused. In the end the defense secured such a jury as it wanted with two of its peremptory challenges still unused. Of this jury eight were small farmers, four were workingmen. One of the workingmen was a union carpenter. The judge was notably fair and unbiased throughout.

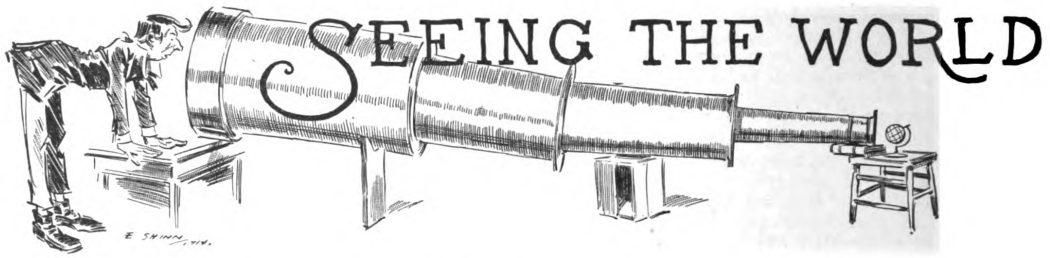
The question of "organized labor" did not enter into finding of the verdict or imposition of sentence at all. There is no feeling in Marysville or Yuba county against organized labor. Judge McDaniel, who presided at the trial, has always been personally friendly to organized labor. His two sons are active members of a labor union. The attorneys for the prosecution had absolutely no feeling against the organization of labor, and no sentiment against even the I. W. W. body for what it may have done elsewhere in different circumstances. They felt only an obligation to perform an unpleasant duty in the case of the individuals who they were convinced were guilty of murder.

The charge that the verdict was "framed up," and that all Marysville knew what it would be, is merely amusing. In a small community a large proportion of the population has heard the evidence in an important case, and in this case it was apparent that the evidence was very strong against two defendants and much weaker as against the others.

Instead of being "an outrage upon peaceful labor" or "a miscarriage of justice," there was an eminently fair trial followed by deserved conviction. The State and Federal investigator, Dr. Carleton H. Parker, is a disinterested witness to the fact that the trial was beyond question fair and just. In a recent address he has analyzed Mrs. Gillmore's article and pointed out how directly contrary to the facts it is.

I had hoped that the letter of our Chamber of Commerce would lead you to look a little farther into the matter, but as that letter left you unimpressed I am impelled to send you this one. If you will publish this, even though not indorsing its contents, something will have been done toward remedying the injustice caused by the wide circulation given to Mrs. Gillmore's story. The correction which you propose making in the title, "The *Marysville* Strike," relates to a comparatively unimportant detail. The essential wrong is the imputation of unfairness in the trial and the verdict and sentence.

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Nobody Knocked

Bishop Williams' lecture at the Baptist church was a masterpiece of eloquence and logic which held his audience in unrapped attention to the last utterance.

—Bad Axe (Mich.) *Independent.*

Faint Heart, Etc.

One of the prominent young men of our city paid a visit to his sweetheart's home with the intention of proposing to her, but when he got to the house he had lost his nerve, nor could he find anyone to hold his knees.

—Winchester (Idaho) *Journal.*

The Hazards of Courtship

John Ernest went out buggy riding the other day with his girl; his arm took the cramps and drew up in a circle.

—The Heelstring Correspondent of the Corning (Ark.) *Courier.*

Times Change

We see they have operated on a Philadelphia boy's head to make a better boy of him. That isn't where our dad used to operate on us to make a better boy of us.

—The Richwoods Correspondent of the Hoxie (Ark.) *Enterprise.*

Candor

Mrs. Anna Stearns wants washing and scrubbing.——— South Broadway.

—Advertisement in the Aurora (Ill.) *Beacon.*

Philosophy and Poetry

The catbirds very willingly perch themselves upon the highest limb of the tree and repay in beautiful song for the robbery they have done in the strawberry patch. When they sing so beautifully we just forget the little mischief they do by eating the strawberries. They are real sour things anyway. So let the birds have all they want.

—Thomasville (N. C.) *Davidsonian.*

Shovel, Shovel!

Will the person who borrowed my coal shovel to shovel snow with please return it as the snow season is now over.

Crouch, Mendon.

—Mendon (Ill.) *Dispatch.*

A Botanical Re-union

Mrs. Jessie Crabtree and little daughter are visiting with Mrs. Crabtree's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Maple.

—The Lima (Ill.) *Herald.*

No Enlargement of the Heart

Owing to the state of his health, John P. Vollmer, the leading Progressive of north Idaho, was unable to attend the banquet given in honor of State Chairman Gipson in this city Friday evening. Mr. Vollmer, however, generously contributed fifty cents towards paying the expenses of the banquet and furthering the cost of organization.

—The Caldwell (Idaho) *Tribune.*

'Long 'Bout This Time o' Year



—Duluth Herald

A Progressive Employer

Mr. Green is making a hit with the lady clerks by taking them home after work hours in his car; also flying a large kite made from mill sacks.

—The Yukon Correspondent of the Idaho Falls (Idaho) *Times.*

Settled Now for All Time

The literary society was entertained Thursday evening at the home of Clara Miller. A good programme was rendered including a debate: "Resolved, That the dirty loving wife is more desirable than the clean scolding wife." It was proven that the clean scolding wife was most desired.

—Ashtabula (Ohio) *Beacon.*

Romance Still Lives

We wish to inform the lovely young man at Twin Falls who placed his address in a sack of flour that we received it all right and would answer it but are afraid we are too old.

—Barrymore Correspondent of the Jerome (Idaho) *Times.*

For Principle

Col. Ike Hart of this city has appealed to the railroad commission to recover an alleged overcharge of 4 cents from the L. & N. railroad on excess baggage. He says he is fighting for principle, which is doubtless true, as the Colonel frequently squanders as much as 5 cents at one time.

—Hopkinsonville (Ky.) *Kentuckian.*

Coming East

Mrs. Roll Flasher of Los Angeles, who has been the guest of Mrs. E. D. Bryant, left this morning for Kansas City, on her way home.

—The Nevada (Mo.) *Post.*

Experience

Mesdames Fred Arnold and Susie Scoggan went to Quincy Tuesday to see the river and transact business.

—Mount Sterling (Ill.) *Democrat.*

A Refreshed Muse

Well, as it has been some time since I wrote to the paper, I will just try and send in some thoughts, as it is cold I have to sit by the fire.

—Richmond Correspondent of the Stone County (Ark.) *Democrat.*

Appreciative

Talk about anything being fine, it was that ice cream we had Sunday at Will Bruss'. The day being warm it went fine. When it comes to making good ice cream, Mrs. Bruss is hard to beat. While there we met Road Overseer Smith of New York and son. They are both nice appearing gentlemen and no doubt understand their business.

—The Fenimore (Wisc.) *Times.*

The Fish-Walk

There's a new dance out called the "Fish-Walk." We don't exactly understand what kind of shape you get in to dance it, for we have never seen a fish walk. We have seen parties who say they have, but judged they hit the snake-bite medicine bottle too freely, and which, we understand, sometimes makes a man think he's caught 50 fish, when he hasn't caught but one.—Nashville (Ark.) *Times.*

His Busy Monday

Jed Doolittle is the busiest man in town on wash day. He rushes home to dinner and informs his wife that he must hurry back to keep an appointment with a man at half past 12. And then he stands around the post-office and licks the Mexicans till 2 o'clock.—Osawatomie (Kans.) *Graphic.*

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Balls and Strikes

By BILLY EVANS

HITTING in a pinch is one job in baseball that is far from a cinch. Nearly every major league club carries at least one player whose sole duty is to hit in the pinches. The average fan regards the job of pinch hitting as about the softest pension in baseball. Day after day he sees the pinch hitter do a bench warming stunt. Every now and then he is rushed into the breach, and usually that means he is through for the day. For, as a rule, whether the pinch hitter drives the ball safe, or fails to come through with the much needed wallop, some one is substituted for him in the line-up.

On the average big league team Olaf Hendrickson, the clever outfielder of the Boston Americans, would be a regular. The Boston team, however, has an extraordinary outfield composed of Hooper, Speaker and Lewis. These three players are so versatile that Hendrickson, who would be a tower of strength to a half-dozen major league clubs, is forced to sit on the bench. Not only is Hendrickson a clever fielder, but he is also a good man at the bat. On the same team is Walter Rehg, an outfielder, who would be a regular on most any club other than Boston. Rehg is also a good hitter, and with Hendrickson is often called upon to bat in the pinch.

Hendrickson is a player who was made famous by a base hit. In the final game of the World's Series of 1912, with the Giants leading 1 to 0 in the seventh, he was sent to bat in the pinch. The old master, Mathewson, was doing the pitching for New York. Ball-players freely admit that no pitcher is harder to hit in a pinch than Matty. Hendrickson won fame and a lot of coin for his team mates when he came through with a base hit that tied up the game, and made it possible for the Red Sox to win in extra innings.

Hendrickson was much praised for that timely hit off Mathewson. He thrived for a long time on the fame gained by that one safe hit. Last year in the rôle of pinch hitter he did quite well. This year he got off to a bad start. In his first eight trips to the plate he failed to hit safely.

The failure of a regular to hit safely in eight times at the bat would not be noticed. The best hitters in the game often go twice that long without breaking into the base hit column. Because Hendrickson failed that number of times, after being yanked cold from the bench, he was being severely criticised for his failure to hit in the pinches. Truly the rôle of the pinch hitter is hard. Hyatt of the Pittsburg club is one pinch hitter who seems able to deliver the timely wallop with astonishing regularity. Recently, when sent in to act as pinch hitter, he came through with a home run.

One Jump Into Fame

USUALLY, when Boston and Washington meet, Ray Collins is selected as the Boston pitcher, if it becomes certain that Walter Johnson is to hurl for the Senators. Against Washington, Collins has always been an effective pitcher, and in games in which he has opposed Johnson, he has been peculiarly fortunate. Recently, when these two teams met, Collins was announced by the papers as the pitcher who would oppose Johnson. Such had really been the intention of Manager Carrigan. But a little incident caused him to change his plans. And that incident goes to show how quickly a player can jump into the limelight.

On the Boston team is a recruit pitcher, Rankin Johnson, who gives promise of developing into a mighty good twirler. Last year while pitching in the New York State League, Johnson had been unusually effective in exhibition games played with major league clubs. This success caused him to receive much attention from the scouts. At the close of the season, although a number of clubs tried to land him, Boston was successful. Johnson made his American League début against the great Walter, and defeated him 5 to 0. When the recruit Johnson was selected as the pitcher, Washington fans looked on it as an admission of defeat on the part of Carrigan. The Boston manager tells the story in this way:

"I was sitting in the smoker wondering who I would work against Johnson, for I was certain he would be used. I had about decided on Ray Collins. About the time I reached such a decision I heard some one say:

"'I suppose Washington will use Walter Johnson tomorrow.' It was Pitcher Johnson of our team talking.

"'Almost a certainty', I replied; 'that means a battle for us.'

"'Pretty hard fellow to beat, ain't he?' asked the recruit.

"'You will think so, when you see him buzz them over', I answered.

"'Then why waste a veteran pitcher, if the odds are all with him? Let me work. That would make quite a battle—Johnson versus Johnson. I think I can make it interesting for those Washington boys.'"

That speech won him his chance. He won the game and fame.

The Playing Manager is Passing

NOT so many years ago the bench manager in baseball was the exception; now the playing manager is the rarity. In the American League, Bill Carrigan, the youthful leader of the Boston Red Sox, is really the only full-fledged playing manager in the Johnsonian circuit. Carrigan, aside from his managerial duties, does a lot of the backstopping. He always catches when the sensational young south-paw Leonard is working. Under his direction Leonard has developed in great style. Carrigan also works when the other south-paw, Ray Collins, is pitching.

For years Connie Mack of the Athletics has never left the bench in his handling of the Philadelphia team. Clarke Griffith also has been in the bench class for a number of years. Joe Birmingham is, of course, still able to play a high-class game, if necessary. Jennings is another of the bench manager class, although Hughey spends most of his time on the coaching lines. Chance of New York, Rickey of St. Louis, and Callahan of Chicago, in a pinch, could get into the line-up and acquit themselves with credit, but all are more desirous of directing the team without being active participants.

The National League has five leaders known as bench managers in Robinson of Brooklyn, O'Day of Chicago, McGraw of New York, Clarke of Pittsburg, and Stallings of Boston. Of the others, Huggins of St. Louis is still a good man at second base, Dooin of the Phillies is able to take his regular turn at catching, Herzog of Cincinnati is a mighty good infielder.

Boston Fans Strong for Owner

MR. LANNIN, the new owner of the Boston Red Sox, is in mighty strong with the fans of that city. Every club owner is in the business for the financial gain that is possible, but believe me, there is considerable sentiment in Mr. Lannin's make-up. I want to cite a little incident that simply goes to show that Mr. Lannin gives a great deal of consideration to the real fans, the fellows who make baseball possible.

During the recent visit of the St. Louis club to Boston, the fans of Waltham, Mass., arranged a Leary day in honor of the player of that name holding down first base for the St. Louis team. Leary's home is in Waltham, and his many friends desired to pay tribute to his putting the town on the baseball map by making good as a big leaguer. At noon there didn't seem to be one chance in a thousand to play. It had rained all morning, and was very cold.

Shortly before game time Mr. Lannin asked me what I thought about playing. I told him it was foolish to even try to start, that playing the game might play havoc with some of his stars. Incidentally I commented on the small crowd, about the only people in the stand being Waltham rooters. I remarked that a double header the next trip would probably draw a good crowd. To this Mr. Lannin replied:

"I am not worrying about the crowd, and it seems a shame to ask the players to perform on such a day. But you must consider these loyal rooters from Waltham, many of whom sacrificed a day's pay to give Leary a warm welcome. We ought to play out of consideration to them; their loyalty deserves it."

We played.

The Tough Break

PRIOR to the start of a recent game at Boston, a number of the Red Sox players were sitting on the bench, hashing over the different phases of the game. Getting a break in luck was the topic under discussion. The players were talking over what a hard time Dutch Leonard had in winning his first game of the season, although he had allowed only three runs in his first three starts, one of the games going thirteen innings.

"Leonard surely did have a hard time breaking into the game won column, despite his great work", said Joe Wood.

"He didn't have any luck, for the team only made one run behind him in those three games. What I consider is the toughest break a pitcher can possibly draw, however", concluded the Boston star, "is to work nine innings without allowing a hit, and then lose your game."

Strangely enough, that is just what happened to Pitcher Jim Scott of Chicago in a recent game against the Washington club. Not a hit was made off his delivery in nine innings. His team mates, however, were unable to hit the opposing twirler, and in the tenth inning a single and a double sent Scott down to a 1 to 0 defeat.

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Sports

By HERBERT REED

WHEN the natural runner and the training genius come together, the result is a truly run race with an excellent chance that a record will fall. This was what happened at the Intercollegiates in the Harvard Stadium when D. S. Caldwell of Cornell took the measure of such stars as Brown of Yale and Meredith of Pennsylvania in the half mile, one of the greatest races this country has ever seen. Always a great-hearted runner, Caldwell has been on the verge of doing something remarkable without quite getting there. As a student at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and later as a member of the Boston A. A., he has had his share of victories, and has pressed the best men closely. Yet he had certain bad habits in running his races that only one of the keenest trainers and judges of men could eradicate. Jack Moakley, the Cornell trainer, was just the man Caldwell needed to take him up to the great test. Gifted with supreme patience and tact, Moakley worked very quietly with Caldwell, with the result that on the day of days the big agricultural student was his real self in muscle and brain and heart, the self that had lain dormant so long. In passing, it is only just to Ted Meredith to say that he had already run a terrific quarter, and the class in the two races was so high that no man could possibly have been expected to win both. Great as Meredith is at the shorter distances, I shall be disappointed if some time in the near future George W. Orton, the Quaker trainer, does not point him for the mile.

Moakley's Triumph

A WORD about conditioning. No track team ever took the field in more superb condition than Moakley's. There were no crippled stars, no pulled tendons—none of the ills that the flesh of the high-strung track man is heir to. Moakley's men were "ripe", not overripe nor underripe, an achievement that will take a world of beating.

California's Good Showing

MICHIGAN is a familiar and a dangerous visitor to the Intercollegiates. The Wolverines, their records and their achievements, are well known, so that their strong showing in the Intercollegiates was not unexpected. But California's small band of athletes, of whom not a great deal was known, beset by misfortunes and compelled to traverse a continent, was a distinct shock to the Easterners. The present method of scoring the points is against the small team of stars which has to do a deal of traveling, but if, as has been suggested, the number of points for first place is increased, the time will come when the men from the Pacific Coast will win the meet or come very close to it. When Harvard and Princeton can do no better than to finish behind California—and with the meet on Harvard's home track where the expense is at a minimum—the far Westerners should feel encouraged to try again.

Resolute's Windward Work

DOUBTLESS by the time these lines appear we shall have a fair idea of the relative merits of the big sloops *Resolute*, *Vanitie* and *Defiance*, which are competing for the honor of defending the America's Cup; but whatever the fate of the *Resolute* the Herreshoffs have once more proved that of the wizardy of designing a boat which eats its way hungrily to windward, they are the masters. It would be difficult indeed to find in the long list of Herreshoff creations, big or little, a boat that was a poor performer in that windward thresh which means so much whether in a catspaw breeze or a "smoky sou'wester."

Speed and Lines

SO accustomed have yachtsmen become to the theory that speed and beautiful lines go hand in hand, that it was to be expected that the first appearance of the *Shamrock IV* would cause an uproar. She has been called a "rule-cheater" and about everything else of a derogatory nature. Is it possible that the American experts on the other side are afraid of her and are preparing the well known alibi as far in advance as possible? It begins to look so. Sir Thomas Lipton's racer is not the first to show straight, perhaps even ugly lines, but I find it difficult to believe that the canny Nicholson would design a racing yacht that was pure freak and nothing else. There would seem to be enough rules surrounding the cup race to prevent any "rule-cheating", which at best is an unhappy phrase. Fewer rules and more racing would be a big help to yachting in the opinion of the average sportsman. Sir Thomas is welcome with whatever he cares to send over, and it will be enough if one of our boats can beat his challenger without looking prettier at the same time.

Harvard's Tennis Stars

HARVARD UNIVERSITY is in the peculiar position of having the strongest college tennis team in the East with practically no chance to win the Intercollegiates. The Crimson has defeated Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Cornell, and Pittsburg; but since three of the team were graduated this month and the Intercollegiate matches are not held until September, there is little chance for the championship. It is doubtful if Harvard ever had as fine a quartet as the members of this year's team. Williams, Washburn, Whitney and Armstrong compare favorably with any four in the history of college tennis. The team has been led by R. Norris Williams 2d, runner-up last year to Maurice McLaughlin at Newport, and a member of the Davis Cup team. W. M. Washburn, "the man without nerves", is far above the average of college players and proved a strong second string to Williams. Washburn, the biggest man of the four, is typically the scholar in everything he undertakes, and this includes tennis. All his strokes are sound, the foundation of his game is excellent, and in the course of a few years he should rank at least within half a dozen of the top. Whitney and Armstrong, the last named a graduate of the University of Minnesota before he entered Harvard, do not quite class with Williams and Washburn, but both should improve. The only college match lost by the Harvard men was to the team from Leland Stanford Jr. University; and there was some excuse for this, since Williams was busy with an examination and could not compete. Harvard had so many good tennis players this spring that for the first time a second team was organized.

Larned "Coming Back"

THERE is every evidence that William A. Larned must be seriously considered as a candidate for the team that is to defend the Davis Cup. The veteran showed several flashes of his old-time form at Cedarhurst, and should improve steadily. His court generalship is of course as good as it ever was, which is to say, perfect.

Chinese Surprise Columbia

IT does not pay for Americans to think that they are the only high class baseball players in the world. This tendency toward overconfidence resulted recently in a shock for the team of Columbia University. The Morningside men played a team from the Chinese University of Hawaii, and much to their surprise were very neatly beaten. In Apau the Chinese had a pitcher who would compare favorably with the best of the college twirlers, but the real surprise was at the bat. The Orientals have always been accused of being unable to hit. Against Columbia the Chinese made seven safe drives, and they were sizzlers, too.

Keeping Up Athletics

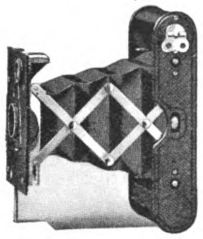
WILLIAM H. PAGE, president of the New York Athletic Club, advises college athletes to keep up their activities after graduation. He blames the sudden stopping of athletics for most of the ills from which the collegian suffers later in life. He is right. Too many men go in for keen competition while in college, stop suddenly when they graduate, and then wonder why they are so frequently laid up for repairs. To my way of thinking, there is no better exercise than rowing for the college graduate. He can make it as light or as severe as he wishes. In the winter, fencing, Mr. Page thinks, should fill the bill. Fencing would be an excellent choice, and might well alternate with boxing.

Princeton's Rowing Sharp

PRINCETON'S intercollegiate rowing is over for the season, but even without a four-mile race Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth, who is a professor in the institution, has built up a sound and solid system. He has been a keen student of all methods, respects them all, and then sticks to his own. He has had a difficult proposition to handle, and even today he has difficulties in getting his men to do just what he wants them to do that are not faced by other coaches. His crews are essentially sprinting crews, but they are supposed to learn just as much about the fundamental principles of rowing as the four-mile eights. It is hard to hold the Tigers in check long enough to drive these principles home before letting them actually race.

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As right as a full jeweled watch



Vest Pocket
KODAK
with Kodak
Anastigmat lens

A vest pocket camera that will really go in the vest pocket—comfortably. And not only does the Kodak itself go in the pocket, but it is self contained, carries within itself the films for eight exposures.

A lens that gives microscopic definition and has speed to spare, a ball bearing shutter that works silently, accurately, without jerk or jar.

In this camera Kodak simplicity and the utmost convenience are combined with an optical quality that perfectly meets the requirements of those who demand an instrument of the highest type.



Price, $12.00

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

Catalogue free at your dealer's, or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

No Plates—No Films
New Camera Just Out



Here at last—the very camera You want. **No experience needed to operate.** Amazing invention. Finished pictures made on the spot in a minute's time.

The "Mandel-ette"

A one minute camera. Eliminates films, plates and dark room. No fuss or trouble. Pictures made at small cost. Great discovery. For your vacation, at home or all occasions, you can't afford to be without a "Mandel-ette."

Special Money Back Offer

As makers and inventors, we want everybody to own a "Mandel-ette" Camera. We sell direct to you at rock bottom price. Order from this ad; make pictures with the camera, and if it does not do all we claim, we refund your money.

This wonderful camera makes pictures DIRECT ON POST CARDS without films, plates, printing or dark room. Camera weighs about 24 ounces and measures about 4 x 4 1-2 x 6 in.; size of pictures, 2 1-2 x 3 1-2 in. Loads in daylight with 16 to 50 cards at one time—no dark room necessary. Universal focus lens produces sharp pictures at all distances. Perfect working shutter. Combined "3-in-1" Developer eliminates any other solution. Pictures develop automatically in less than a minute—can't over develop. Plain instructions with each outfit enable you to begin making pictures the very hour the outfit arrives. SEND FOR OUTFIT TODAY.

$5.00 Complete Outfit

(50c extra by parcel post)

Outfit includes camera and supplies to make 16 pictures. Good tripod, $1.00 additional. Extra cards, 25c a pkg of 16. Don't wait—**ORDER NOW.**

FREE BOOK Write for it. Learn about this method of picture taking—its many advantages and big saving. You can make money too, selling these one minute pictures. Order the outfit—or write for the **free book—NOW.**

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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

What Are Stocks Worth?

HERETOFORE this page has dealt mostly with the concrete rather than the abstract, with the specific and not the general or theoretical. Investors rarely ask general questions. They are interested in particular and personal aspects of things. Discussions of general business conditions, economic researches into the gold production theory, and the whole science of money and banking with learned references to the discount rate of the Bank of England, are of about as much help to the ordinary man or woman with $2000 to invest as a course in higher criticism to the maid of all work.

Yet the banker and financial writer are frequently asked whether the time is a favorable one for the purchase of securities. Naturally the knowledge of specific bonds and stocks, or classes of securities, must be supplemented with some inkling of the broad, general principles which govern price movements. Otherwise one may be "hung up" with investments that cost far more than current quotations. This means a loss of profits, an impairment of borrowing power and a total loss of ready convertibility into cash, in one sense at least. Great Northern stock has long been and is today an excellent investment, but those who bought it in 1905 have not forgotten that its low price in that year was 103⅜ points higher than its high price last year.

Obviously it is impossible to cover the subject of price movements in a single article. We can do no more than lay a sound foundation. First, it may be well to note the main factors which determine the prices of stocks, especially those that are listed on the Stock Exchange:

1. Intrinsic worth, or value. This in turn may be said to be determined by:
   a. General business conditions.
   b. General class of business engaged in.
   c. Management and character of the company, its financial structure, proportion of assets to capital, past, present and prospective earnings; (this may be considered solely in regard to the company's relation to its trade as well as under heading a).
   d. Prices of stocks depend as much on anticipated or potential profits as on present or actual ones. If the dividends are limited, as in the case of many preferred stocks, then the primary price factor is the security of that dividend.
2. Loaning rate on capital. This is easily the second most important factor.
3. Accidents, such as wars, fires, earthquakes, floods, etc.
4. Speculation. Extensive speculation in a stock may put the price up, not wholly regardless of intrinsic worth, but not always wholly because of worth. This in turn often depends upon the size of the issue, there usually being more speculation in large stock issues.
5. What are known as technical market conditions. If a great quantity of stock has been sold short, there is certain to be a rebound. Many other influences arising from active speculation come under this head.
6. Supply in the Street. This might be included under 5. If there is a very small quantity of stock in brokers' hands, or otherwise available for speculative purposes, it may be easy to shove the price up.
7. Manipulation. There is much difference of opinion as to how extensive this influence is. In the long run it amounts to little, and is probably exaggerated under all circumstances. Certainly in perpetuity no combination is powerful enough to maintain a fictitious valuation for property.

Speculation is primarily due to the fluctuation in the value of property.



DOES
YOUR BABY

Measure up to the Standard of the BETTER BABY Movement?

If Not, What is the Reason?

In 9 cases out of 10 it is a question of Feeding.

If properly fed, other conditions being correct, Baby should at least be Normal in his physical and mental development.

Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk contains the necessary elements for building firm flesh and bone. The Baby is satisfied and grows normally.

Send for Feeding Chart and literature.

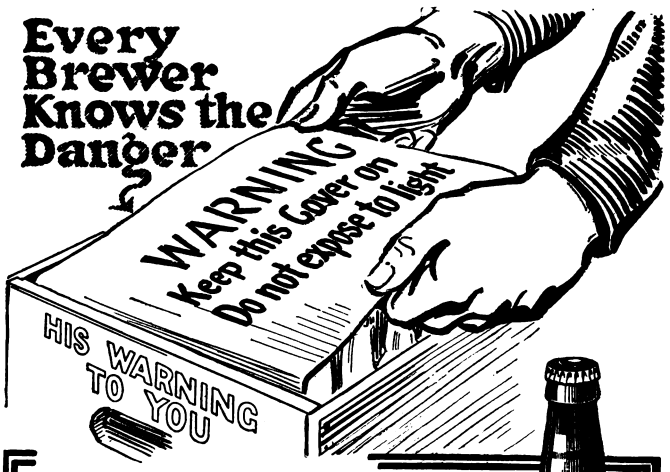
BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857
NEW YORK

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL



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Every Brewer Knows the Danger



He knows that when he puts his beer in light glass bottles and placards the case—"Keep this cover on to protect the beer from light" that he is deliberately throwing on you—the responsibility of keeping it pure.

Why should you take the risk?

Beer is saccharine.

The slightest taint of impurity ruins its healthfulness.

Schlitz is made pure and the Brown Bottle keeps it pure from the brewery to your glass.

See that Crown is branded "Schlitz"



Schlitz Order a Case Today

69 MB

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous.

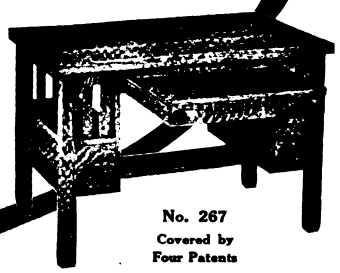
Cadillac "Desk-Table" The Desk Table With the Metal Slides

Both a desk and a table that may be used independently. Cover the table with books, but the desk is still ready—at your service by pulling out a drawer. Pens, stationery, etc., always at hand and the inkwell is of a type which cannot be easily carried away.

75 patterns. A design in every wood and finish! A style for every room. For sale only through leading furniture dealers. Write us for booklet 30, showing our complete line. Also send us name of your dealer.

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The Largest Parlor and Library Table Manufacturers in the World



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Read the Remarkable Story of THEODORE P. SHONTS

THE $100.000 AUTOCRAT

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All News-Stands Fifteen Cents

Prices and values (real worths) continually tend to approach, especially in an organized market, such as the Stock Exchange. Such a market, with all its imperfections, tends to bring real values and quoted prices into the closest possible agreement. This is because the stock market reflects the largest and best obtainable single body of collective opinion in the country on business affairs. It is often objected that the almost universal practice of having an arbitrary par, or face, value for stock is misleading because most careless persons suppose the par value is the true value. On the other hand, the fact that a stock sells above or below par shows that collective market opinion regards it as being worth more or less than a usual, fixed standard. In the one case people realize there is unusual value, in the second we have a danger sign.

Upon the Stock Exchange, or for that matter upon any other large market whether organized or unorganized, like the market constituted by hundreds of bond dealers, play countless forces. Each share of stock purchased or sold affects the whole, and who can say why a particular share is bought or sold. Each loaf of bread eaten affects the price of wheat. Here are what a great economist called the imperceptibles of commerce. Who can weigh them all?

The stock market is a great barometer. Need I stop to prove what every panic in this country has established? Thus there is no faultless guide to it. In other words there is no barometer to a barometer. To draw up a rule to cover the movement of stocks is like gilding gold, or seeking an instrument which will predict the movements of a barometer.

Thus it is foolish to attempt to make money speculating in stocks "in and out" on the Exchange. This is called "catching the turns", or "making a quick turn", and it will ruin nearly all who try it, except the professionals who have no commissions to pay, and who do not try to predict movements but merely use their exceptional facilities to follow these movements as swiftly as possible. Ordinary stock speculation is rendered the more dangerous by the almost universal practice of trading on margins or with only a small capital.

Eddies in the stock market movement have some relation to each other, but it takes a genius to detect them. Accidents are many, and no genius can detect them. But there is a broad, general trend due to what are usually termed fundamental conditions, these conditions being the first two in the list already enumerated, intrinsic worth and the loaning rate on capital.

There is no question whatever that the trend of stock prices over a period of several years corresponds closely to intrinsic worths. This fact has become more and more obvious in the last ten years. During that period these phenomena have been studied as never before. Both the economists and the so-called practical students of finance have been giving closer and closer attention to the theory of crises, cycles and swings. All manner of advisers to investors have sprung up, their whole stock in trade being an attempt to forecast business swings.

As time goes on, men will be able more accurately to forecast business conditions. There is no doubt of it. But it is easy to overwork any theory. To buy stocks or bonds solely because a graph indicates a certain cyclical movement is like putting the horse before the cart. One should go

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below the surface and analyze the reasons for the cycle and study the numerous exceptions. Says Professor Wesley C. Mitchell in "Business Cycles", by far and away the most exhaustive and scholarly work on this subject:

> Scarcely one of the suggestions made for bettering or extending the indices of business conditions but calls to mind various obstacles which hinder the getting of trustworthy data—the reluctance of private interests to divulge information, the diversity of business practices in various trades and sections of the country, the continual changes going forward in business organization, the alterations in the relative importance and still more in the kinds and qualities of manufactured products, the technical puzzles of statistical classification and averaging, etc.

That is, business is too vast a subject to be reduced to a formula. Besides, I can point to scores of stocks whose movements have had no relation to any swing or cycle whatever. The decline in express company stocks has been due to government regulation of profits and to the parcels post, and in no wise to be determined by any chart, graph, or theory of cycle, swing or crisis. The Standard Oil stocks have gone up despite general depression in security prices simply because of superlatively good management, especially financial, coupled with an enormous increase in the consumption of oil due to new uses for it.

Francis W. Hirst, the eminent English writer on finance, says that the real or intrinsic worth of stocks is usually indefinable and cannot be ascertained. If it were possible to ascertain values absolutely, he points out that Stock Exchange prices and values would be the same at all times, instead of merely tending to approximate over long periods of time.

The price and worth of a few classes of stocks, such as high grade bank shares, are ascertainable by the book value method. The par value of a good bank stock plus the surplus and undivided profits is usually about the same as the market price, simply because the capital, surplus and undivided profits are in liquid form and in theory at least can be sold out at any time for their book value. Not even in theory are the stocks of railroads or factories dissolvable into their book value.

I can adduce only one practical suggestion from this statement of principles. The investor must weigh both the company itself, and the stage of the business and financial period the world is in. It is usually the nice balance of these two considerations that determines the value of stocks of legitimate, ordinarily well managed companies. There are exceptions, such as the Standard Oil, but they are few. In essence one must decide what capital is worth at the moment and will be worth in the future, and what the income producing capacity of the particular stock is at present and will be later on. Capital demands high rates today, but conditions may change several years hence.

Capital earns a varying rate of interest from time to time. The Socialists and Industrial Workers of the World have their own theory of interest, which is that capital should lie idle in a vault, earning nothing. But in the present cold, practical state of things, capital refuses to work for nothing, and the investor should know whether it commands much or little at any given moment.

As for the income producing capacity of a particular stock, actual and potential, that is a question to be decided in each instance on the individual merits of the case.



When Is a Picnic No "Picnic"?—Without B.V. D.

WEAR B. V. D. all day and every day, in town or out. Stow *a few extra suits* into your bag or trunk "for good measure." They'll "come in mighty handy" for a change between sun-up and sun-down—after a tramp—after a dance—after brisk play at the nets or on the links. When you get home from the office evenings cool off with a "shower" and clean B. V. D.



For your own welfare, fix the B.V.D. Red Woven Label in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. If he can't or won't, *walk out!* On every B.V.D. garment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries*)

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers. 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

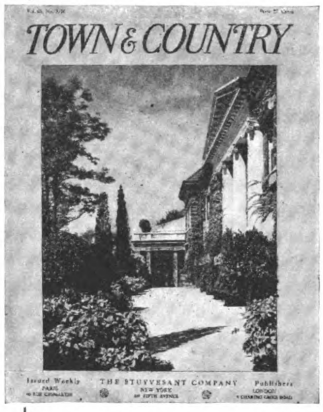
The B.V. D. Company, NEW YORK.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.



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Estates Rented and Sold



By Advertising in

TOWN & COUNTRY

An Established WEEKLY Medium of Purchase or Sale of Country and City Estates

On March 22nd **JAMES W. McCULLOCH** writes: "Please discontinue the advertisement of Wyandout Cottage, Saranac Lake, as we have rented the same from the advertisement in your paper."

On March 4th **Mr. CHARLES PRESBREY**, Vice-President of the Frank Presbrey Company, wrote us: "The advertisement in your February 14th number, which we inserted for one of our customers who wished to sell his house, has brought results far beyond our expectations. We knew *TOWN & COUNTRY* reached the class of people who would be interested in the property we advertised but eleven such inquiries as we received, we think, is a record."

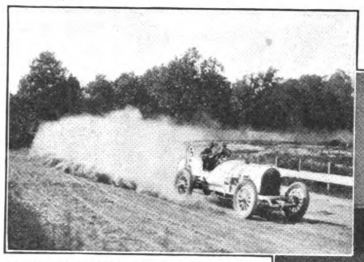
On April 22nd the **GEO. M. POTTER AGENCY** wrote us: "Having been successful in leasing for the season one of the largest camps in the Adirondacks, for one of our clients, through the medium of *TOWN & COUNTRY*, and this after having used other mediums, we take pleasure in sending you under separate cover descriptive matter with illustration of another high-class property at Cazenovia, New York, which we have been requested to advertise in *TOWN & COUNTRY*. We congratulate you on the very evident pulling power of *TOWN & COUNTRY*."

TOWN & COUNTRY

389 Fifth Avenue **New York**

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GRAFLEX CAMERAS



THE 80-MILE-AN-HOUR MOTOR, REQUIRING A SHUTTER SPEED OF 1-1000 OF A SECOND

SNAP SHOTS INDOORS, IN THE SHADE OR ON CLOUDY DAYS



The Kind of Pictures You Can Make with a Graflex Camera

AND there is no uncertainty. When you look in the focusing hood you see the image, right side up, the size it will appear in the finished picture *up to the instant of exposure.* Finder and focusing scale are done away with. There is no necessity for estimating the distance between the camera and the subject.

If you will send us your name and address we will mail you our 64-page illustrated catalog, which tells all about GRAFLEX CAMERAS and how they work. Be sure to specify *Graflex Catalog.*

FOLMER & SCHWING DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A SUGGESTION

IF you are particularly impressed by any article in HARPER'S WEEKLY, mention it to those who might be interested in it.

We shall always be glad to send a marked copy of the WEEKLY to any of your friends if you will send us the name and address, and mention the title of the article you wish your friend to see.



Los Angeles (Cal.) *Tribune*

Occasionally there has been comment here not laudatory of the art appearing in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Not that there is anything to retract—not a word.

In a late number, however, there is a double-page cartoon by Cesare, in consideration of which every offense against art may be forgiven.

This cartoon represents Rockefeller crouched above the burning camp of Colorado, the scene unspeakably desolate. He has been looking through glasses at the woeful spectacle, and his averted face shows in what photography terms a three-quarter view. The hardness of the face, and yet the startled misery of it, constitute a triumph of achievement by the cartoonist. The picture is labeled "Success."

One looks at it long, and wonders if the millions of the man portrayed so pitilessly are worth the price.

Brooklyn (New York) *Times*

Norman Hapgood, whose knowledge of baseball is even more profound than his knowledge of politics, states that the nicknames of big league teams should be coined to appeal to the youngest generation of fans. He points out that "Giants" and "Pirates" are titles to arouse the enthusiasm of youth, and incidentally swell the box-office receipts. The suggestion is worth local consideration. It should not be hard to improve on the names "Dodgers" and "Brookfeds."

Keokuk (Iowa) *Constitution-Democrat*

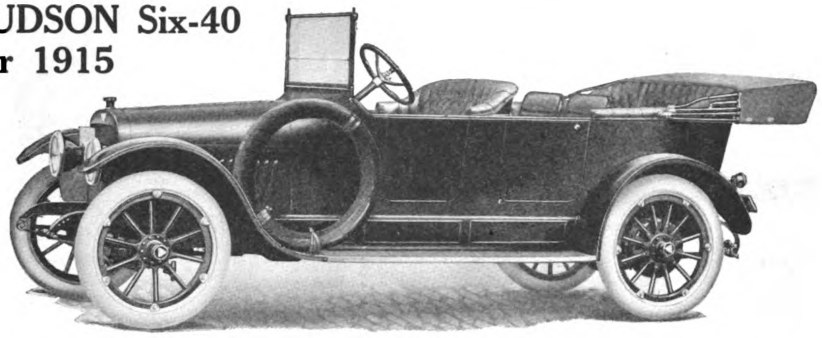
HARPER'S WEEKLY appears to be veering in the direction of militant Christianity. Its editorial expressions, especially those having the doings of the Junior Rockefeller for a text, are built upon the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. Should there be a change of heart noticeable in Young Rockefeller, mark one for Preacher Hapgood.

Asheville (N. C.) *Citizen*

On the front page of the last issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, William Randolph Hearst is boldly branded as a liar and falsifier and on the inside of this number there are published several instances wherein the millionaire publisher engineered campaigns with no foundation of facts to suit his own selfish purposes. . . . It will be remembered how the New York *World* and the New York *Times* exposed the fact that the Hearst newspapers had taken the picture of children bathing from the *Times* and had reproduced it with glaring headlines as the picture of "innocent children being shot in Mexico." . . . HARPER'S WEEKLY now gives the apparent reason for HEARST'S anxiety for war. It asserts that Mr. Hearst has certain landed interests in Mexico which will be materially helped in the event of war, and for this selfish reason he is willing to embroil an entire nation in a death struggle with its neighbor across the border.

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HUDSON Six-40 For 1915



The New Price is $1,550

This HUDSON Six-40 met a welcome last season which broke all Hudson records. It so met men's ideals that the end of our output left 3,000 orders unfilled. The demand compels us—for 1915—to treble our production. And that trebled output—which lowers our cost—permits a reduction of $200 under last year's price.

A Tribute to Great Engineering

Mr. Howard E. Coffin—our great chief engineer—gave his best to this Hudson Six-40. For years he has planned that this model should be the crowning effort of his career.

He devoted three years to it—he and the 47 engineers who work with him. And their effort was to embody here the final conception of an ideal car.

It had to be a Six—this ideal car. Most quality-car buyers today insist on a Six. All the upper-class cars are Sixes.

It had to be light. Men rebel at unneeded weight. And they know that lightness combined with strength is a symbol of good engineering. So they brought the weight under 3,000 pounds—and with two extra tonneau seats.

It had to be economical. So they adopted from Europe a new-type motor—small bore and long stroke. It lowered all previous records on operative cost—size of car and power considered.

It had to be a handsome, impressive car. So they made this HUDSON, with its streamline body, one of the handsomest cars in the world.

And it had to be priced where tens of thousands could buy it. So they went below any price ever quoted on any type of quality car. And this year, with multiplied output, they reduce that price $200.

The Year's Record

The HUDSON Six-40 has now run for a season—in thousands of hands, on all sorts of roads, in Europe and America. And not a single short coming developed.

All the questions men had have been answered. Every innovation has proved itself practical. As the car revealed itself, men flocked by the thousands to it. And the end of the season left 3,000 disappointed.

There was no rival in sight of the HUDSON Six-40. And this year—with a trebled output, with thirty-one new features and a much lower price—effective rivalry is out of the question.

The HUDSON Six-40 is the leader in a new, immensely popular class. It marks the same medium in size and power. It marks the top limit in quality, beauty, finish and equipment. It marks the low limit—for such a car—in price, in weight, in operative cost. The more you know of motor cars the more this car will appeal to you.

HUDSON dealers everywhere now have on show this 1915 model, at our 1915 price. Our new catalog is ready.

31 New Features

Our whole engineering corps—48 engineers—devoted all last year to refinements. They added thirty-one new features in comfort and convenience. These are some of the attractions in the model just out:

A distinguished streamline body.
All hinges concealed.
Gasoline tank in dash.
Extra tires ahead of front door.
Seats for up to 7 passengers.
Extra tonneau seats, disappearing.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
20-coat finish on body.
123-inch wheelbase.
Wider seats—higher backs.
More room for the driver.
"One-Man" top, with quick-adjusting curtains attached.
Integral rain-vision windshield.
Dimming searchlights.
Simplified Delco starting, lighting and ignition system.
Simplified wiring in metal conduits.
Lock on ignition and lighting switch.
Far better carburetion.
Speedometer drives from transmission.
Automatic spark advance.
Tubular propeller shaft.
10 self-lubricating bushings.
10 less grease cups.
All instruments and gauges within reach of the driver.
Trunk rack on back.
Still less weight 2,900 pounds.

New price, $1,550 f. o. b. Detroit. Standard Roadster, same price.

Our Larger Six-54

The HUDSON Six-54—built on the same lines, with 135-inch wheel base and greater power—sells for $2,350. It is for men who want a big, impressive car.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7908 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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Business—a Profession

By JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS

FOLLOWING hard upon his other publication, "Other People's Money and How the Bankers Use It",* Mr. Brandeis now offers the public "Business—A Profession."† It is a collection of miscellanies spoken before different associations or printed in various periodicals.

As his earlier book, appearing first in *Collier's*, dealt intensively with finance and with the ways of financiers, this later output shows the author's approach to those larger, general issues which constitute what we rather helplessly call "the labor problem."

Its admirable pages not only register opinions, even more they are the record of self-effacing personal achievements. If we have to do with a book, we have also to do with a life.

Not one of its eighteen topics is for a moment separable from resolute and discerning activities in which the man himself has played his part. If the subject is "Life Insurance", he is not concerned with abstractions, nor have we one turgid epithet against sinning persons. With entire self-restraint he gives us the results of long and rigorous experience with the thing of which he speaks. No intelligent objector can charge him with flighty and destructive inclinations. If he destroys with one hand, he builds with the other.

If he exposes the swagger and overreaching of certain big companies, he is at the same time devising and creating an effective substitute which shall open to humble folk a cheap and safe insurance, as well as compel the overlords in this business to show their hand, lower rates and remove abuses.

If the theme is "The Gas Problem", the story he has to tell is one in which he was as creatively intimate as Edison with electric inventions.

If the subject is "The Trade Union", he writes with the sagacity of one who has been in the thick of many a contest between employer and employed, but with a cool detachment which leaves his judgment undisturbed.

He never gets entangled in accidentals. He is never swept by bias into either camp. Better still, he is never confused by those inevitable abuses which inhere in all aggressive movements. "We must not forget", he says, "the merits of unionism in our righteous indignation against certain abuses of particular unionists." If the principle is sound, it commands his loyalty. He has the flair and passion for liberty which explain his detestation of absolutisms in every form. Passages abound like the following: "Industrial liberty must attend political liberty. The lead which America takes in the industrial world is no doubt due to our unbounded resources; but of these resources none are so great as the spirit and the ability incident to a free people.

"We must avoid industrial despotism, even though it be a benevolent despotism. The sense of unrestricted power is just as demoralizing for the employer as it is for the employee."

In the chapter (which every employer in the United States with propensities for welfare work should learn by heart) aptly named "Our New Peonage", there is reproof and warning enough, but who could take offense at it?

He can take organized labor roundly to task for its scorn of efficiencies, its limitation of output, hampering new machinery, and for other vices. He can so skilfully expose that thing hated of labor, the injunction—yes, even defend its use and occasional application by the courts, and yet few trade unionists will read the chapter without recognizing the author as a friend and not an enemy. As in every profession worthy of the name, pecuniary acquisition is not the final and controlling aim, so the new mastery in business is to feel and to recognize a motive beyond and above all money return.

It is not however in the wrangling aspects of these problems that the author's real strength is seen. He has made himself a master of strictly business processes and especially of the tendencies and higher possibilities of business.

Those with a "Profession", are no longer to claim aloofness as "educated" men. All that science and art in their application, all that the larger discipline can mean for any of us, it is to mean for the manufacturer and the merchant. The very title "Business a Profession" sounds the keynote. Primary among his assumptions is that of the huge and excuseless waste of most business as now done. Not a warning line is to be fully understood apart from this conviction which Mr. Brandeis learned by the most intimate practical contact with specific business undertakings. He is a lawyer of rare eminence, but he is even more the man of affairs. To no man is it more grotesque to apply that easy fatuity: "theorist." Before he was known outside his own community his reputation for quick practical acquisition of obscure business details had been won among the ablest business men of his state. Nothing in the book illustrates better what it is in business which interests the author than the closing paragraphs of his first chapter. He does not tell us his own part in these achievements. One of the largest and most successful shoe manufacturers the world has known, W. H. McElwain, created in 13 years without a patent or a trade mark a masterpiece of industry. He was great enough to hunger for rewards beyond profits on sales. Happily, in satisfying this hunger, he did not fall into that easy conventionalism of pouring out his largesses on costly sports, resounding explorations—no, not even on libraries or on that dizzy extravagance of conjuring artistic possessions away from one nation to set them up in another. With a genius wholly above this, he set himself *to clean and to perfect his own private business and especially the human side of it.*

What glorified service could many another magnate have wrought, had he spent his surplus genius at this point!

Mr. Brandeis says: "McElwain found a trade and left it an applied science."

There was little in the new gospel of efficiency which he did not work out.

From annual sales less than $76,000 in 1895, he reached in 1908 nearly $9,000,000. But all these questions of "standardizing" and "units of cost" do not half tell the story. These require statesmanship, but not the highest. It is in facing and meeting the big human problems in industry that we see what "Business—A Profession" may become.

The heaviest shadow in our competitive life is the insecurity of labor: the haunting and ever-present possibility that from cause wholly beyond him, the laborer may be deprived of work. The shoe business is by no means one of the worst, but it is a seasonal trade with long weeks of forced unemployment which has been taken as a fatality. McElwain would not accept it as such. The removal of the evil might be thought to lie within the possibilities of better organization. The scope of this notice permits only the briefest statement of results. In Mr. Brandeis' words, "With McElwain an evil recognized was a condition to be remedied: and he set his great mind to solving the problem of irregularity of employment in his own factories: just as Wilbur Wright applied his mind to the aeroplane, as Bell his mind to the telephone. Within a few years irregularity of employment had ceased—and before his death every one of his many thousand employees could find work three hundred and five days in the year."

It is precisely this kind of hovering human problem which fascinates Mr. Brandeis, and his book is luminous with living and practical illustrations, as in the case of the Brothers Filene.

There are few contributions, the careful reading of which one would more gladly extend to employer, to the employed and to the general public.

For enlightenment upon the very points where just now we need most help, both publications deserve the widest and most cordial welcome.

Upon no page is there a fidgety or pessimistic line, but everywhere sobriety, hopefulness and good sense.

It is these qualities and the training behind them which made possible the pamphlet seven years ago on the financial management of New England railroads. No one in our time has made a sturdier, pluckier or more victorious fight for economic decency and the public welfare.

As it always falls to those who can strike hard enough to jar and frighten private interests choked with abuses, so it befell Mr. Brandeis. The wag who said President Wilson should either put him in his cabinet or in prison, knew something of the local atmosphere—admiring loyalty to him on the one side, and upon the other, a sullen sacred prejudice which has created or accepted no end of mendacious legends about the object of their dislike.

The rapid and amazing fulfilment of his appeals and forecasts have been so crushing that the spite and horse-laughter must sometime abate. When this time comes, few even of the revilers will be found to deny to Louis Brandeis the willing tribute of a supreme and high-spirited public service.

*F. A. Stokes Co., New York, 1914.
†"Business—A Profession", Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, 1914.

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JUN 25 1914

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JUNE 27, 1914

PRICE, TEN CENTS



owers of Steel

McCLURE PUBLICATION
NEW YORK

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For
News that is News
Read
Harper's Weekly

THE ablest writers on national events will contribute to HARPER'S WEEKLY during the coming year. They are men who have had long newspaper training and who have graduated into the field of special writing for the magazines. Many of them live in other parts of the country than that in which the WEEKLY is published. It is as if we had our own editorial staff scattered about the country. Long after an event is passed it is not the fact itself or the write-ups of the daily papers, useful as they were at the time, that remain in your memory. It is the description of the event published in some Weekly or Monthly periodical, written with such understanding and vividness that it remains forever as part of your mental equipment. HARPER'S WEEKLY is and will continue to be the leader in this field of journalism.

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Contents for June 27th, 1914

NORMAN HAPGOOD, Editor

Two Aspirants for Cup Defense Honors . . 2
A photograph

Editorials 3

Towers of Steel . . . . Charles Johnson Post 6
Navy law and enlisted men

Around the Capitol . . . . . McGregor 9

Pen and Inklings . . . . . Oliver Herford 10

Who Did It? . . . . . Norman Hapgood 11

La Follette's Position 11

The Dummy Director . . . . Oliver Herford 12
Cartoon

Food and Health . . . . . Lewis B. Allyn 14
Cordials and Coffins

Is There a Powder Plot? . . E. G. Buckner 15
Their side of it

Sports . . . . . Herbert Reed 16
Some polo players, and track news

Medical Etiquette . . . . . Frank Danby 17
Illustrated by Everett Shinn

Finance . . . . . Albert W. Atwood 22
Selling short

Seeing the World 24

Coming

Are you going to Europe this summer? Or are your friends now on their way across the ocean? Or do you take your wife and children on excursions along the coast and on the Great Lakes? The SEAMEN'S BILL now before Congress is the only measure that insures safety at sea. It is being kept from passing by the ship owners and their allies. In the meantime people are being drowned in wreck after wreck. KATHARINE BUELL will take up different points in this Bill and in the London conference, telling the things that must be done to make life at sea safe, and naming some of the boats that are not safe at present.

FRANK WALSH knows more about CAPITAL and LABOR than anyone else in America. He will tell of some of the points that Labor has gained lately and some of the obstacles which yet face a solution of this difficulty.

That the man who painted the MONA LISA also invented the wheelbarrow may be familiar to you. It wasn't to us till we read FLOYD DELL'S witty comments upon the personality of LIONARDO.

The break in the PROGRESSIVE party is not as trivial as MR. ROOSEVELT would like to think it. There are certain loads the Progressive party will not carry. O. E. CESARE has done one of his powerful cartoons on this subject.

The fifth of the Coroner's Court stories is the best of the series so far and MR. SHINN'S pictures do justice to that famous illustrator.

There are also our usual departments of Sports, BASEBALL, Seeing the World, and What They Think Of Us.

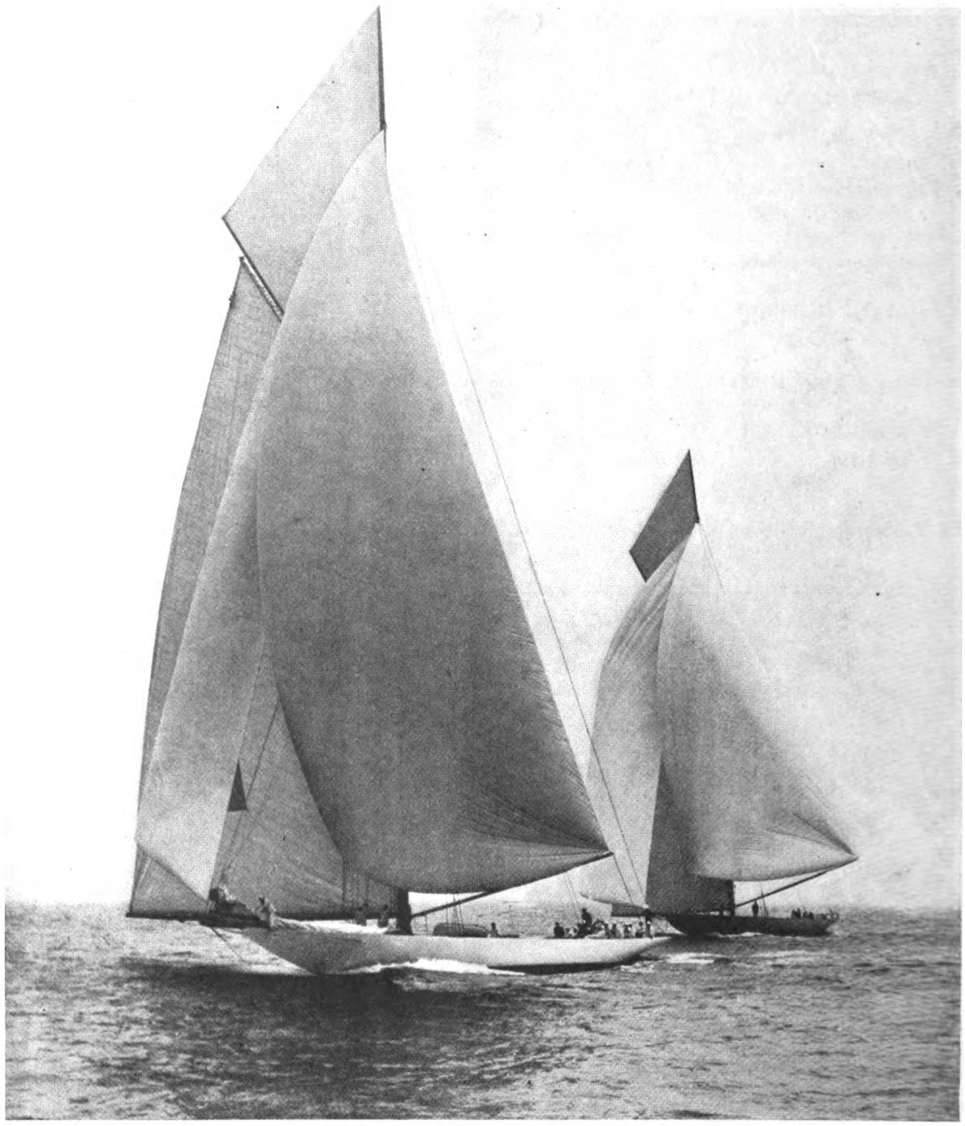
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TWO ASPIRANTS FOR CUP DEFENSE HONORS

Resolute, sailed by Charles Francis Adams 2d, and Vanitie, with the veteran Captain William Dennis at the helm, "wing and wing" on the last leg of one of the trial races. Vanitie is an "eye-full" of a sloop, her graceful lines appealing even to the non-expert, while Resolute, of rather bolder design, displays the typical Herreshoff knack of "eating out" to windward.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Faith

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., has not yet said anything to show a willingness to accept the underlying truth in the Colorado situation and so act as to cause genuine improvement. Indeed, what he has said is in the other direction. Nevertheless, so strong is our belief in the integrity of his character and the energy of his mind, that we hereby record the seemingly reckless guess that before many months he will take some step that will merit and receive the world's applause.

Clark on Colorado

IF there is a sounder, better informed, more moderate thinker on economics than John Bates Clark, Professor of Political Economy at Columbia University, he is not especially easy to find. Those conservatives who think criticism of the mine operators emanates wholly from noisy and professional agitators might enjoy Professor Clark's article in *Business America* for June. He thinks the crisis in Colorado "was due to wholly justifiable impulse on the part of the miners to make for themselves certain gains which union has secured for miners elsewhere and some of which the law of Colorado guarantees." Nor does this movement mean that the country is drifting into anarchy. "On the contrary, the general success of trade unions affords nearly the strongest protection against that really menacing tendency." Mr. Clark is not a special pleader. He does not excuse violence even in a just cause. He does maintain, however, that the strike-breaker evil makes violence almost inevitable, and argues that strike-breaking gangs, secured temporarily at high prices, should be made impracticable. "A corporation that, when its men are striking for two dollars a day, will pay to other men four dollars, in order to break the back of a strike, deserves to be forced to give to its original employees the four dollar rate. It would be entirely equitable to make the amount that is given to the emergency gang the minimum that must be given to the permanent force."

That is for the capitalist class to smoke. There is something for certain radicals to smoke also. Professor Clark thinks anarchy really threatens us now. The way out is through labor unions, but with machinery for publicity and impartial decision of rights in labor disputes. If unions accept these decisions, union men should have the jobs—otherwise non-union men, protected by the government. Such is the view that Mr. Rockefeller ought to take.

Let Joy be Unconfined

MOST advertisers, when they try to suppress thought, deny the attempt. Hail, therefore, the frankness of the head of the Packard Company! H. B. Joy is a character. For years a distinct flavor has marked his acts and thoughts. Long has he used his advertising to reinforce his political ideas, and his high-water mark is reached now that he has publicly urged all advertisers to boycott publications that speak well of Wilson. Let us hope he will go further. May his consistency be entire. May he make of himself a complete being. May he discharge employees who are charitable toward Wilson; refuse to receive in his house anybody who does not agree with his politics; take from heterodox butchers and bakers the opportunity to sell him food; tell the pastor of his church how to vote. Some business men of recent years are becoming weak-kneed. They are in danger of favoring free-speech; they are threatened with openness of mind; they separate thought from money-compulsion. To such weaklings, Mr. Joy's pronouncement comes a trumpet blast. Let the old-timers get behind him. Let them, like their leader, declare openly they are out to buy opinion with their advertising; that they will buy it against any reform; that any fresh thought, any courage, any venturing beyond the ideas of the Hanna-McKinley-Aldrich-Penrose tariff traditions will be punished. Mr. Joy's mind is above all things candid. Detroit has in "The Saturday Night" one of the ablest newspapers in America. Why should it not head a subscription and build a monument, while he yet lives, to this citizen—to this old Roman of business, this glory to Detroit, this splendor and wonder of the home of the brave?

Another Type

DETROIT boasts not only its Joys but also its Fords. Henry Ford's recent act as a citizen—paying back all that had been subscribed to build a hospital, and paying the total cost, in order to be responsible for the management himself—is a guarantee that the hospital will be well run. By the way, we wish Mr. Ford would talk with Frank Gilbreth, the efficiency expert, before concluding his plans. Mr. Gilbreth has studied hospitals for years and has some fundamental and creative notions about them.

However, the one of Mr. Ford's virtues which came to mind in contrast to Mr. Joy was different. As far as we know, Mr. Ford has never used his money to bully the legislature or the press. He is a business man, not a lobbyist.

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Is Wilson Waning?

IN any public work there soon comes a moment when mere fatigue makes many hostile. After they have done their barking they wag their tails again. The public has now had sixteen months of Wilson. Nobody knew better than he that his first months would be his safest. Hence his determination to force the great policy measures at once. The tariff, currency and trust pledges had to be redeemed to keep the party's word and to free the country of financial controversy. They had to be redeemed before one of the false reactions that mean only short wind. What looks like a lessening of the President's prestige the last few weeks is a temporary illusion. It is the spirit of restlessness that comes over the public when it is held to a high plane. The President has given it high thinking, straight and hard action, absence of buncombe, and many want a "new set." The Democratic politicians, the Republican and Progressive politicians, and the disgruntled interests are concentrating with some confidence, and Roosevelt's return was timely, like all his movements. It is not so much his many sterling merits that help him now as the contrast he makes. Part of the public is for the moment ready for a man who discovers rivers, eats monkeys, upbraids freely, and promises much.

How long will this recession in the President's popularity last? Not long. Of course there will be a lessening of the Democratic majority in the House, because the size of that majority was the result of Mr. Roosevelt's strength as a candidate for the presidency, and also because some voters always charge all known evils to the administration. But the Democratic loss will not be as great as many now expect. The average voter will ask himself a few questions. Would he like to have the tariff changed back? Would he like to have the currency where it was? Does he wish to weaken Wilson in his own party and put the Hearst-Clark-Tammany group on top? Next fall, and still more in 1916, answers to such questions will count more than the nervous fatigue that comes about once in so often when will and attention are kept at work.

Making it Clear

STUPIDITY about prisons comes near to crime, so grossly does it injure society. Sometimes, however, flagrancy in badness hurries the cure. If the Democratic Party in New York has any chance of shaking itself loose from Tammany, the incredible brutality of the Superintendent of Prisons may help. This creature, in selecting as warden of Sing Sing, a plumber whose only claim for the delicate and powerful position, is his machine servility, may have committed so crass a sin that he will help to strengthen the anti-Tammany Democrats for the fall elections. If Tammany does win in those primaries, its vote in the election will be one of the smallest in its history.

A Consistent Record

THE New York *Sun* is roasting the Mitchel administration for dropping some Tammany men from office. The *Sun* can always be relied upon.

A Brilliant Prospect

DRAMA reaches the mind through the eye. The pictorial side has been essential from Greek days to ours. Modern mechanics have brought about temptations and also offered opportunities. Shakespeare frequently mourned the inadequate facilities of his time. If he lived today, he would spurn the meretricious excess of Belasco or Klaw and Erlanger, but he would draw marvellous results from mechanical devices developed by the leading producers of Europe. The plan of the New York Stage Society to bring on Reinhardt, Granville Barker and Gordon Craig next season promises a revolution in our producing. "Sumurum", done on the other side and merely carried over here, (as "The Miracle" is to be also, with German actors) did something; but little compared to what should result from having these three men actually here, producing American plays with American actors. This plan will drive the best existing standards into the public inclination and into managers and actors also. The mere presence of Max Reinhardt on these shores will stir the theater world; but when his methods, as applied to our actors and our plays, can be compared with Barker's and Craig's, the resulting stimulation to dramatic thought will be intense. These men all have fresh eyes and imaginative visions, and yet are all entirely different. The arrangements with the three producers are all made, and the large enterprise now depends only on the ability of New York to raise a few thousand dollars for the purpose of helping to put our stage nearer to the foremost standards of the world.

Enthusiasm and Restraint

GRANTLAND RICE is as interesting a writer on baseball as there is. We read his column faithfully. It must be confessed, however, that part of our attention goes to watching ahead for the name of Walter Johnson and then skipping that paragraph. If Johnson were not mentioned more than three times a week, the observations on his greatness would be devoured by us with avidity, but twelve times makes a difference. Eddie Collins is the prince not only of second basemen but of infielders, yet if we saw his name too often in the most excellent of sporting departments we should begin to sicken of it, as of any other name, be it Cobb, Wagner, Speaker, Matthewson, Baker, or whom you will.

One Experience

A MAN who travels constantly through the West said to us the other day: "I find just two classes that object to Wilson's Mexican policy. One is the politicians, who always disapprove of what the other party does. The other consists of those to whom property is the most sacred idea in the world." The second class is numerous. Its horror is genuine over the disorder of Villa and his disregard for certain "rights." It is, in fact, willing to have the Mexicans conquer the property division they need as the basis for all progress, provided this conquest can be made without any departure from decorum.

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What Mexico Wants

WILL Mexican policy count for much in the fall elections? That depends on how much the voter thinks, and how much he merely chafes because the situation does not furnish much drama. Undoubtedly the foreign policy of our government is annoying to those who care nothing about the Mexican people. Order is what superficial outsiders want. It is not what the Mexican people want. They are willing to stand noise for a while in order to win the freedom to live and to aspire. Carranza has been quite right not to allow himself to get into such a situation at Niagara as would enable mediators to stop the revolution in order to quiet the nerves of the respectable classes in Mexico, South America, Europe or the United States. Wilson and Bryan are genuine Democrats, and there are few genuine Democrats among the prosperous classes in any country.

A Dream

THE principles we ponder, the adages we quote, depend on just what it is we have in mind, for a proverb can be found on every side of every subject. Regarding the gentleman who is struggling so hard, with his millions of dollars and his many so-called newspapers, to bring the Democratic party and also the American nation into disrepute, the aptest quotation that comes to mind is this:

> A wise old owl lived in an oak;
> The more he saw the less he spoke:
> The less he spoke, the more he heard:
> Why can't Bill Hearst be like that bird?

There are at least two reasons:

1. He could not stop his noise and be happy.

2. Even if he did stop, he could never hear the finer and deeper truths of life. To think of him rivalling this owl is the wildest dream. What quotation have you, dear reader, that fits the case of Alsorandolph best?

The Senator from Georgia

THE senatorial toga seems to be a commodity for which there is a constant demand. In Georgia, the vacancy has brought out numerous citizens willing to fill it, but the race is between Governor John M. Slaton and the former attorney general, Thomas S. Felder. Slaton married a lot of money. He is generally looked upon as a safe defender of privilege. Recently his name was paraded as signing an audit of Hearst's Atlanta paper; as giving a social entertainment in honor of Hearst; and as stating in a speech: "I regard William Randolph Hearst, with the possible exception of President Wilson, the most portentous figure in American life today."

Mr. Felder, after fifteen years in politics, is a poor man. In his eight years in the legislature, he fought against convict leasing, in favor of a state reformatory, in favor of purifying elections, in favor of regulating child labor, in favor of taxing the franchises of public utility companies. As attorney general, he established the precedent of refusing to accept fees for special work. It looks as if it ought not to be hard for any independent voter in Georgia to make his choice.

Vacation

YONDER lies a broad level of salt water spreading itself to the sea. Tucked snugly in at the rim of it is the little harbor of fishing smacks. We look out to the east over meadows of fair colors and melodious birds, and on beyond the scent and song we see the masts of sloop and schooner at anchor. The grass on every lane is sprinkled with yellow and purple and red. In this quiet spot there is no hurry. Peace is in the air and glides into the being. All out-doors waits. Old white churches lie sultry on the hill under the summer sun. In the valley at the crossroads a chance inn gives a welcome less austere.

Next of Kin

VERY often a dog will howl plaintively over "Old Hundred" but will take no notice whatever of "Johnny Get Your Gun." What is solemn or melancholy to us is also melancholy to him. Is it not strange that beings so far apart in the scale of development should make a similar difference in the meaning of musical sounds? Probably the dog does almost no thinking, and what there is is fragmentary; but some of his emotions are very much like our own.

Town and Country

WHILE the initial idea of any of the finer things of life may originate in the white light of unselfishness, yet actual progress is sure to be along the line of enlightened self interest. The vast majority of us live by the hard, daily conflict with material things; and it is natural that before we move on to a higher plane of relationship with our fellow men, we need to be convinced that the move will make life easier instead of harder. It is this hard-headed self-interest which is bringing about a better understanding and closer coöperation between the town and country.

In the last few years the town has been learning that it is not only dependent upon the country for produce and markets, but also for citizens, and that it increases both the amount of production and the amount of trade for the town to take an active, friendly interest in the country. Something more the town has learned: The increase in the rural standard of living not alone gives a bigger market for furniture and carpets and pianos and plumbing fixtures, but it works for health and excellence in the food products sent to town; and for a more useful citizenship, when the farmer and his sons and daughters move to town. On the other hand, the farmer has learned that all the virtues are not impounded in his one hundred and sixty acres. He has been cultivating the acquaintance of the banker, the dry-goods man, the town mayor, the man who runs the flour mill, and he finds they are pretty good fellows, trying to be honest and fair. Moreover, he has discovered that every increase in population, every new addition to the high school, every new church built, every street paved in the neighboring town, adds directly in dollars and cents to the value of his acres. He has been taking an interest in the moral and material growth of the town, because it is becoming increasingly his town.

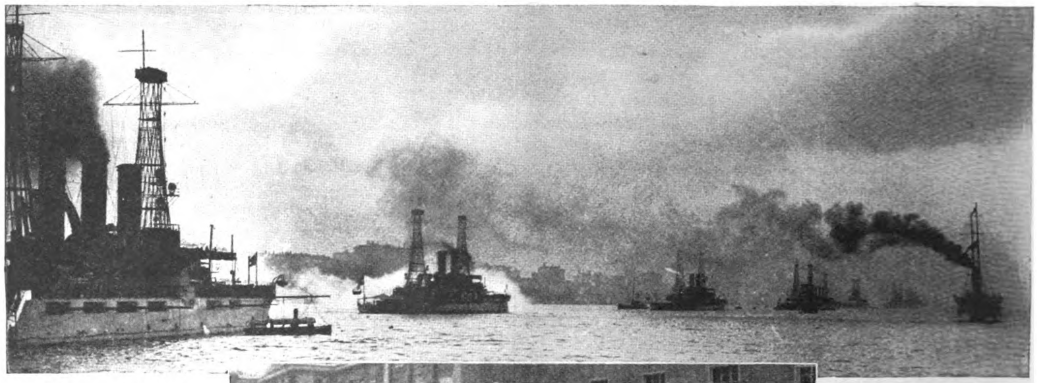
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Towers of Steel

By CHARLES JOHNSON POST

MR. POST'S series on the Army raised an outrageous commotion. HARPER'S WEEKLY *was boycotted in many Army and Navy clubs. No sensible answer was made to Mr. Post, but there was much foaming at the mouth. He has now taken up the Navy. What the Navy is actually doing throws a good deal of light on what the Army ought to do*

HOW about the Navy? Is it efficient? Is it up to date? Is it just? Or is it bungling like the Army? In the Army series I criticised the court-martial system and tried to show that the administration of justice in the Army is archaic; that it tends to foster favoritism and injustice, that the court-martial, as a single court of original and final jurisdiction without appeal, is inadequate; that the review by the Army department or the judge advocate's office is so perfunctory, except in case of an official, that it gives no guarantee of legal justice. I was interested to know how this same matter was cared for in the Navy. I went down to Washington to make a study of conditions in that department. The step across the hall in the Army and Navy building is a hundred feet perhaps, while at one end the two departments join on the same floor. But it is separated by much more than a hundred feet of hallway; it is separated by many years.





The humblest sailor enlists with the assurance that should he commit an offense he will receive the same precise justice granted his officers.

It was in this central hallway, where are the beautiful little models of all of our types of battleships, that I encountered accidentally the friend of a very high official in the Navy Department. He had a little anecdote.

He had met the high official one day while the series of articles on the Army was appearing.

"Have you read that series on the Army?" he inquired.

"I have", returned the official.

"Well", said the other pleasantly but perniciously probing, "I wonder if that man will be down here next to take up the Navy?"

"Well", returned the high official promptly, "if we have things like that in the Navy I hope he does."

So a comparison between the court-martial methods of administration—for both the Army and the Navy have virtually the same system—may be interesting. In its disciplinary methods the Navy has been lighting the way for the Army; the Army has but recently installed what is known as the "detention barracks" system of imprisonment with a "disciplinary battalion" for offenses against discipline. The Navy adapted it from England over three years ago.

The Army is high in praise of this step that it has but just taken. And, curiously, the Navy is just now seriously considering abolishing it and substituting, as a punishment for the most serious disciplinary offenses, a simple dismissal from the Navy. In other words, the Navy is about to demolish the system of imprisoning men—even under modified forms of penal reform—because it is inefficient and ineffective.

It is interesting to compare the duties of the judge advocate general of a court-martial in the Navy to that obtaining in the Army. In the Army it is laid down in the Articles of War that the judge advocate "shall prosecute in the name of the United States, but when the prisoner has made his plea, he shall so far consider himself counsel for the prisoner as to object to any leading question to any of the witnesses, and to any question put to the prisoner, the answer of which might tend to incriminate himself."

This is the law of the Navy: "Articles for the Government of the Navy, Par. 745, sec. 4. Where the accused is without counsel, and especially where he is an ignorant or inexperienced enlisted man, the judge advocate will properly render him, both in and out of court, such assistance as may be compatible with his primary duty of efficiently conducting the prosecution. But he will especially guard against even suggesting that the accused plead guilty."

In the laws of the Navy, Paragraph 767 states, "The accused is entitled to counsel as a right, and the court cannot properly deny him the assistance of a professional or other adviser."

And this is no perfunctory regulation. It is rigidly enforced. Take the case of James L. Dormer, a coal passer in the Navy who was on trial before a court-martial. He stated that he desired counsel but had not been able to obtain any, thereupon the president of the court directed the judge advocate of the court to act as counsel for the accused. And the Navy Department—or the Judge Advocate General of the Navy, who is in charge of the Navy's administration of justice—attached this emphatic opinion:

"*This action was distinctly improper.* Furthermore, Article VI of the amendments to the Constitution provides that 'in all criminal prosecutions' the accused shall 'have the assistance of counsel for his defence.' Though the reference here is to prosecutions before the criminal courts of the United States, naval courts, though not bound by the letter, are within the spirit of the provision.

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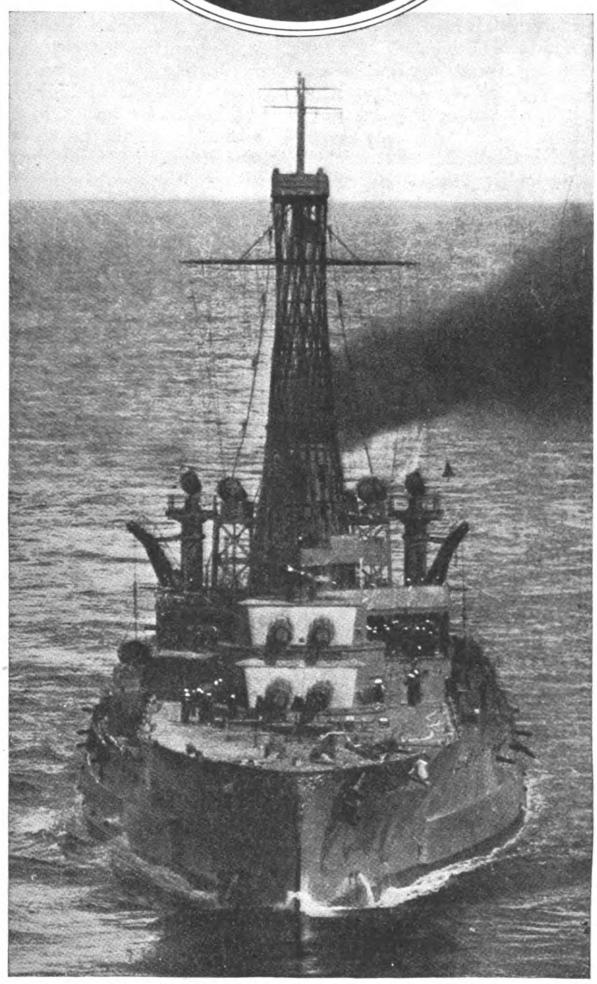
"Therefore, when an accused goes on record as being desirous of having the assistance of counsel in conducting his defense, and is denied that right, except where it is impractical to obtain counsel, such denial constitutes a fatal irregularity, and the improper precedure of designating the judge advocate to act in that capacity does not offset this irregularity nor fulfill the requirements of the law."

For years the Navy has been issuing as a regular part of its routine a monthly leaflet or bulletin that contains the summary of court-martial cases for that particular month. The list itself is brief, but following, under the heading of "Remarks", is a commentary on the special cases that have occurred. It is a course in law. It bristles with pointed and biting phrase where it points out to officers of courts-martial their errors of law or procedure; it argues, explains, analyzes, expounds, and condemns the courts unsparingly when needed; it quotes from the Federal courts' decisions and from the decisions of State courts. The thoroughness with which this legal laboratory work is done under that innocuous heading of "Remarks" is a guarantee that a legal error or violated regulation is as little likely to slip by as it would be in the most exacting civil court of appeals. It does not even hesitate to set aside the acts of courts-martial that have convicted guilty men, if the trial has not been properly and fairly conducted. And it frequently sends back cases to courts-martial for reconsideration of the verdict, where there has not been an adequate sentence imposed.

And it sends back cases for a severer sentence when a trivial one has been awarded, not only in the cases of enlisted men, the ordinary sailors and marines, but in the cases of commissioned officers as well.

But what is to prevent such miscarriages and oppressions as sometimes occur in the Army from occurring in the Navy? Nothing except a rigorous, vigilant and conscientious administration that follows an ideal of equal and exact justice and that holds, with Emerson, that we dare not let pass unchallenged an injury to the rights of the humblest lest our own be jeopardized. In addition to that, even for the military or naval arm of a government, it must reflect the advancing social and economic standards of civilization.





Secretary Daniels, and a unique view of the battleship Connecticut.

This the Navy does so believe, as stated in official documents. The commander in chief of the United States Pacific Fleet in 1911 wrote in an official comment on a case:

"The general drift of public opinion in the United States today shows a marked tendency toward repressing the use of intoxicants, and it behooves the officers of the naval service to take note of this determination,"

This is the expression of a principle, and from an officer who has not the power to impose it but only to point it out as a policy. It is significant, and in its early date it looks almost like a prophecy in the light of the famous "wine-mess" order.

Now let us take up the first tests. Let us take a case of robbery and assault of a civilian.

Mike Jankowski, an enlisted man, coal passer of the United States Navy, was tried by a general court-martial on the charge of assault and robbery. He was found guilty on both charges in that he did "by violence feloniously take, steal, and carry away from a cash register" in an ice cream bazaar, the sum of $25.

In the light of the evidence there was no question as to his guilt and the propriety of a heavy sentence. The ends of justice had apparently been well served and Jankowski was no object for sympathy.

But in that little monthly bulletin the Judge Advocate General of the Navy discussed the case for over one page and a half as he analyzed the charge of "Robbery" in the light of the facts in evidence and the specifications of the charge. He cited from one case in the United States Federal Court, one case from the State Court of West Virginia, one from the Courts of Virginia and one from the Massachusetts courts, and all bearings on the distinction between the crime of "Robbery" and the crime of "Theft". And then, in summing up, he wrote:

"But in Jankowski's case, it was clear that the element which constitutes the essential difference between the two crimes referred to was not alleged in the specification. The omission was not one of form but of fact. There was nothing in any part of the specification which, even by inference, suggested this important missing element of the crime of robbery. . . . In view of the foregoing, the Department held

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George von L. Meyer, former Secretary of the Navy

that the specification under the second charge (Robbery) did not support the charge and that there had been no legal trial and conviction thereon. Therefore the finding upon the second charge was disapproved."

This was no idle technicality—it would be a startling situation if men could be convicted and sentenced without regard to the specifications of their acts. Also, so far as any practical result is concerned, it might appear to the very practical minded as a waste of time.

But the point lies in this: that a wretched Jankowski of the Navy can get a page and a half of careful, precise weighing of legal safeguards, viewed in the light of scrupulous justice.

In my recent articles in HARPER'S WEEKLY on the Army I set forth the case of the soldier of the 15th Cavalry who was sentenced to prison for two years on two charges, desertion and attempted escape, each with a separate specification, and both describing and comprising but one and the same act.

The Navy had a similar case. John Bland, a coal passer in the Navy, was found guilty of: Charge 1, "absent from station and duty after his leave had expired"; Charge 2, "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline"; Charge 3, "desertion" with two specifications.

The similarity in the cases lies in the fact that the specification under Charge 1 and the first specification under Charge 3 alleged an identical act of absence. He pleaded guilty to the first two charges but "not guilty" to the third charge of desertion. The court-martial found him guilty of all three charges. The review of the case by the Judge Advocate General of the Navy in his compact bulletin is as follows:

"While little regard was paid by the court to the rules governing the admission of documentary evidence, and secondary evidence was repeatedly introduced where primary evidence was obtainable, yet it appears that sufficient competent evidence was introduced to prove enough of the specifications of the third charge to warrant a finding of guilty to the charge. But, as the absence alleged under the first charge and that in the first specification of the third charge are identical, and as desertion includes the lesser offense of absence without leave, and in a finding of guilty of desertion a guilty of absence without leave is included, it is thus manifest that the court in this case have twice found Bland guilty of the same offense, which is contrary to law. . . .

"It is presumed that the court in adjudging sentence adhered to the law, which makes it mandatory upon conviction to adjudge a punishment adequate to the nature of the offense, and in so doing assigned a certain amount of the whole sentence determined upon as adequate punishment to each charge of which Bland was found guilty; it follows that the accused was sentenced to be twice punished for the same offense, which is also contrary to law. . . .

"The proceedings, findings and sentence of the court, and also the approval of the convening authority, in this case were disapproved by the department."

"Disapproved" is not only a term of disapproval but it has, in the service law, a technical value that operates to devitalize and make inoperative the sentence—it vacates it, it renders the proceedings in the case wholly terminated.

There was a little over a page in this monthly Naval legal bullet n devoted to the case of an ordinary coal passer, moreover a coal passer who was warrantably guilty of desertion. It was the laying down of an impartial law that demanded and exacted that the scales of justice shall never dip with short weight in either scale-pan.

Let us consider some further cases taking those in which our sympathies would be rather inclined to uphold error if they inclined at all.

Joseph E. Gordon, a bugler in the Navy, was charged with "plundering an inhabitant" and "scandalous conduct to the destruction of good morals." It was alleged that he had stolen a variety of articles from a cottage on shore and that he had appropriated these articles to his own use. The specification of the second charge alleged that he had unlawfully in his possession practically all of the articles enumerated in the first charge "all of which he well knew were stolen property." He was found not guilty on the first charge and guilty of the second charge of having possession of stolen articles. This is the careful weighing of this case:

"Without going into the inconsistency manifested in these findings of the court, except to say that in the opinion of the department, such evidence as was received if sufficient to prove one specification was equally good under the circumstances set forth to prove the other, it is observed from a careful review of this case that all the material evidence introduced to prove the offenses was entirely hearsay.

"There was no competent evidence submitted to prove that any of the property belonged to the persons stated nor that it ever had been stolen.

"Two or three witnesses testified to the fact that the owners had in their presence identified the articles and stated that they had been stolen, but this was only secondary evidence and inadmissible. (Greenleaf on Evidence, 16 ed., vol. 1, sec. 98.)

"It is the constitutional right of an accused to be confronted with the witnesses against him, and be afforded an opportunity to cross-examine them (Greenleaf on Evidence, 16 ed., vol. 1, sec. 163f) and unless such course is followed a grave and serious error has been committed and in this particular case it was a fatal one. . . .

"In view of the fact that no additional evidence could be introduced upon revision, and as therefore no object would have been accomplished by reconvening the court for a consideration of this case, and as the evidence on which Gordon was convicted was hearsay and incompetent, the proceedings, findings, and sentence in this case were disapproved by the department."

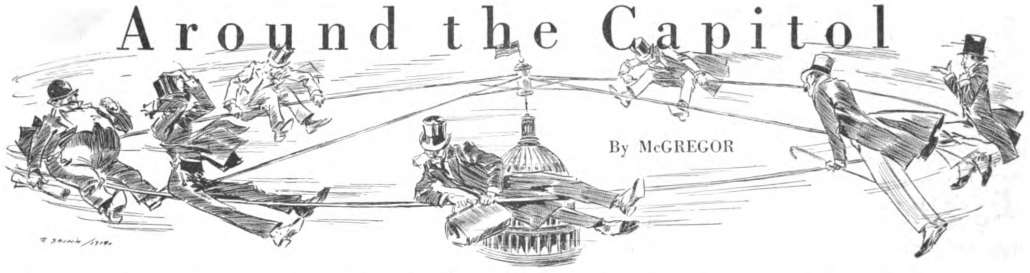
The whole trial was wiped out because of its illegal desire to convict.

And these are not isolated cases; case after case has been set aside, and likewise courts-martial criticised for their methods or the lack of them. There is no accepting a sentence if it happens to be an officer; the Navy will send it back with the demand that the court-martial reconsider it, as it is inadequate to the offense—and it will do it just as quickly in the case of an enlisted man. It is impartial, and that is the backbone of justice.

Next week Mr. Post will tell of the Navy's new method of dealing with petty offenses that formerly were punished by penal servitude

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Around the Capitol



Democratic Senate Sure in 1915

THE appointment of a Democrat from Kentucky to succeed the late Senator Bradley, with the election of Blair Lee in Maryland to succeed Jackson, changed the former Democratic majority of six to one of ten. The reëlection of Southern Senators alone makes the Senate of 1915 assuredly Democratic. Senator Fletcher has been renominated in Florida after a stiff fight with Stockton, whose unfortunate capacity to make a new enemy every five minutes overcame his genuinely progressive record. Senator Overman has been renominated without opposition by the State Convention in North Carolina. The platform committee of the convention was duly presented with the principles recently set forth by a mass-meeting of Progressive Democrats, including legalized primaries, a revised taxation system, a six months' school term, the enlargement of health agencies, revision of the penal system, just freight rates, better child-labor laws and the initiative and referendum, most of these principles finding an echo in the Democratic platform, though the initiative and referendum received scant consideration. A striking feature of the convention was the enthusiastic endorsement of the Wilson Administration, with special reference to its foreign policy and hearty support of the repeal of the coastwise shipping subsidy.

Election by the Committees

THE adoption of an important rule is contemplated in the Senate, the election of the chairmen by the committees themselves, after the committees have been designated in the usual manner. The advantage of this is obvious. Succession to the chairmanship under the priority rule always implies long experience in the work of the committee, which is invaluable, but does not guarantee either ability or, on the important committees, loyalty to the party programme. The committee itself knows best its ablest and truest members. A similar rule is even more badly needed in the House. The Southern members, who have had little or no opposition in their home districts, have by the priority rule succeeded to all the important chairmanships except that of the Committee on Appropriations, which Fitzgerald holds under the same rule, unpopular as he is with the House. In the present large Democratic majority the South is in the minority as compared with the other sections of the country, and this situation has created a considerable amount of restiveness, with the liability of its becoming worse through accession to the present chairmanships by other ranking members from the South. The election of the chairmen by the committees which are designated by the Ways and Means Committee would mean the promotion of the ablest member without undue emphasis upon length of service, and will equalize control of legislation as between the different sections. This is not to say that the Southern chairmen through their long experience and careful study have not made good, as witness Underwood, Glass, Adamson Flood, Lewis, Hay, Padgett, Moon, Alexander and Houston.

Gallinger's Little Joke

MR. GALLINGER: Mr. President, I notice that the joint resolution calls upon the Director of the Census. I will ask the Senator if we have a Director of the Census at the present time?

Mr. Sheppard: It is my opinion that we have a very fine one, Mr. President.

Mr. Gallinger: I thought I read the other day that he was a candidate for the governorship of a great state, and I did not suppose that he would continue to hold his office while seeking the governorship of a state.

Mr. Sheppard: I think the matter will be handled satisfactorily to all concerned.

Mr. Gallinger: That is to say, if he fails to elect himself governor of the state he will continue Director of the Census, I suppose. Is that the idea?

Mr. Sheppard: The Senator has had long experience in politics, and he must know that very few people voluntarily resign.

Mr. Gallinger: Mr. President, I am glad that we have a Director of the Census. I was afraid we had none.

No Issue in Trust Legislation

THE Trade Commission bill, H. R. 15613, was adopted by a viva voce vote, which was practically unanimous, after the Murdock substitute had been defeated by a vote of 151 to 19. The bill supplementing the Anti-Trust Act, H. R. 15657, was adopted by a vote of 277 to 54, the Progressives and many Republicans voting for the bill. The bill giving the Interstate Commerce Commission power to regulate railway stocks and bonds, H. R. 16586, was adopted by a vote of 325 to 12. So far as the House is concerned it will be as difficult to make a party issue of the three anti-trust bills as of the tariff, the currency, or the repeal of the Panama canal tolls provision. The bills will doubtless be improved through the long debate and consideration to be given in the Senate, and Senator Cummins prophesies that if they are to be passed at this term, Congress will remain in session until October 15th.

Vice President Likes Debate

OUR amiable and versatile Vice President finds it extraordinarily difficult to restrain himself from taking part in the debates of the Senate, much to the dismay of the elder statesmen. For example:

The Vice President: It is not a proviso on the part of the Senate of the United States that the Secretary of the Navy may use any of the sums appropriated in this bill for yard maintenance, and shall charge them to that account, but it is an amendment, as the Chair reads it, that whatever is appropriated under this bill, for whatever purpose appropriated, which actually constitutes a part of yard maintenance, shall be charged to the yard-maintenance account, whether used for yard maintenance or not.

Mr. Lodge: Mr. President, if that is the interpretation of this amendment, it is not in order, for it involves, then, a transfer of appropriation.

The Vice President: But it does not so read.

Mr. Lodge: The objection to the other amendment, as it seemed to me, was that it did involve a liberty of transferring appropriations; and I thought that was clearly general legislation, because the Secretary has no such power now.

The Vice President: It is not the business of the Chair to make suggestions, but the Chair, as at present advised, would hold this amendment in order if it read in this way:

That all expenditures appropriated for in this bill, under whatever designation appropriated, which do not actually constitute a part of yard maintenance, shall not be charged to the yard-maintenance fund.

Mr. Martin of Virginia: Mr. President, I simply desire to suggest that it is a most extraordinary thing that the Chair should prepare an amendment to be submitted to the Senate. I have understood that the prerogatives of the Chair were to preside over the Senate, and not to prepare amendments. I object to such an innovation as that on the proceedings of a legislative body.

The Vice President: The Chair will sustain the point of order to the amendment as presented.

Minority Chairmanships

THE Democrats have apparently undertaken to alleviate Senator Bristow's chronic grouch by re-creating the Committee on Cuban Relations and making him the Chairman thereof, with the usual perquisites of a committee room, clerk, stenographer and so forth. As long as our Cuban relations are peaceful, the activities of the clerk and stenographer can be conveniently used for the Kansas senatorial campaign. The Senator's constituents used to say that they knew he was honest, because he got nothing from the Aldrich régime in the way of appropriations for Kansas. But the new Committee on Cuban Relations needs explanation. The minority chairmanships would be a joke if they were not so pathetic. Warren went from the chairmanship of the powerful Committee on Appropriations to that of Engrossed Bills; Lodge from Foreign Relations to Private Land Claims; Du Pont from Military Affairs to the Transportation and Sale of Meat Products; Clapp from Interstate Commerce to Standards, Weights and Measures; Clark of Wyoming from the Judiciary Committee to the Geological Survey; Penrose from the Post-office Committee to that of Additional Accommodations for the Library of Congress; Nelson from Public Lands to the Five Civilized Tribes.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

"Your Majesties, for God's sake do not use force."

TO make a scene is the most awful crime it is possible for an Englishman to commit, and to make a scene in the presence of the king and queen is even more awful than to profane the house of God—witness whereof the case of Miss Mary Bloomfield, who threw



herself on her knees before King George and Queen Mary and exclaimed, "Your majesties, for God's sake do not use force."

So intense was the public indignation at this "affront" to the king that (so runs the cable dispatch) "*scarcely a ripple* of excitement was caused by the news from Derby the same day that the historic Breadsall church containing priceless relics had been burned down by Militants."

All of which goes to show that in the eyes of the British Public, to destroy a church with its holy emblems and priceless (English for sacred) relics is a trifling matter compared to the infamy of "making a scene" at Buckingham Palace.

Talk about straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, no one hates a scene more (on or off the stage) than I do, and yet without wishing to revive the memory of so painful an affair, I should like to ask just what constituted the affront.

To my thinking, the supplication of Mary Bloomfield was the briefest compliment their majesties have ever received or ever will receive from one of their subjects.

For one little moment this King—whose only power in his realm is to decree whether or no the lowest button of the waistcoat shall be buttoned or whether pearl-colored spats shall take the place of tan colored spats, and this queen, at whose lightest word her subjects do as they please—for one little moment these two worthy people, beside whom even the Vice-president of the United States is a ruthless despot, might have imagined themselves really and truly monarchs of the good old days when there were such things as kings and queens, and when to grant the "boon" of the kneeling supplicant was the most touching (and picturesque) manifestation of kingly power.

PERHAPS HE DOES



I LIKE to draw Vance Thompson's phiz—
Not tragic, as it really is,
But amiable and sweet and fat
Because he ought to look like that.

With the Comets

III. LILLIAN WALKER

J. CAESAR was accounted great
Who "came and saw and won" a State.
But Lillian's conquests count by millions.
We came, we saw—and we are Lillian's.



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Who Did It?

Did Morgan ruin the New Haven Road? Or Mellen? Or Brandeis? Picture of a dummy director

By N. H.

Are There Several Goats?

THE prize goat of all this recent rumpus is the far famed dummy director. The most interesting actor in the New Haven farce-tragedy is this comical product of the worship of Captains of Industry, the so-called "big men", which was prevalent a few years ago. The dummy was happy to sit and gape with admiration at the big men. The big man gave him his job. In England they call these directors "guinea pigs"—*guinea* because they get a gold piece for sitting around at the meetings, and *pigs* for some reason unknown. Our directors, instead of five dollars, get twenty, and also sit around.

The Honesty of Elton

One piece of dialogue in the investigation ought to be a classic. Old Mr. Elton is evidently an admirable and an honest man. Here is part of his examination:

Who was the dominating figure at the board meetings?

I think Mr. Mellen was.

Did not the board usually acquiesce in the recommendation made by J. Pierpont Morgan?

Yes, I think it did.

Did Mr. Morgan make any statement of the value of the securities acquired for the $11,000,000?

Not that I remember.

Why did you not stick to your disapproval?

I don't know why.

Did Mr. Mellen propose the acquisition of the trolleys?

I think he did.

Why were you afraid to make objections at the meetings?

Natural timidity, I suppose. You see, I did not pretend to be a railroad man, and when Mr. Morgan or Mr. Mellen said to do a thing, I had confidence in them.

You paid $20,000,000 for a property that admittedly was worth $8,000,000 and was encumbered to the extent of about what you paid for it?

Yes, that's about it.

Mr. Elton was a director also of the New England Navigation Company. Asked if he could tell the difference between one board meeting and a meeting of the other, he replied:

I was always confused. I am hard of hearing and they went so fast I could not keep up.

Mr. Folk questioned Mr. Elton about certain assets in the form of notes held by the New Haven, as shown by the report of the auditor.

I may have asked Mr. Mellen about them, but I think my head was too thick to understand the situation that arose.

Since Mr. Mellen broke loose with his facts, his alleged facts, and the philosophy that he has seen fit to superimpose, he has at least furnished a topic of conversation. The most interesting of the various communications sent to us on the subject is the following:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly,
Sir:

I see by the papers that Mr. J. P. Morgan and the other directors of the New Haven Railroad are being blamed for the condition of the company and the results to New England. Isn't there some mistake about this? Of course I understand that it is the testimony of President Mellen that has brought this about, but there was nothing new in what he told us. The facts are as we got them from Thomas W. Lawson five or six years ago; from Senator La Follette four or five years ago; and from Brandeis ever since then. And my understanding was that these are the men who caused all the trouble in the New Haven Railroad and did all that damage to the stockholders and business men of New England. And I get my understanding at first hand, too. As you know, I have been a great deal in New England, and the New England people told me themselves that Brandeis and the others had done it. And I am not speaking now alone of the common people of New England, but of the very best men of Boston, and of Massachusetts, of New Haven, and of Connecticut. In short, the best authorities in New England told me personally that Brandeis and Company were the cause of all this trouble.

Now how do you explain everybody shifting round and putting all the blame on Morgan, and Rockefeller, and John McCullough Miller, and—such? Lincoln Steffens.

The most astute among our readers will doubtless detect a touch of irony in Mr. Steffens. Nothing daunted, however, we are willing to answer his questions.

An Answer

IT seems hardly fair to mix up revelations such as Thomas W. Lawson put in his highly finished work of historical fiction with anything as exact as Mr. Brandeis has advanced, or even with a mixture of realistic narrative like Mr. Mellen's, interspersed with fancy where the death of Mr. Morgan and others made fancy safe. Our experience is the same as Mr. Steffens', that there are many people who even now think that the New Haven was sound until Mr. Brandeis ruined it by stating his opinion. Some directors think that if they had been let alone they could have made all the water pay. One of the foremost bankers of the country told the writer of this page a number of years ago that he had been over the figures carefully, and that the conduct of the road was beyond question. My natural politeness kept me from commenting on his view. In the next breath this distinguished New England banker said that Mr. Brandeis's conduct of the Ballinger case, which was then going on, was an outrage, because there was nothing in the charges against Ballinger.

Size

MR. STEFFENS might like not only our own reply but that of Mr. Brandeis. If he will consult his series on The Money Trust, either in the files of HARPER'S WEEKLY where it was published a few months ago or in the new book called "Other People's Money", which I wish everybody would read, he will find this statement:

There is not one moral, but many, to be drawn from the decline of the New Haven and the fall of Mellen. That history offers texts for many sermons. It illustrates the Evils of Monopoly, the Curse of Bigness, the Futility of Lying, and the Pitfalls of Lawbreaking. But perhaps the most impressive lesson that it should teach to investors is the failure of banker-management.

This failure of banker-management is not surprising. The surprise is that men should have supposed it would succeed. For banker-management contravenes the fundamental laws of human limitations: *First*, that no man can serve two masters; *second*, that a man cannot at the same time do many things well.

Perhaps after Mr. Steffens has had the advantage of digesting Mr. Brandeis's opinion and ours and Mr. Mellen's, he will give us a final conclusion of his own.

As to the public's rapidly shifting point of view, the easiest explanation would be that the public is often a good deal of an ass. For my part, I put the principal blame on neither Mr. Morgan nor Mr. Rockefeller nor Mr. Mellen, but on good society, on that bunch of prosperous and educated people who form the social, political and business standards of the time. They crack a man up and make a hero of him as long as he is making money and is unexposed, and then when a case of delinquency is made sufficiently conspicuous, they demand a victim. No fundamental improvement is to be expected until the average well-to-do and moderately well-to-do person cares a little less about money and a little more about certain primary maxims that can be found in almost any copy book.

La Follette's Position

Being extracts from an editorial in the Tribune of La Crosse, Wis.

IN a very interesting, and to a large extent accurate, discussion of the Wisconsin political situation, in current HARPER'S WEEKLY, Julian Mason "puts it up to La Follettee" to make his peace with McGovern in order to save the state from the standpatters as a result of the "tripartite division of the progressive forces."

Mr. Mason's analysis of the Wisconsin situation, his interpretation of the stalwart attack as a blow struck at the university and all progressive institutions over the shoulder of the tax rate, is particularly clear and sound.

But in "putting it up to La Follette" to come to an understanding with McGovern he goes surprisingly adrift. . . .

Roosevelt and McGovern want to legitimatize and control the criminal trusts; La Follette wants to resolve them into competitive agencies.

Roosevelt and McGovern want to help the masses by making them beneficiaries of the "benevolent despotism" of capital which they would establish; La Follette wants to help the masses by the establishment of a democracy that will guarantee them better conditions as their own inherent right, without largess of monopolists.

La Follette realizes that under the operation of a compulsory altruism, the Roosevelt-Perkins-McGovern plan might confer upon the people temporary benefits, and might briefly create an artificial prosperity which would so entrench the "munificent oligarchy" as to necessitate the reënactment of the war which for fifteen years has been incessantly waged to carry the citadels of privilege.

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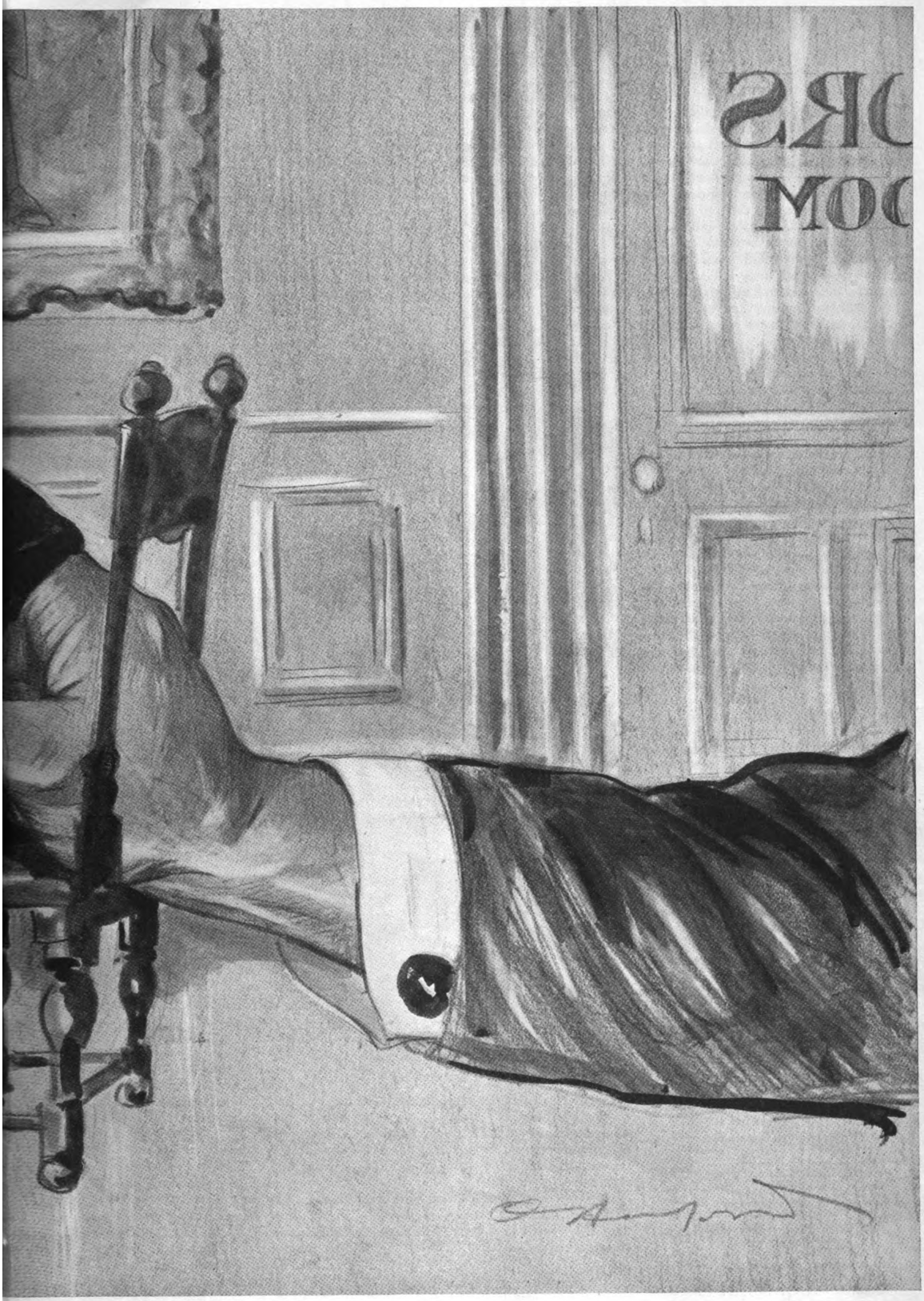


THE D

By

He's essentially modern—the successor of the black slave and the political pupp
plied with pocket money, expensive clothes and costly food. He makes a better sla
protest. At his master's order, he will blink his eyes, open and shut his mouth, ta
ject for artists, dramatists, authors—the Dummy Director. And if you would like

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DIRECTOR

ERFORD

he's white—outside. He is supported in comfort, usually in luxury. He is kept well sup-
y. He is owned, and he knows it. He obeys instantly, without question and without
r write. So Mr. Herford introduces him to the American public, as the very latest sub-
n still better, read carefully the testimony in the records of the New Haven Investigation.

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Cordials and Coffins

By LEWIS B. ALLYN

THE most vicious though not the most insidious adulteration is that which promptly injures the consumer. Few adulterations are more prompt in their baneful action than is methyl or wood alcohol; besides possessing a poisonous nature, this drug has a selective action upon the optic nerve. The history of its use is replete with cases of death or blindness either partial or total.

Crude methyl alcohol has a peculiar nauseous odor and taste due to certain tars, oils, acetone, and other impurities. It is possible to remove these, and the resulting deodorized product is a clear, sparkling liquid possessing pleasant vinous odor and the pungent biting taste of pure ethyl or grain alcohol. Nearly every one could distinguish between commercial methyl and ethyl alcohol, but only the veriest expert by sense of sight, smell and taste alone could with surety say that *this* is wood alcohol or *that* is grain alcohol. It is a very grave question whether the manufacture of deodorized wood alcohol should be permitted. Pure grain alcohol is about five times as expensive as pure methyl alcohol, hence the temptation to substitute the latter is frequently too strong to be withstood. "Owing to the alarming increase in the number of cases of wood alcohol poisoning during recent years and the prevalence of the practice of substituting wood alcohol for grain alcohol in a wide variety of products", writes Dr. Fitz-Randolph of the New Jersey State Board of Health, in a recent issue of the *National Food Magazine*, "an act to limit its use was drafted by this division and passed by the Legislature of 1912. This act is published as Chapter 286 of the Laws of 1912."

In brief, this law prohibits the distribution or sale of any food, drug or preparation intended for external or internal use by man, which contains wood, or to use chemical nomenclature, methyl alcohol. A penalty of one hundred dollars for each offense is provided for a violation of this statute.

The primary object of the act is to prohibit the use of methyl alcohol in wines, cordials, liquors of all kinds, flavoring extracts, bay rum, hair tonics and toilet preparations.

It is obvious that the most dangerous use of methyl alcohol is its use in compounded liquors, and other beverages.

The liquors and cordials listed below were collected by the inspectors of this division and found to contain methyl alcohol:

	Methyl Alcohol Per Cent by Volume
Verdolino	23.74
Elixir China	25.92
Sambuca	40.96
Fernet Milano	42.78
Crema Mandarino	24.62
Sport Caffe	29.68
Ferro China Sansone	27.62
Amara Felsina	32.66
Vino Vermuth	17.26
Crema Canella	28.54
Gran Liquor del Strega	35.40
Rhum de la Jamaique	53.34
Cento Erbe	30.80
Orange Cordial	25.92
Curaca d'Olande	23.92
Elixir Savoia	42.18
Crema Vainiglia	52.98
Crema Arancio	41.04
Menta Glaciale Alpina	37.76
Anesone Triduo	23.40
Anisette de Bordeaux	25.46
Crema Rose	26.40

On April 13, 1914, little Mariano Gallo, East Mountain Road, Westfield, Mass., drank fernet milano, and despite all efforts of two physicians died a few hours later.

The danger is very real, and users of alcoholic preparations of the type previously mentioned should insist that the absence of methyl alcohol be guaranteed.

Proof Spirit

"KINDLY explain the term 'proof spirit'" requests a reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY.



In the United States "proof spirit" is an alcoholic liquor containing 50 per cent of absolute alcohol at 15.6 C.; 80 proof contains 40 per cent by volume. "Proof" is twice the alcoholic strength by volume.

English "proof spirit" differs from ours in that it contains 57.06 per cent by volume of absolute alcohol at the standard temperature indicated.

Nurses and Pure Food

AT intervals during the past four years there have been evidences of enthusiasm on the part of various organizations for better food conditions in their immediate community. These campaigns have usually been conducted by well meaning people, and much direct benefit has resulted. On one or two instances the full effect of the agitation has been lost through lack of specific information of how to attack and how to follow up.

The District Nursing Association of Northern Westchester County, N. Y., is not the kind of an organization to start anything and then not finish it. Organized in the early "nineties", it has prospered and grown, until at the present time it is one of the strongest philanthropic societies in the state. Up to the present time the association has devoted its energy to the care of the sick and sanitation in northern Westchester County, "clean up" days, clean milk, etc. Several visiting nurses are maintained at the expense of the association.

Recently it was decided to attempt the partial education of the public along the lines of Pure Food and Nutrition. A great many of the members are college women, well trained in the rudiments of nutrition, and all of them have that God-given quality of common sense. Membership in the association is not a fad with them.

Plans for the food shows were under the direction of Mrs. John Klein, Chairman of the General Instruction Committee. Data concerning other food shows was compiled; men having had experience along these lines were consulted; the State Department of Agriculture was asked to assist, as was also the Consumer's League. Vital facts and statistics, robbed of all sensationalism, were what they desired. They got them.

These food shows were run in a series; that is, the exhibits were moved from one town to another within a radius of twenty miles.

The first exposition was held at Mount Kisco, N. Y., a town of about twenty-five hundred population. The conveniently located parish house of the Baptist church was used as the exhibit place.

The display was in five parts. The Department of Agriculture of the State of New York sent their collection of adulterated foods with two experts to explain them. The Consumer's League also sent an exhibit under the direction of one of their investigators. There were moving pictures on subjects pertaining to sanitation and hygiene. There was also a testing laboratory under the direction of a food chemist which attracted more attention than any other exhibit in the building. Another interesting feature was a set of charts from the American Medical Association, exposing some of the frauds in the patent medicine business.

From Mt. Kisco the Exhibit went to Pleasantville, where it met with instant success. Next it was seen at Montrose and Buchanan respectively.

In point of effectiveness, the traveling or chain Pure Food Exhibit excels.

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Is There a Powder Plot?

By E. G. BUCKNER
Vice-President, Du Pont Powder Company

HARPER'S WEEKLY recently printed two articles under the titles, "The Powder Trust" and "The Powder Plot", which grossly misrepresented the du Pont Powder Company and did it great injustice.

As a matter of fact there is no statement, inference or conclusion reflecting on the du Pont Powder Company in either article that is not wholly fallacious.

(1) It was intended that the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY should be convinced that the du Pont Powder Company, in entering into a certain contract with German manufacturers, twenty-five years ago, violated the Federal statute and were guilty of a felony.

What are the facts? In 1889 Admiral Folger, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, Navy Department, convinced that the Brown Prismatic Powder manufactured abroad was superior to that used in our Navy, ordered the du Pont Powder Company to secure these processes. Armed with letters from Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State, to our Ministers abroad explaining his mission, Alfred I. du Pont went to Europe and contracted for the right to manufacture this powder, compensation to be made by the payment of a royalty per pound on the powder manufactured until the same aggregated $100,000. Thus, our Government was not only familiar with the contract but a party to it, for it obligated itself to pay and did pay these royalties.

We did "keep the German manufacturer informed of the amount of powder manufactured for our Government." How would it have been otherwise when our Government was the only purchaser and we had to make an accounting for every pound of powder manufactured?

The records are public and I defy anyone to show from them anything justifying the astounding charge that the du Ponts in making or carrying out this contract were the "monopoly paid spies of a foreign government" and therefore guilty of treason.

This contract came to an end in 1898. It in no manner related to our present smokeless powder.

(2) It is charged that the du Pont Company, in selling to foreign governments the "identical powder used by our own Government", betrayed government powder secrets and was thereby "guilty of a criminal offense."

The utter nonsense of this will be apparent when the fact is known that the du Pont Powder Company has never sold a pound of smokeless powder abroad without first consulting with government officials, and, in each instance, the powder sold has been tested by government officers at the Government Proving Ground.

There are no "powder secrets." The identical specifications on which the present Government powder is made are printed in a book published by Major Erasmus M. Weaver, of the Army, and on sale at bookstores. Likewise, the specifications on which cordite, Great Britain's powder, is made are printed and sold by authority of "His Majesty's Government." Almost any chemist could take the publications referred to and make smokeless powder, but I doubt if it would be made with economy.

Every European nation that manufactures powder sells the identical powder used by such government wherever it can, as it sells armor, battleships, guns and all other ordnance material. European nations even go so far as to detail their Army and Navy officers to go to other countries and assist their manufacturers in landing these contracts.

The development of the smokeless powder which we now manufacture for our Government covers a period of about thirty years. It originated in France in 1883 when M. Vieille produced guncotton adapted to the manufacture of smokeless powder. At once the world's inventors directed every effort toward devising some method by which this explosive could be utilized in guns. Mendeleef, a Russian, solved this problem and in a magazine article told how this guncotton might be colloided, that is, mixed into a plastic mass suitable to be pressed through a die. Lieutenant Bernadou, of the Navy, who was at that time abroad, returned home with this information and in conjunction with Admiral Converse took out patents on these processes in the United States. No powder was ever manufactured, however, successfully under these patents, nor under the patent of Charles E. Monroe whose work is mentioned in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Admiral Converse himself in printed Goverment reports has testified that the Government never bought any powder manufactured under the Bernadou patents.

It was recognized that the then known methods of manufacture were hazardous. Then it was that Francis G. du Pont invented and patented a process and machine for the dehydration of guncotton, that is, handling it in a wet state, that eliminated all danger, and as Admiral Strauss, of our Navy, says, "made the manufacture of smokeless powder a safe industry."

The next problem was the adaptation of this powder to guns of different caliber. This problem was solved by Hudson Maxim, an employee of the du Pont Company, who invented the multi-perforated grain; and the du Pont Company was given credit for it by Mr. Tracey, Secretary of the Navy, in his annual report to Congress.

HARPER'S WEEKLY observes that during these early days private manufacturers "had not been showing up very well." Let us see:

(First) Vieille had produced guncotton in France.

(Second) Mendeleef, of Russia, had told us how to colloid it.

(Third) Francis G. du Pont had told us how to eliminate danger in the manufacture.

(Fourth) Hudson Maxim, an employee of the du Pont Company, had invented the multi-perforated grain that gave absolute control over the burning.

It will thus be seen that of the four great steps in the development of smokeless powder, two stand to the credit of the du Pont Company. In rapid succession there followed valuable inventions which not only resulted in improving the powder but in reducing the cost—methods and devices for recovering alcohol, reworking powder, stabilizing the powder and more than doubling its life, nitrating guncotton, etc., which were worked out in du Pont laboratories and experimental plants and credit for which has time and again been given to the du Pont Company by Army and Navy officers.

The du Pont Company invented a Small Arms Powder, and a machine for its manufacture, the admitted value of which to the Government was greater than our aggregate profits on all the business we have ever done with the Government. The Government is manufacturing this powder with this machine while Congress, by limitations on appropriation bills, prohibits the purchase of this powder from the du Ponts!

It is the accumulated experience of decades that has given the du Ponts primacy in the manufacture of explosives, enabling them to work out processes, machinery and economies so essential to commercial success; and let it be known and remembered that every process and invention perfected by the du Ponts has been turned over to the Government, practically without cost, for use in its two plants!

With the above recital in mind, every item of which can be verified by official records, if there are any smokeless powder secrets, whose are they?

I would not have any one infer that I contend that Army and Navy officers have not aided in the development of our present smokeless powder, but I deny, nor will they contend, that the service rendered by them justifies the claim in HARPER'S WEEKLY as to Government secrets. They have tested and criticised and suggested. The du Ponts in their laboratories and experimental plants spent money and brought results.

(3) It would be made to appear that Senator Henry Algernon du Pont, who since 1906 has been identified with the Committees on "Military Affairs" and "Expenditures in the War Department" of the Senate, has been looking after the interests of the du Pont Company in Washington. This is ridiculous. Senator du Pont is neither an officer, a director, a stockholder, or an employe of the Company, nor has he been since elected to the Senate, nor has he ever made any effort to assist it in Washington. During the eight years he has been in the United States Senate the price of smokeless powder for large guns has been reduced six times, from 70 cents to 53 cents per pound; and such limitations have been placed on the bills going out of his Committees as to render it impossible for the Army now to purchase any powder from the du Ponts.

Now the foregoing statements, every one of which can be verified and substantiated by official records, establish the following facts:

(1) That the contract for Brown Prismatic Powder was made at the instance and with the approval of the Government.

(2) That if there are any smokeless powder secrets, they are du Pont secrets.

(3) That while Senator Henry Algernon du Pont has been Senator nothing advantageous to the du Pont Company has come from his Committees.

These facts being established, I submit that I am justified in contending that the charges carried in the two articles in HARPER'S WEEKLY are without warrant or excuse and are grossly and outrageously unjust and unfair.

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Sports

By HERBERT REED

CALIFORNIA is producing youthful tennis stars at the rate of about one a year, and the latest sensation from the Coast, Lindley Murray, seventeen years old, promises in the course of time—and no very great stretch of time at that—to work right up into the same class as Maurice McLoughlin, the whirlwind national champion. The latest comer has the finest physique and the greatest height and reach—he is over six feet—of any of the Californians, and he combines, with his natural advantages, the same ability to smash that has made McLoughlin a terror in America, England, and the Antipodes. Murray's game is one of great pace, a pace that he seems able to maintain throughout a long afternoon under a blazing sun, and crammed with the hardest kind of tennis. Endurance? Why, in the course of the Sleepy Hollow tournament Murray defeated three high class players—veterans too—and weakened only when he was called upon to play another match in doubles. Of such is the kingdom of champions.

Foreigners at Henley

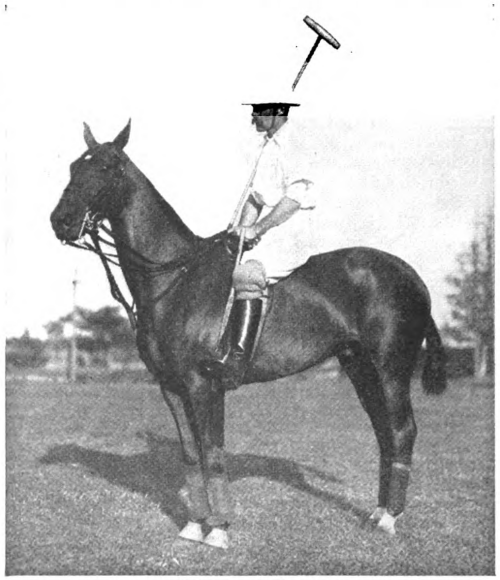
INTO the white light that beats nowadays upon international competition, this year's Henley regatta seems not yet to have edged its way. Yet in the first week in July, culminating—if the crews last—on the Fourth itself, American crews, Harvard and the Union Boat Club of Boston, will be battling with the English and others for one of the world's most famous trophies, the Grand Challenge Cup for eights. When it is remembered that the amateur rule covering the Henley regatta is the strictest in existence, barring as it does any crew that has been coached by a professional within thirty days of the first race, the stay-at-home sportsman will get some idea of the difficulties of the venture. Little will he know, however, of the relative merits of the Bucks and Berks courses, of the effect of the wind, and of the serious problems of coxswainship that must be solved at every stage of the race. Such eminent authorities as Rudolph C. Lehmann, for instance, maintain that the course is manifestly unfair, and have been agitating for a change. Because of its long and honorable history, however, the Englishmen are not likely to change the course in a hurry, and visiting crews, as well as their own, must abide by the luck of the draw and make the best of it. Not the most to be feared over the Henley course are the English crews, even such as Leander or one of the usually formidable Trinity boats. In the Winnipeg eight Canada has a dangerous representative, a crew made up of veterans. The Mainz Rowing Club of Germany will be found in the race for the Steward's Cup for fours, and the Germans are oarsmen of the first rank. They have done well in the past, but have failed of victory mainly because of indifferent steersmanship—the fours at Henley are without the services of coxswains—over the tricky course. The Kaiser's men, however, have conquered Leander and Argonaut, something of a feat, when it is remembered that the Leander four generally comes intact from the eight. The way to continued entries on the part of foreigners has been smoothed probably for all time by agreements between the English regatta committee and the rowing associations of America, Germany, Canada, New South Wales, Tasmania, Belgium, France, Holland, Hungary, Italy and Russia. Another year will see many nations entered in the world's greatest regatta.

A Real Spanish Sportsman

THE coming of the Duke of Peneranda, of Spain, to this country with the English polo invasion was one of the major blessings of the present wave of international competition. It may pave the way for the visit of a Spanish team in the future, for the Duke has had plenty of fun and plenty of polo in the course of his visit, and has made a deep personal impression on ardent followers of the great galloping game. The Spaniard is unusually tall, speaks excellent English even in the heat of action, and is a salient figure on and off the field. In one game of the preliminary series at Phipps Field it was possible to get more than a glimpse of American, English, Spanish and Argentine polo at its best.



The Duke of Peneranda



John A. E. Traill

Traill, of "The Wild Horse"

PERHAPS the most interesting member of the invading polo four is John A. E. Traill, an Irishman who has played most of his polo in the Argentine, whose style is as like as two peas to the American, and whose team, called "The Wild Horse", has often cut a wide swath at Hurlingham, to the consternation of the Englishmen, both Army and civilian. The Wild Horse team from Buenos Aires is made up of a single family, and probably could defeat any team in the world selected under similar conditions. It was not surprising to find that John Traill found some difficulty with the strange mounts brought over by the English team, for the Traills break and train their own ponies. They do not teach them polo after some trainer has done the preliminary work, so that a Traill pony with a Traill up is a dangerous combination.

The Western Track Meet

THOSE who took occasion to remark that the Western Conference track and field meet was in nearly every event productive of poorer marks than the Intercollegiates in the East, forget that this Western meet was considerably restricted in the matter of entries, and that some of the excellent performances in the East were made by Michigan and California athletes. "Chick" Bond alone probably would have accounted for a fistful of points in the Western meet. Furthermore, the track was far slower than the wonderful path at the Harvard Stadium.

Whippet Racing's Revival

WHIPPET racing, the "poor man's sport", seems to be about due for a revival. Several good events have been run recently near Pittsburgh and in New Jersey. Brought to this country by English and Welsh factory workers, the sport thrived for a time, and then went steadily downhill. It never had the advantage of exploitation in the newspapers, and unsettled conditions in labor were for a long time another drawback. But there was a fair showing of the smart little racers at the last dog show, and next year there promises to be even a better. I shall have more to say of this exciting but little known sport at another time.

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Medical Etiquette

By FRANK DANBY

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

AN inquiry into the death of Mrs. Eulalie Ince, wife of Dr. Marcus Ince of 111 Clarges Street, Mayfair, was opened today at St. Pancras.

Dr. Ince, who was the first witness, said that on the evening of the 16th he was called out about eight-thirty. His wife had been indisposed, and was already in bed. He was detained all night at a confinement case and knew nothing of the circumstances until he returned home about seven in the morning to find the street main overflowing, water flooding the gutters, a policeman on the doorstep, a fireman in the dining room, two salvage men on the staircase, disorder and the smell of smoke throughout the house. He heard that his wife had been taken to St. Michael's Hospital, and he went round there as soon as he had washed and changed into other clothes.

He found his wife conscious, although in considerable pain. She told him that she had had a cigarette in bed and must have fallen asleep. The first thing she remembered was a feeling of suffocation; then all at once she saw that the bedclothes were in flames and the room full of smoke. She remembered her terror and frantic attempts to reach the bell. Dr. Ince was visibly affected in recalling his wife's words. In reply to a question, he said he believed she was in the habit of taking hot whisky or rum and water by way of a nightcap the last thing. She was a heavy sleeper.

Dr. Ernest Trollope, senior house physician at St. Michael's, deposed that Mrs. Ince was brought there about eleven o'clock on the night of the 16th suffering from extensive burns, which he proceeded to describe, and also from shock. She remained in the hospital two days, when at the request of her husband, but with her own full concurrence, she was removed to a nursing home in Fitzroy Square, where she passed into the care of Dr. Leonard Boyne.

Dr. Leonard Boyne was then called. But he was not in court, and Dr. Ince rose in his place and asked if he might make a statement. Leave having been given, he said Dr. Boyne had been offered and had accepted a post in the Midlands, and it being advisable to proceed to take up his duties at once, he, Dr. Ince, had thought it unnecessary for him to remain in London for the purpose of giving evidence. His good friends, Sir Daniel Custance and Dr. Gregory, two of the most distinguished physicians in London, had seen his wife in consultation, separately and together, during the four days she was in the nursing home in Fitzroy Square. They were both in court, and ready to tell the jury what had occurred.

The two distinguished physicians, one after the other, gave practically identical evidence. Sir Daniel said that at Dr. Ince's request, with Dr. Gregory he saw Mrs. Ince on the morning of the 20th. Jaundice had appeared and the patient was obviously extremely ill. Dr. Leonard Boyne was present as well as Dr. Ince. They all agreed in diagnosing a duodenal ulcer that had opened into the bile duct, a not uncommon result of shock from extensive burning. She died on the fourth day.

The jury were then directed to their finding and a verdict of "Death from Misadventure" was placed on record. There was no post mortem.

But for the interest in the verdict of coroners' juries taken by that well known and brilliant young littérateur, Mr. Keightly Wilbur, nothing more might ever have been heard of this case, which, superficially at least, appeared of an ordinary nature, concealing no story and suggesting nothing unusual or significant. Mr. David Devenish, of the *Daily Grail*, was quite satirical when Keightly brought up the subject over luncheon at the Savoy Grill.

"You are suffering from inquestitis. Having made up your mind that the object of an inquiry before a coroner is always to conceal a story or a crime, you will soon be at the point where no one will be run over, or fall from a ladder, where no cyclist will collide with a cow, where there won't be a street accident or a railway accident, a fire or a fall of masonry, without your seeing something mysterious in the occurrence."

"Do you happen to know Dr. Ince?"

"Even so."

"You know he has a large theatrical practice?"

"That too."

"And meets most attractive and beautiful women?"

"Are you going to suggest he left his confinement case, rushed back to Clarges Street and committed arson in order to rid himself of his wife?"

"Did you know his wife?"

"I knew he had a wife."

"And that she was *not* Milly Mordaunt.

"Ince's wife was an octoroon, ignorant, jealous of him, and of late, lifted the little finger.

"Ince is a man of attractive appear-



Keightly was most elegantly incongruous with this brother and sister.

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Quaker Oats is the utmost in energy food. It should multiply vim, create bubbling vitality, make one "feel his oats."

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Serve Quaker in big dishes. Make it the morning meal. Then you will know the fullness of its vim-producing power.

And millions of grown-ups need a month of such breakfasts—to put them at their best. Nobody doubts the energy that's there, but few folks get enough.

Quaker Oats

The Luscious Energy Food

Quaker Oats forms a luscious dish because it is made of just the rich, plump grains. It is made to tempt children to eat an abundance. And they will if you put it before them.

We pick out for Quaker just the cream of the oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet Quaker Oats, with all this flavor and aroma, costs no extra price.

Bear this in mind—you who want children to get the full benefit. Get them the luscious flakes which have won the world to Quaker.

A hundred nations send here now to get delicious Quaker Oats. All because of this flavor, which has taught millions of children to love this food of foods.

It is always there, and always will be, when you order Quaker.

Serve Quaker Oats in large dishes. Small servings are not sufficient to show in full its vim-producing power.

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The large 25-cent package gives ten per cent more for the money

The Quaker Oats Company

(574)

ance, popular with women, clever in his profession, a rising man. You will admit he was handicapped by such a wife as I describe", Keightly persisted.

"But I won't admit that he set her on fire and then went back to tell Milly."

"Don't you think it a curious thing that the doctor in charge of the case was not there to give evidence? Only two consultants who, as you know, are more or less dependent on general practitioners—professors of medical etiquette, skilled in the art of the non-committal."

"It had not occurred to me."

"The truth now. Am I not beginning to interest you?"

"What else have you learned from Milly about Ince's wife? By the way, Ince won't improve his position if he made a funeral pyre for his wife in order to marry Milly. . . ."

"I don't want you to do anything at the moment except admit that there is a mystery, and the clue to it lies in the disappearance or absence of Dr. Leonard Boyne."

"I *don't* admit it, but to oblige you I'll dissemble."

"You've got your fellows at the *Daily Grail*, who are a cross between reporters and detectives. Find out for me, through them, where Ince was all that night—at what confinement."

"Anything else?" David asked him with a faint smile. "Do you want to know whether it was a boy, or a girl, or twins?"

Keightly disregarded him and went on: "And whether Dr. Leonard Boyne took up that appointment. What was the appointment in the Midlands that was so urgent he could not even delay it for three days. Who obtained it for him?"

TWO or three evenings later Keightly, seeing Ellaline Blaney supping with David as usual, strolled up to them.

"Sit down", said David. "I've got some news for you."

"And I for you", answered Keightly, sending for a chair and telling Ellaline at the same time that he had been at the Gaiety that night and thought her in fine voice.

"Dr. Ince was *not* engaged on the whole of the evening of the 16th at a case as he testified. He supped with Milly Mordaunt at Murray's."

"Good. And now for mine. If Dr. Leonard Boyne took up an appointment in the Midlands, his people knew nothing about it. My mother met his sister at a bridge party. She said her brother had been ill, was suffering from a nervous breakdown. My mother asked who was attending him, and she said, 'Dr. Ince.'"

When Keightly Wilbur got home that night it was somewhere about three in the morning, for he had stayed late at the Garrick Club discussing crime with our leading tragedian. He went straight to his mother's room.

"Are you awake, Mater", he asked, after knocking at the door, but going in without waiting for the answer.

"Well! if I had not been, I am. You have taken care of that."

"You must get hold of that sister of Boyne's and find out where he is. I couldn't go to bed without telling you. I've got Devenish interested now, and H. B. We *must* find out what happened. I woke you, didn't I?"

"It doesn't matter; I can sleep tomorrow."

"The thing has got on my mind. I feel as badly about it as McPhail did over the Mornington Ransby matter. I'm perfectly certain Ince killed his wife, and

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I must know how he did it. I can't paint. . . ."

"You never could, you know", she reminded him, "nor even draw."

"I mean I can't write."

"Never mind. You still dress very well."

"Quite true, old woman. What a comfort you are to me. You'll find out, won't you?—the very first thing. If you've been in bed since ten, you've had quite a lot of sleep already. You could ring up Mrs. Charteris as early as nine I should think."

"But you don't want to be called so soon?"

"I! No! But I want it all cut and dried when I do get up. I don't want to have to wait."

"I'll do my best."

She never even mentioned that she had not gone to bed at ten, but at one, and that she too liked to sleep late in the morning.

WITH his shaving water at eleven o'clock next day Keightly got a pencilled note from his mother:

"Dr. Leonard Boyne's sister is Mrs. Devereux, 4 Lexham Gardens. Her brother is staying with her. I can ask her here to dinner and bridge if you like, and put you next to her."

"Say the answer is 'yes, please, and the sooner the better'," he told the man.

He heard, later on, before he went out, that a little party of six had been arranged for the following night. His mother was an inveterate bridge player, but it was almost her only indiscretion.

"You can talk to Mrs. Devereux as long as you like without spoiling the game. If you want to go out afterwards, it leaves us a table of five. . . ."

THE first of the guests were announced. Three of them were merely people who played bridge: a bald stockbroker with a fair moustache brushed Kaiser-fashion, a paunchy Major, and a flat-chested woman with large feet. Mrs. Devereux, who was assigned to Keightly, was young, inclined to fat, rather pretty, and absurdly easy. Keightly's reputation was known to her and she was soon all in a flutter with his strange speeches and implication of having become immediately enamoured of her. Her hair was fair and as fluffy as her mind. Although she had not thought of it before, she was easily persuaded that her husband did not understand her, and that there were depths in her hitherto unrevealed to which Keightly Wilbur alone had the key.

Keightly made his escape after dinner, without going upstairs again, but explaining his disappearance to her credibly:

"I think now that we have talked together like this, I should not care to see you with counters or cards, winning or losing money, engaged sordidly. . . ."

She said eagerly she would just as soon not play at all this evening. But he only sighed in response, as if he realized that to ask such a sacrifice from her would be unfair—as yet!

"Tomorrow, at four thirty, I will come and see your brother, your house, your surroundings, *you*, in your own setting."

He collected her fan, her gloves, her bag—she was the sort of woman who drops everything—looked sentimental until she had followed his mother out of the room, and then swore at her softly.

KEIGHTLY found the Lexham Gardens house very much what he expected. There were palms in blue pots and inferior water colour drawings on white papered walls, a parlour maid overcapped and aproned, and the fair and fluffy mistress overdressed and nervous. But for the brother he would have found the visit difficult to get through. He was not offered a cigarette. There were too many cakes with the tea; they had sugared tops or were filled with cream, and came too obviously from a confectioner's.

Keightly was most elegantly incongruous with this brother and sister. Alma longed that callers should come in and see him here. When her wish materialised and a golfing girl in a last season's hat was ushered in, Keightly found the opportunity for which he had been waiting.

"Ought you to be in doors all day", he asked the doctor. "I know you've been seedy, but surely the open air is a good thing. Come for a spin with me in the car. Don't you think that would be good for him, Mrs. Devereux?" Mrs. Devereux hurriedly thought it would, and hastily feared it would not. Keightly said softly:

"There is no use in my staying now", and implied the golfing girl was in the way.

Finally, and with intense relief, he found himself outside, with his prize secured, lounging by his side in a big check overcoat and an impossible hat. Having given the chauffeur instructions, he found his heart was actually beating a little faster than usual, and he was more excited than he had been since he corrected his first proof. He had given himself a week, but there was no reason his self-imposed task should not be more quickly accomplished. The sooner the better. Otherwise he saw himself condemned to other afternoon teas with Alma, sending her flowers, making love to her. It seemed an immense sacrifice in the cause of truth and justice.

"I told the man to take us to Burford Bridge; it's the best way out of London. What knocked you up like this? You look strong enough."

"Worry," was the answer. And he added hastily, "I'm not as strong as I look."

Dr. Leonard Boyne, unlike Keightly, did not wish to talk about himself, although Keightly did his best to draw him out, not only on this but on many subsequent occasions. The worst of it was that the young sawbones did not really know what a condescension it was that Keightly Wilbur should be seeking his friendship. He was really simple-minded and should have been a parson. The first confession he made to Keightly was that he had been "shoved into medicine." It appeared he had an uncle with a large country practice and no son.

"I suppose that is where you were going when this Ince case intervened?" Keightly asked carelessly.

Five days he had been driving him out, sitting with him in Alma Devereux's uncongenial drawing-room; yet this was his first opportunity. Leonard answered:



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"Oh! No! There was no idea of my going there for another two or three years."

They were in the dining-room at Carlton House Terrace.

Dr. Boyne looked almost as incongruous in Carlton House Terrace as his host had done in Lexham Gardens. But Keightly was getting impatient. Five days out of the seven he had given himself were already gone.

Keightly asked:

"You are going to practise in London then?" and pressed him as to his future plans.

"I don't know at all, I can't make up my mind. I had such bad luck with my first case", he began hesitatingly.

The moment had come! Keightly felt glad he had given him Pommery with his lunch, and now pushed the Burgundy toward him. "Such awful bad luck", Boyne said again, gloomily, holding his glass up to the light.

"Losing your patient?"

"It wasn't only that. . . ." His tongue was unloosened.

TWO days later Keightly Wilbur was in the hall of the Orleans Club waiting for David Devenish, in immaculate evening dress.

David said, before he had been relieved of his coat:

"So you know all about it?"

"I told you I should. But how did you know?"

Now they were in the dining-room. They dined, and the Orleans justified itself. Keightly had mentioned meanwhile the amazing brilliancy of a new poem he was projecting for the "English Review."

"I have heard enough about the poem. Did Ince set his wife on fire?" David asked.

"No. But I never make a mistake. . ."

"Say 'hardly ever'."

"Never. He did not set the bed on fire. But he *was* responsible for her death."

"You have definite evidence—incontrovertible?"

"Absolutely. But I knew it without any evidence; I have an instinct, a flair; it is growing in me, too. I knew when I read the case that there was something behind it. . . ."

"I had almost as soon believe that I would commit a murder myself", David said reflectively, cutting the end of his cigar, testing his coffee.

"Or I", said Keightly coolly.

David eyed him critically.

"You will end by giving yourself up", he said with conviction.

"Nothing I should ever do would surprise me. But I have the Mater to think of. You know we've never talked that out. I was half-dazed with opium. I hadn't the least idea Pierre Lamotte couldn't swim. We were within half a dozen yards of the shore. There was a skiff and a dinghy outside. I don't want to excuse myself, but if you must bring it up. . . ."

"Well, go on about Ince."

"Devenish, I believe I am on the way to becoming a great criminologist. That affair of mine has given me a marvellous intuition, insight. . . .

"When Ince was quite a young man, he went out as ship's surgeon on a cruise round the West Indian Islands. In Jamaica he met, loved, and most hastily married a beautiful octoroon."

"The said Eulalie."

"On his return to England Ince got his hospital appointment, and in some odd way, I don't exactly know how, it led him to take a special interest in pharmaceutics.

"The marriage was not a success. Ince was clever and his wife stupid; more stupid, although it may seem to you impossible, than the average Englishwoman of middle class. She was the daughter of a planter, barely educated, of the Eurasian type. She knew nothing of housekeeping and lived on her emotions.

"I know the type."

"No you don't; they are not grown in England. She was extravagant, like all idle women. And of course, as long as he was doing really good work, he was not being well paid for it. To satisfy or silence her, he went into general practice. And succeeded in doing neither. She made him talk of his patients and grew promptly jealous of them. In fact, to put it shortly, she led him a devil of a life! That was before she took to drink. Afterwards, as you may imagine, things were no better. Altogether, she was not a very agreeable companion. A year or two ago he began to supplement her with Milly. *Sécret de Polichinelle*, as you say. Milly sprained her ankle and he signed the bulletins; her condition necessitated constant attention from her physician. Eulalie thought him over-attentive, and there were scenes. . . . What would have happened had there been no accident, I do not know.

"I've got you guessing, haven't I? Mrs. Ince had probably gone to bed fuddled the night she set the bedclothes on fire. But that's by the way. Ince, as you know, spent his evening with Milly. She is quite great in the new *revue*. At Murray's they supped and tangoed, and he saw her home. . . .

"Then you get his return to the devastated house in Clarges Street, and his visit to the hospital.

"When the idea came into his mind, I don't know, nobody will ever know. I'll give you facts, you must draw your own conclusions. In the hospital he could do nothing. He yanked her out of it to a nursing home. Medical etiquette decreed he could not look after her himself. He selected for her attendant Dr. Leonard Boyne, also a St. Michael's man, who, he must have known, was an ass. Now mark what occurs.

"In the hospital Mrs. Ince's burns had been dressed with boracic lotion. In the nursing home an aquaeous solution of picric acid was substituted, a newer and later treatment. At whose suggestion? Boyne does not remember, he cannot say; he thinks it was his own idea. But of course it wasn't, he is not the sort of man to have ideas, only to adopt them. Anyway he *has* a very clear recollection of saying to somebody, possibly to one of the nurses, that it was a dry and disagreeable dressing. 'Why not combine it



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with lanoline, make it into an ointment?' Now who said that, who could have said it? Not the patient herself, most improbably a nurse. 'I suppose it must have come suddenly into my head', the poor fool told me. Within twelve hours of the wounds being dressed with this preparation the patient became deeply jaundiced; within forty-eight she was dead!"

"What had happened?" David asked; "I don't follow you."

"The lanoline had carried the picric acid poison through the system, as any experienced pharmaceutist must have known that it would. Mrs. Ince neither died from burns nor from duodenal ulcer. She died of picric acid poisoning!"

He broke off:

"Wasn't it damned clever and subtle, Devenish? Boyne wrote the prescription. Ince says he could not have made such a suggestion, such a mistake—he has explained the impossibility and Boyne believes him! One could make Boyne believe almost anything. Wasn't it devilish. . . . and brilliant. . . ."

Keightly then went more into detail and explained how Ince had worked upon Boyne's inexperience, talking to him of 'culpable ignorance', 'negligence,' doubtful as to what view a jury might take, confusing all the issues, finally agreeing to cover his error but binding him to silence, entangling him in his silence and presently in his gratitude.

"I'd have sworn to Ince!" David said in the end, involuntarily, the exclamation breaking from him.

"You told me he was going to marry Milly. Don't you think that will be punishment enough? What sort of wives do these public women make; these egotists on the hearth, applause ringing in their ears, deafening them to household sounds. . . ."

"Oh! *you* know that now. . . ." Keightly answered as he hailed a taxi-cab.

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Selling Short

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

FOR more than a hundred years one of the most hotly debated financial subjects has been the short sale of securities and commodities. In several countries, and states of the Union, laws have been passed against the practice, only to be repealed or to become a dead letter. White heat discussion of the subject as regards cotton and grain never lets up, but I do not propose in this article to consider that phase. Of late, the extended hearings before the United States Senate Committee on Banking and Currency relative to proposed regulation of the Stock Exchange have brought out many facts concerning short selling. As relatively few persons understand it, my purpose in this article is to make plain the principles involved.

In essence, short selling is the sale of borrowed stock. Those who think the market is going down sell as if they owned the stock. By the rules of the Stock Exchange, delivery does not take take place until 2.15 P.M. of the day following the sale. In the interval the broker making the sale borrows an equal amount of stock, which he delivers to the buyer at the regular time. The buyer, of course, does not know whether he is receiving short stock, or the other kind. The borrower gives the lender a certified check for the then market price of the shares borrowed. In the course of a few days, weeks or months, the price declines, the original selling broker goes into the market, buys an equal amount of stock, hands it over to the lender from whom he borrowed, receives back his money, and gives his customer the difference in price, which is profit; or, if the price goes up, then loss must be met.

The explanation just given may not be clear to the novice. The practice is one which is absolutely incapable of being made clear in a few words, except by saying that it is the sale of borrowed stock which one hopes to replace at a profit later with an equal amount bought in at a lower price.

Why it is possible to borrow stock need not be gone into here. Suffice it to say, there are many brokers who for various reasons are glad to lend such shares as are actively traded in. To sell any other kind of stock short is foolhardy in the extreme.

The important points to consider are whether short selling is wrong and harmful. As we gradually clear up these points we will see more exactly just what the practice is. The main criticism directed against short selling, and possibly the most usual defense, are both, in my opinion, fallacies. They are:

1. It is not ethical to sell something which one does not own.

2. Short selling of stock does not differ from contracts in the business world to deliver goods not yet created, like a year's subscription to a magazine.

The objection to short selling based on the idea that it is wrong to sell something which one does not own, but expects to borrow later, is a mere assertion, based on no arguments or facts.

But it is a poor defense of short selling to say that it does not differ from ordinary trade contracts for future delivery. The magazine publisher and the building contractor actually create the articles that they agree to deliver. The short seller of stocks does not create stocks. He does not benefit from issuing stocks. He only benefits from a depreciation in the price of stocks. Perhaps his service in stabilizing markets is as great as that of the builder in putting up a house, but that is a wholly different question. Now for the really serious arguments against and for short selling.

1. It serves to depress prices.

2. There is a temptation to keep on selling short after prices have fallen. It may be used to disorganize an already dangerous and panicky market.

3. Professional speculators, the only ones who sell short, do not necessarily confine their efforts to stocks which should sell lower, but attack two or three active securities, thus tending to upset the whole market.

Services of Short Selling

1. No human being can undertake to say whether short selling tends the more to advance or lower prices in the long run. Every short seller *must* buy. The man who buys sells later. The man who sells short must buy later. It is only a question of sequence, and there is no moral element involved in that. The ordinary buyer is a free agent; he can change his mind, withdraw at any time, stay out of the market. But the short is a compulsory buyer, or he goes bankrupt. It is an absolute commonplace of Wall Street that the stocks in the strongest position are those with a large short interest, because everyone knows there is bound to be support which cannot be withdrawn. The short seller never backs out, although future delivery contractors in other lines of trade often do.

2. Shorts buy when support is most needed, when prices are low. They sell when prices are highest, or at least they try to. Thus extremes are curtailed. When stocks are topheavy the shorts try to sell. Thus they supply stock when the demand is most urgent, just as they demand stock most when the supply is overstocked. Short selling takes the sharpness out of nearly every movement. It distributes losses over a period of time on the downward side. It shifts the risk from investors to professional speculators. It provides a stepping-off place all the way down. It spreads the loss over a wider surface. It prevents a sudden slump from a high price to relatively nothing. These statements I think are amply proven by the gradual decline in New Haven stock, in which there has been plenty of short selling, as compared with the sickening slumps in the shares of Boston & Maine leased lines, in which there was little if any short selling. Professor Emery, a leading authority on speculation, declares that short selling performed the same function in the '90s in the case of Atchison. On the other hand, where there is an active demand for stocks for any reason, the advances are

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far more rapid if there are no bold spirits to sell short.

3. Far more harm is done by putting stocks too high than by driving them too low. More money is lost on the bull than on the bear side. Panics come from over- and not from underdoing. There are laws to punish circulators of rumors to depress bank stocks, but no law to punish the man who circulates a false rumor to put stocks up. Most persons prefer the bull rather than the bear side, and there are plenty of manipulators to take advantage of human nature. Thus there are a hundred false rumors of a stock going up to one of its going down.

Every time a stock goes down the bears are blamed, like the ogres in the fairy tales. This is silly and every sensible man knows it. The shorts, or bears, are needed just as a minority party is needed. There could be no active, organized market without short selling, so violent would be the movements.

4. Much of the objection to short selling comes from the fallacy that high prices are always beneficial. It may be just as advantageous to buy cheap as to sell dear; therefore it may be just as desirable for the community to have a force to depress prices as to raise them, although the real function of short selling is to eliminate extremes, because at one period it depresses prices and later advances them.

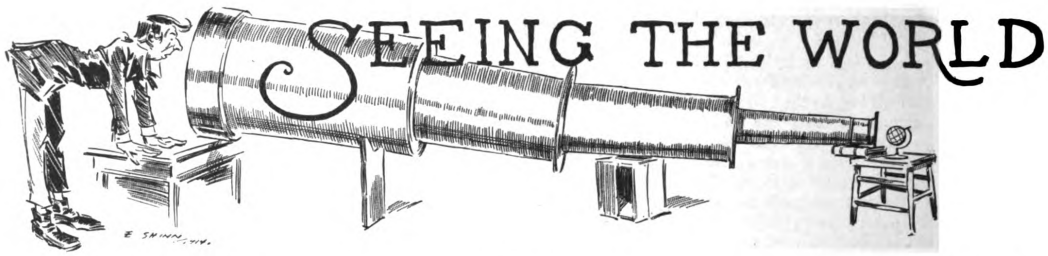
5. Any stopping prohibition of short selling would cripple the investment share markets, because a large part of the technical short selling at present is not for the purpose of taking advantage of lower prices at all. A man in Chicago telegraphs his brokers in New York to sell one hundred shares of stock which he has with him. He sends the stock by express, but until the certificates arrive the brokers are short. When receivership for the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad was first rumored there was a flood of selling orders received in this city from London, Antwerp, Berlin and Paris. To execute the orders, brokers here had to borrow stock to deliver, and remain short for a week until the steamers arrived.

6. Short selling is a necessary adjunct of the odd lot business, the least speculative on the Exchange. Odd lot brokers buy and sell on the Stock Exchange in 100 share lots, the regular unit of trading, and then break up these lots into one, ten, seventeen, any other number of shares, for investors who desire to buy. Small investors buy most when the market is falling, and if the odd lot broker first buys and then sells to the investor with the market falling all the time, he loses all the time. But by selling first and buying afterwards (short selling) he avoids loss.

The practice of short selling often affords a hedging process. As the miller must sell futures when he buys spots (or speculate) so persons who have occasion to use the stock market are often obliged to sell short. This may be true of dealers or bankers bringing out a new issue of securities. There is no space to elaborate the point, but what the uninformed consider speculation is often a safeguard or hedge against risks which have to be taken. Naturally this is not an amusement for amateurs to engage in. Short selling is serious business for professionals. Stocks may be cornered or almost so, and the short squeezed. But he is no more foolish than the man who buys something that he cannot pay for. The short seller does not pretend to be an investor. He is an out and out speculator.



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A Generous Giver

Elmer Indreland is all puffed up this week over the acquisition of a perfectly good case of mumps. He is not excessively popular among his friends at present, his generous disposition being well known.

—Absarokee (Mont.) *Enterprise.*

Before

I think Ollie Frye had better go home if it is going to knock Jason Findley out of a crop because she stays in town. It will be too bad for a fellow to miss making a crop. Guess I could relieve him of the task of going to town part of the time if Miss Ollie don't object as I live a little nearer to town.

—The Mansfield (Mo.) *Mirror.*

After

Luster Case has gone to farming this spring, and we wish him good luck. Mrs. Case can't plow this spring, and I expect he will miss her.

—Cheerful Valley Cor. The Mansfield (Mo.) *Mirror.*

It Wasn't the Bridge

Mrs. Munson's bridge party was a great success socially. The hostess appeared in a large bunch of spring violets.

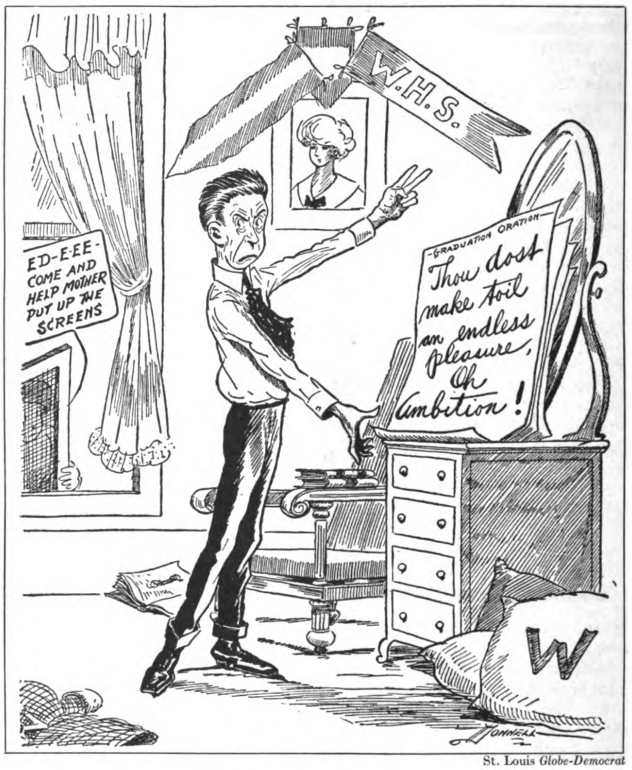
—Lane (W. Va.) *Recorder.*

The Luck That Some Men Have

Adam Schenk fell off the runway at the Fernholz Lumber Yard on Monday forenoon and landed on his back at a point near his kidneys on a stake on the wagon, breaking the stake off. He no doubt will be unable to work for a few weeks. It was a narrow escape from more serious injuries as he might of fell so that the stake reached a more vital part of his body.

—Jefferson (Wis.) *Banner.*

"Doggone it! Somebody's always diggin' up something for me to do."



St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*

Shadows and Substance

A shadow social was given last week at the ward house. After the shadows were all sold they auctioned off the pies and danced.

—Coltman Cor. Idaho Falls (Idaho) *Times.*

Scotland Yards Outdone

Mr. H. P. Eubanks found out the boys who stole the cakes. If the boys will call and pay for them, he will let them off; if not, he will use the law on them.

—The Alpin Cor. Perry Co. (Ark.) *News.*

"Tasty"

The most brilliant affair of the season at Interlaken was given Saturday evening. Boughs laden with beautiful clusters of apple blossoms filled one part of the hall, while the other was decorated with bare limbs covered with snow, significant of the transformation from winter to spring.

—La Port (Ohio) *Argus-Bulletin.*

Scaring the Patient

Mrs. Bertha Ansell was taken to Jacksonville last Thursday in Sydney Ansell's car to undergo an operation. The last news at this writing she was getting along nicely, but the operation had not yet been performed.

—The Kumpsville Cor. the Calhoun Co. (Ill.) *Republican.*

How to Be Beautiful

One of Turon's most handsome young ladies says that she steams and sweats her face regularly once a week over her mother's washtub. She says wringing out clothes makes her arms so plump, and hanging out clothes has enlarged her bust measurement several inches, while the exercise of stooping and lifting clothes makes her waist line smaller.

—Turon (Kans.) *News.*

An Ideal Match

REINWEIN - SULZER—Married at the German Evangelical parsonage, Miss Estelle Sulzer of this city, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Sulzer, to Mr. Conrad Reinwein of Denver, Col. At home after July 15th, at Boulder, Col.

—Kans. City (Mo.) *Times.*

Our Village Postmaster

The next attraction at the Opera House will be Eugene Perry's beautiful rural comedy drama, "OUR VILLAGE POSTMASTER" with Mr. Casey Ransom and his excellent company. Mr. Ransom is well known for his peculiar style of acting, now playing second year in the "Postmaster." . . . The Quincy, Ill., *Times* has it: "Our Village Postmaster is a play that runs from tears to laughter and vice versa, with a good moral and a well balanced cast."

—From the *Diamond Drill,* Crystal Falls (Mich.)

Cosmopolitan

Most of the men folks from this place went to Campton today to be at court, some on the jury, some to swap horses, and some to see and be seen.

—Hazel Green (Kan.) *Herald.*

An Opportunity

LET US SHOW YOU
OUR PETTICOATS.
Mrs. D. Dawes & Daughters.

—Adv. in Elizabeth (Ill.) *News.*

Well, but Not Overdressed

The bridegroom was dressed in light tan shoes and gloves to match.

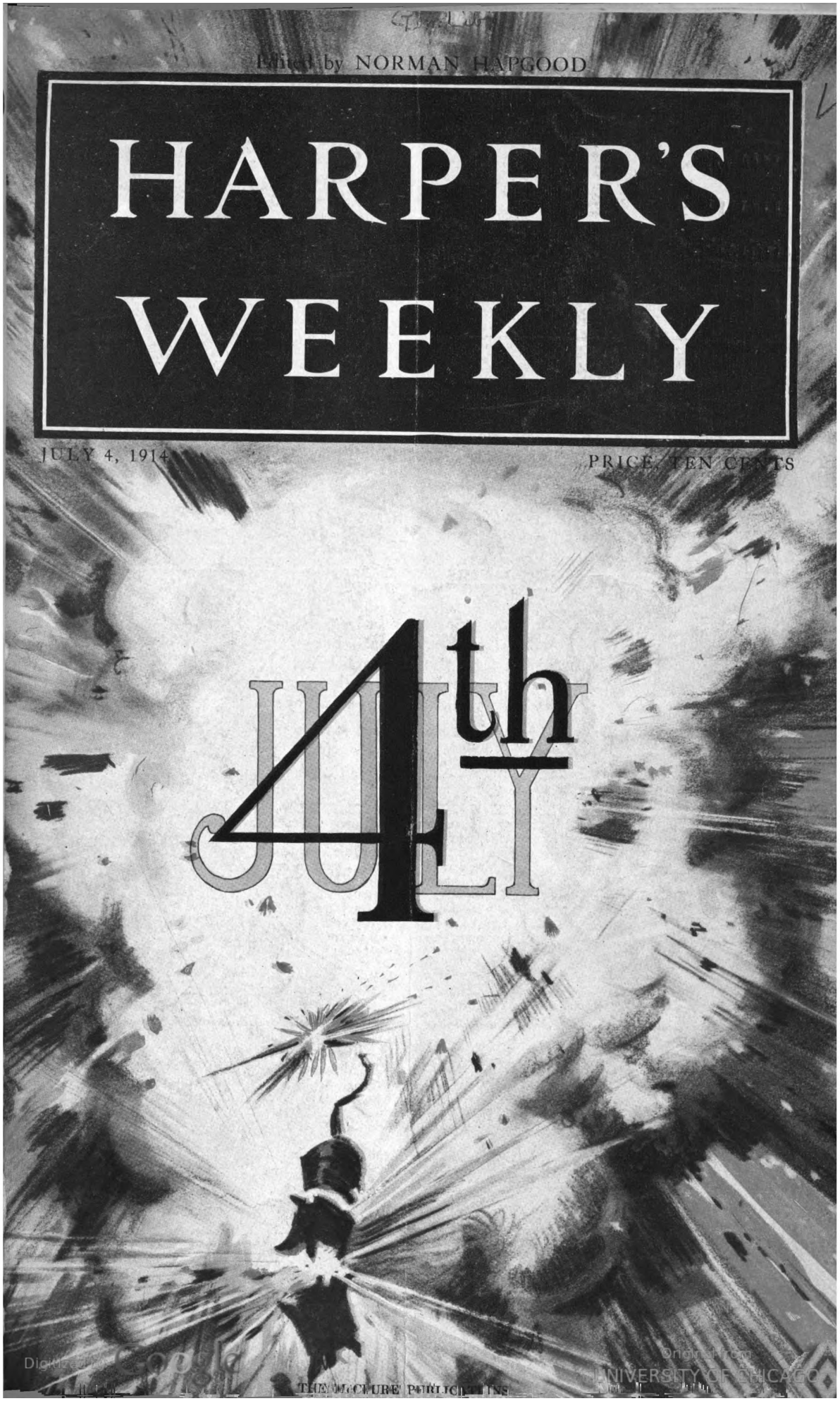
Francitas (Tex.) *Bee.*

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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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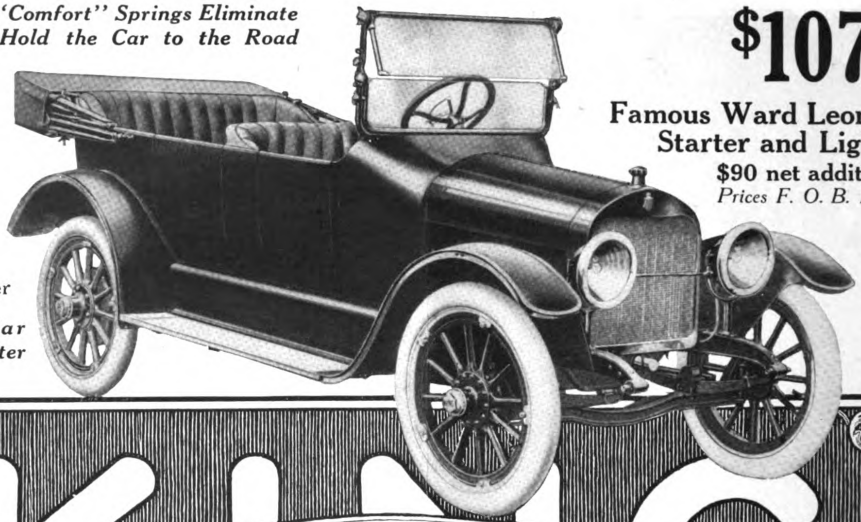
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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII] No. 3002] *Week ending Saturday, July 4, 1914* [10 Cents a Copy $5.00 a year

If T. R. Were President

PARTY government means a certain alacrity in the opposition to seek pitfalls for the government, but there should be decided limits to such eagerness. A great opposition leader ought to be capable of supporting those measures of the administration which tend in an important manner towards the ends which he also and his party seek. Mr. Bryan and Senator La Follette have recognized for many years that although one calls himself a Democrat and the other a Republican, they are working in the same direction. We do not believe that if Mr. Roosevelt should become President, Mr. Wilson would think it necessary to charge every available scrap of discontent up to all the administrative measures, without regard to whether they were actually in line with his own beliefs or not. If Mr. Wilson should pursue such a course, this WEEKLY for one would certainly emit loud wails of disillusionment and discontent. When Mr. Roosevelt was President, most of us who had an active progressive spirit held up his hands, whether we belonged to one party or another or none, and the same group would do it were he President again. When Mr. Roosevelt was President, he not only did excellent work in his office but he was a mighty inspiration to the young men of the land. When they formed the Progressive Party, they wished to continue this inspiration. HARPER'S WEEKLY admires Theodore Roosevelt and wishes he would never do anything except the greatest that is in him. If, however, he is going to the limit as an opposition politician, seeking to arouse discontent with tariff legislation, currency legislation, and trust legislation, in order to promote his own political power, he will not be adding to his ultimate glory. If he is willing to combine with Republicans in congressional elections whenever there is a semblance of a pretext, and never to support even the best progressive Democrat, the greatest Roosevelt will be the Roosevelt of 1906 rather than the Roosevelt of 1926. Until the last moment, however, we shall cling to the hope that for many years still he will be what an ex-President ought to be, a large, free mind, a leader who is unwilling to lend himself to the smaller things of politics.

Birds of a Feather

WHEN the Titanic went down, the ignorance and self-importance of William Alden Smith, chairman of the senatorial investigation committee, made an indelible impression. The Hearst newspapers now call him a "Progressive stalwart", and he says in return: "The Hearst newspapers richly deserve the little praise they give themselves." We would not print that statement in winter when our readers are more likely to have chapped lips. Senator Smith goes on to state, with the applause of the Hearst papers, that progressives and standpatters are now in perfect harmony; that he desires to have the members of the Progressive Party swallowed up by the Republican Party; and that all should get together to beat Wilson. It is harmonious to have the opposition to Wilson led by Hearst, the old rag-tag Republicans, and some of the worst elements in the Democratic machines, but it would be a pity if that motley crowd were joined by the flower of the Progressive Party.

Wilson and Underwood

PRESIDENT WILSON and Leader Underwood differ as to the advisability of an adjournment of Congress before the Senate has completed the Administration programme of trust legislation. The President believes that business revival depends upon finishing the job now on hand rather than in postponing it to a more prosperous time, with the probable effect of checking the advance of prosperity. Mr. Underwood believes that this Congress has already made enough of a record of achievement on which to appeal to the country, and that it will be in a better position politically if the trust legislation is postponed until after elections. There has developed a peculiar situation in the House, in which trust legislation, the prohibition amendment to the constitution, and the early adjournment of Congress are involved. Hobson, the sponsor for the prohibition amendment, and the friends of the amendment generally, oppose a vote on the question just at this juncture. The saloon forces are eager for a vote, believing that the amendment will not only come short of the two-thirds majority, but perhaps will have an actual majority recorded against it. Members of Congress, especially the Democratic members, since the Democratic Party will be charged with responsibility, are keen to postpone the vote until after the fall elections. Mr. Underwood takes the position that if Congress remains in session, the House cannot afford to dodge a vote on the prohibition question, and that therefore the desirable escape from alternative to a vote is the early adjournment of Congress. The appropriation bills have been passed more rapidly than ever before, only the Rivers and Harbors bill and the Sundry Civil bill remaining to be passed by the Senate.

Mr. Underwood represents the view of the average intelligent politician. President Wilson sees further and more clearly than Mr. Underwood and than others who have the limited Washington outlook.

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Who Owns It?

A RUMOR exists in well-informed circles that William Randolph Hearst is already the owner of the Washington *Post*. If he is, the reasons for keeping that ownership quiet are not difficult to surmise. The paper is playing the Hearst game much better now than it could if openly under Mr. Hearst's control.

Philosophy

THERE is no reason for Mr. Wilson to sorrow over unfair treatment. To be a target is his normal lot under our method of politics. Doubtless he takes it with philosophy. He has been amazingly successful. When was there ever so much fundamental legislation accomplished in so short a time? His power is that he goes directly ahead toward his duty, fearless of consequences. Meanwhile, the worst element in his own party carries on the cheapest back-fire. Glynn and Hearst and McLean give parties to one another and pat one another on the back, and mix up nickel-plated smartness with underground search for office and for leadership, which they hope to wrench away from the President and Mr. Bryan. The gang Democrats look on, hoping the select group of plotters will win, but they do not dare to come out for them. They fear their constituents, having heard from them at Baltimore and since. They fear the future, knowing that if the Wilson element loses control by 1916, the poor old party will carry the solidest part of the South and just about nothing else.

Non-Partizanship

FROM *The Outlook* of May 30th:

If this has been President Wilson's purpose from the beginning, and he has kept it secret for diplomatic reasons, *The Outlook* thinks he has made a mistake. It would have been better for the country had he taken the people into his confidence and given them a lead which they could intelligently follow. If, on the other hand, he has only now reached the conclusion that the war in Mexico is a war for the emancipation of an oppressed people, and that there can be no real peace except by an orderly procedure for their industrial emancipation by a resettlement of the land question, *The Outlook* can only say, respecting this late awakening to the real conditions in Mexico: Better late than never.

From *The Outlook* of June 6th:

Now, it appears from this interview that the Administration has abandoned the narrower grounds, and fully recognizes that the real justification for intervention is the restoration of peace in Mexico through the establishment of just conditions that are the only basis for peace. . . . We welcome this change in the attitude of the Administration.

Might not one fairly presume, except for the complications incidental to the possession of a Contributing Editor, that President Wilson, being a man of fair intelligence and having in his possession many sources of information concerning Mexico, has had in mind from the beginning a thorough settlement of the Mexican problem, even though he preferred to keep silent in seven languages until what he deemed the right time for publication? *The Outlook's* earnest effort, in spite of obvious difficulties, to commend the Administration for upholding the principles which *The Outlook* has generally held, is to the credit of a very excellent periodical.

Logic and Facts

DISCUSSING Wilson and Mexico, a critic of the Administration says:

A division of the land that is made by the sword will have to be supported by the sword. The United States can no more confer this reform on Mexico than it can confer self-government upon it.

In the same article it criticizes President Wilson's saying about the handing down of liberty from above:

I challenge you to cite me an instance in all the history of the world where liberty was handed down from above! Liberty always is attained by the forces working below, underneath, by the great movement of the people. That, leavened by the sense of wrong and oppression and injustice, by the ferment of human rights to be attained, brings freedom.

It cites in opposition to this theory the fact that slavery has not generally been abolished through slave insurrections. Is this the most powerful effort that can be made by those who oppose the Mexican policy? Think a minute on this attempt to treat as alike in principle the abolition of chattel slavery and the conferring of political liberty. The present condition of the negro race in America ought to be answer enough. Political liberty was handed down from above by force of arms and by constitutional and legal enactments. It was taken away, except in the states where the blacks are in a negligible minority. The liberty of the Anglo-Saxon race has been gained through the toil and blood of centuries. What came by the slow process of centuries in England, came in a few short years of revolution in France. It can only come in Russia and in China and in Mexico today through the efforts of the masses to achieve it for themselves.

Language

FROM an esteemed contemporary which has developed opposition tendencies since the Return from South America:

"Such a creature and such an uprising as Villa's—"

Which of Villa's creatures is meant?

"Such a leader and such an uprising as Villa's—"

Which of Villa's leaders is in mind?

Suggestion

WHEN Mr. Wilson sharply expressed the highly organized propaganda that a few business interests were carrying on against the trust program, he illustrated what has before been pointed out by him. Business certainly makes a mistake when it relies on its power to alarm. It cannot frighten Wilson out of doing his duty or carrying out the promises made to the people. All it can do is to make reform costly for the time being instead of easy. There is no reason on earth why, with the proper coöperation of business, these three great necessary alterations—our tariff system, our currency system, and our trust regulation—should not increase the general confidence, by making the people realize that the troublesome issues are at last quieted.

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Stevens of New Hampshire

THE people of New Hampshire will before long have the opportunity to choose between Raymond Stevens and old Dr. Gallinger as their representative in the Senate of the United States. Readers of the Congressional Directory are unable to glean many facts about Stevens from his modest three-line biography; but during his first term in Congress as a member of the important Committee on Interstate Commerce he has forged steadily to the front as a student of the trust problem. He has taken his place with Bass and Churchill among the leading progressives of the state, though he is a progressive Democrat, loyal to the Wilson Administration. The Progressive Party of New Hampshire could do no better than to endorse him for the Senate as it supported him for the House, especially since his efforts in behalf of a real Federal Trade Commission come near to the idea of the anti-Perkins element of the Progressive Party; while Gallinger represents all that the Progressive Party's original pronouncement declared against.

An Old Lady's View

WHEN Mr. Brandeis' articles on The Money Trust were running in HARPER'S WEEKLY, many interesting comments reached our office; none more interesting, however, than a letter which has just been written to the author by one reader of the articles in book form:

Wyoming, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Brandeis:

I have read your books and articles for several years, and now after reading your last, "Other People's Money and how the Bankers Use It," I feel impelled to write to congratulate you on the clear way you have given the methods of present day banking to the people.

I believe no other nation would submit to these conditions as we do.

Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bryan and others are doing their best, and Mr. LaFollette's weekly articles in his magazine tell what every one should know. Yet how large a portion of our people are willing to yield to "laissez-faire" rather than bestir themselves to make conditions better.

I am passing your book around and giving copies to friends and to our library.

By virtue of my 96 years I make no apology for writing you. If you should come to our part of Western New York, mid-way between Rochester and Buffalo, it would give me great pleasure to welcome you to our home. I believe in serious-minded people meeting and talking about the things that interest them.

With very respectful admiration,
I am very truly yours,
Susan Look Avery.

What do you know about that? Ninety-six years old, studying the money trust, and wishing to discuss banking with an expert. That shows the state of body and spirit that we all ought to have at ninety-six, but which actually only a small minority of us have even at twenty or forty.

The Cheaper Way

THE amount that Harry Thaw is costing the American people suggests that when a very rich man is convicted of a crime and the upper courts are likely to have a chance at amusing themselves indefinitely with him, it would be much cheaper for the government to pension him at once and let him go.

The Seamen's Bill

IT was only by good fortune the collision between the *Pretoria* and the *New York*, the other day, did not result in loss of life. If the blow had been struck amidships, the result would have been another tragedy. Shipowners insist that the La Follette seamen's bill is impracticable because the vessels cannot carry the lifeboats, and because they would have no use for the crew provided by the bill. But think back a bit: not long ago they assured us they had unsinkable ships. Then the best of them, the *Titanic*, sunk and snuffed out 1517 lives, because there were neither lifeboats enough nor a crew of sufficient skill to handle such boats as there were. Now the *Imperator* and the *Vaterland* have boats for all on board. The *Volturno* also had boats for all, but they could not be lowered, or managed after they were in the water, because she did not have the right kind of men. She was manned according to the contentions of the shipowners, who declare that firemen, coal passers, and cabin stewards, with a semi-monthly training of an hour at a time, will suffice as substitutes for real able seamen in the handling of lifeboats in a rough sea. The *Monroe* sailed up and down the coast, through fog and storm, with one man in the pilot house, one man at the wheel, one at the lookout, and a watchman somewhere about the saloons. The shipowners said such a procedure was safe. Where is the *Monroe* now?

Skilled seamen insist that proximity to shore in crowded waters causes extra hazard. The *Empress of Ireland* sank within a mile or so of shore, with the wireless working until she sank, vessels in the vicinity were ready to give aid, and yet 1027 lives were lost.

The average passenger vessel would not need any more men than she now carries. *It is purely a matter of higher skill and better organization.* The actual number needs increasing on a few big liners and excursion boats, perhaps 150 boats in all. The *Lusitania*, certified to carry 2955 persons including a crew of 822, has a deck crew of only 66 men. If she carried 20 more men in the deck department, which is the extreme under the La Follette bill (a little sensible reorganization would make it 12 or 16 at the most), the cost could not be more than about $500 a month, which is $250 a passage. How many more calamities must we have before the statements of the seamen are taken seriously, and legislation is enacted that will compel common carriers on the water to give more consideration to lives in their care?

American Sport

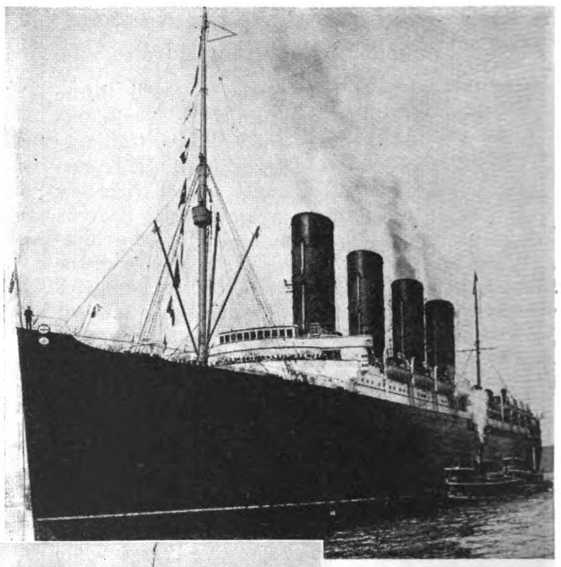
AFTER the English polo team had won its second game, and most fair minded Americans were convinced that it was clearly the better team, Mr. Hearst's *American* came out with a flaming headline that we had been "cheated" out of the second game by penalties. There was a time when this sort of sportsmanship was prevalent in America. It is rapidly decreasing. The voluntary offer of the American polo players to postpone the first match, because of the injury to Captain Cheape, represents more fairly the American sporting spirit as it is coming to exist. It is no longer a case of win at any cost.

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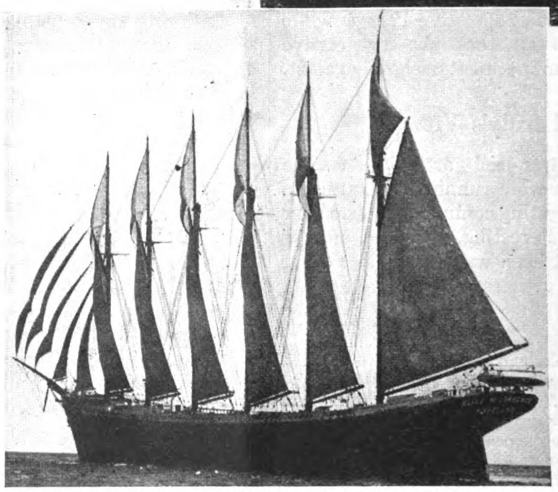
Your Chance of Drowning

By

KATHARINE BUELL



The modern shipowner's liability is limited



When navigation was of this kind, the owner took all the risk

THE treaty now under consideration between this country and England, arranged by the London Conference for the Safety of Life at Sea, provides less protection for passengers than American laws already in force. It provides poorer laws for regulating the number of lifeboats, and especially the number of able seamen required to man the lifeboats. The Conference bases its claim to consideration on the fact that it lays great emphasis on the making of water-tight compartments. This is an admirable requirement, but it is not enough without proper laws in regard to lifeboats and able seamen.

The *Empress of Ireland* is the sixth ship that has gone down within the last two years—all large, well-manned, as present standards go, and well protected.

Andrew Furuseth, president of the Seamen's Union, a labor leader of great integrity and reputation, in speaking of the wreck said: "In construction she was up to the standard of the London Conference. She had boats for all, more than were required by the London Conference, and her crew, ineffective as it was, was of a higher standard than that set by the Conference. Yet she was undermanned in skill and numbers. The result was the disorder and unnecessary loss of life. The probabilities are that the bulkheads were also not properly closed, or the ship would not have sunk as soon as it did."

At any time the same catastrophe may happen to any one of our great liners. The *Vaterland* and the *Imperator* have boats enough for everyone, but not enough deck-hands to furnish two able seamen for each boat. The German seamen, however, have been trained in the Navy and are, therefore, likely to do better than most seamen in a crisis. The *Lusitania*, *Mauretania*, *Carmania*, *Celtic*, *Cedric*, *Olympic*, *Oceanic*, *Noumidian*, *Hisperian*, *Parisian*, *Caledonian*, *St. Paul*, *St. Louis*, *Philadelphia*, and *New York* are all undermanned to the extent of from eight to sixteen men, and about one-half of their deck men have not had sufficient experience and skill to handle the lifeboats in case of disaster. These are only examples, and by no means a complete list.

Few catastrophies have occurred during great storms, or the loss of life would have been much greater. The *Titanic* sank in a calm sea on a starlit night, the *Empress of Ireland* within sight of land. Had the accidents happened in a storm, every life on board would probably have been lost. *Total loss may come at any time to any one of the above mentioned boats.*

Bad as the conditions are on the ocean-going vessels, the conditions on lake boats, river boats, and boats running along the coast from harbor to harbor, are infinitely worse. There is no pretense of providing lifeboats for all, and the crew are confined many times to a few men, most of whom are not seamen at all. The argument that all owners of such excursion vessels and coasting vessels put forth is that the nearness to land makes an accident impossible. *The* General Slocum *was in the East River, and the* Empress of Ireland *three miles from shore.*

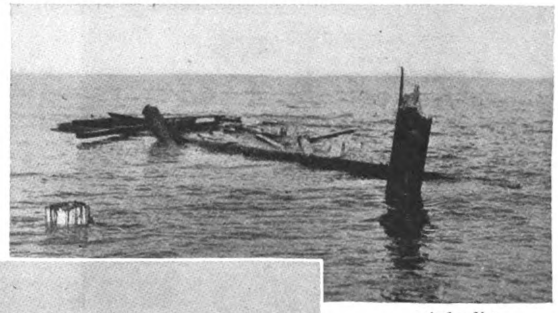
The American Federation of Labor has passed a resolution opposing the approval of the London convention as it stands. The London treaty emphasizes the necessity for building safe ships, but it minimizes the necessity for able seamen aboard those ships. The Federation of Labor insists there should be two able seamen for every lifeboat. Costly equipment is valueless without men to handle it.

There is no problem of labor today more difficult than the organization and training of seamen. Any set of rules to be effective has to be such as to induce international action, for the sailor is not confined to any one country and the laws which govern him must follow him everywhere. The greatest difficulty in working with the sailor is that he is of a class of human beings the most childlike and helpless of any in the ranks of labor. There is no work harder than his, and no risk greater. He is faithful, amiable, and helpless, without a permanent home, largely without family ties, needing the protection of the country under whose flag he sails. Laws regulating the number of seamen alone will not be effective; seamanship, knowledge, character, and ability on the part of the sailor himself, are also necessary.

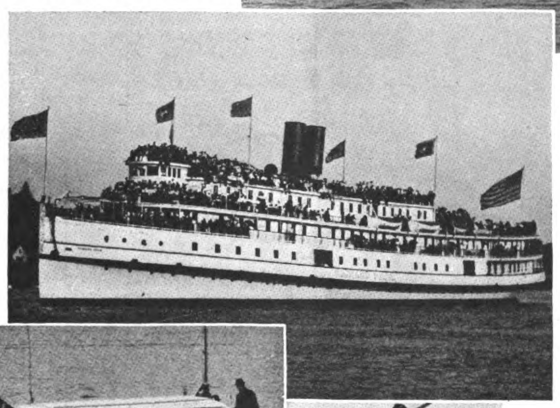
"A sailor cannot serve soup in a storm, but a steward can," said Mr. Furuseth. "It is just as reasonable to ask stewards to operate lifeboats as it is to ask sailors to serve the meals."

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The laws governing sailors are the last survival of serfdom, hundreds of years out of date, and so unfair, oppressive, and tyrannical, that no self-respecting, educated American or European will submit to them. Moreover, the wages paid to sailors are entirely inadequate to maintain a family. How unable they are to marry is shown by the following fact: In the British Seamen's Union there are forty-four thousand men between twenty and fifty years of age. The English Government provides a maternity benefit under its new insurance laws which, under normal conditions of labor, would have been asked for in about ten thousand cases in a year by this number of men. Less than a thousand children were born to the forty-four thousand members of the Seamen's Union during the last year.



A derelict



An overcrowded excursion boat

Under such circumstances, intelligent, self-respecting men will not go to sea. More and more is the care and management of vessels passing into the hands of Asiatics and of Europeans at the very bottom of the scale of life. The riff-raff, down-and-outs, the drift-wood of humanity, are the men into whose hands we place the safety of our lives and our property at sea.

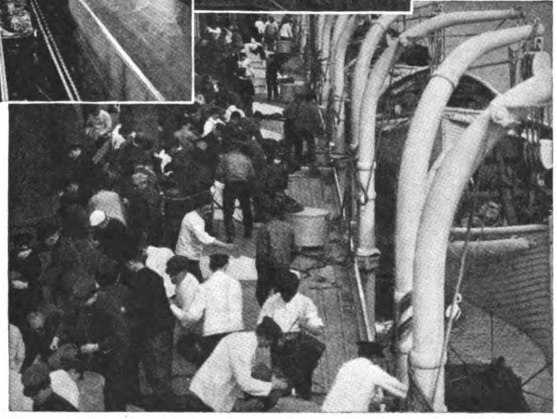




The new type of lifeboat.



Practising rescue work



The crew of a liner on deck. It includes cooks, stewards, stokers, etc., as well as able seamen

The ancient law was such that the first interest of the ship owner was to see that everything that ingenuity could invent for the protection of life at sea was done. The law required that the ship owner should assume the entire responsibility for the safety of cargo and passengers, provided the accident was not due to the act of God, or the act of the public enemy. If it could be proved that the loss occurred through a storm so great that no safety devices were of avail, or through seizure or destruction of the ship in time of war by the enemy, or in time of peace by pirates, the owner was exempt, but not otherwise. No law could be as effective as that which made it to the interest and preservation of the owner to see that his ships were safe. But this arrangement fixed altogether too much responsibility upon the owners of the vessels to meet with their approval, and with the sanction of organized capital.

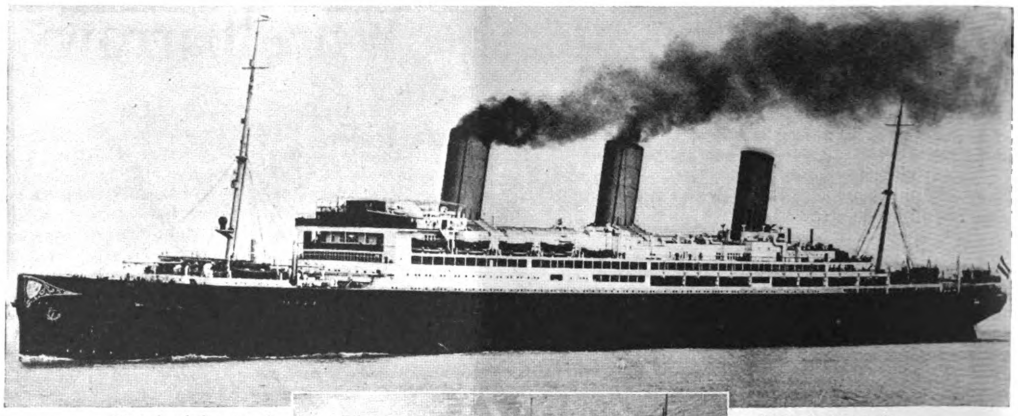
The limitation of ship owner's risk in the United States was made into law in 1851 and further amended in the Harter Act of 1893. As soon as the owner ceased to be financially responsible for the safety of lives at sea, carelessness and negligence crept into the building and management of ships. It soon became evident that laws must be enacted to insure a reasonable amount of caution on the part of ship owners. In answer to the popular demand, laws were passed regulating the number of lifeboats, life-belts, and other safety devices. It was found that when these inspection laws and passenger acts were not sufficiently effective and definite, when the standards adopted were not high, they not only failed of their practical purpose in securing safety but were used by ship owners as a blind and as a shield against claim for damages. Although a death might have occurred through obvious negligence on the part of the owner, unless the negligence came under a definite law, the owner did not consider himself responsible. The English Parliament and the American Congress have from time to time laid down additional rules.

The Seamen's Bill, recently reported on unfavorably by the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, was twice passed by the Senate. It is a very much better bill than the one substituted by the committee. It contains clauses that cover all the necessary precautions which should be taken in the way of lifeboats, life-belts, etc., and adequate provision for the improvement of the conditions of sailors.

This Seamen's Bill passed the Senate on October 23, 1913. It went to the House of Representatives, and was referred to the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, where it has remained ever since.

Senator La Follette took the bill after it had passed the House in 1912 and, with some slight changes, introduced it in the Senate of 1913 on the first day of the

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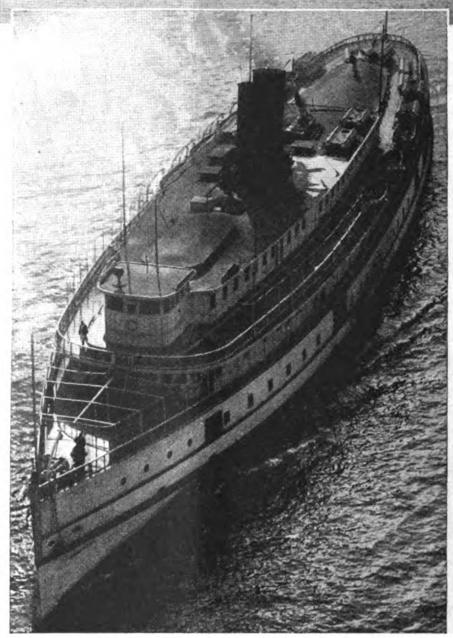


Vaterland, largest of all boats in service

session. On the same day, Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, introduced a bill in the form of a substitute measure, which had passed both Houses during the closing hours of the previous Congress, but which had been "pocket vetoed" by President Taft. It was not a satisfactory bill.

Senator Burton, of Ohio, on May 19, introduced a bill as a substitute which had been prepared by the sub-committee of which he was chairman in the previous Congress. It was an exceedingly dangerous substitute. It was essentially a ship owner's, not a seaman's bill.

Senator James P. Clark, of Arkansas, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce to which the bills had been referred, sent the bill to the Departments of Commerce and of Labor for the opinion of the two departments thereon. He received a joint letter signed by the Secretary of Commerce, Wm. C. Redfield, and the Secretary of Labor, W. B. Wilson, strongly endorsing the bill and suggesting three amendments, all of which were designed to strengthen it, with a further recommendation that it be passed at the earliest convenient time. The three bills before the Senate Committee on Commerce were placed in the hands of a sub-committee, of which Senator Fletcher, of Florida, was the Chairman.



An excursion boat, showing lifeboats. Later, the decks will be crowded with pleasure seekers

The Committee reported to the Senate with a recommendation that their report lay over until the close of the International Conference on Safety of Life at Sea.

But Senator La Follette moved that the bill be taken up and made the unfinished business of the Senate. He obtained a unanimous consent agreement that it should be voted upon in October.

He then offered a substitute, which, after being perfected by amendments, passed on October 23, 1913. This substitute was placed before the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries of the House.

The sub-committee has reported back an unsatisfactory bill but there is hope that this may be defeated and the original bill passed.

The systematic campaign of misrepresentation begun by the ship owners immediately after the passage of the bill in the Senate last fall, and the number of communications sent to the members of the House of Representatives from all over the country, through Chambers of Commerce, Merchants' Exchange and other business institutions, have prevented its passage.

The *Titanic* had too few men and too few boats. The *Volturno* had plenty of boats but an insufficient crew. In the sinking of the coastwise steamer *Monroe*, there were only four men on deck during the collision, and the hatches on the lower deck were open, letting the water pour into the compartments and causing the ship to sink long before it should have.

Very nearly the same conditions prevailed on board the *Empress of Ireland*. If the ship had been manned according to the provisions of the Seamen's Bill, there would have been a deck crew of sixty instead of fifty men, and they would have been experienced seamen. Even if the boat had sunk as rapidly as it did, they would have been able to lower the boats on one side at least.

Laws for an increased number of lifeboats are always fought secretly, if not openly, by ship builders and ship owners, because the more lifeboats a ship carries, the less room there is for passengers. Undoubtedly, in the end passengers will make up to the owners for the added expense incurred in safety by the payment of higher rates. But in the meantime, although some persons do not wish to gamble with the risk of death by drowning rather than pay the extra cost for safety devices, there is no way of knowing positively whether a boat is safe or not. The public can judge of the appearance and comfort and luxury of a steamer, but they can only assume that proper care is taken of their safety. Boats that are offering lower rates or greater luxury because of careless safety equipment, ought to be forced to advertise the fact, just as adulterated foods can be sold only under labels that give the purchaser the knowledge of the contents.

The ship owners wish the unsatisfactory Seamen's Bill passed. The same interests control to a large extent the provisions of the London Conference. Some congressmen and others try to persuade us that to adopt the London Conference would be better than to pass our own adequate and carefully thought out bill. And in the meantime, ships, liners, and coasting vessels alike continue to carry passengers without any assurance that in case of accident, even near the shore, half or any of their passengers can be saved. Any day, another liner may go down, another thousand lives may be lost. How many more of these terrible sacrifices must be made before the safety of the public will be considered above the business profits of the ship owners and the interests connected with them?

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Mona Lisa and the Wheelbarrow

By FLOYD DELL

THE two great riddles of the universe, as they present themselves to thinking minds today, are machinery and woman. They are two unsolved questions which must be solved: and the answers may be, for all we know, tragic. Meanwhile, we bend our intelligences to the task of discovering what they mean—what they mean to the world. In them lie hidden all the possibilities of failure or happiness for the human race. What the future will be, depends on these two things—machinery and women.

It is as the most convenient symbol of these riddles that I have put at the head of this commentary the name of a famous painting and of a familiar tool. The appropriateness of the first is obvious enough. It is no accident that the Mona Lisa is the most talked-about painting in the world. Walter Pater was not the first, nor the mad Italian who ravished her away the last, to see a mystery in her smile.

Nor has the world been fooled into seeing a mystery where the painter only put a mouth. The period out of which the Mona Lisa came was interested in meanings no less than in mouths. The Renaissance was a period of desperate imaginative inquiry. Men painted what they thought as well as what they saw. And the most desperate imaginative inquirer of all the Renaissance may well be supposed to have put into his four years' work on that painting the thing that four centuries have found there. Mona Lisa is not a woman: she is Woman. And that eternal baffling smile is the same which fronts us today when we turn to womankind in hope and fear.

But though the Mona Lisa may easily be assumed to symbolize for us the whole problem for which in the last thirteen years we have invented the term "feminism", the other symbol may seem obscure. A plough might as well have suggested that power which man has unloosed upon the world and upon himself—that power which, having left the hands of man, goes on as of itself, an endlessly evolving force, a thing half angel and half fiend. A plough would have been as appropriate—but I do not know who invented the plough, and I do know who made the first wheelbarrow. It was the same man that painted the Mona Lisa.

This again was no accident. You may regard a wheelbarrow as a simple device that anyone would have thought of. But the Pyramids were raised without its aid. The captive Hebrews carted their bricks-without-straw and never dreamed of such a thing to ease their labors. Rome was built without wheelbarrows. If you stop to think of it, a wheelbarrow is a curious and perverse piece of mechanism, a cross between a cart and a catapult, changing suddenly by the mighty magic of the lever from the one to the other. The world had got along for thousands of years without it. Then: a state of siege in an Italian town, a necessity for building up battered walls faster than they had ever been built up before, a few moments' desperate concentration of mind, a hasty sketch on the back of a love-letter, and lo!—the wheelbarrow. But it wouldn't have happened—at least not just then—if the chief engineer had not been Lionardo da Vinci.

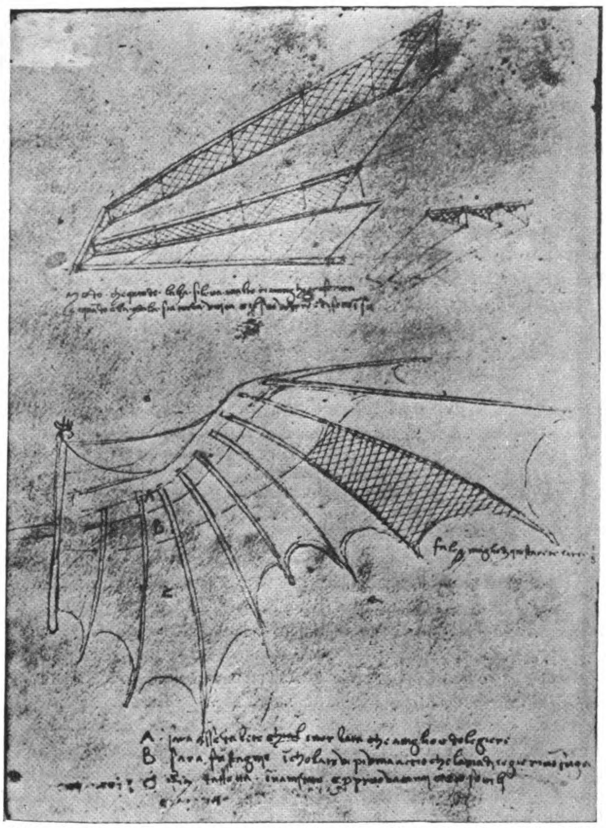


Diagram of a flying maching designed by Lionardo da Vinci. Perhaps he guessed the future of the distaff as he guessed the future of the flying machine

It took a curious and perverse mind to make that machine. I have looked through the notebooks of Lionardo—I say looked, and not read, for the four languages in which they are printed, in the magnificent and many-volumed edition I have seen, do not include my own—I have looked in something like awe at the drawings of wings of birds and of tentative birdlike machinery which illustrate his attempt to discover the secret of flying. And while I looked I heard through the open window the throb of motors in the sky.

Before me were the facsimile sketches, torn and thumb-marked by dead hands, of Lionardo's uncompleted dreams—a great mind's guesses at the mystery of mechanism; and outside, while thousands waited and watched to see him die, Beachey was breaking a record.

He knew—that curious Florentine—he knew the genius that was in machinery would yet lift men above the clouds. He did not know that the invention of a spinning jenny would change the whole world, sweeping away all but the ruins of his own age and erecting above them a hideous factory civilization, turning skilled artisans into machine hands and superseding the prince by the capitalist. He did not dream how men would come to look on machinery with fear, and then at last with a dawning hope, seeing in its relentless evolution a destructive and transforming power which would destroy and transform this new civilization even as the last.

Nor did his curious mind penetrate to our latter-day anxiety in the face of the feminine enigma. He did not dream that we should front that baffling face with a new question: "Can you? *Will you?*"

We know well enough that woman has behind her a long tradition of servitude. And we look at her and wonder if she will have the stamina to be free. We know that she does not yet quite know how to think. And we look at her and wonder if she will learn. We know that she has a jealous and narrow individualism. And we look at her and wonder if she will subject herself to those larger social processes which alone can make of her a real individual. We know that she submits to being the victim of Life even as the Moslem submits to being the victim of Death. And we look at her and wonder if she will achieve control over her terrible biological potencies. We know that the tissues of her soul are ravaged by the poisonous bacteria of Romance. And we look at her and wonder if she will ever gain a practical immunity from that disease. We see in her tremendous and fine things, and we are humble before them. We know that she has begun to dream greatly. And we face the delicate scorn of her smile and ask again: "Can you? *Will you?*"

In the face of the old painting there is nothing of this. . . . Nothing? Perhaps I do Lionardo an injustice. Perhaps he too wondered what we are wondering today. Perhaps he knew as well as we that dynamic feminine discontent which one cannot quite come to trust. And perhaps he guessed, too, the future of the distaff as he guessed the future of the flying-machine.

We may yet come across an old notebook, torn and thumb-marked by dead hands, that will set the enigma of the wheelbarrow side by side with the enigmatic smile of Mona Lisa—and we shall read in something like awe Lionardo da Vinci's guesses at the two great riddles of the universe.

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Quentin Durward at Yale

By C. A. MERZ

IT is not every college dramatic club that would attempt the dramatization of "Quentin Durward." Dealing, as it does, largely with a pursuit and in a "romantic" setting, it is not of a sort that often appeals to the college mind.

The story, too, is long and requires a good deal of skill in rearranging to suit the requirements of the stage. The Yale Dramatic Association, however, undertook this task for the Commencement production of this year. The authors picked out the most dramatic moments in the story and recombined them to get the greatest amount of action without sacrificing coherence. Each scene was built with an eye to picturesqueness and effective stage grouping, and an effort was made not to sacrifice interest and characterization to mere turmoil and confusion.

The play when it was finished turned out to be not so much a dramatization of Scott's novel as a play built around the plot of the book.

The Yale Dramatic Association differs from the ordinary college dramatic club in having a bit more serious purpose. The usual dramatic club puts its energies into the production of amateur musical comedies, which, however amusing and lucrative they may be, do not do a great deal to educate the performers in dramatic technique or in dramatic literature.

The Yale Association was founded in 1901 to provide an outlet for the dramatic talent of the university, and it has continued to present plays which have an educational value as well as power to amuse. Last year Count Leo Tolstoi's "Fruits of Enlightenment" was given as an example of the Russian school. Another Russian play, Gogol's "Revizor", was also presented. One object of this association is to represent the dramatic art of many nations. From the Italian drama was selected Goldini's "Il Ventaglio"; from the Norwegian Ibsen's "The Pretenders"; and from the Spanish "El Doctor y el Enfermo." Of course a number of English plays have been given, including an old morality and coming down to the plays of Bernard Shaw.

"Quentin Durward" was selected partly for its historic significance, but also because the knights in hunting costume and glittering armor, battles beneath the forest trees, and the romantic atmosphere of the whole play, made it especially effective for an outdoor performance.

The Dramatic Association is trying to build a theater of its own which will be a suitable place for rehearsals and performances and will also serve as a practical "laboratory" for students of the drama. The proceeds of "Quentin Durward" were turned over to this fund.

The rewriting of a book into dramatic form is something new in Yale dramatic experience. At the same time it is very much in line with the general idea of the society. For several years the association has tried to develop undergraduate play-writing. The authors of this play were Charles Andrew Merz and Frank Wright Tuttle, both members of the Junior Class of Yale. One of the principal objects of the society is to develop what talent may be present in the college for play-writing, and to find out what possibilities there are in the American college student for producing good plays. Besides the two objects of stimulating young talent and presenting old plays of educational value the association has done a great deal to get professional productions to come to New Haven.

It is through the efforts of a club such as this in the universities and in small towns throughout the country that the drama may get some of its best stimulation. After acting themselves in amateur performances and especially after trying to write plays, the students who come out of Yale and other colleges will make a public which can appreciate real art on the stage. The Yale Association is on the right track. It will be well if more of the other colleges follow along the lines which it has marked out.

The Passing of the Slugger

By BILLY EVANS

ON entering the Polo Grounds in New York the other day, I met "Buck" Freeman, once a star with the Boston Red Sox, when that club was winning American League pennants. Freeman was a wonderful batter, noted for his free swing and his long drives. No style of delivery seemed to puzzle him. He was at his best in the pinch, and invariably came through with the needed hit, or a long fly to the outfield, which often is just about as good. Freeman holds the major league record for home runs, with twenty-five to his credit. Buck is now coaching a prominent preparatory school team, and has under consideration a very good offer from a college to take charge of its athletics.

While we were discussing baseball in general, the manager of the visiting team noticed Buck, came over and exchanged greetings. After talking over various things, the manager remarked, "Buck, you were born about ten years too soon. If I could pick up a player who could hit the ball like you did in the old days, I wouldn't think anything of giving him $5000 or $6000, and I'll bet that is a bit more than you ever received." Buck admitted that it was. Buck was a left-handed batter, but a free swinger, much on the style of Sam Crawford, and when he met the ball it traveled. According to the manager in question, who has been mixed up in big league baseball, the free swingers are not nearly so common as in the old days. He commented particularly on the scarcity of free swinging right handers, after the style of Lajoie. His statement caused me to look over the records of 1913 in the two major leagues, and I was treated to quite a surprise.

While it is perhaps not generally known, the first seven batters in the American League last year were left-handed batters: Cobb, Henriksen, Jackson, Speaker, E. Collins, Gilhooley and Baker, while Jake Daubert, a left-hander, really led the National League. The players holding down positions eight, nine and ten in the American League were a few of the free-swinging right-handers still in the business: Lajoie, McInness and Murphy.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD



The Musings of Hafiz

Can Horses Talk?

She teaches us that in life's walk
'Tis better to let others talk,
And listen, while they say instead
The foolish things we might have said.
—The Cat by Hafiz

JUST because I do not join in their conversation, most human people think I do not know what they are talking about. Occasionally a more than usually polite Human person will remark that he really believes I understand every word, but too often his voice has the same inflection as when at the dinner table he praises the bread pudding (and asks how it is made), and that arouses my suspicion.

As a rule, the most they (I refer to visitors, of course) have to say about me, is to remark upon the beauty of my hair, which considering it has often been compared to the fur of the late Heinrich Ibsen, is about as original as to say "what a fine day", when the weather is perfect. Then, just when I am becoming interested, some frivolous minded person is sure to change the subject and the talk becomes too trivial to be worth keeping awake to listen.

Yesterday, however, was an exception. For the first time in weeks I heard something that interested me.

They were talking about a breed of human people who are trained to chase a ball around a field, hitting it this way and that with long false paws they call mallets. The idea of course is copied from a game I used to play as a kitten—only the human feet being too slow to keep up with the movements of the ball, the players must employ ponies to carry them after it.

As a matter of fact, the game is really played by the ponies, but the human people as is their custom take all the credit to themselves.

Personally I do not admire the equine race. The fact that it is being rapidly supplanted by a breed of mechanical gasoline horses speaks for itself—who can imagine a gasoline cat!—All the same, I believe in giving even the dog his due.

From clever ponies the talk drifted to ordinary horses and I was just dropping off to sleep again when a quite pretty Human lady (her fur was almost the same color as my own but without the stripes) suddenly exclaimed:

"Do you believe those Elberfield horses really talk?"
—and a pink-faced young man with a window pane in one eye and a tuft of fur over his mouth replied: "Well, all I know is if the Gees begin to talk it will be the end of racing in this country." And then all the Humans made the strange, frightening noise they use to show when they are very happy and I hurried out of the room.

Today I found this on the big desk in the study.

The cat, the dog and the horse plainly manifest that they perceive, often before men do, telepathic apparitions . . . that inspires them with as much terror as it does ourselves. And, let us say in passing, this terror is rather strange; for, after all, what have they to fear from a phantom or an apparition, *they who, we are convinced, have no after-life and who ought, therefore, to remain perfectly indifferent to the manifestations of a world in which they will never set foot?*

—Meterlink in the Metropolitan Magazine.

Who is this Meterlink, that decides so airily who shall, and who shall not, set foot (or paw) in the afterworld?

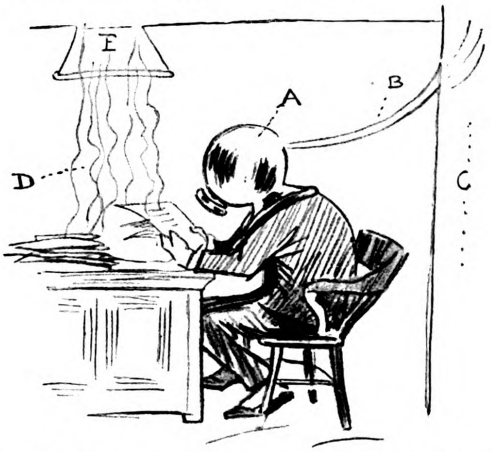
He makes me laugh.

A Deadly Calling

WHETHER impelled by legal responsibility or prompted by altruistic ideals, a magazine that makes scientific provision for the protection of its manuscript readers in their dangerous occupation of inspecting and sorting what is known as popular fiction, is to be highly commended.

One has only to glance at the pictures in this magazine to realize the dangers to which the editors are exposed from the deadly fumes arising from the fiction they have to handle.

At the sound of an electric bell rung at stated intervals during the day, the members of this magazine staff are allowed to leave their desks and, rushing to the nearest window, fill their lungs with deep breaths of fresh air, to counteract the deadly fiction germs engendered in the corrupt stories they are compelled to inhale.



A. Safety helmet. B. Air tube. C. Air shaft. D. Fumes. E. Escape valve.

Commendable from a humane point of view, as an economic proposition the system is deplorably weak.

Why waste valuable salaried time by fresh air excursions however brief when, by the installation of the anti-fiction germ-helmet fresh air can be constantly (and cheaply) supplied from a common air shaft, and the fetid gases carried off through an aperture in the roof?

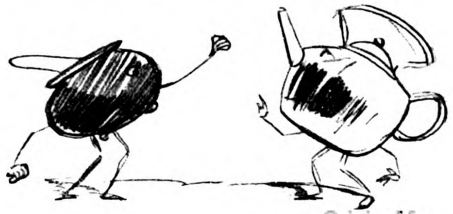
The possibility of bottling and distilling the fiction fumes with a view to the manufacture of new fiction from the waste gases is now under consideration.

The realization of this possibility will, it is hoped, free the magazine owners from the financial tyranny of the bloated story writers.

Pot *versus* Kettle

A man without patriotism or principle, a man in whom unscrupulousness is mistaken for cleverness.
—William R. Hearst on Elihu Root.

"YOU dirty thing!" exclaimed the Pot
To the brass kettle—"you're a blot!"
When in the kettle's brass reflection
The pot beheld his own complection.



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Around the Capitol



Tolls Question a Dead Issue

WITH 12 Republicans—Brandegee, Burton, Colt, Crawford, Gronna, Lodge, Nelson, Norris, Root, Sherman, Sterling and Stephenson—voting for or paired in favor of the repeal of the free tolls provision, it is difficult to make a party issue of Repeal.

Fifty-five Senators voted for repeal or were paired in favor of it, and forty against. Of the forty, it is interesting to note that twenty-three hail from west of the Mississippi River; and of these, eighteen come from the far west, the intermountain, and Pacific coast states. Evidently there was an idea that the free tolls provision would benefit these communities in lowering transcontinental railroad rates.

The vote in the House, including pairs, for agreeing to the Senate amendment favoring the repeal, was 228 to 83; and Mann, as the leader of his party, having probably learned how much of the sentiment against repeal was worked up by a coterie of newspapers, prudently enrolled himself in the affirmative, as did Underwood.

It is to be hoped that this is the last time that Congress will attempt by statute to interpret a treaty which has been ratified by a two-thirds majority of the Senate. It was this particular phase of the situation that made the free tolls provision a breach of faith in the eyes of the nations. It will not be a difficult task on the hustings to defend repeal on the two broad grounds: first, that a bargain is a bargain and its promises are to be observed irrespective of the question whether the bargain is good or bad; and, second, that it was bad public policy for the whole people to be taxed for the upkeep of the Canal while giving to any users of the Canal the privilege of passing through without paying for the privilege.

A Hot Time in the Senate

THE two all-day-and-night sessions which were required for finishing the debate on the tolls question were trying to the nerves of the Senators. The excitement reached its height when Senator West, in his recognized capacity as the marplot of the Senate, suggested in reply to Senator Vardaman, who is a sort of professional Southerner, that if the Carnegie Foundation had spent $30,000 for the repeal of free tolls, "Who knows but that the shipping interests have spent $100,000 in order to secure the defeat of this bill?" Whereupon the following edifying colloquy ensued:

Mr. Vardaman: Have you been offered any?
Mr. West: Don't say that to me.
Mr. Vardaman: Well, you are making an intimation that somebody else has been influenced.
Mr. West: I did not say so; I said—
Mr. Vardaman: You said—

Whereupon the tall form of Senator Ashurst intervened as a board of mediation and the presiding officer, Senator Swanson, commanded both Senators to take their seats and called upon the Sergeant-at-Arms to preserve order. Senator James, who not only comes from Kentucky, where every citizen is supposed to carry two weapons, one loaded with bullets and one with cork, but is also entirely too large physically to be called to account, made a few remarks to Senator Vardaman concerning monopoly and subsidy. Senator Williams, commenting upon Senator Vardaman's statement that he "had uttered no word of bitterness during this controversy", took occasion to say that a statement quoted from Senator Vardaman in the Washington *Post* must have been a misquotation throughout.

Senator Cummins, with a warmth of expression that negatived the white coolness of his attire, adopting the perambulatory method of oratory, prophesied a settlement of this controversy with Great Britain *vi et armis*. Finally, when the vote had been taken, showing the comfortable majority of 15 for the repeal of the tolls provision, with the Simmons-Norris amendment, there was a contest between Senator Martin and Senator Smith, of South Carolina, over the introduction of the next bill to become the unfinished business before the Senate. The Vice President recognized Senator Smith. Whereupon the white-haired Senator from Virginia declared in tones trembling with anger: "I addressed the Chair before the Senator from South Carolina. I do not feel it is proper treatment that the rule should be ignored and another Senator recognized." The Vice President conducted himself with admirable dignity, though there was an ominous flash from his eyes as he said: "The Senator from South Carolina is recognized."

When the Senate begins to array itself in white, look out for squalls.

Pat Calhoun, Near Senator

PATRICK CALHOUN, now in fresh trouble in San Francisco, began his career as a railroad attorney in Atlanta, Georgia, and in the old days of railroad domination in that state came within an ace of being elected senator from Georgia. Hoke Smith and Henry Grady put their heads together and succeeded in defeating him with their candidate, General Gordon. Members of the Legislature who voted for Calhoun have been explaining their votes ever since. Patrick Calhoun is a grandson of John C. Calhoun, the famous antebellum Senator from South Carolina. It was noted as a striking coincidence at the time, that the day General Gordon's statue was unveiled in Capitol Square, Atlanta, Calhoun was indicted for bribery in San Francisco. It is sometimes better to be a dead lion.

Not Published in Washington

IN answer to a question about a visit of Representative Ben Johnson to the White House, the same being Chairman of the House District Committee and having achieved considerable local unpopularity in that position, President Wilson expressed to callers at the White House his opinion of Mr. Johnson, to the effect that he was a very honest gentleman and a terror to crooks. For some inexplicable reason this statement did not find its way into the Washington newspapers.

Towne and Huerta

EX-SENATOR CHARLES A. TOWNE, having served as Senator from Minnesota for two months, by the appointment of Governor John Lind, and having been affiliated with Mr. Bryan in Free Silver days, blew into Washington as attorney for General Huerta, it being presumed that he had influence at the State Department. His contention was that the Provisional Presidency should not be bestowed upon a pronounced Constitutionalist. Having failed in his mission, it was announced from Huertista headquarters that Towne did not represent General Huerta. At least he knows more of Latin American diplomacy now than he did before.

Twenty Years Ago

THE death of William Butler Hornblower recalls the war between President Grover Cleveland and the Democratic Senators from New York twenty years ago. Cleveland nominated as members of the Supreme Court, Hornblower and Peckham, both with mugwump tendencies, and their nominations were held up one after the other by Senators David B. Hill and Edward Murphy. Whereupon Cleveland turned the tables upon his enemies by nominating Edward Douglas White, a member of the Senate from Louisiana, his nomination being necessarily confirmed by the Senate. Thus, New York was deprived of its place on the Supreme Court and the New York district put in special charge of a Justice hailing from Louisiana and a former Confederate soldier. Justice White has since become Chief Justice of the United States. The only survivors of the Senate that refused to confirm Hornblower and Peckham and had to confirm White, are Gallinger, Lodge and Perkins.

Doctoring the Cabinet

IT is now Dr. Garrison, by grace of the University of New York, Dr. Redfield, of the University of North Carolina, Dr. William B. Wilson, of the Maryland Agricultural College, Dr. Houston, of Harvard University, and Dr. Daniels, of Washington and Lee. When Josephus Daniels receives his LL. D. he should have emulated the example of his idol, Andrew Jackson, who upon a similar occasion quoted all the Latin he knew: "*Sic semper tyrannis e pluribus unum multum in parvo sine die.*"

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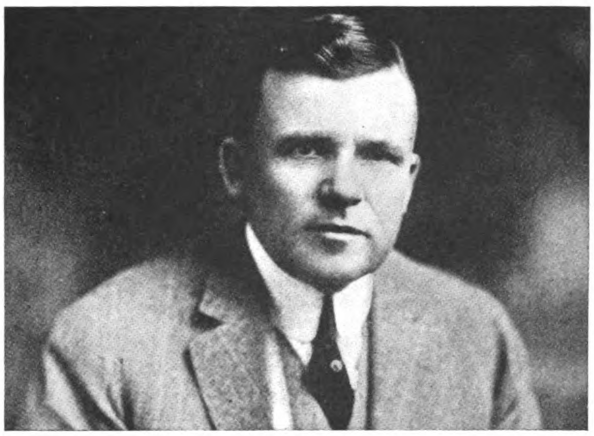
Getting Together

By HON. FRANK WALSH

Chairman U. S. Commission on Industrial Relations

THE most hopeful thing about the work of the new United States Commission on Industrial Relations is that the Commission has not the slightest hope of solving the labor problem before it passes out of existence in August, 1915.

But the American people are not fatalists, nor are the members of this Commission. They will not fold their hands and report to Congress that nothing can be done about it, that this greatest of all our problems must work itself out with the aid of Providence, supplemented by human agencies that threaten various catastrophies, from an industrial despotism to bloody revolution.



Frank Walsh

If this Commission can set up a guidepost or two on the road to industrial democracy and peace, it hopes the nation will not be slow in following the trail. The country's conscience was never more alert, never more ready to take any step, provided there is assurance that it is in the direction of the goal.

One thing the Commission hopes to emphasize: the importance of a better public understanding of what our industrial unrest means. It believes that if every employer could get labor's point of view, and vice versa, the so-called constructive remedies would take care of themselves. The facts are pretty well known. This Commission will make very few intensive investigations. What we need now is an interpretation of the facts, an understanding by the public of what they mean. We know all about twelve hour shifts and low wages for women and the use of violence by unions and employers. But back of these acts and these conditions lie mental attitudes, and it is these attitudes that must be changed.

The Commission would rather make progress toward a readjustment of mental attitudes, toward a common understanding of the industrial problems by all concerned, than to procure the enactment of legislation, much as legislation may help.

Take the Commission itself as an example of what can be accomplished. Ardent trades unionists and non-union employers are represented there. But they have come together on common ground, engaged in a common endeavor. And the result is a surprising agreement as to many of the questions that come before them.

Undoubtedly the advocate of an armed peace, with force arrayed against force on the industrial field, is right to this extent: that the strong respect the strong. Perhaps we should never have aroused ourselves to an appreciation of the problem of industrial justice if the fear of violent revolts had not first aroused us. But we have abundant evidence by this time that both sides are strong. Every intelligent man knows perfectly well that a war between capital and labor would not end until both sides had sustained terrible losses and society itself had been all but disrupted. And the man on either side who urges a fight to the finish is the man who never has been through the bitterness of such a conflict as that in Colorado, who has never witnessed the division of a peaceful American community into opposing factions consumed with hatred.

The chairman of this Commission has no desire to conceal his own belief that labor's groping, through its demand for the right to bargain collectively, toward more freedom and more life, is one of the inevitable processes of democratization that cannot be permanently checked. He believes further that much of labor's bitterness is a reaction from the instinctive resistance and resentment of the surprised employer against this irresistible process. The circle enclosing those of this earth's inhabitants who enjoy the best things of life has been widening all through the centuries, and our industrial unrest today means that another great multitude of men and women are clamoring for places inside that circle.

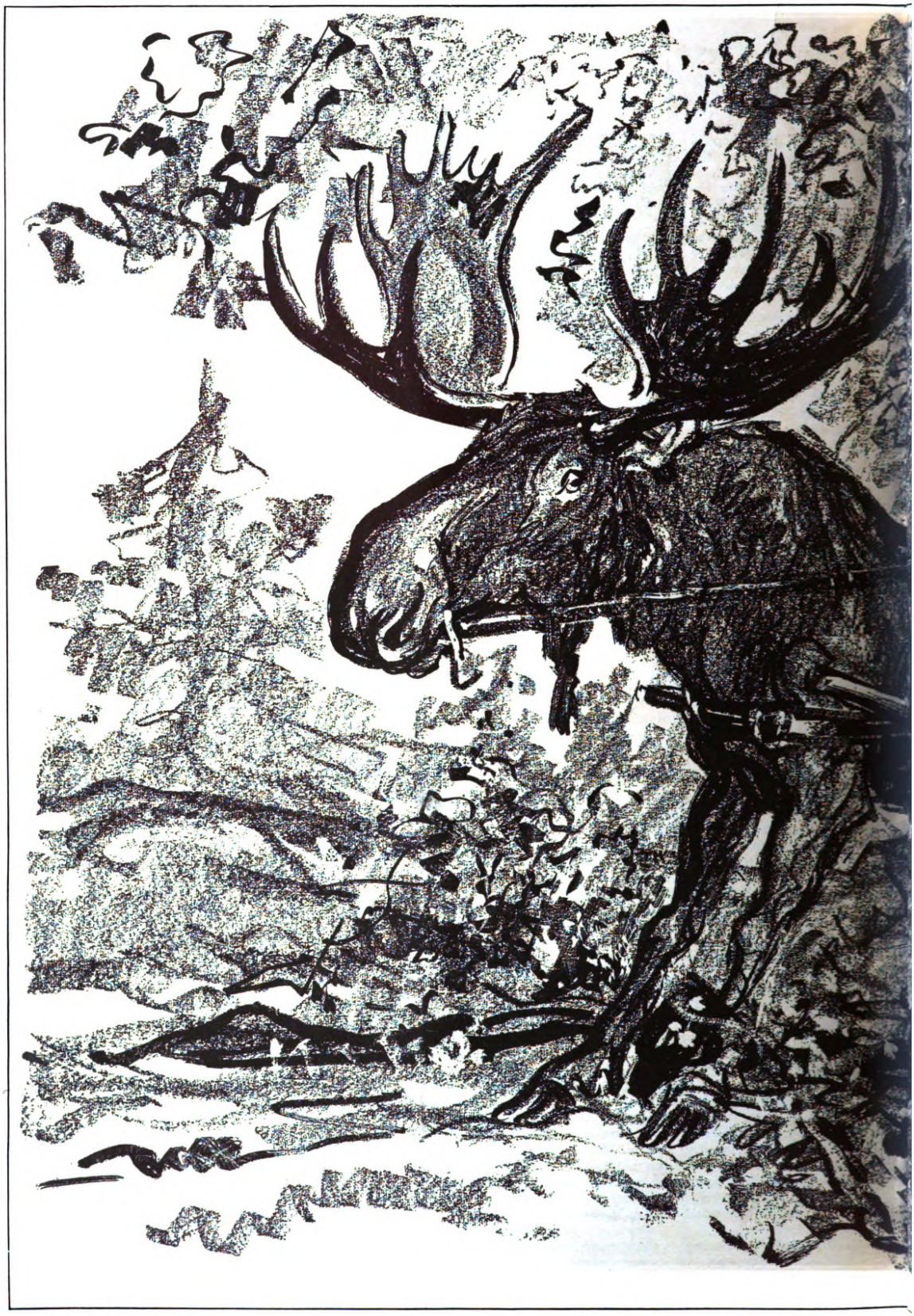
One of the ideas that the Commission must attack most vigorously is the notion that an employer is only an employer and that organized labor is just a powerful, fighting organization. Organized labor consists of several millions of men, women and children—interesting, hopeful, appealing human beings, banded together in an attempt to improve their lot. And an employer is not just a pursuer of profits. He also is a human being. If the directors of a large corporation that was fighting the union during a strike could visit the assembly halls of the union and see there the families gathered together, could witness the sacrifices and heroisms and the fellowship, they would cease being directors and become just men, and they would understand the strike as never before. No employer, challenging with all his resources the right of a union to exist, could talk so coolly of fundamental principles if only he had visited the strikers' colonies, not as a corporation director, not as an employer, not as a representative of capital, but as a human being, reacting to the hopes and aspirations and sorrows of other human beings. He would understand then that fine-spun principles have nothing to do with it, that it is a struggle for more freedom, for better lives on the part, not of the mine workers, not of "organized labor", but of men, and women, and children.

It will be a pity if our wage earners take it for granted that certain recent utterances regarding the recognition of the union are representative of the average employer's attitude. It has been gratifying and inspiring for this Commission to hear very large employers testify to the moral, economic and social uplifting of men and women and children under union influence. The Commission hopes to have the testimony of a very large number of employers from coast to coast, and to prove to labor and to employers that being an employer does not prevent a man from understanding labor, nor does it require him to live up to the rôle that has been set for him by a lazy, false classification of men into employers and employees.

We hear a great deal of complaint against unionists for fomenting class prejudice, and a lot of this criticism is justified. But this should be said: Employers, business men, professional men, have a solidarity, a class consciousness and a class prejudice, that is just as real and often just as fatal to a spirit of fellowship as any engendered by the unionists or even by their more radical brethren. It is probably a survival from the days when caste was recognized by law. In some instances it is a new snobbishness, come upon us as a reaction against the levelling process that denies social distinction to a certain type of individual who craves social distinction. Men often deny it, sincerely enough. They often are unconscious that it exists. But the man in overalls feels it very keenly. He particularly resents it when it creeps (through the human agency) into our institutions—when he sees it in the attitude of the courts, or the militia, or the newspapers, during labor disputes. And his own prejudice rises to meet it.

Just by going to our great industrial centers from coast to coast, and by calling before it men of labor and men of capital, and inviting the public, the Commission hopes to accomplish something of the humanizing process that has taken place on the Commission itself. Later, we shall try to tell the truth as we see it. And, of course, if we are assured that the state or the federal government can help by creating new agencies or making new rules or modifying old ones, we shall not hesitate to urge such action.

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YOU CAN'T MAKE A BU

By C

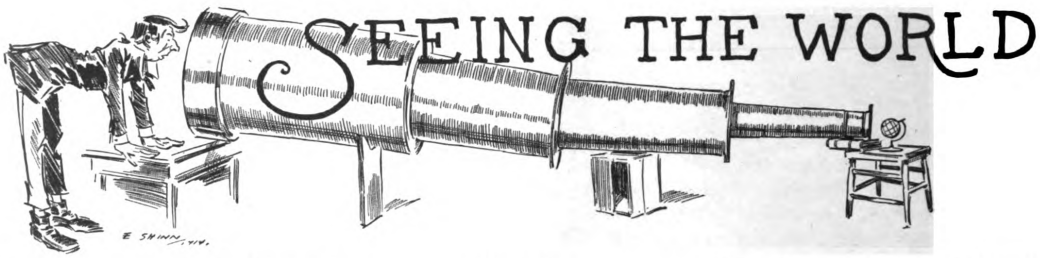
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OSE WORK IN HARNESS

SARE

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Not Even a Hat Check Necessary

Having been away from home since last fall we wish to announce we will be at home to our friends the most of this summer. The rumor that anyone must pay to call at our home is erroneous and we ask our friends to discredit the same.
MR. AND MRS. D. W. ZINTSMASTER.
—Huntington (Ind.) *Press.*

Damm—Good

William Damm and Lena Good were married recently at Listowel.
—Toronto *Star.*

Steeped in Poetry

A peculiar thing about each one was that they chose a husband with a given name that rhymed much the same with their own. Mrs. Kaker was Josephine Ramp and secured Joe as her husband; Arnie Hallauer and Anne Ramp, Gust Lumblad and Gusta Ramp and Eugene Carver and Ella Ramp. The latter is a widow. The given name of each one commences with the same letter in each instance.
—Columbia City (Ind.) *Post.*

Seeing a Racket

Our singing class has received their new books and it will be a sight at the racket they will make for the next few weeks. Everybody come to singing next Sunday at 9:30 o'clock.
—Denver Correspondent of the Green Forest (Ark.) *Tribune.*

Campaign Phrases

"All the world goes 'round to the tune of" !** liar ! ! ? dear peopul of this grand old commonwealth ?!** I told you so ! !*??!!?, etc., etc.
—Bethune (S. C.) *Journal.*

Don't Delay—This Means You

I have half a car of hogs all ready to ship. How about you for the other half?
—Adv. in Ione (Oregon) *Bulletin.*

Progress

Keep right up with the times, my friends, and don't rear back in the harness and have to be crowded along by the breeching straps. Always show the wear of the harness on the shoulders and not back of the flanks.
—Silver Lake (Kans.) *Mirror.*

Eugenics

The only reason an Independence girl refused to marry her lover was because some one told her that when people live together a long time they come to resemble each other.
—Coffeeville (Kans.) *Sun.*

It Pays to be Seen with the Right Sort

Farmer Akers was seen around town several times this week accompanied by one of the smartest looking mule colts we ever saw.
—Ionia (Oregon) *Bulletin.*

Suffering for the Sins of His Father



—Milwaukee *Journal*

Not Tail-enders

The Sugar double mixed quartet will be one of the mane features of the program.
—Sugar City (Idaho) *Times.*

Maybe He Felt That Way

The bride was attired in a beautiful trousseau of blue with artistic trimmings. The groom wore the usual conventional blue.
—Cimarron (N. M.) *News.*

Observed

"Someone saw someone on someone's horse riding someone's chaps last Tuesday."
—Goodrich Correspondent of the Goodrich (Idaho) *News.*

Suppose He Won't Answer

If any fish is caught that is under six inches, and answers to the name of bass, catfish, pike, crappie, or trout, he must be thrown back at once.
—Iowa State Game Laws.

Unseen Hands

Frank Brown has had some hands picking his berries the past week, but his profit is very small, as he didn't know who picked them.
—Mason Valley Correspondent Cave Springs (Ark.) *Star.*

It Has a German Tinge

J. W. Hiner of the Chicago bar delivered an address last week at Berlin, Germany, before the "Englische Sprachvereinigung im Deutschnationalen Handlungsghilfen Verband," a German society.
—*The National Corporation Reporter.*

Fisherman's Hard Luck

William Willars, Emil Pool and Harry Pierce made a trip to Sixteen Mile fishing; they had excellent success, all bringing home a nice basket of fish. It was a sad blow to "Dusty" when the cork came out of the bottle of his favorite prescription while asleep on the train.
—Deer Lodge (Mont.) *Post.*

Swank

A total stranger walked into our midst Thursday morning and took a seat on the Hogwallow Postoffice porch without being asked, and the postmaster has been compelled to keep open since then, as the stranger occupies the chair, which he always takes inside before closing.
—Hogwallow *Kentuckian.*

What the Ciceros Are Doing Now

Speaking of the proposition to ring the noses of all hogs that run at large, prompts Cicero Pinnell to make the proposition that he will furnish the rings and the ringer for all who will call for them at the Riegler store. Cicero is in earnest and wants every hog that roams the streets to have a ring in its nose.
—The Walnut Ridge (Ark.) *Blade.*

Avoiding the Rusl

Miss Ruth Bosworth started for Cleveland last Wednesday night where she will spend the winter.
—Huntsville Correspondent of the Connecticut *Western News.*

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Towers of Steel

By CHARLES JOHNSON POST

MR. POST *says: "I started to write an article on the Navy and found to my delight that the judicial system of the Navy had put into practice almost all the reforms which had been suggested for the Army in my last series." In the previous instalment Mr. Post showed how the Navy department watches with the utmost care for every miscarriage of justice in its courts-martial. He here gives some further examples of the method of dealing with the judicial errors that creep into the courts-martial*

CHRISTOPHER BRENNAN, an ordinary seaman in the Navy, was charged before a court-martial with desertion. He was convicted and the Judge Advocate of the Navy reviewed his case in a page of the bulletin, pointing out the errors and stupidities on the part of the officers composing the court. The proceedings, findings and sentence were disapproved, and the concluding paragraph read:

"The only evidence adduced to show the necessary intent to permanently abandon the service was contained in the admissions of the accused while on the witness stand in his own defense, and although they might be considered sufficient to warrant a finding of guilty of desertion, the irregularity of the proceedings in not obtaining the best evidence as to the return of the accused to the service, the failure to rebut his testimony as to his surrender to the officer who delivered him aboard the receiving ship, and the vacillation of the court in its rulings as to the admission of the 'report of deserters received' rendered the proceedings of such a character that it was considered to the best interests of the administration of justice that they be disapproved. Brennan's retention in the service was not deemed desirable and he was discharged as 'Undesirable for the service'."

Here the Navy again virtually admits the moral guilt of the accused, but it will not permit him to be punished because his rights in the trial were not protected.

Lawrence E. Gilmore, alias George E. Tatro, private in the Marine Corps, U. S. Navy, was tried for desertion and fraudulent enlistment and found guilty. The court-martial fairly bristled with errors—not technical errors but vital ones; for example, no evidence was introduced to show that he had received any pay or allowances under his fraudulent enlistment, this being an essential feature under military law of the crime of fraudulent enlistment.

So the Navy Department returned the case to the court-martial for revision.

The court, on reconvening, nevertheless adhered to its former finding. And then the Navy Department said of the case and that court in closing a careful analysis:

"By the failure of the judge advocate to introduce proper and sufficient evidence, which was readily available to prove the specification, and by the court's action in receiving such incompetent evidence, they have, by neglecting the rules of procedure and the elementary principles of law, which ought to have been known to both the members and the judge advocate, caused a miscarriage of justice, permitted the accused to escape merited punishment, and become responsible for the injurious effect thus caused to the discipline of the naval service.

"In view of the foregoing, I have the honor to recommend that the proceedings, findings and sentence in the foregoing case be disapproved, and that, as an entirely separate proceeding, Gilmore, alias Tatro, be discharged from the service as undesirable."

Charles L. Mortland, a musician, first class, of the Navy, was ashore in a barracks at Buenos Aires as a member of the Band of the *North Carolina*, and was before a court-martial charged with "drunkenness on duty" and "using abusive, obscene and profane language toward his superior officer." He pleaded guilty to drunkenness but not guilty to the other charge. He was found guilty on both charges. This is the analysis by the Navy Department:

"The evidence showed that Mortland returned from liberty in a drunken condition. Even though ordinarily a man sent on shore from his ship with a battalion for certain purposes might be considered as being on duty while with that battalion, yet when liberty is granted the status of duty for the time being ceases, at least in so far as distinguishing his position between 'on' and 'off' duty, and he is considered in the latter class for the purposes of determining the degree of misconduct of which he might be guilty.

"It was therefore held in this case that (*a*) the specification did not sustain the charge; (*b*) that even though the specification had been properly drawn to sustain the charge alleged, the evidence did not indicate that Mortland was 'on duty' and a finding of guilty under such circumstances was unwarranted.

"It was further noted that upon the accused completing his testimony the record states he 'was duly warned and withdrew'." (This warning is only for witnesses, and is that they shall not converse upon matters pertaining to the trial.)

"To so warn the accused is manifestly improper and contrary to regulations (Art. 1760, Navy Regulations) and if the aforementioned statement as set forth in the record was a true report of the procedure followed, the subsequent proceedings were illegal in that they were held during the absence of the accused.

"In view of the irregularities referred to, the findings of the court upon the first charge and specifications were disapproved, and in view of such disapproval the dishonorable discharge, together with the forfeiture of pay in excess of that corresponding to the period of confinement adjudged, was remitted."

The analysis in full took over a page in the bulletin. This case, like those preceding, excites no sympathy for the prisoner, obviously nothing more than an ugly, surly drunk. Very possibly the service would be improved by getting rid of unreliable drunks, and it is equally certain that the service has no desire to retain them. But even in such unappealing cases there is the most exact weighing of the law and procedure.

Let me cite one more case. A young man was arrested while serving as a private in the Marine Corps of the Navy and charged with desertion and fraudulent enlistment. He pleaded guilty to both charges. But in a statement in his own defense he stated that he had understood that he was not under oath when he was with the draft of men for the *Pensacola*, and that he understood that he was not under oath as a marine until such time as he should reach the *Pensacola*, receive his outfit and be sworn in. He changed his mind but had no intention of making a deserter of himself.

"I had no intentions of fraud", he continued, "and still thinking that I was not bound by oath to the Navy, and having served no time, I cannot see how I was falsely representing myself or deliberately and wilfully concealing from the recruiting officer that I was a deserter when I enlisted in the Marine Corps, as I am charged in my specification."

The judge advocate of this court-martial called the attention of the court to the fact that this statement was inconsistent and at variance with the plea of the accused, and requested the court to refuse to accept his plea of guilty; that the plea of not guilty be substituted therefor, and that the trial be proceeded with on that basis. But the court-martial overruled the contention of the judge advocate. The Navy Department reviewed the case and then concluded:

"The position taken by the judge advocate is well sustained by the authorities; and the court improperly overruled his contention. (Winthrop's Military Law and Precedent; McClure's Digests of Opinions of the Judge-Advocates General of the Army.)

"The proceedings, findings and sentence in this case were disapproved."

In plain language, they set aside, vacated, the whole proceedings and sentence by reason of unfair and illegal procedure.

I have spoken about the detention barracks system and the disciplinary battalion that the Army has but recently put into effect. The Navy was the first to adopt this some years ago in an effort to save possible men to the service who would otherwise have been discarded with a prison sentence. It is purely for offenses against discipline. Serious breaches of discipline are tried and sent to the detention barracks. It is virtually a prison, but with this important exception: first offenders or young offenders are placed in the disciplinary battalion. Other offenders, after proving good behavior, may earn a promotion into the disciplinary battalion.

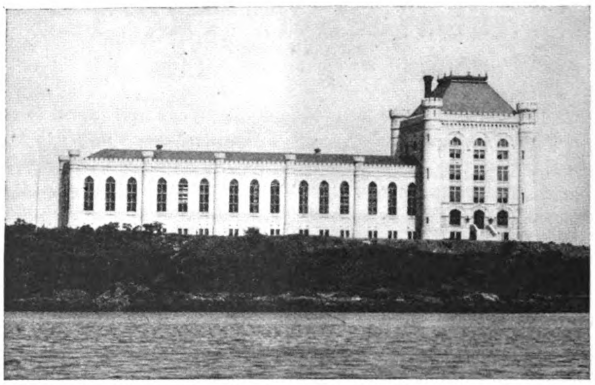
The disciplinary battalion is on exactly the same basis as a body of sailors or marines serving in the regular establishment; the uniform is the same, the duties and drills are the same, but the discipline is more rigid and exacting. At the expiration of the sentence, instead of the dishonorable discharge formerly given, the member of the disciplinary battalion may rejoin the service and finish out his enlistment without prejudice and receive an honorable discharge. The idea —if it is necessary to force men to stay in the service as the only way of keeping men in—was a great improvement over the prior system of imprisoning them as

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felons and turning them back to civil life with a convict stigma, generally at or during the formative period of their manhood.

And while the Army is trying out this step it has taken in elevating Army penalogy, the Navy has given it a careful analysis and is considering with the utmost seriousness its abandonment.

It is considering exactly what I have stood for in my articles on desertion in this WEEKLY: that unwilling or poor material for the Army or Navy should be dismissed from the service, that is, discharged in exactly the same way that any unwilling or unfit worker in a civil establishment is discharged.



The Detention Barracks at the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Navy Yards

They have found out in the Navy that you cannot make a good, efficient sailor or marine out of material that does not have any native bent or ambition or desire to be a good sailor or marine, by any method of severity or leniency in punishment; and that it makes no difference whether you dress a deserter in striped clothes and crop his hair or give him the prison honors of a disciplinary battalion—he is not of the fiber for the work.

Because of the useless expense of maintaining an archaic penal system that gives back to the service a mere handful even under best of intentions.

Because the Navy has a huge and expensive court-martial system that under this method handled 25,000 cases last year—and out of all there were but 4½ per cent court-martial cases that were criminal in character. And in the naval courts last year 80 per cent of the cases were directly or indirectly concerned with the offenses of absence without leave or desertion.

If those two offenses were treated by a summary dismissal, there would be an enormous saving in energy and money to the service; and to serve in the Navy would indicate both efficiency and willingness.

The naval service lost 5500 men last year, and 1200 of them were sent to prison for the above offenses. This involved an expenditure of about $1,150,000 a year for maintenance, transportation and subsistence of these prisoners and the 1000 men and officers for guards. If the Navy should abolish prison punishment for these offenses, three small prisons would suffice where now there are eleven. And this step is now under consideration.

A compilation was made of all the prisoners who had passed through the detention barracks system since June, 1912; there were approximately 2900 prisoners during that time. Out of these, 665 were sent to the disciplinary barracks under the system I have outlined. Of these latter, 160, about 25 per cent, were discharged at the end of their sentences not recommended for enlistment. There were 84 men recommended for enlistment back into the service, and of these 28 reënlisted and 5 of them deserted. There were unconditionally restored to duty 421 men; and of these it was reported that 220 had been unsuccessful, leaving 221 who were either in the service or who had honorably severed their connection therewith.

For the year 1912 there were 71 men who were restored to the service and were serving with credit. Therefore, it would seem that when the expense of maintaining these barracks is considered, the service of 71 men is out of all proportion to the value of the system, to say nothing of the pernicious influence exerted by them prior to their trial by court-martial. And the majority of the men sentenced for these serious offenses against discipline are for one reason or another, for military or naval purposes, incorrigible: they do harm, they are not subject to the rigid routine of discipline; and from the point of view of the nature of such service, the Navy believes it would be well rid of them. And it is, as I have stated, seriously considering the system of summarily discharging them on their first offense back into civil life. Moreover, it is believed that such summary discharge would have a profitable effect on discipline.

Approaching the subject as a matter of pure financial saving and as a matter of naval discipline, the Navy has reached this position.

Women Delegates

WHETHER or not women are eligible to the New York Constitutional Convention, which will convene in the State of New York in 1915, is a matter of argument.

Many prominent women are anxious to be represented at the Convention, as the constitution will be in force for twenty years, and they feel that every citizen who has to live under the fundamental laws of the state should be consulted in making them. Unfortunately there is no judicial decision interpreting the provision of the constitution of New York or of any other state with regard to the matter.

The question of woman suffrage is not involved, for the question is not as to who may vote at the election at which delegates are chosen, but who possesses the qualifications necessary to be a delegate representing the voters. A man may be disqualified to vote and yet be eligible to office, as for example, in the case of a congressman living outside the district which he represents. True, the common law provides that women are not eligible to office, but this inability on their part has been over-ridden by a number of elections and appointments which have proved perfectly valid. There is nothing in the constitution itself to clear the matter up.

Women have organized a non-partisan committee of two hundred representing the entire state, which will work for the election of women delegates and for the proposal of measures to be introduced at the convention that will best represent the social and industrial interests of women. They have asked each of the leading parties to name at least one woman among the fifteen delegates-at-large.

Besides the matter of ordinary justice involved, women are particularly anxious that measures in regard to social justice and industrial improvements shall be considered. Certain things can only be accomplished through amendment of the constitution, and there are a number of reforms which women have worked for that are being blocked by the present constitution. The women feel that in justice to their work and usefulness, they should have a chance to change things. They are proceeding almost entirely from the human rather than from the political point of view, leaving the form and technical changes in more experienced hands. Civic betterment and education are among the reforms in which they are most interested. It is this sort of justice to which women have the best possible right.

The Committee is now at work upon a memorandum that will present a survey of the public service work—social, industrial, civic, philanthropic—which women are now doing in the state, showing the executive and financial responsibility now being carried by women, and so setting forth the justice as well as the practicability of their request.

Its Program Committee, composed of Frances A. Kellor, Katherine B. Davis, and Pauline Goldmark, is now making an analysis of recent amendments to the constitution, their effect when put in operation, and changes in conditions not covered by the law of the state.

No doubt the State of New York will send a few women at least. There is always the possibility that the convention may vote out the women delegates. They can readily be replaced by a regular routine which is provided in that case. But it seems inconceivable that a body of men capable of drafting a constitution would be so absurd as to consider women incapable of expressing useful opinions on matters they have been studying so long and so successfully.

Governor Glynn said, in urging political parties to sink their individual differences and elect delegates of great capacity and integrity on a non-partisan basis, "Petty partisanship and selfish interest should not be allowed to enter into the remodeling of the New York laws."

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The Seddon-Battyes' Baby

By FRANK DANBY

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

KEIGHTLY WILBUR, inconsistently with his amazing egotism, was extraordinarily perceptive. He was accustomed to thinking of his mother as happy and content with her life, and seeing her at her happiest when he was with her.

A few days after he had completed his investigations into the Ince case, coming home unexpectedly, about tea-time, he found this happy mother of his in the drawing-room alone, and with reddened eyelids. He adjusted the blind, to make sure, and found, as usual, that he had not made a mistake.

"Did you lose much last night?"

She smiled.

"No. I won a little."

"Got a headache?"

"No."

"New dress a failure?"

"Fits like a glove."

"You had better tell me what is wrong."

"Why should you think there is anything wrong?"

"I don't think. Lesser people think. *I* know."

"Veda has lost her baby."

"Absurd."

"What do you mean by absurd?" The word actually startled her.

"Absurd that the loss of such a recent acquaintance should make you cry."

"I am not crying."

"Not at the moment, perhaps."

"I am fond of Veda. After you, she is my nearest living relative, my own sister's child. And she is in great trouble; awful trouble. She sent for me this morning. I have only just got back."

"It was not only a baby, it was an heir, wasn't it? Why did it die?"

"They have been married over five years . . . ."

"Seems a *non sequitur*, but get along."

"It was their first baby."

"I understand . . . dilatory. Didn't we go to the christening, by the way? Not more than a fortnight ago, wasn't it! Cheer up. It might have lived to be as interesting as its father, our dear cousin, Sir Audley. There seems to me something providential that another potential Audley Seddon-Battye should be snuffed out. It had red hair too. What a memory I have!"

"Keightly!"

"I'm listening."

"That hobby of yours . . ."

"Devenish says it is little better than spying. He has rather put me off. Shall I ring for tea? I'll read to you afterwards; I'm not going to let you fret because a three months' old Seddon-Battye has been translated. Poor old Mater!"

"David Devenish said it was like spying?"

"What, oh, my hobby. Yes, I asked him if he thought it would be more appropriate for me to play golf."

"They don't know what the baby died of. There will have to be an inquest." The tone of the last sentence was tragic.

"An inquest!"

"Yes. Unless you can help. . . ."

"I?"

"I told Veda I would speak to you, that you knew Dr. Ince."

"Ince!"

"Yes."

"But I don't. I know of him, I don't know him. But go on. What's the idea or suggestion?"

"It's all so incredible, so impossible." She actually put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Here, Mater, that won't do, I can't stand that. The baby has died and they don't know what of. Didn't they call in consultants?"

"There wasn't time. At eleven o'clock this morning it was quite well; asleep. Nurse went down into the hall to get its perambulator ready. The under-nurse had toothache, had been sent to the dentist. Nurse wasn't out of the room half an hour. When she came back . . ." Mrs. Wilbur's voice dropped, "it was *dead!* It had been suffocated."

"The pillows, bedclothes . . . ?"

"The face was clear of them all."

"The nurse . . ."

"Trustworthy, reliable."

"Who had been in the nursery?"

"Veda, perhaps Audley. No one else. Veda cannot bear the thought of an inquest."

"You want me to take this matter up."

"I promised Veda. . . ."

"Are you going back to her?"

"I said I would if you did not want me."

"I'll drive you there; and then go on and see Ince."

"AND what can I do for Mr. Keightly Wilbur?" the doctor began, and added a flattering word as to the pleasure he had in meeting one of whom he had heard so much.

"I shan't keep you long. Do you happen to know that Lady Seddon-Battye is a cousin of mine, almost a sister? We were brought up practically together."

"I'm very sorry. . . ."

"Sorry?"

"About the affair, the baby's death. After waiting all these years, too. There must be an inquiry, of course."

"That's just what there must not be."

Bob Ince looked serious.

"My dear fellow! I wish it could be avoided."

"It must be avoided."

"I've already given notice to the coroner."

"You'll have to withdraw it."

Dr. Ince laughed.

"You can't withdraw a notice to a coroner unless you substitute for it an information before a magistrate, and I don't think you can, even then."

"Isn't the cause of death clear?"

"As clear as it possibly can be without a post mortem. The baby was smothered. Some one put a pillow or cushion over its face, held it there until breathing ceased. It is not difficult to suffocate an infant of three months."

"Couldn't it have become entangled, tied up as it were in its own bedclothes or pillows, without strength to extricate itself?"

"Committed *felo de se?* Quite impossible in this case. I saw it seven minutes after the nurse's screams aroused the household, and it was lying on its side, clear of all obstruction. It had been dead about a quarter of an hour, *rigor mortis* had not yet set in. I've not had time to make a complete examination. I'm going back there."

"You must find a way to avoid an inquest, any public inquiry."

"I have told you it is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible. You'll have to find a natural cause. Convulsion, clot on the brain? You must devise something."

Dr. Ince became a little irritable and impatient with this persistence.

"You don't expect me to make a false statement?" he asked.

"That is just what I do", Keightly answered imperturbably. "Why not? You are not going to pretend to me that it would be the first time."

"Sir!"

"Well! do you?"

Keightly could be the most charming fellow in the world when he chose, and he chose now. Dr. Ince yielded to him gradually, but he did yield. He was a many-sided man, not belligerent, much more intelligent than the average medico. They spoke of Milly Mordaunt, and incidentally of other mutual stage acquaintances, ricochetting to the subject matter of the interview abruptly. Naturally it had remained in both their minds.

"You know what Lady Seddon-Battye has in her mind?"

"You don't mean to say *you* do?"

"There is only half an hour unaccounted for. There is no doubt Seddon-Battye was in the nursery during that time."

"I'll bet a thousand to one you are on a wrong scent."

"One cannot hush up a thing like this." Now Dr. Ince was even sympathetic. "The household, the tradespeople, everybody knows. It is risking everything for nothing. I'll do my best, do all I can. I am really more distressed about it than I can say. I brought the little fellow into the world. . . ."

"Well! you can leave it to me to find who helped him out of it. Not Audley, for a million. I'm not only a criminologist, Ince, I'm a psychologist. Will you wager? I'm never wrong. This is the first case I have tackled of any personal interest to me."

"Good luck to you. But that the baby died from suffocation, that someone put a pillow over its face and kept it there, is not open to argument."

"Coolest fellow I ever met", Keightly said to himself when he was in the motor. "Wonder whether it was all a mistake; Boyne was blundering fool enough for anything."

In Eaton Square the blinds were down and everyone trod softly. Keightly asked for his mother, and was told she was with her ladyship, that Sir Audley was still in the library, and would see no one. Mrs. Wilbur appeared on the stairs while Keightly was talking to the butler, and he went up to her, two steps at a time.

"No! I can't say I've exactly succeeded", he replied to a hurriedly whispered question. "I expect there will have to be some sort of an inquiry. I want to see Veda. Can I go in?"

"I am not sure if she will see anybody, even you. I'll go and ask her."

Now he was in the darkened room. Veda was lying on the bed; she had gone from one fainting fit to another, the at-

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mosphere was heavy with complicated restoratives. Keightly had many of the little human failings at which it was his habit to scoff, family affection amongst them. He was fond of Veda, they were as intimate as brother and sister, more intimate than many brothers and sisters.

"Poor old girl!"

"I can't bear it."

She had been sobbing hysterically for hours.

"You've got to remember you'd only known him such a short time!"

"But he was my baby, my first baby. . . ."

"You must go on crying, I suppose?"

"I'm almost past crying. Keightly, you've heard. . . ."

"What a rotten idea you've got in your head? Yes. And I think you have gone mad."

"Someone held a pillow over his little face. . . ." And she broke into heavy sobs.

"Does Audley know your wifely view?"

"'You did it', I said to him. I called him a coward. . . ."

"Well, it must have been something of an unequal fight. There wasn't any other fellow, I suppose?"

At that she burst out crying again.

"I've never looked at anyone else, you know I never have. I talked to him like that, like you and I talk, but he never understood it. I only tried to make him lighter, not be so solemn. I was so happy, and I never thought he would be offended, would believe. . . ." She abandoned herself to her grief, forgetting even that her cousin was there. "It was all my fault", she sobbed.

"Shall I fetch him? You can soon make it right."

"I want him, I don't care if he did it or not. I want my husband. . . ."

"Of course he didn't do it. Don't be idiotic. . . ."

She was really hysterical now and hardly knew what she was saying.

"I said it couldn't be a real Seddon-Battye because it had red hair. . . ."

"Pity it wasn't blue. He might have suspected Circe. . . ." Keightly did not know any other way of talking, but he was genuinely moved, and incredulous. Veda's mass of black hair was all he could see of her, and her heaving shoulder.

Circe was the great blue Persian cat, a prize winner, and before baby came Veda's great interest in life—Circe and her perennial kittens. She was lying even now at the foot of the bed. Keightly rubbed her fur up the wrong way, and she rose to her feet, hunched her back and spat at him.

"I'll fetch Audley up to you. Don't make the man more of a scene than you can help. . . ."

"He won't come. . . . I know he won't come."

The library door was closed. Sir Audley had given orders he was not to be disturbed. Keightly went in without knocking, there was nothing to be gained by subjecting himself to a refusal. The unexpected happened. Sir Audley Seddon-Battye, a blonde and slow-witted man of huge proportions, was sitting forlornly in an easy-chair, but he got up when his cousin entered. He actually seemed glad to see him.

"It was kind of you to come."

Sir Audley never read anything but racing calendars, Debrett's Peerage and Bourke's "Landed Gentry." He was forty odd years of age, a little deaf, and although enormously rich was very careful of his expenditure. His wife had a Rolls-Royce car for her exclusive use, but he had been known almost to cry when he spoke of the amount of petrol it used. He and his wife's cousin had nothing in common. But he was so shaken by the event of the morning, following upon a week's estrangement from his wife, that he welcomed even Keightly as an interruption to his thoughts. They talked platitudes for a few moments. Keightly strove for simplicity in expressing his sympathy. Audley was at his deafest before an epigram. Keightly said it was "hard lines" and "rotten luck." Audley said "Poor little chap!" and there were tears in his blue eyes. The idea that he was the murderer of the child he was lamenting became suddenly grotesque.

"Have you seen Veda?"

"Just come out of her room. Which reminds me. She wants you to go up to her."

Sir Audley got red. Actually there was a flush on his forehead.

"Me! Are you sure? I'll go."

"Wait a minute. . . ."

But he had already gone!

Keightly was suddenly excited at the idea that had come to him, and tried to calm himself with phrases. He was out of the chair, ringing the bell, too impatient to wait until it was answered, out in the hall.

"I say, one of you fellows. . . ." It was the sort of household where never less than two people answered the bell, however dilatorily.

"Where's the nursery? Can't you



Keightly rubbed her fur up the wrong way. She rose and hunched up her back and spat at him.

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take me up there, I want to see . . . can't I see the . . . the . . ."

"The corpse, sir?" said the footman.

"Yes, that's it."

The footman led the way. All the household had been up already. Such are the easy pleasures of the servants' hall.

The nursery was full of the scent of flowers, lilies, and orchids, gardenias and tuberoses. The blinds were down. The swinging cot, white painted and hung with muslin and lace, was nothing but a mound of flowers in the gloom. Keightly dismissed his guide.

"Thank you. Get out now. I want to be alone."

The footman thought that queer of him. Keightly stood beside the cot, the little waxen figure lay stiff, unreal amid the lilies; one had been put in the tiny hand. Then Keightly Wilbur did a strange thing, an unaccountable thing. He locked the door, turned on all the electric light, came back and stood beside the cot. . . .

Sir Audley met him ten minutes later on the stairs; he had only that moment left his wife's room.

"I want to speak to Ince."

"He is with Veda. Is it important?"

"Vital. I can't wait."

"Your dear mother not unwell, I hope?"

"No, how is Veda?"

"She is decidedly better", Dr. Ince began, exactly as Sir Audley had done when he was called out of the room.

"I don't care a damn. Oh! I don't mean that. But I want to talk to you. I want you to come upstairs with me."

Dr. Ince marvelled at his excitement.

"None of you have got any sense", was the first thing he said when they were alone.



"You will find some way to avoid the necessity of an inquest on my cousin's baby"

At Westminster the next morning in a crowded court an inquiry was opened into the death by suffocation of the infant child of Sir Audley and Lady Seddon-Battye.

The nurse was the first witness called:

"My name is Sarah Evans. I took the baby from the month. Her Ladyship had a good character with me from the Duchess of Narrowly, the young Duchess. I had all her three children. I should have been there now if she hadn't taken a French young woman into the nursery. . . ."

Recalled to the matter in hand, and kept to it strictly, she deposed that the under-nurse had been awake all night with toothache, and that after she had done the nurseries and got baby's bath ready her Ladyship insisted on sending her to a dentist. Her Ladyship remained in the nursery and assisted at baby's toilette.

Asked about the time, she was quite certain it was not more than eleven o'clock when she left the nursery. It was 11.35 when she returned. . . . Then followed the account of how she went over to the cot . . . the dead baby . . . her screams, the housemaid coming to her, her Ladyship, and after her Sir Audley. "White as death she went. 'It's you has done it, coward', she says, and falls fainting on the floor. . . ."

It was then elicited from various members of the household that relations had been strained between Sir Audley and her Ladyship for some few days. Sir Audley had had his meals in the library, her Ladyship had kept a great deal to her own room.

At this juncture the coroner asked if Sir Audley Seddon-Battye was represented by a solicitor. The question was repeated to Sir Audley by an inspector, and he shook his head.

"No. Certainly not. Why?"

Presently, at the invitation of the coroner, he left his seat and went into the box. Kissing the book and undertaking to give his evidence faithfully, he detailed his name, various titles and seats with careful exactitude. When he had finished the coroner consulted for a moment with his clerk and then said:

"Sir Audley Seddon-Battye, you have been in court the whole time of this inquiry, you have heard from the child's nurse the words spoken by your wife when she was unexpectedly confronted by you at the bedside of your dead child. Have you any comment to make, any explanation to offer the court? You are not bound to answer."

Sir Audley asked for the question to be repeated.

Mrs. Wilbur, not in a general way a woman to show emotion, put a hand on her son's knee.

"It's all right, Mater. I'm stage managing this show; wait a bit. There's a surprise coming."

Perhaps the calmest man in court was Sir Audley himself.

"Were you in the nursery between the time the nurse left it and the moment when her piercing shriek alarmed all the household?"

"Yes."

"Do you wish to say any more?"

It seemed as if he did wish, and he half opened his mouth to speak, but then he remembered his dignity and that this person had no right to be questioning him.

"That will do then. You may go."

Sir Audley left the box as if a long array of ancestors were behind him and he was leading them.

Dr. Ince, duly sworn, proved comparatively uninteresting. He said, in answer to questions, that he had attended Lady Seddon-Battye in her confinement three months ago, and believed she had fully recovered her strength. Her mind had never been clouded. The baby was healthy, weighed seven pounds when he was born and increased steadily, although with fluctuations. He then went on to tell what had led him to his diagnosis that the child had been suffocated, and explained how every other cause of death was excluded by this or the other circumstance. He said further that he saw no necessity for a post mortem, the cause of death was absolutely clear.

There was a short pause after Dr. Ince left the box. The pressmen were curiously awaiting developments, the jury were confused and uneasy, the coroner uncertain what to do. Sir Audley's manner had undoubtedly impressed him, and the relation of his titles and estates. Yet why had his wife accused him, made that amazing statement? Of course the case must be adjourned for further evidence. But from whom was it to come . . . . At this juncture in his thoughts he became aware of a gentleman standing up in the body of the court.

"Am I entitled to offer evidence?" Mr. Keightly Wilbur was speaking, very cool and self-possessed.

"If you have anything to say you had better go into the box."

Keightly permitted himself to be sworn, and the questions began:

"What is your profession?"

"I am a criminologist among other things."

"You know who suffocated this child?" the coroner asked sharply.

"Certainly I do."

"You are obliged to answer since you have told us that you know. *Was* it a member of the household?"

"A member of the household? Well, yes and no."

"Be more explicit."

Mrs. Wilbur found her heart palpitating violently.

But Dr. Ince was by her side and reassured her.

"Who is he going to accuse? What is he going to say?"

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"Proceed, please," said the coroner.

"Now I will reconstruct the scene, as they do in France." He paused again, dramatically. "Sir Audley Seddon-Battye went up to the nursery, as he has told you, whilst the nurse was cleaning the perambulator. He went over to the cot, watched the sleeping child a minute, then went out again. Then the child was alone, the cot unguarded. Lady Seddon-Battye was the next visitor. . . ." Again the very breath of the court was hushed. "She is not well enough to appear before you, but I made a point of seeing her this morning.

"She told me that she remembers now, she remembers perfectly, that her husband left the room as she entered it; that she saw the child *after* he did, took the bottle from his mouth. . . ."

He paused, the silence was tense. Dr. Ince asked the lady in front of him for the loan of her smelling salts. Mrs. Wilbur was very white and he thought she would faint.

"Lady Seddon-Battye, then, was the last person to see the child alive?"

"My God! in another moment your suspicions will be directed towards Lady Seddon-Battye. . . ."

The coroner could not find words.

"She took the bottle from the wet lips of the sleeping child, kissed him, withdrew. But she had been followed." Everyone was hanging on his words. "Soft-footed, more soft-footed even than she, surreptitiously, the intruder came through the door that had inadvertently been left ajar. . . . There she waited, crouching, concealed, until Veda, until my cousin, went out again. . . . Then, without pause or delay, one spring, and she was upon her helpless victim. . . ."

A woman shrieked. The coroner said sharply he would have the court cleared. Keightly himself seemed to have turned pale.

"You said she. It was a woman, then."

"A woman, God forbid! Surely I made myself clear. It was Circe, my cousin's favourite Persian cat. . . ."

The woman who had shrieked began to giggle hysterically.

"Circe jumped upon the cot, settled herself upon the baby's face, jumped off again when nurse startled her by opening the door in the noisy way peculiar to servants. . . ."

Dr. Ince recalled, deposed to finding several of the cat's hairs in the cradle. And although, unlike Keightly, he was careful not to throw any blame upon the coroner, he pointed out that he had not been asked any questions as to how the child's death had been compassed; the cause of death, but not how it had been brought about. The coroner censured him, nevertheless, and said the court had been befooled. There was quite a little argument about it before the verdict of "Death by Misadventure" was brought in. Ince defended himself with ability. He said it was not his place to volunteer evidence. The general impression remained that the coroner had been inept.

Sports

By HERBERT REED

IN the light of Great Britain's polo victories, it is possible that American sportsmen will recover rapidly from a hitherto prevalent tendency to hold too cheaply an English international team in any form of sport. The English Davis Cup tennis team that will meet the Belgians at Folkstone next week, is as well balanced an organization as one would care to meet in an important series. For all-round tennis—brilliancy and steadiness combined—John C. Parke, the man who defeated both McLoughlin and Williams in England last year, has few equals and perhaps no superior. He has had long experience in hard matches and is utterly without nerves. The wiliest veteran of the lot is of course H. Roper-Barrett. Something sinister in that name Barrett when one harks back to the polo matches! Should the Englishmen defeat Belgium, which seems fairly certain, they will meet France the following week at Wimbledon; and Roper-Barrett on the championship court at Wimbledon is the terror of all tennis players. The Briton knows this court as does no other player, not even excepting Anthony F. Wilding; and although McLoughlin defeated him last year in a terrific match, there seems to be no one in sight on the French string strong enough to puzzle this remarkable court general.

England's Young Tennis Star

QUITE the most interesting member of the English team is Lieut. Algernon R. F. Kingscote, the youngest of the string. Kingscote went to school in Switzerland with R. Norris Williams, 2d, one of the mainstays of the American team, and they took up tennis together, beginning under the careful supervision of the same professional coach. The American has been the more prominent of the two since then, but Kingscote plays almost exactly the same style of game—plays it craftily and well. Should the two come together, it would be difficult to tell them apart without other guide than style. Kingscote's game, like Williams's, lacks the severity overhead of a man like McLoughlin—or Murray, the latest whirlwind from the Pacific Coast—but is superior off the ground. T. M. Mavrogordato, a strong, reliable, experienced player, completes the team.

A Champion Protests

IT seems that in my recent comment on the style of the California high jumpers I was in error in saying that Alma Richards, the latest Olympic champion, "dived" over the bar. I had not seen Richards in so long that my memory was at fault. I have been called to account by another Olympic champion, now living in Chicago, in a letter so interesting that I shall quote from it for the benefit of both competitors and officials. "Richards jumps in the good old-fashioned style", he writes. "He hasn't even the semblance of a 'layout.' His virtue lies solely in his size, strength and spring. The California jumpers on the other hand most certainly do dive rather than jump. I should call it a combination dive, somersault and jump. At Stockholm, Horine was not allowed to use this form, with the result that he did not place. In the Conference meet here (Chicago) a week ago, none of the jumpers who have this style were allowed to compete. Owing to the questionableness of the style, it is surprising to me that the A. A. U. accepted the jumps of Horine and Beeson. That they did so promptly I can only ascribe to the mania for seeing records broken that seems to possess the powers that be in amateur athletics, as well as the public in general. If the California style is allowed to stand, then my conception of what is a high jump is totally erroneous, and I ought to know something about it, having been a specialist in this event for fifteen years."

My correspondent has an official record of 6 ft. 4½ in., which ought to qualify him for debate on the subject of high jumping. His style is patterned on that of Mike Sweeney, who made his great record without any roll or dive in 1895. He approaches the bar straight on and lands squarely on both feet and facing the bar, which he considers the test of a perfect jump. Sweeney's style seemed to me to be real high jumping. But perhaps I too am old-fashioned.

A Boom in American Polo

BOTH the Waterburys have declared themselves out of further international polo, but it will be difficult for them to stick to this decision, I think, when America next challenges Hurlingham. There are many other players, however, who are close to the first rank, and who need only the incentive of a chance to make the new international four to get down to serious business and keep on improving. England's victory will mean a great boom for polo all over the country, and the man who is to captain the next challenging team—and who could fill the position better than Devereux Milburn?—will need to keep an eye on the coming tournament at Point Judith. The standard of last year's tournament was high indeed, but this year should be higher. If I am not sadly mistaken, there is a great polo future in store for J. Watson Webb. He was easily the life of the picked-up teams that met Lord Wimborne's men in the early games at Phipps Field, and he kept up the pace day after day, weakening only when his ponies began to give out. There will be an Army team at Narragansett that will also bear watching. Had Lieut. Quekemeyer been better mounted last year, he would have made as good a showing as some of the civilians of the first rank. It is time for a change in the Army regulations governing the size of mounts. Polo ponies at present are barred as second mounts, although I have it on the authority of Army men who ught to know that a hardy polo pony would be of the utmost value in actual service.

Vale, Capt. Bill Dennis

THE resignation of Capt. Bill Dennis as skipper of the *Vanitie* removes from the trial races an old salt who has been much in the public eye. Capt. Bill has a splendid record behind him as skipper of Morton F. Plant's fast schooner, *Elena*, and enjoys a great reputation as a successful wind hunter. Wherever a breath of air is stirring or about to stir, there is Capt. Bill. He is succeeded on the *Vanitie* by Capt. Harry Haff, son of Hank Haff, who starred so often in the earlier days of the America's Cup races.

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Colorado Springs (Colo.) *Telegraph*

As a protest against the false and malicious articles and pictures which some eastern publications are running on the Colorado coal strike, Whitney & Grimwood, the well known art and book dealers of this city, have refused to handle HARPER'S WEEKLY from this date.

L. D. Conger, Colorado Springs, Colo.

I went to a newsstand here in town and called for a HARPER'S WEEKLY. The dealer looked at me as if he thought me an anarchist and said that he had had about two hundred calls for HARPER'S WEEKLY that day but that he did not keep it.

Colorado Springs (Colo.) *Gazette*

Local book dealers have announced that they had discontinued HARPER'S WEEKLY from their list of periodicals, and gave as explanation the attitude which the publishers of that magazine were taking in the matter of the Colorado coal strike.

A. A. Purdon, Secretary and Treasurer, Colorado Springs, Colo.

At a regular meeting of the Federated Trades Council of this city, held Thursday the 28th, I was instructed to order from you 25 copies of HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 23rd issue. All stationers here have sold out of that issue except Whitney & Grimwood, who refuse to sell them. We thank you for the courage to print the truth.

The Chicago (Ill.) *Little Review*

No magazine that comes to this office is looked for more excitedly than HARPER'S WEEKLY.—Harper's is a weekly adventure in the interest of which we haunt the postman. At present, it is featuring a series of sketches by Galsworthy—satirical characterizations of those human beings who pride themselves on being "different." Here is a man who knows himself for a philosopher; here is an "artist"; here is one of those rare individualities so enlightened, so superior, so removed, that there is only one label for him: "The Superlative." But it is in The Philosopher that Galsworthy excels himself. It is probably the most consummate satire that has appeared in the last decade.

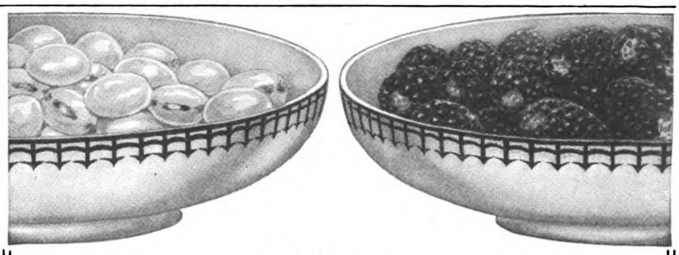
The Weymouth (Mass.) *Times*

We urge our readers who are not familiar with the new HARPER'S WEEKLY to make its acquaintance as soon as possible. In the issue of May 16th appears a striking article, under the heading "A Campaign of Lies," by Miss Katharine Buell. It shows up misleading articles inspired by the Anti-Vivisectionists and Anti-Vaccinationists and Hearst's disgraceful part in the campaign.

Scotford Blake, Franklin, Pa.

Many thanks for "Hearst—Liar" in a recent issue. Let's have more along that line.

Hearst is a liar of such brazen gall
We wonder how the people for him fall.
But seeing him accepted by the masses,
Helps us to see why critics call them asses.



Try Serving Them Together

Try mixing Puffed Grains with your berries—Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Believe us, the blend is delicious.

Imagine nut meats toasted and puffed into bubbles—thin, flaky, fragile morsels with a fascinating taste. That's about how Puffed Grains taste with berries. They add more than sugar and cream.

These are more than mere breakfast cereals. Use them in candy making. Scatter like nut meats over ice cream. Douse with melted butter, and note how the children prefer them.

But serve above all in bowls of milk—for luncheons, for suppers, for a "good-night dish." The grains will float. They are crisp and airy—porous, toasted, delightful in flavor. And they do not tax the stomach. Prof. Anderson's process has made every atom easy to digest.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS 15¢

These Are the Fittest Foods

There are other ways to make cereals inviting, but no other way to so fit them for food.

Here every food granule (there are millions per kernel) is blasted by steam explosion. The best other methods will rarely break half of them. And unbroken granules usually fail to digest.

So Puffed Grains are not mere enticements—not merely new forms of great foods. They have solved, for the first time, complete, perfect cooking. They have made every atom and element available as food.

Prof. Anderson has now found a way to accomplish this in three grains. First came Rice, then Wheat, then Corn. Now all of these grains may be served on your table in this only ideal form.

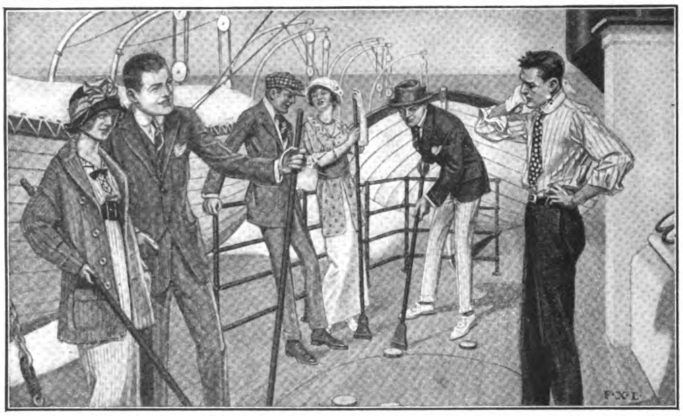
Keep all in the pantry—for variety's sake. And serve them in different ways.



The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

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YOU wear a *coat* and a *smile* with B.V.D. On land or sea, in city or country, outdoors or in the office, B.V.D. takes the bite out of the "dog days." *It keeps you cool.* Being loose-fitting in drape, it lets invigorating air at your pores. Being light-woven in fabrics, you hardly feel that you have it on. If you dance, B.V.D. leaves you always arm, leg and body-free.

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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

More Small Bonds

ALTHOUGH an article on $100 bonds was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY as recently as the issue of April 25th, the writer is convinced by the letters received that the subject is one which cannot be harped on too much. What the investor wants to know, is how to invest a moderate sum, usually from about $300 to $3000, safely and at a fairly high income. At least that is what the great majority of investors want to know. Other topics seem to them pale and academic by comparison. The following letter is typical:

I would like to invest $900 in bonds. What advice can you give me? Of course I want them safe and paying a reasonable percentage. Mrs. L. M., New York.

There are three general courses open to this woman. She may purchase well known bonds listed on the Stock Exchange; or public utility bonds sponsored by any one of a dozen or score of reliable investment banking firms; or bonds based upon first mortgages on real estate, such as are sold chiefly by firms in Chicago, St. Louis and Cleveland. The last named method of buying small securities will be treated in a separate article for which the writer is now gathering information.

In HARPER'S WEEKLY of November 15th, January 3rd and April 25th, I gave extensive lists of good bonds, practically all listed on the Stock Exchange. The first two lists contained quite a number of those issued in $500 and $200 amounts, and the April 25th list mentioned twelve high grade $100 bonds which at that time returned from 4.20 to 6 per cent on the investment. A person with $900 to invest would naturally buy one bond of $500 and four of $100; or as there are a few in $200 and $250 amounts, especially those based on real estate mortgages, one unit of $500 and two of $200 each.

To the novice it should be said, the fact that a bond is listed and actively traded in on the Stock Exchange does not necessarily indicate merit, any more than its being unlisted indicates lack of merit. But it is much easier for a financial writer or adviser to recommend listed bonds.

There are literally thousands of unlisted bonds, good, bad and indifferent, dealt in by investment bankers throughout the country. Many of them are as desirable as the listed variety, but they are usually of smaller companies, less well known than the big corporations. Moreover, they are usually brought out by some one banking firm. In buying such bonds one pays not merely for brokerage, one-eighth of one per cent, but for experience, reliability, financial strength, expert knowledge, and good judgment. Eliminating certain classes of well known speculative bonds, it is easier to judge the values of listed than of unlisted securities; not only because there is usually more information available concerning the former, but because there are few new, unseasoned bonds on the Stock Exchange, practically no prospects being admitted, whereas very many of the unlisted bonds are of new companies in the prospective stage. With the latter class one must rely far more on the banker's judgment, reliability and good faith.

However, in this article, at the possible risk of incurring the displeasure of those whose particular offerings are not men-

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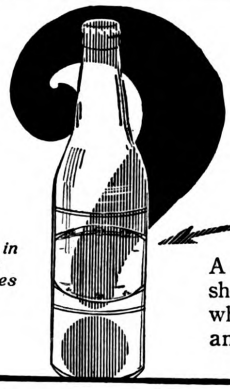
tioned, I am going to speak of a number of excellent unlisted as well as listed bonds. Among the latter, all of which have been described in former articles, are the following in amounts of $500 but not less: Atchison general 4s and adjustment 4s, Baltimore & Ohio prior lien 3½s and first mortgage 4s, Southern Pacific first and refunding 4s, Northern Pacific general lien and land grants. Oregon Short Line consolidated 5s, New York Telephone first and general 4½s, United States Steel sinking fund 5s, Baltimore & Ohio convertible debenture 4½s, Cumberland (Bell) Telephone & Telegraph first 5s, and the Southern (Bell) Telephone & Telegraph 5s. These bonds yield from about 4⅕ to 5¼ per cent roughly in the order named. The first on the list, Atchison general 4s, are probably secured by what is practically a first mortgage on more miles of main track railroad than any other bond in the world. The only bonds in the list that come due shortly are the Baltimore & Ohio prior lien 3½s. They are absolutely safe and offer an attractive rate of interest for the ten years still remaining of their life.

Among well known bonds listed on the Stock Exchange which may be had in $100 as well as $500 amounts are: New York City 3½s, 4s and 4½s, Norfolk & Western first consolidated 4s, St. Paul convertible debenture 4½s, Southern Pacific, San Francisco Terminal first 4s, American Telephone & Telegraph collateral trust 4s, General Electric 3½s, Virginian Railway first 5s, Liggett & Myers and P. Lorillard debenture 7s, Central Leather first 5s, and Bethlehem Steel first lien and refunding 5s. The income on these bonds ranges from a trifle over 4 per cent on the New York City and Norfolk & Western issues, gradually up to close to 6 per cent on the Bethlehem Steel 5s.

A newly listed $100 bond is that of the Montana Power Co. This concern has a contract to supply electricity to operate 450 miles of main line of the St. Paul road through the Rocky Mountains. Although much new work is under way it is in no sense a construction proposition, as dividends are being paid on the preferred and part of the common stock, and interest charges in 1913 were more than twice earned. The St. Paul railroad is by no means the only customer, there being about 26,000 in all. The president of the largest copper company in Montana is president of the power company, which connection appears to open up a wide field of usefulness for the company. The bonds run for thirty years and may be purchased to return 5½ per cent on the investment.

Another listed bond which should appeal to small investors and may be had in both $100 and $500 amounts, are the first mortgage 5s of the Virginian Railway. These bonds run for forty-eight years, and at 99 with commission, would yield 5 per cent. The railroad is relatively new, but runs through one of the best bituminous coal fields and is splendidly constructed with low grades. It cost twice as much to build as the amount of bonds outstanding, and there are no other bonds except something over $1,000,000 of equipment trusts. Interest charges in the year ending June 30th, 1913, were $1,364,050, and there was $2,603,726 to meet that sum. From July 1st last to May 1st of this year, a very dull period, net earnings were $125,000 ahead of the previous year. A good bond to hold for permanent investment.

For short periods there are many excellent small bonds, and those of short life always return more, other things being



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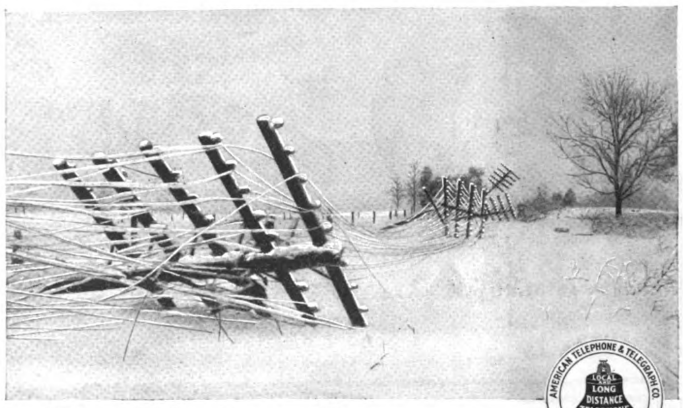
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The Telephone Emergency

THE stoutest telephone line cannot stand against such a storm as that which swept the Middle Atlantic coast early in the year. Poles were broken off like wooden toothpicks, and wires were left useless in a tangled skein.

It cost the telephone company over a million dollars to repair that damage, an item to be remembered when we talk about how cheaply telephone service may be given.

More than half of the wire mileage of the Bell System is underground out of the way of storms. The expense of underground conduits and cables is warranted for the important trunk lines with numerous wires and for the lines in the congested districts which serve a large number of people.

But for the suburban and rural lines reaching a scattered population and doing a small business in a large area, it is impracticable to dig trenches, build conduits and lay cables in order that each individual wire may be underground.

More important is the problem of service. Overhead wires are necessary for talking a very long distance. It is impossible to talk more than a limited distance underground, although Bell engineers are making a world's record for underground communication.

Parallel to the underground there must also be overhead wires for the long haul, in order that the Bell System may give service universally between distant parts of the country.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
251 4th Avenue, New York

GIRLS

¶ Do you realize that unless you join the suffrage army now you will be cheated of the opportunity to work for one of the greatest reform movements history has ever recorded?

¶ Suffrage for women will have been achieved in a few years.

¶ We know that there are girls, inspired, enthusiastic and eager to contribute to so tremendous and important a movement as this.

¶ Write to us and we will tell you what you can do.

THE WOMAN VOTER
48 E. 34th Street New York City

equal, than long term securities. The man who wants to invest for three or four years only has a bewilderment of riches to choose from. For a four-year investment the United Fruit Company notes are most attractive. They were recently offered to net 5.40 per cent on the investment, in amounts of $100, $500 and $1000. The earnings run about seven times the interest charges, so it is apparent that the notes are safe.

Those who wish a spice of speculation with their investments, and yet insist upon safety and a fair rate of interest, will do well to consider the new Southern Pacific convertible 5s. Last spring $55,000,000 of these debentures were offered to stockholders, and all but 30 per cent were subscribed for. For this bond there is always an active market both on and off the Stock Exchange. It runs for twenty years, which is a happy compromise between the very long term bond and the short term note. They are obtainable in $500 amounts, and the income return at current prices is just a shade under 5 per cent. Of course they can be bought through any banker or broker. Until 1924 the bonds are exchangeable at par for Southern Pacific stock. That is, if the stock should go above 100 there would be a profit in the bonds. Although the stock is now selling at 94 and has sold as low as 86¼ this year and 83 last, it sold up to 99½ in February, 110 last year, 115½ in 1912, 126⅜ in 1911, and 138¼ in 1910. The bonds are not secured by mortgage, but the company earns about $25,000,000 a year above all interest requirements, and is now paying 6 per cent on nearly $273,000,000 of stock, which comes after all bonds.

Turning again to the unlisted field, we find by way of illustration a leading banking house selling first mortgage 5 per cent serial bonds of the Springfield (Ohio) Railway Company to yield from 5 to 5.40 per cent, according to maturity. Earnings are double interest charges. The bonds that mature yearly to 1923 may be had in $500 amounts, yielding 5 per cent, and a trifle over. The last to mature, in 1935, may be had at prices to yield 5.40 per cent and in $100 amounts. Those who desire three-year investments may buy the notes of the Minneapolis General Electric Company in $100 and $500 amounts to yield 6 per cent. They appear to be amply secured by earnings. Three-year notes of the Dallas Electric Co., a Stone & Webster concern, may be had in $500 amounts to net 6.20 per cent, and the eighteen-year bonds of the United Light & Railways Company, a holding concern for thirteen public service companies in Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan and Tennessee, are offered in $100, $500 and $1000 amounts by the Continental & Commercial Trust & Savings Bank, an adjunct of the largest bank in Chicago, to net over 6 per cent. Of course these are not first mortgage bonds, but available earnings are stated to be nearly twice combined interest and dividends on all securities of subsidiary companies now in the hands of the public, together with interest on the bonds of the holding company.

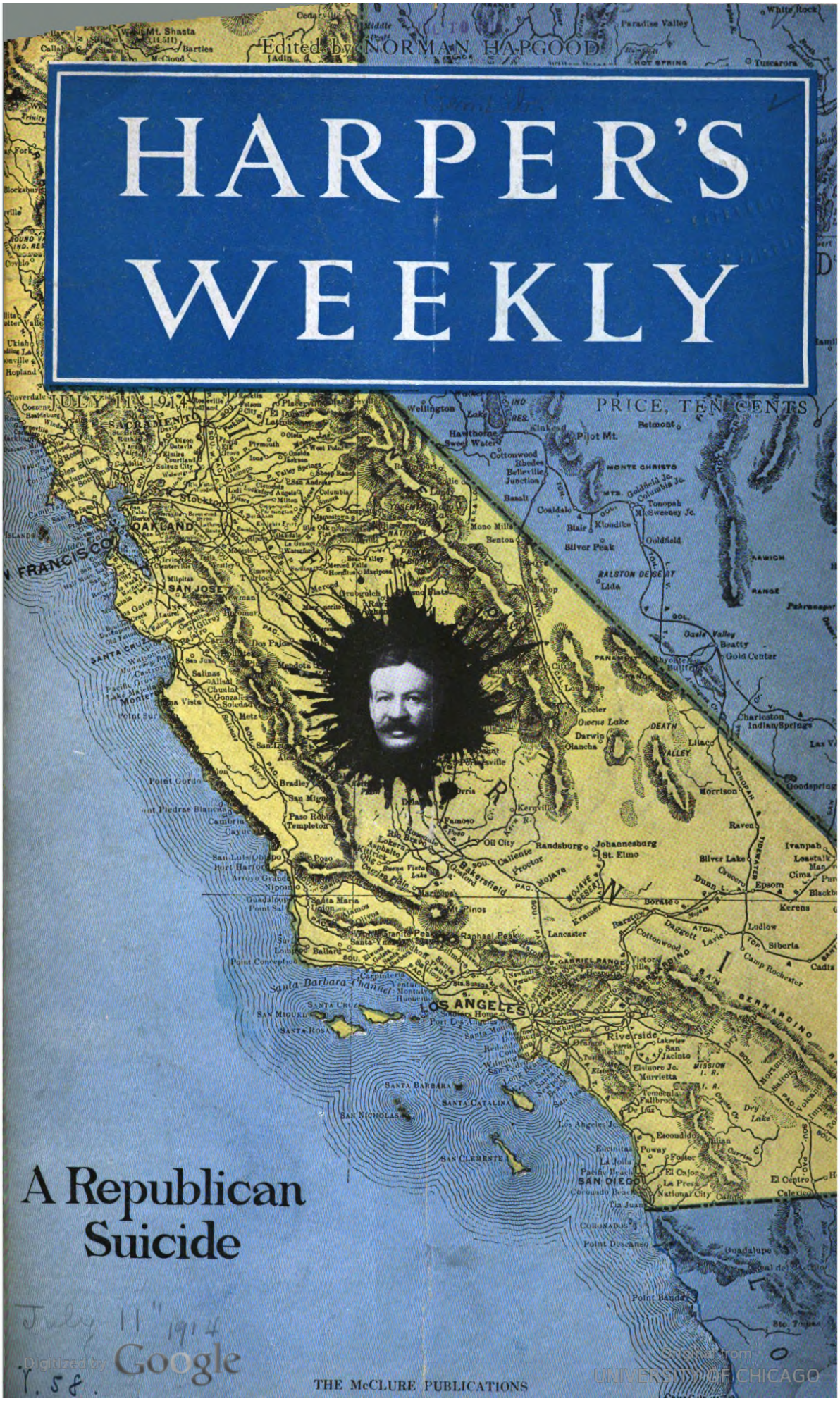
One investment banking firm of high standing publishes a list of nine unlisted $500 bonds of public utility companies, to be had to yield from 5.08 to 5.75 per cent. Inquiry of other firms would elicit similar offers. With a little care the investor who has from $100 upwards may purchase bonds as safe and remunerative as those which are bought by the wholesale.

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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

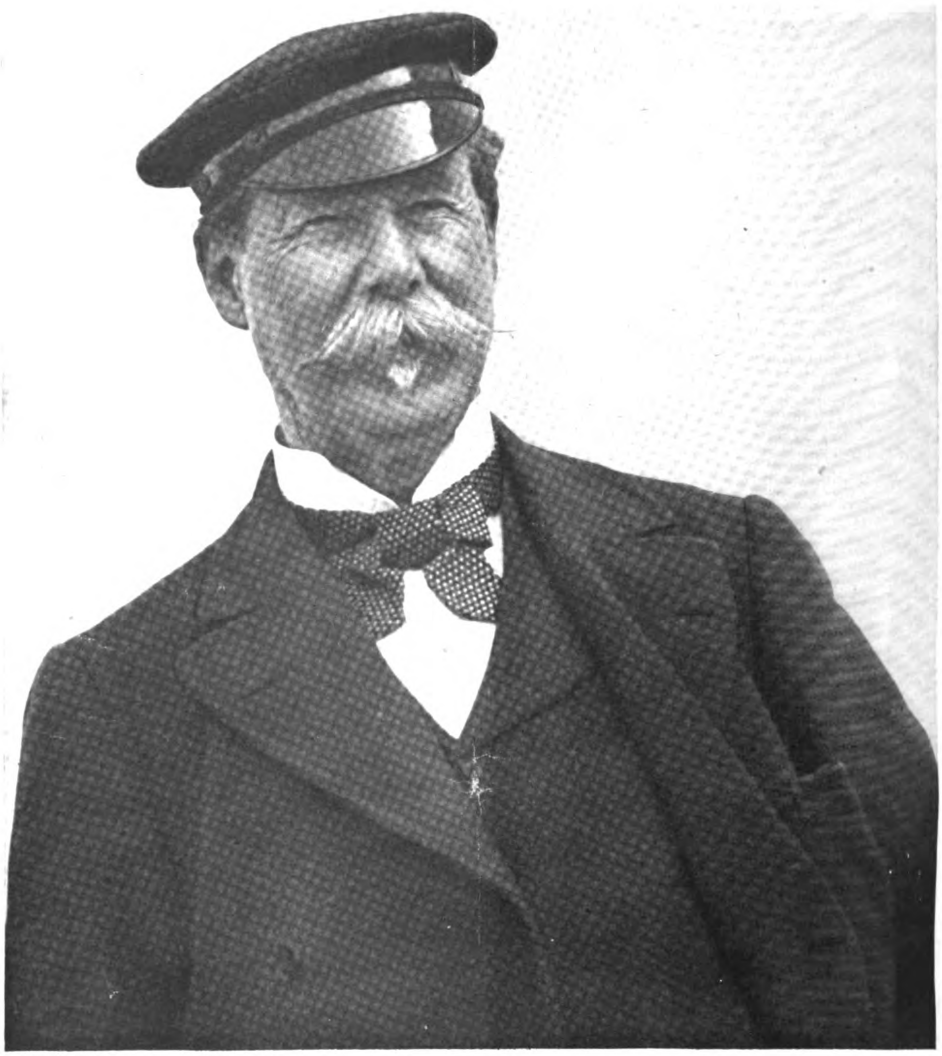
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A Republican Suicide

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS

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ANOTHER ENGLISH INVADER

The man who is going to try to prove that it is really an English year in sports by adding the yachting cup to the golf and polo trophies—Sir Thomas Lipton

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII No. 3005] *Week ending Saturday, July* 11, 1914 [10 Cents a Copy $5.00 a year

Sincerity

CHARLES E. HUGHES has become a tradition in New York State, and when a statesman there is to be flattered he is compared with Hughes. The man fully earned this fame and it will last. In 1912, during the Republican Convention, he was approached by a representative of the Taft forces to see if he was willing to be a compromise nominee. He would have been satisfactory to a majority of the Taft delegates and (unless the Colonel had actively opposed) to a majority of the Roosevelt delegates. Hughes is rumored to have said that the man who, sitting on the Supreme Bench, would consider another office, was fit neither for the office to which he aspired nor for the one he then held. At any rate, he firmly refused. His refusal changed the whole spirit of the Supreme Court, several judges of which had begun to think of themselves as Presidential possibilities. A tribute out of the ordinary is paid to this courageous and unworldly man today, when many of the most astute leaders of the Republican party are wishing there was some way to get him to run in 1916, but almost convinced there is no way.

Greatness

THAT bulwark of society, the *Los Angeles Times*, decorates the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY with the condemnatory adjective "little." Correct enough! We have no illusion of greatness. It is a good enough world to live in without special gifts. Amusing riddles are everywhere. For instance, whom would you call the greatest American editors? Why not Harrison Grey Otis, John R. McLean, and William Randolph Hearst? They lead the assault on the Administration; they work together; they think alike; they are rich and great. Indeed, they do many splendid things together.

The Bull Moose Press

THE above paragraph mentions only the few choicest spirits among the Democrats who are hot on the war-path against the President. There are plenty of others. As to the strict party Republican papers, nothing else would be expected. The Progressive press offers some interesting studies. Two of the most prominent periodicals are so close to Colonel Roosevelt personally that they may fairly be said never to go far from his wishes, and they are lining themselves up more sharply each week in opposition. There are, however, notable examples of independence in journals that belong to the Progressive party. The powerful Kansas City *Star*, for example, with its record of more than a quarter of a century of courage and brains, treats the President generously, as it would any honest, able, and progressive President of any party, Democratic, Republican, Bull Moose, Socialist, or Prohibitionist. Among publications in the smaller cities that show the same spirit, may be mentioned the *Emporia Gazette*, where William Allen White is again in active service; and there are enough all told to do the party credit.

Patriotism

ONE of the three above mentioned heroes gave an interview to a foreign newspaper speaking contemptuously of the Administration's foreign policy. Usually public men do not make such statements in foreign newspapers. But Willie says that he is a great patriot, and that the President of his country is a traitor.

Impartiality

SOME of our friends, clever men at that, say our support of Wilson is too thoroughgoing and lacks the ear-marks of impartiality. We have no intention of criticising the President in order to gain a reputation for impartiality. We are glad to have somebody to rave about, and shall not stop raving as long as he continues to perform in a manner that gives us such unwonted satisfaction.

Why Not?

WHEN the President objected to the elaborate system of accelerating opinion against the trust bills, a good many business men said, "Why not? If an alien bill is harmful, why should we not write around the country and urge our friends to object?" The only objection is that money counts too much. That is the great conclusion of the last few years. If a few of the rich, by virtue of their wealth and organization, can count more in legislation than hundreds of thousands of ordinary intelligent men, the national conscience is not satisfied. "Advice" and "suggestion" in these cases, from the great concerns to their smaller associates and customers, are too much like coercion. The analogy is too close to the influence of the employer on his employee's vote before the secret ballot was introduced. It is no easy question. The right of business men to object to a measure must exist, if they have the right to support one; as, for instance, many are urging support of the Trades Commission Bill. What is the answer? Our own mind is considerably at sea.

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Class Narrowness

FOR radicals to condemn men of the ability of Messrs. Warburg and Jones, the choices for the federal reserve board, would be to refuse coöperation with the best equipt and most enlightened elements in big business. The so-called liberal or progressive person who rejects all friendly relations with men of large affairs has the narrowness that is charged against the magnate who refuses sympathetic coöperation with labor and with leaders of progress. Mr. Warburg is the most expert student of banking in the United States. His knowledge is needed. Mr. Jones stands out among the wealthy as one of those who have never moved a step aside from rectitude. To that combination of business and politics which has infested Illinois, as other states, he has always been a foe. He has the courage that often comes with high culture. In the historic fight at Princeton he backed the Wilson side, which is to say the revolutionary and democratic side.

Yes—If

IF our political divisions represented realities, the campaign in New York State would find Democrats who are not Tammany men, Republicans who have no fealty to the Barnes machine, and Progressives who are progressive, all supporting the same nominee for governor, however they might divide on a national office like the senatorship. This paragraph begins with "if", however, and the thought which it contains has little to do with the actual situation.

Why Worry?

MURPHY sees no occasion to lie awake about the New York State elections. He is going to be beaten anyway. To be beaten in the primaries by an Independent Democrat would really hurt his feelings and his power, but such a victory he thinks he can prevent. If not, he will endeavor to defeat the Independent Democrat at the polls. The worst he expects, therefore, is to have the Republican ticket win, and he expects this can be arranged in a way that will not hurt him much. Not seeking victory, but seeking only to grow stronger in defeat, it is with ease that Charles Murphy smiles.

Perhaps a Better Chance

WISCONSIN may have a better chance—a little better—than New York has to get up a ticket that shall represent all forward-looking citizens of every party. Why should not La Follette, McGovern and Morris fight it out on the senatorial question, and yet not make impossible a concentration of progressive forces for the state campaign? Take Hatton, for instance. What man in the state has a cleaner or more progressive record? He is a business man, shrewd, with solid ideals, with a legislative experience beginning in 1899, and with a list of reforms that includes the railroad commission bill. Why cannot the citizens of so alert a state as Wisconsin cease to be the pawns of party and select for themselves as governor somebody as entirely fit as Mr. Hatton?

A Looming Issue

MR. BIRD of Massachusetts has come out in favor of state ownership of railroads. Former Governor Stubbs of Kansas last March printed in the *Saturday Evening Post* a very powerful article in favor of government ownership, buttressing his argument in favor of it with the knowledge of a man who was an expert in business before he had anything to do with politics. It will not be long before the question becomes an immediate issue. The oftener the roads ask for rate increases the sooner the issue will be upon us.

More Combination

THE Fourth National Bank of New York City has been merged with the Mechanics and Merchants National Bank. Thus, combination goes steadily forward. See Mr. Brandeis' book on "Other People's Money". (Advt.)

The Eugenic Test

BEHOLD another womanly step, another pill to be swallowed by the virile standpatters! The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has upheld the eugenic marriage law of the state. It was met with the argument of arbitrary discrimination against men. It replied that the evidence showed (what everybody knew) that men bring diseased bodies to marriage many, many times as often as women, and, therefore, a law aimed especially at men was not unreasonable.

Revising a Constitution

IT will not be twenty years before women are taking an active part in the political life of America. It will probably not be nearly so long. In New York State, the Constitution is amended every twenty years. It is to be amended in 1915. It is extremely important that women be represented in the convention, if their future work is not to be handicapped by a constitution drawn up entirely by men. It is easily within the power of the party machines to send women delegates to the convention. Although the delegates are to be nominated at direct primaries, the parties are holding what they call "informal conferences" on the subject, the Democrats in July and the Republicans in August. The Progressives are committed to the measure. If the other parties can be prevailed upon to endorse certain women as delegates-at-large, the women will be reasonably sure of being nominated at the primaries. Such a move will not only be an act of justice but will be the best possible way to insure a proper consideration at the convention of those industrial, educational and humanitarian interests that are the special province of women.

How About It, Wheatland?

THE California State Immigration and Housing Committee on the Wheatland hop riots has severely condemned the conduct of the Durst ranch. Is there any apology coming to us from those newspapers and official bodies that have scolded us for publishing Mrs. Inez Haynes Gillmore's article on the situation?

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The Toronto Convention

ADVERTISING, not to coin a phrase, is the modern market place. Distribution is one of the two great departments of business. Therefore, a change in advertising standards is of supreme importance. The advertising clubs of America have been doing truly notable work for several years. Last year, in Baltimore, they laid down a stirring general statement about honesty. This year, at Toronto, they have undertaken to embody this generalization in concrete rules for different kinds of business. It is a man-size job that these clubs are doing, and it shows American business putting into another field the same energy and inspiration and faith that, in earlier days, pushed them across the continent.

Romance

MR. JIM SHAW, nineteen years old, was working last winter in a department store in Washington. One day this season, he not only shut out the opposing team in an American League game but knocked a home run himself. Of such a day nearly every American boy dreams, but for only one in hundreds of thousands can the dream be realized. To the American boy, what happened to Shaw has more iridescent color than stopping a runaway containing the daughter of a millionaire. It is far ahead of saving from drowning the daughter of a President. Old Sleuth fails before it in glory, and so do the "unhand her, ruffian!" situations. All that the boy's dream adds to Shaw's sudden rise is to have the setting a series for the championship of the world, and the moment of the home run the ninth inning, with two men out.

A Word with Frank

BASEBALL managers and players sign considerable stuff they never see. Frank Chance has always been one of our favorites. Among other reasons, he never seemed to have that meglomania that McGraw shows and that keeps us rooting against the Giants. Will Chance not speak to whatever journalist writes his weekly signed articles and ask him to use "I", "my" and "we" not more than once per line? "The Yankee pitchers" and "the New York Americans" would be an occasional welcome substitute for "my pitchers" and "my club."

Bill Sunday's Way

THE knowledge that the people are pleased when culture is flouted is not copyrighted. Flouting culture makes them feel pleased with themselves. Billy Sunday is an expert in the application of this principle. He frequently begins his hypnotic game with a racy explanation that culture makes him sick. Those who have it are "muts." Then he slams the churches, and perhaps a few other institutions, and by his fantastic and slangy ridicule puts his audience into a pleased and friendly mood. He then proceeds to ridicule and reproach the devil. It is a great little game. There is a "con" in most appeals to the masses, as in appeals to any other class of snobs.

Friendly Divergence

THE *Day Book* of Chicago is leading a great experiment. It is pioneering toward making possible newspapers with no advertising. What matter, therefore, whether it agrees with HARPER'S WEEKLY about art or not? We can conspire together for a changed world without coincident opinions on Jane Austen, Rembrandt, or Bach. Mr. Cochran is writing for intelligent men who earn their livings with their hands. HARPER'S WEEKLY plots to undermine the prejudices of the privileged class. Mr. Cochran's declaration that he dislikes Caruso's singing probably strengthens him with his following. It would not help him with ours. His preference of "September Morn" to Rosa Bonheur is doubtless meant to imply a preference of that same example of popularity to painters much greater than Rosa Bonheur—let us say, to Velasquez, Paul Veronese, or Sargent. Blessings on Mr. Cochran! but HARPER'S WEEKLY feels no obligation to agree. It will not try to learn to prefer "human" pictures, as J. G. Brown's newsboys, Bougereau's nymphs or Bodenhausen's madonnas, to Franz Hals or Giotto. Mr. Cochran's theme seems to be that one cannot like art and be human. In literature this principle, carried out, would mean that the humans prefer Hall Caine to Emerson, or Hawthorne. If we were to reveal our innermost thought to Mr. Cochran, it would be this: it is wholly permissible to prefer Sousa to Beethoven, or Ella Wheeler Wilcox to Milton, but that preference need not be a subject for rejoicing. He who enjoys Handel, Michelangelo or Wordsworth, is under no compulsion to be ashamed. The person whose taste in art rejects what has been for a long time admired by the highly educated, may be right. He *may* be.

What Men Live By

A NOTEWORTHY figure is Dr. Richard C. Cabot of Boston. In his latest book, "What Men Live By", are many things well worth the reading, but only one of them concerns us now. He admits that modern America is "lamentably, even dangerously weak" in many intellectual appreciations. "We are dunces at music, sculpture, poetry, religion. The only arts we appreciate are drama, dancing and baseball, the only 'literature' we read is in the newspapers." Yet he is not disheartened. He does not pine for a life where everybody sits under apple trees and writes poetry. It would be awful to live among artists and philosophers only, and read nothing but sonnets in the morning paper. Booker Washington tells of a negro who found the cotton he was picking so "grassy" and the sun so powerful hot that he guessed he had a call to preach. Nearly every one of us dreams of inheriting a fortune and spending his time in artistic indolence, but if all of us had our dream, how rapidly the robuster qualities would decay, how inevitably life would lose its savor. Commerce, as Dr. Cabot says, like muscles, can be made beautiful, intelligent, and resourceful. Dr. Cabot is a truly cultivated man, and therefore realizes that our job is to put quality into what we do, whether baseball or business, and not to wail for a different universe.

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A Republican Suicide

By HOWARD D. WHEELER

THE bubonic flea prefers the rat above every living thing that goes on four legs, or two. He will stick to the rat until the rat is dead. Then he migrates.

The most important chapters of the political history of California have centered in the City and County of San Francisco.

Strangely enough, these chapters have been interlined with matters pertaining to rats and fleas. For instance, the graft prosecutions and the bubonic plague scare were contemporaneous.

It was in the spring of just about a year after the San Francisco fire and earthquake, that the western coast was startled by the appearance of bubonic plague in San Francisco. Dr. Rupert Blue of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service was rushed to the coast. First he opened a war on rats. Then he explained that the plague was being spread by a flea which had a peculiar and deadly fondness for the rat; that the original San Francisco bubonic rat had caught the plague in some foreign place, brought it along, and the fleas had done the rest. By the fall of 1911, rats in San Francisco, thanks to Blue, were nearly as scarce as the plague—and there was no more plague.



Francis J. Heney

The job that Doctor Blue tackled was very small compared with another job of disease fighting that had been tackled by other men along about the same time. For, during all those years, and for decades before that, California had been suffering from a disease more deadly, more insidious, more baffling by far, than that conquered by Blue.

For thirty years, big, savage, cunning private-interest rats had been gnawing through and under the social, moral and governmental structure of the state. They led swarms of smaller, weaker, but equally savage rats. The parasites of these political rodents had spread the infection of greed, graft, and corruption until California presented a spectacle that disgusted the world.

Finally, a few men who saw the disease and thought they knew the cure for it, declared their purpose to fight it. They were the public health officers who assumed the responsibility for opening a fight to stamp out the political plague in San Francisco. Foremost among them was Francis J. Heney. Back of him stood Rudolph Spreckels, a fighting millionaire bank president, Fremont Older, editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, and other men representative of the best citizenship of the state. They, too, started after rats—two-legged ones.

Years before the graft prosecutions, Heney had stood on a public platform and declared that one day he would send Abraham Ruef, arch-grafter, to the penitentiary. Heney was laughed at, then.

Ruef is now quarantined in San Quentin prison. Though he is the only one there who was caught in the San Francisco clean-up, California's political disease is cured. It was cured not by convictions and punishments for bribery, perjury, attempted murder and corruption, but by a demonstration to the voters of the state that those things existed. I happen to know, personally, that such a demonstration was the chief object of the graft-fighters.

For instance, on December 12, 1908, almost exactly a month after he was brought down by a bullet from the revolver of Morris Haas, in the courtroom where he was prosecuting Ruef, Heney, then regaining strength at the home of William Kent, said to me in the course of a long interview:

The shooting was but an incident. If whatever sacrifice I have made has helped to bring the people to a realization, then it was worth while. For when the people see straight, they vote right; and the safety of state and nation lies in the votes of the people.

In a much earlier interview, Rudolph Spreckels, who backed the prosecutions with hundreds of thousands of dollars, said this in discussing the purposes of the prosecutions:

We must fight money with money. Dirty dollars, spent to secure dirty ends, must be met with honest dollars, spent to secure honest ends. Exposures and prosecutions, such as we have secured in San Francisco, are a tremendous power for good. Justice demands that the guilty be punished. But I want to say that if not one conviction were secured in San Francisco, if the voters, through these prosecutions, have been given a clear enough grasp of real conditions to enable them to remove the source of the conditions, then the great aim of those who have given time, brains and money in support of the prosecutions, will have been accomplished.



Rudolph Spreckels

So, out of the San Francisco graft prosecutions, and under the inspiration of the courageous, determined men who took the lead in the fight, came the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, launched in open opposition to the tremendously powerful Southern Pacific Railroad machine, which had dominated the government of California for a generation. And in November of 1910, after the most dramatic and stubbornly contested political struggle in the history of the state, came Hiram W. Johnson and his ticket of thoroughgoing progressive Republicans, overwhelmingly victorious.

The old Herrin railroad machine was scrap. The new administration, with Johnson in the governor's chair, rebuilt the government of a virtual empire in eighty-five days, tearing down the rotten and building strongly and honestly where the rotten had been.

Johnson immediately became the idol of the state. Had he been wiser in spots, less vindictive at times, and had the political rats in California been exterminated, after having been apparently destroyed, there would not have been much of a story to tell now. But the rats are showing signs of life; Johnson, though he has made mistakes, is still on the job, a candidate for reëlection, and there is a big story.

The biggest chapter in the political history of California was the popular uprising of 1910 that ended thirty years of railroad rule by putting an honest and progressive

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administration, headed by Governor Hiram Johnson, in charge of the state government.

That political uprising was the direct result of the exposures and demonstrations of boss rule, corruption and official rottenness made in connection with the San Francisco graft prosecutions.

The two men who were most powerful and who suffered most in making those exposures were Francis J. Heney and young Rudolph Spreckels. If public service is made the gauge of obligation, California owes more to these two men than to any of the others who took part in the fight to break the railroad's strangle-hold.

The three men who were bitterest and most powerful in opposing the struggle to destroy the corrupt domination of the State government by special interest (with the possible exception of Wm. F. Herrin of the Southern Pacific Company) and the three men now potentially most dangerous in any definite attempt that may be made to tear down what the people have built up, are M. H. DeYoung of San Francisco, Harrison Gray Otis of Los Angeles, and John D. Spreckels of San Diego. All three are newspaper proprietors. DeYoung owns the San Francisco *Chronicle*, Otis the Los Angeles *Times*, Spreckels the San Diego morning *Union* and the evening *Tribune*.

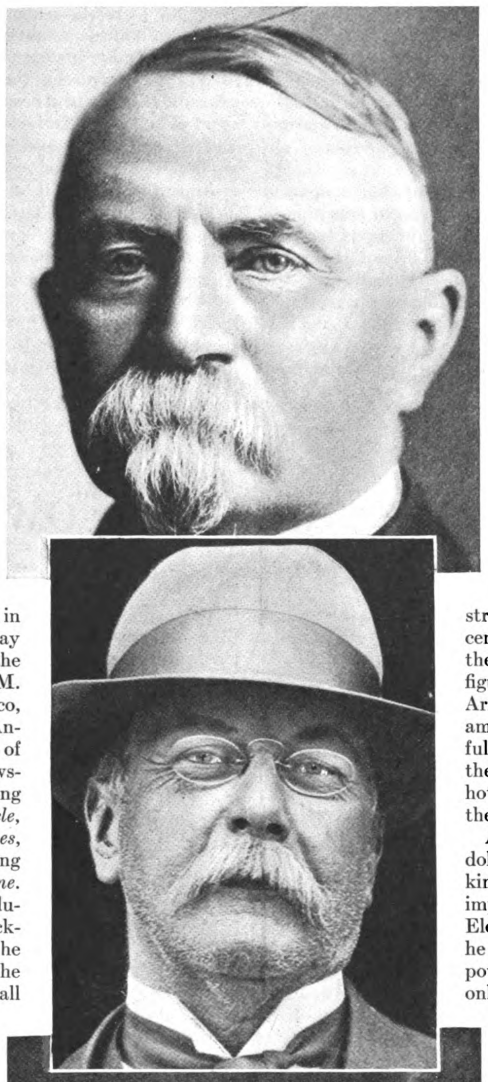
So far as actual political influence is concerned, John D. Spreckels is the most powerful of the three men last named. He is the big frog in a comparatively small puddle. He runs San Diego. You see, San Diego is tucked away, all by itself, in the extreme southwest corner of the state and of the United States.

Its nearest important neighbor, Los Angeles, is one hundred and twenty-five miles away to the north. The only way out or in, save by foot, horse, or motor, is a branch line of the Santa Fe to Los Angeles.

Isolation has bred independence, self-reliance, self-interest. San Diego resents outside criticism and interference. It is thoroughly satisfied with its own way of doing things. It is a virtual principality; and it has a ruler.

John Diedrich Spreckels is king of San Diego.

He is a dollar king because he has more dollars than anybody else in the San Diego country, and because playing with dollars is San Diego's main occupation. Gambling is the chief industry there—real estate gambling. There are a few farms, a few small factories, and some fish. But climate is the chief commodity. Go into San Diego with money and you will immediately be urged to buy climate—and a piece of ground where you can enjoy it. They sell climate to the outsiders, and among themselves, in San Diego, playing stiff games and "piker" games on the chances of dirt values going up or down.



The Reactionary Triumvirate—Harrison G. Otis (top). J. D. Spreckels, M. H. DeYoung

The game depends largely on Spreckels and his whim. For instance, the dream of San Diego was a transcontinental railroad at its door. Spreckels said he was going to get one. Dirt values soared.

Spreckels owns or controls one side of the main street from the center of town to the water front; he owns the bulk of the improved water frontage; he owns Coronado Island, the show resort, and the ferry and street cars running to it; he owns the San Diego street railway system and recently sold his water system to the city for $4,000,000; he is the figurehead in the San Diego and Arizona Railway, though the amount of his holdings is doubtful. He owns the city's big theater, and two of the largest hotels, beside valuable lands in the country districts.

And Spreckels is not only a dollar king. He is a political king as well. He controls every important city and county office. Elections result in San Diego as he desires. He asserts a real power, but over a community of only about one hundred thousand people.

Harrison Gray Otis is nearly as powerless in Los Angeles as Spreckels is powerful in San Diego. Otis' newspaper, the Los Angeles *Times*, is a wealthy, prosperous sheet. It is the recognized organ of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, an organization pledged to the principle of "open shop." In years past, it has been through the *Times* that the bitter struggles against labor unions have been carried on in Los Angeles. Otis violently opposed Heney and the others during the years of the San Francisco graft prosecutions, and has consistently allied himself with the most reactionary elements in politics. The publicity which he is able to give through his paper is practically all the power he exerts. Thoroughly discredited among the great bulk of California voters, the Los Angeles *Times*,

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with its tremendous circulation, is able to swing very few votes.

At present, Otis has very little direct influence with the city government, although he finds himself able to tamper in public affairs to some extent in the county. He practically controls the office of the district attorney, now held by John D. Fredericks, and is believed to have a certain amount of influence with one of the five supervisors. Whatever other influence he has, goes through the medium of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, which is the big business organization in southern California.

In San Francisco, the last guard of the old corrupt and corrupting Southern Pacific Railroad machine is able to lift its voice in the columns of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, owned and edited by Michael Henry DeYoung.

Of the few blots that have not disappeared during the long struggle for cleanliness in California, the most unsightly is Mike DeYoung, with his newspaper, the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

DeYoung has established his reputation throughout the country as a result of his bitter opposition to everything—from the indictment of the bribe givers in San Francisco to the candidacy of Hiram Johnson—which has made toward clean government and honesty and efficiency in public office. DeYoung's influence in San Francisco and in the state is debatable. The adherents of the old gang that exploited the state for years still look to the *Chronicle* as their particular organ. In recent years, DeYoung has been unable to sway public sentiment or to affect elections. Yet his paper is well edited, and would be a tremendous power for evil should a circumstance such, for instance, as a revulsion of popular sentiment, ever offer it an opportunity.

That triumvirate—Otis-DeYoung-Spreckels—believes that its opportunity for destroying the progressive movement in California will come at the fall elections, when an entire state ticket is to be put in the field.

The three obstructionists will end, it now seems certain, by destroying, instead, any possibility of an effective reorganization of the Republican party in California, for years to come, at least.

How and why this has come about will be told next week.

Aristocracy and the Town Cow

By WALTER W. MILLS

ONE of the recollections of childhood's somewhat happy hour in a small town is that the family kept a cow to reduce the high cost of living, a question ever present with the poor, regardless of the tariff or the administration. The particular bossy of my childhood memory was a large, square-rigged cow named "Cherry", because of her cheerful color. She was gaily dressed in a pair of brass knobs on her horns, and gave large gobs of milk. Some of this, the milk and not the knobs or horns, was sold to the predatory plutes of the neighborhood, who didn't feel the need of keeping a cow to reduce expenses. In those days the town cow was regarded as a poor man's bulwark and palladium, and no home was complete without one, unless the owner of the home had more profitable possessions, and disdained to clutter up his park-like premises with the beef steer's sister. In summer the cow could be sent to a near-by pasture to crop the buttercups out of the grass for a small consideration, and in winter she could be provided with bran and shorts and baled hay for a mere bagatelle, whatever that is; and acting as her chambermaid in winter and her guide, philosopher and friend to and from the pasture in summer kept the boys out of mischief. But enough of the "days that wuz", as Mr. Mulvaney remarked.

The old order changeth, and so does the social standing of the town cow and her proud possessors. Now baled hay is selling at fifteen dollars a ton on track, and the plain citizen will think of buying an automobile long before he gets ready to invest in a home-grown milk factory. Most of the tired toilers depend on the milkman or the grocer for such milk as is served, and a vision of enough cream for all seems as faint and distant as universal peace in Mexico and points south. The dairyman is regarded as a captain of finance because he handles large sums of cold cash, but those who read the hay and grain market reports wonder how he keeps ahead of the sheriff and his well known sale.

Now the town cow is found up near the seats of the mighty, although many in times past have regarded the milking stool as a humble resting-place when not used as a weapon of offense. The town cow of today has a palatial abode in a barn that used to house thoroughbreds before the petrol phaetons came to town, and in summer she lolls about at ease on some of the finest lawns in town. She is pampered and curried by patient colored servants who would not dare to become irritated and dehorn her with a milking stool. Her happy home is screened from the festive fly; it is an electric-lighted palace, and possibly steam-heated, so far as the plebeian on the outside looking in can tell. Occasionally she is still sent to green pasture in the outlying districts, but she goes not meekly and modestly as in the old days; rather she goes leisurely and defiantly, as becomes her high station, pausing now and again to trample the green-sward or eat the sweet peas in front of a vine-covered cottage with a mortgage on it. The fact that there is an ordinance against such trespass possibly has never been made known to her, as she is distant and hard to approach by the common citizenry.

Most of the town's great men keep cows, or have within recent years. There is one on the premises of ex-Governor Bailey, whose occupation is banking since he retired from politics and ceased to care for the whims of the plain people. A large, haughty cow with a high forehead forages on the lawn of James W. Orr, who is an attorney at his own high price for the federal department of justice, and spends his spare time bearding and busting trusts in their lair. Balie Waggener, railway attorney, banker and capitalist, can also afford to keep a cow in that style to which she is accustomed, and E. W. Howe, retired editor and successful author, also has a cow among his other distinctions, or did, as the echoes of his complaint about his inability to sell a Jersey bull calf are still heard in the land. Probably there are a number of others, this being a rich town.

All of which is no complaint from one who failed to keep pace with the haughty heifers in their rise to prominence. While the cow has become a luxury, she still is a wholesome luxury, and it is far better that our millionaires and statesmen should look toward the lacteal liquid for favorite refreshments than that they should resort to a wine cellar or even a cellarette. Cows are no longer as cheap as they used to be, but their higher standing may bring a more proper appreciation of real worth. As a boy, I was poor but proud, and I am still poor. I used to long for that happy day when I would no longer have to serve as chief engineer of a home dairy, and that ambition has been fully realized; I don't have to, and can't, in which I am like the vast majority who have so far successfully evaded the far-reaching toils of the income tax.

Of course, if one were rich enough to hire the cow cared for. . . . But why go on dreaming. They say the servant problem is an awful nuisance, and people who have their own way frequently don't like it when it arrives. Perhaps it were better to learn contentment from the cow, she being built that way, and let it go at that.

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When Chesterton Is Angry

By NEITH BOYCE

TWO recent books of Mr. Chesterton's are before us: his first play, "Magic",[1] and "The Flying Inn",[2] a moral burlesque.

"Magic" is very, very clever and highly amusing. This "fantastic comedy" was presented last year in London; it seems theatrically effective. Its characters are a duke, a doctor, a clergyman, a conjuror, the duke's secretary and his nephew and niece. There is a suspicion of madness in the Duke's family. His nephew has just returned from America, and stands for common sense. His niece walks in the park by moonlight and sees fairies. In the prelude, she meets the Conjuror there and takes him for a fairy or elemental spirit, whereas, the play proves, he is merely a master of these.

With this introduction we are quite prepared for the scene in the Duke's drawing-room. The Doctor, who has been physician to the Duke's family in Ireland, complains to the clergyman about their eccentricities.

"I suppose it's quite correct to see fairies in Ireland. It's like gambling at Monte Carlo. It's quite respectable. But I do draw the line at their seeing fairies in England. I do object to their bringing their ghosts and goblins and witches into the poor Duke's back-garden and within a yard of my own red lamp. It shows a lack of tact."

In fact, everybody objects to fairies, except the Duke, who is so broad-minded, or absent-minded, that he subscribes to everything. The nephew from America is furious at the idea of his sister walking by night in the park and meeting a stranger and calling him a fairy. Then the stranger enters and announces himself as the Conjuror, whom the Duke has hired to divert his niece's mind from fairies. Patricia is broken-hearted at the loss of her fairy-tale. But then the Conjuror produces his magic. Bowls of goldfish appear from nowhere, pictures and furniture move about, the doctor's red lamp is changed to blue—and the young man from America is driven into a brain-fever because he can't explain how it is done. He is only saved by the Conjuror's telling him a lie—that he did it by a trick. Whereas the truth is, of course, that the real elemental spirits, real devils, were concerned, and everybody feels them in the room, though the Duke says it must have been electricity.

The Duke is perfectly delicious, and the Conjuror is a very convincing magician; and Patricia is such a nice girl that we are very glad she doesn't lose her fairy-tale after all, except by its "coming true", when she goes off with the Conjuror.

We wish Mr. Chesterton would write some more plays as delightful as this one. And we hope he won't write any more books like "The Flying Inn."

This is an anti-prohibition tract, and Mr. Chesterton imagines a tremendous



scenery for it, which is meant to be amusing—at least, we suppose so—but isn't, except in spots. We are told that the aristocracy of England, personified by Lord Ivywood, has formed an alliance with Islam, personified by a little Moslem in a green turban, to make war on the grape and to suppress English inns. Opposed to this unholy compact, and standing for the liberty of old England, and for the right of the people to get drunk as their forefathers did, is an Irish adventurer, a strong man who uproots olive-trees and inn-signs; a "bull man", with a "bull-head", red hair, and "great staring bull-eyes." This is the hero, Patrick Dalroy.

Well, inn-signs have been torn down all through England by the authorities; and a law put through by Lord Ivywood that nobody can have a drink—except, of course, in clubs and private houses—unless there is a sign on the premises. This blow at democracy is parried by Patrick Dalroy. He uproots the sign of the last inn and carries it throughout England, planting it wherever he chooses andt hus creating the "Flying Inn"; creating also disturbance, riot and broken heads wherever he goes, discomfiting the police and driving Lord Ivywood to distraction. Now all this might be very entertaining, and we are convinced that it's Mr. Chesterton's fault that it isn't. He has overburlesqued; his hand is heavy. And the reason is that he is angry. You may write a good tract when you feel fanatically, but not a good story, especially if you insist on being funny.

Somebody has called this book "Gargantuan." Perhaps. But we leave it to any unprejudiced reader whether Gargantua isn't, all too frequently, an awful bore.

Not that we would deny that "The Flying Inn" is, in spots, amusing. For example, the scene at the cubist picture exhibition; and Lord Ivywood's proposal to the girl. And there are things like this:

"The next best thing to really loving a fellow-creature is really hating him; especially when he is a poorer man separated from you otherwise by mere social stiffness. The desire to murder him is at least an acknowledgment that he is alive. Many a man has owed the first white gleams of the dawn of Democracy in his soul to a desire to find a stick and beat the butler."

And there is at least one good song, Hump's song about the road and the reason why it curves about:

> The road turned first toward the left
> Where Pinker's quarry made the cleft;
> The path turned next toward the right
> Because the mastiff used to bite;
> Then left, because of Slippery Height,
> And then again toward the right.
> We could not take the left because
> It would have been against the laws;
> Squire closed it in King William's day,
> Because it was a Right of Way—

And so on, for about a page more—deliciously English.

We are not going to quote any of the dull things. The reader can find those for himself.

1 Magic. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1914.
2 The Flying Inn. John Lane Co. 1914.

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The kitchen facilities of a farm wife whose husband uses a tractor for ploughing

The Women on the Farm

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

"WOMEN probably furnish the largest element of discontent on our farms." This is the opinion of the head of the Rural Organization Service of the Department of Agriculture, and he embodied the opinion in his suggestions as to rural organization to the Secretary of Agriculture.

If his idea be correct, then it is of vital interest not only to America in its struggle to account for rural depopulation, but to Europe as well. Both Europe and America, having the same problem in this particular, appear to be moving toward the same general plan of solution. But it has remained for America to put the right value on the state of mind of the farm wife.

Over in Ghent this past summer there was held a Congress of Agriculture at which twenty-five countries were represented. The main topic for discussion was rural depopulation. The French representative gave statistics to show that the farmers were leaving the farms in such numbers as to diminish the wheat and beef production of the world to a considerable degree. The remedy in his opinion for the depopulation of agricultural districts lay in increasing the attractiveness of rural life.

Mr. Houston has some very decided and very clear cut ideas on the subject of rural depopulation. The need in this country for more and better farmers is urgent and immediate. It would take over eighteen million more meat animals than estimates show at present in the United States to give the present population the same meat supply that the census of 1910 shows to have existed. In the face of an increase of nearly seven million inhabitants, we have an actual decrease of over seven million food animals.

It is believed popularly that we have no longer room for raising cattle. But Mr. Houston says that with a population of not ninety-five million living on more than three million square miles, it is unreasonable to speak as if our territory had been much more than pioneered. Only 27 per cent of the tillable land of the United States is actually under cultivation.

"We have unmistakably reached the period", said Mr. Houston, "when we must think and plan. We are suffering the penalty of too great ease of living and of making a living. It is not singular that we should find ourselves in our present plight. Recklessness and waste have been incident to our breathless conquest of a nation and we have had our minds too exclusively directed to the establishment of industrial supremacy in the keen race for competition with foreign nations. We have been so bent on building up great industrial centers by every natural and artificial device that we have had very little thought for the very foundations of our industrial existence."

The Department of Agriculture during Mr. Houston's régime will bend every energy toward solving the problem of rural depopulation. Undoubtedly this problem has a direct bearing on the high cost of foods, and no doubt the Department's work on rural marketing and credit will go far toward helping one phase of the trouble. It will increase the farmer's income. But this work alone would not put a stop to the "From the Farm movement."

The Secretary believes that when the farmer gets to the point of being really prosperous, he leaves the farm and moves into town. Not only he and his wife are then lost to the country, but his children seldom go back. Evidently improving his income is not enough. The conditions of country life must be so improved that he will want to stay in the country even after he becomes well-to-do. In the sections of the United States where agriculture pays best and the land is the most valuable, the tenant farmer is the most common.

The problem that Mr. Houston has set the Department is not only to increase the farmer's income but also his satisfaction with country life; to make the country quite as attractive as the town.

On the income side of the problem, the Department has realized for a long time that the farmer loses in the marketing game because he is disorganized. Most attempts to organize the farmer have been futile. Yet it is through the cooperative effort of organization alone that the farmer can hope to better his earning opportunities. Under the direction of Mr. Houston there has been created in the Department of Agriculture a Rural Organization Service. Its business is to put at the service of the American farmer such information as will enable him to see the advantages of organization, the methods that have worked most effectively where farmers already are organized, and what pitfalls are to be avoided in working out new experiments.

The Secretary realizes that the marketing problem is only a part of the wider one of general organization, so the Office of Markets will work in closest coöperation

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with the Rural Organization Service. Under the Service will be an office of Farmers' Business Organizations, under which will be such organizations as coöperative warehouses, creameries and associations for buying seeds, machinery, and other farm supplies. Here too will be cow testing and animal breeding associations, associations for the operation of cotton gins, stump pullers, threshers, etc. Here will be the important office of Rural Credit associations and the matter of insurance.



Horse harvester on a farm in the ~~Northwest~~ where there is no running water for the farm wife

These offices cover very completely the economic side of the farmer's life. The question of his social life is far more elusive. There must be some effective organization of rural life to produce a system of country schools as good if not better than that in the city. Sanitation must be improved until it equals that in town. Somehow social opportunities must be improved. Along this line the head of the Rural Organization Service has made some interesting suggestions to Mr. Houston.

"Rural sanitation", he said, "is not so much a work of scientific investigation as it is a work of effective organization to give rural people the advantage of existing knowledge of sanitary science. I recommend that there be organized in this service an Office of Rural Sanitation with an expert sanitary engineer as chief, with field workers, district nurses, etc. This is not to compete with organizations giving medical aid or making investigations. The emphasis is to be laid on organization.

"Agreeable recreation is important in making country life as attractive as city. I recommend the organization of a Rural Recreation office with a chief and field workers.

"In many parts of the country farmers are poor and the first need is for better income. But in many parts there is need for a better and saner idea of how to spend the income. Some idea of beautifying house and farm ought to be given. An office of Rural Architecture ought to be organized.

"If through some effective organization, women on the farms could be brought together and given an organized social life of their own, it would help not only to allay their discontent but through women's organizations in the country districts, much could be done, I believe, toward improving country schools, churches, etc. I recommend, therefore, an office of Country Women's organizations with a chief and corps of field wo kers. *Women probably furnish the largest element of discontent on our farms.*"

No utterance in connection with the rural depopulation question has a significance more fundamental than this last paragraph in the recommendations to the Secretary. It strikes at the final root of the trouble and gives a new and important aspect to a condition that everyone long has known and no one heeded. It will indeed be a new sort of freedom, a freedom that recognizes the drudgery of the farm wife as closely related to one of the largest economic problems of the day and that brings her relief.

Although the woman on the farm has been the most neglected factor in the rural question, the Department has had plenty of material on which to have based a statement like that of the head of the Rural Organization Service. But until now, the Department, like the farm husband, has taken the farm wife with her drudgery and her hopeless outlook quite for granted. No one thought until now of the woman on the farm as a vital factor in the welfare of the country.

In the south, the Farmers' Coöperative Demonstration agents under the direction of the Department have been trying to teach better living conditions to the farm wives. In order to reach the mothers more easily the daughters have been the first aim of the Department. The idea has been to teach the girl to grow and can tomatoes. This, that the winter diet might have a healthful addition, and that the girl and through the girl, her mother, might learn cleanly and correct ways of cooking. Finally, that the sale of the surplus tomatoes might make a valuable addition to the family income.

The Department has report after report from its agents picturing conditions of poverty and drudgery that can breed only a deep seated discontent among those who have to endure it.

"Three fourths of the little girls visited this week are regular 'hands' on their fathers' farms. Ethel D——, South Carolina, is twelve years old and weighs 108 pounds. She learned how to plough two years ago when her father was a cripple. She prepared her land with a two-horse plow, hauled her fertilizer, scattered it, bedded, transplanted, hoed, plowed, without any help at all."



A farm wife who must carry her own water



No one thought until now of the woman on the farm as a vital factor in the welfare of the country

From Arkansas—"Ealy, Etta and Ora Red have planted bunch beans after which they will raise late tomatoes. Their father died in February, leaving the mother with eight children. These girls with their fourteen year old brother will run the farm."

Also, from Arkansas—"Mrs. Weir said 'Flossie hain't got no cans and her pa is so contrary and agin this new fangled doins that he won't buy cans or new jars or tops. Anyway, I done broke my hip and

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Flossie has to cook and wash for four men and take care of me and we can't put up any fruit if her pa stays contrary.' A brave, bright little girl, her voice was full of tears when she said, 'I guess I will have to give it all up but I did want to go to the schools and learn how to do things right.'"

From the southwest come the reports of men who use 16-horse threshing machines while their wives lug every drop of water that is used in the house from the well, a distance of 500 feet. We learn of women who wash and churn and live in a small one-room cabin while their husbands drive their tractors over the wide sweep of their thousand acres. Even in the isolated region of Arizona, there is always some sort of masculine companionship for the rancher. The ranch wife too often lives for months at a time, shut away from her own sex. Reports from all over the country show that no matter how ambitious the farm mother or daughter may be, indifference or prejudice on the part of the men folk, or a hopeless isolation, force her to a discontent that the Department is discovering is a vital cause of rural depopulation. They have ceased to read these reports for their pitifully human face value but are finding between the lines a deeply significant story regarding the farm woman's restricted chance to live and progress.

Secretary Houston did not need these reports to give him understanding of the woman on the farm. He came to the Department with a deep sympathy for her.

"I have spent a great deal of my life among farmers", he said to the writer, "and I tell you that there is nothing that moves me more than the thought of the farm woman in her unpaid industry. Think of the time and money that is spent, and rightly, on the women in paid industries. Then think of the hundreds of thousands of women in the unpaid industries. Think how we fight for the eight hour law and right work conditions for women in factories. Then consider the farm wife who works twelve to fourteen hours a day under handicaps that a factory worker would not tolerate, no running water, no kitchen sink, churning, cleaning, milking, cooking, with the care of children added to that, and she receives not a cent! She needs our help."

And as much as lies in his power to help, as Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Houston proposes to help the farm woman.

The head of the Rural Organization Service is one of the foremost economists of the country, a man of national reputation, who is devoting his experience and creative ability to this new effort of the Department.

"Why shouldn't the woman on the farm fight to move to town?" she asked me. "What outlook has she on the farm? Who has cared about her except that she give body and soul to the farm? What chance has she to see where the road that goes by her door leads?"

"There are some verses called 'The Farm Wife'," said I. "They go;

> 'Where ends the road across the hill?
> I do not know—I do not know!
> But all day long and all the night,
> I long to go—I long to go!——
> I bolt my door, I do my tasks,
> I kiss my goodman's cheek.
> Yet I cannot hear my baby's laugh,
> For what the Road would speak: ——'"

The head of the Service nodded quickly. "That's exactly it. And we must give her a chance to know the road and the people that travel on it, or more and more she will leave the farm."

Mr. Houston believes that on the farm wife largely depends the important question of whether or not the succeeding generation will continue to farm or will seek the attractions of life in the city. Her domestic work, he believes, has a direct bearing on the efficiency of the field workers, and hers is largely the responsibility for contributing the social and other features that make farm life pleasant.

He says, "According to the testimony of many who are thoroughly familiar with conditions, the needs of the farm woman have been largely overlooked by existing farm agencies. Endeavor has been largely focused on inducing field workers to instal effective agricultural machinery and to employ the best methods of crop production. The fact that woman's work and time have a real monetary value and that her strength is not unlimited, have not been given the consideration they deserve. As a result, on many farms where there is always money enough to buy the latest agricultural implements there is seldom a surplus to provide the woman in her productive work with power machinery that will lighten her physical labor, running water that will save her time, increase her efficiency, and enable her to make an important monetary saving."

The Secretary sent out letters to 55,000 farm wives in America asking them how the Department could help them.

"And isn't it a pitifully significant fact", asked the Secretary of the writer, "that the most common plea was for running water in the house?"

The women asked for many things beside running water. Questions on every phase of home management, on how to increase the precious income from butter and eggs, and how to take care of the children, came to the Department.

"A very significant fact", said the Secretary, "is that the overwork of farm women and their fear of the overwork on their children is the text of many of the letters. Many ask the Department to prove to the men that their work is worth something in dollars and cents. Still others express a realization that their own lot is hopeless and self sacrificingly ask for better things for their children in the way of education.

"The Department believes that intelligent help to women will contribute directly to the agricultural success of the farm."

Cave Sedem!

By THEODORE F. MacMANUS

Beware the deadly Sitting habit,
Or, if you sit, be like the rabbit,
Who keepeth ever on the jump
By springs concealed beneath his rump.

A little ginger 'neath the tail
Will oft for lack of brains avail;
Eschew the dull and slothful Seat,
And move about with willing feet!

Man was not made to sit a-trance,
And press, and press, and press his pants;
But rather, with an open mind,
To circulate among his kind.

And so, my son, avoid the snare,
Which lurks within a cushioned chair;
To run like hell, it has been found,
Both feet must be upon the ground.

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Beckham of Kentucky

By C. P. CONNOLLY

THE candidate most likely to succeed the late Senator Bradley as the choice of the Democrats at the primaries to be held August 1st, is J. C. W. Beckham. Beckham was the choice of the Democratic party six years ago, when a Democratic legislature elected the late William O'Connell Bradley, a Republican. There was a majority of eight Democrats in the legislature, but the Whiskey Ring controlled enough of these to defeat Beckham, and Bradley was elected.

Kentucky is replete with romance and tragedy, political and other. If there is anything native about literature, it may account for the professional success of James Lane Allen and of John Fox, Jr., who have both largely drawn on Kentucky for their material.

In business adventure there was James B. Haggin, the mining magnate, who, peeved because of his failure of election to some petty office when a young man, emigrated to California, became fabulously rich, and returning in his old age to his old home at Lexington, established a great stock farm which is one of the show places of Kentucky. At Frankfort, thirty miles from Lexington, Henry Clay appeared as the attorney for Aaron Burr in his first trial for treason, much to Clay's subsequent chagrin. Here, too, at Lebanon, lived Proctor Knott, one-time governor of Kentucky, who delivered in Congress his famous parody on Duluth. Mountaineers and valley-men have had their feuds and wars, but at bottom there was usually some elemental instinct of justice. At Frankfort, the capital, in 1900, William Goebel was shot from ambush as he was about to be declared the duly elected governor of the state. Out of this last drama issued the career of J. C. W. Beckham, a mere stripling at the time, just past the age of eligibility for the governorship.

The assassination of Goebel was the climax of a great political contest. Not in modern American history anywhere was there a more heroic or tragic struggle. That it left its sting is evidenced by the fact that it is difficult to wean a Kentuckian from his disrelish of the subject.

Everyone will remember how Goebel fought so valiantly against the politically entrenched Louisville & Nashville Railroad—of how he was sworn in as governor on his death bed, and died with words of pardon for his enemies on his lips.

Goebel, who was the pioneer progressive of the South—he was the pioneer of railroad rate regulation in the country—was the most maligned and misunderstood character in American history. He fought his way bitterly through prejudices strong enough to deter most men, and waged war against the old aristocracy of Kentucky and the Louisville & Nashville railroad ring at the same time.

It was left to Beckham, as the successor of Goebel, to smooth out the wrinkled front of this issue. He followed the even tenor of his way, neither compromising nor bullying, but doing all things with an even-tempered justice which won the people of Kentucky, and reconciled the enemies of Goebel.



J. C. W. Beckham

Beckham comes of gentle stock. His mother has occupied the Executive Mansion at Frankfort both as daughter and mother of a governor. An uncle, ex-Senator Yulee of Florida, entered Beckham in the Central University at Richmond, Ky.; but Senator Yulee shortly afterwards dying, young Beckham, then seventeen, was compelled to leave college to look after the farm of his widowed mother. Meanwhile he taught school.

Beckham did not falter in the policies for which Goebel was assassinated. He got through the law advocated by Goebel, allowing the State Railroad Commission to regulate rates. Under his administration Kentucky's new capitol was built. He showed courage in this. Others had recommended a new capitol, but no governor cared to put the power of his administration behind it, because Louisville, on the one side, and Lexington, on the other, both coveted the honor of the capitol.

He collected from the Federal Government an old war debt of $1,300,000. He secured legislation fixing a maximum price for school books. He established two normal schools, and he lengthened the school term in the country districts from five to six months.

But it was in a bitter struggle for the supremacy of the law that Beckham ran against Judge Ben Lindsey's "Beast". He believes that the law should keep pace with the growth of public sentiment, and that when enacted it should be enforced.

The South, topographically the most beautiful section of the country, has had its hurts and its heart-aches, which it has borne without sentimental appeal, and with heroic soul. Its people are grappling with everything that stands in the present way of its welfare. One of these evils is the liquor traffic, which has been peculiarly wretched and sinister in its effects on the South.

If you travel through certain portions of the South, you will rarely pick up a local paper which does not descant on some tragedy that can be traced, directly or remotely, to strong drink. So the anti-liquor crusade is sweeping over the South. Yet it was not in any spirit of crusading that Beckham locked horns with the liquor interests of Kentucky. It was rather the thing that fell in his way as a public duty.

The constitution of Kentucky, adopted some twenty-five years ago, contained a provision that required the legislature to enact a law giving each county of the state the right to vote itself "wet" or "dry". This constitutional provision, like the one that prohibits railroad passes, was honored in the breach. Indeed, Kentucky legislatures have been prone, in matters of reform, to adopt the policy of the Vermont Fathers, who resolved "that the laws of God and Connecticut be adopted until we have time to frame better."

Beckham obeyed the Constitution and recommended the enactment of a law in conformity with it; but the liquor interests succeeded in having exempted the larger cities.

Then there was a Sunday closing law on the statute books, which was openly violated in the cities, notably in Louisville. Beckham was appealed to, but he had no power to remove derelict city officials, and could make only a moral appeal to the mayor of Louisville to enforce the law, which was unsuccessful.

It so happened that shortly after this the Kentucky Court of Appeals decided that the election of all of Louisville's officials had been procured by fraud. The offices were by the court declared vacant, and the governor was empowered to fill them by appointment. Beckham went over the heads of the party machine and appointed a mayor with the understanding that the Sunday closing law would be enforced. It was enforced and is enforced today.

The "rectifiers" of Kentucky make a product that is sold as whiskey, but which is made up of various occult ingredients. They were doing an immense business in Kentucky, and paying very little in taxes. Beckham secured a law that taxed these "rectifiers" a cent and a quarter a gallon on their product. Also, he secured the passage of a law prohibiting the shipping of liquor into "dry" territory; but the Supreme Court of the United States held that this was unconstitutional, so far as it affected interstate shipments. The Louisville man, therefore, could take his whiskey across the river to Jeffersonville, Indiana, and from

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there ship it to any point in Kentucky, wet or dry. The Webb law, later passed by Congress, is intended to remove these illicit accommodations and stop the traffic.

Beckham hardly had time to formulate his policies, after Goebel's death, when he was obliged to stand for another election. The politicians were against him, but the people were with him, and he received the votes of 700 out of the 900 delegates.

It was in the palmy days of Mark Hanna, and that astute leader, under whose auspices Kentucky had gone Republican in 1896, believed Beckham could be beaten. The Republicans, therefore, put up their best man and their stoutest purse, but Beckham won by nearly 4,000 votes. Three years later there was no opposition to his nomination, and he carried the State by 27,000 plurality.

Towards the end of his second term as governor, Beckham, in 1906, became a candidate for the United States Senate. His candidacy aroused intense feeling in the camp of the liquor interests. In the primary election for the senatorship, in 1907, with the combined opposition of the party machine and the daily newspapers in Louisville, Lexington, Covington and Newport, the four largest cities in the state, Beckham carried 91 counties out of 119 in the state, with the liquor interests furnishing a plethoric purse toward his defeat. Beaten at the polls, the liquor interests retreated to the legislature, and four Democratic legislators voted at the beck of the whiskey ring for a Republican.

By agreeing to abandon the temperance cause for which he had stood, Beckham could have won; but he refused to trade—once more showing his courage and his devotion to principle.

In my opinion, gained after a journey last summer through Kentucky, that sacrifice of Beckham for a principle will make him the next United States senator from Kentucky as surely as it defeated him then. If there is anything in political justice, if there is any atonement for political wrongs, if a people are not ungrateful or indifferent, Beckham will be rewarded. Not that he looks for reward. "Victory is not always the true test of an honest and righteous cause", he said in a public speech after his defeat in 1908; "success may have its pleasures, but failure may have its honor."

And let me add that, whether you believe in prohibition, or in the enforcement of the law, or whether you side with the liquor interests in Kentucky, the whiskey ring of that state has exercised more political power of late years in the state than all other corporations put together; and it is far more violent and autocratic.

If he should go to the Senate, he will add to the dignity and the worth of that body. He is one whom the country at large will welcome to the councils of the nation. No man in Kentucky is hardy enough to question his integrity. The charge has been made that, since his return to the practice of law, his law firm has acted as local attorneys for the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Whoever his client, he is of that type of lawyer whose convictions are not for sale with his services. His popularity is based largely upon his integrity, and he is the most popular man in Kentucky.

When Sir Littleboy Quested in Vain

By C. STERRETT PENFIELD

LITTLEBOY closed the book with a long, deep sigh. Then he slid down from the big chair, and went around the library table, where lay magazines with long words in, which he wasn't old enough to understand; and newspapers that Father's secretary read through carefully every day, and that Father read, too, when he had time—which wasn't very often. He was asleep behind one just then, sound asleep, but Littleboy didn't find it out until he had said, "Father!" quite loudly, and waked him up.

"Huh?" said Father very gruffly, like the bear in the story.

"Aren't there any giants nowadays, that live in great caves with bags and bags of gold, and kill people who come along, and take *their* gold, and—"

"Of course not!" Father replied, then crossly went on reading his paper. There happened to be in it an unpleasant account of a former associate who had recently committed suicide, after having been forced into bankruptcy by a raid on the market, personally conducted by Father.

"Run away, Cedric, and don't ask silly questions", commanded Father, wincing after half a column.

Littleboy wondered whether it would be too late for a walk in the park with Mr. Trench, his tutor. Maybe they would meet the Pretty Lady again. She was nearly always there, watching the swans, with a smiling word for Littleboy and several for Mr. Trench—until this week. They hadn't seen her once since last Tuesday.

Mr. Trench was moodily chewing his penholder and glaring at a blank sheet of note-paper.

"Please"—began Littleboy, then remembered he had something much more important than the walk to ask about first: "Aren't there any princesses any more, who fall in love with knights of low degree, and are kept in towers in—in—durance vile, and meet their own true lover only by stealth—and—"

"Nonsense!" snorted Mr. Trench. "Do take your book somewhere else. I have a very important letter to write"—but when Littleboy glanced back from the hall, his tutor was gazing dreamily toward the window.

Littleboy saw the Young Man with the Notebook in the reception room. He ought to know. He was always such lots of fun.

"Can you tell me whether there are any oppressed heroes who get locked up in dungeons by witches for telling the truth—or is it just in the fairy stories?"

The Young Man grinned. "In the language of the poet, them was the happy days as ain't no more", he chuckled. "All the witches died long ago, likewise the heroes—everybody but the Common People, and a few exceptions."

If Littleboy had been older, the Young Man would have told him gleefully what was uppermost in his mind—that his own particular paper had just won a hazardous libel suit, and that two or three rash persons, who had accused it of suppressing important and prejudicial news, were at that moment behind the bars in default of fines. It was a choice story—but Littleboy was too young to be interested in anything but kiddie stuff.

Littleboy turned wistfully away. No more witches, no more knights, nor princesses, nor giants, but perhaps there might be some Crusaders—or were they knights, too? The housekeeper would know. She came from England where years and years ago they had had crusades.

The housekeeper and Haskell the butler were scolding. Haksell's voice rose high: "'Ousewives League indeed. I tell you things 'ave come to a pretty pass, 'Awkins. What fad'll she take up next? It's us as should know where and 'ow supplies should come from. What's it to her, if West Brothers tacks on a bit to pay our commission? Don't we h'earn it? And now comes this bloomin' 'Ousewives League and tells 'er 'ow she h'ought to overlook 'er h'expenditures, and that 'er 'elp is payin' h'outrageous for groceries", his voice trailed off. "Hany think special, Master Cedric?"

Littleboy shook his head. He guessed neither Haskell nor Hawkins would be able to tell him anyway, and he dreaded being laughed at or snorted at again. He wouldn't *know* there weren't any more Crusaders. They at least would be left to him of the play-people that he could pretend about.

Slowly and thoughtfully he ascended the broad staircase.

"Oh, dear!" he mourned, "I wish I hadn't asked!"

The Anti-Catholic Crusade

Why not face the situation? It is one of vital interest to the nation. War between Catholicism and Protestantism accomplishes nothing good, nothing constructive, solves nothing. One is on the way now. We have all seen it coming, and have discussed it among ourselves. Yet the subject has not yet found its way into the public press. Perhaps timid editors are responsible. Whether they are, or not, HARPER'S WEEKLY sees no sound reason for such silence any more than it sees a justification for taking sides.

THE ANTI-PAPAL PANIC will be the leading article in this paper next week. The article is a frank statement of facts and a discussion of them by WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Dr. Gladden has something big to say. His article is as fearless as it is important.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD



Indelicatessen

It was Mrs. Seymour Fentolin who stood there, a little dog under each arm; a large hat, gay with flowers, upon her head. She wore patent shoes with high heels, and white silk stockings. She had, indeed, the air of being dressed for luncheon at a fashionable restaurant.
—From a story in *The Popular Magazine.*

THE lauded lilies of the field
Who toil not—neither do they spin,
The palm sartorial must yield
To Mrs. Seymour Fentolin.

A hat, French heels, white stockings, dogs!
Not even Solomon could win
The championship for showy togs
From Mrs. Seymour Fentolin.

The two extremes in decolleté,
Of ballroom and of bathing beach,
Here meet in a bewildering way
And mingle all the charms of each.

I am no social butter-in,
I do not crave to meet her bunch,
But where does Mrs. Fentolin,
If one might venture—take her lunch?

And might one ask that peerless dame,
Without appearing impolite,
Is *Seymour* really her first name,
And has the printer spelt it right?

The New Advertising

"I recommend O'Sullivan's Rubber heels.
I wish I could wear them for my toe dancing."
Lydia Lopokova.

I know no powder anywhere
With TETLEY'S TALCUM can compare.
If we could use it in our guns,
I'd order several thousand tons.
Admiral Dewey.

DANLUP'S silk hats for perfect style
Have other hats all beat a mile.
I only wish that I could use
Them in the place of tennis shoes.
Franklin P. Adams.

VAN STICKUM'S MUCILAGE is worth
More than all other gums on earth.
I wish that I could use it when
I write, to fill my fountain pen.
Rudyard Kipling.

PUFF'S SHREDDED MILK, I must admit,
Has made a most tremendous hit.
I wish that I could see my way
To use it in my problem play.
Augustus Thomas.

SPINK'S GARDEN HOSE is a delight,
I play it on my lawn each night.
I hope with practice, I may play
It on my Steinway grand some day.
Paderewski.

BROWN'S RUBBER BOOTS I must confess
Are an unqualified success.
I wish they could be used for food
When in a polar latitude.
Lieut. Peary.



A Brand Snatched from the Shearing

JUDGE PARKER, orating the other day at the something or other of somewhere, spoke of a "*Brand of Patriotism . . . shorn of pyrotechnics.*"

If the learned judge had been referring to the sane Fourth of July, the suggested image of a perfectly bald Independence Day would have been an amusing one. But he was not. Neither was he speaking of a red-haired Ulsterman undergoing a hair cut.

To murder the King's English is a crime—an unspeakable crime, and for a Justice of the Supreme Court even to assault and batter it is very naughty.

Whatever the learned judge meant, I feel it my duty as an honorary member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Vegetables to rescue this wild flower of Rhetoric from the very commonplace speech on whose desert air it was wasting its sweetness.

It is just such speeches as this that make the "movies" popular among intelligent people.

A Poor Rule

It takes but one small step to carry us
From the Sublime to the Ridiculous,
But there's a dizzy flight of steps to climb
From the Ridiculous to the Sublime.

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Sports

By HERBERT REED

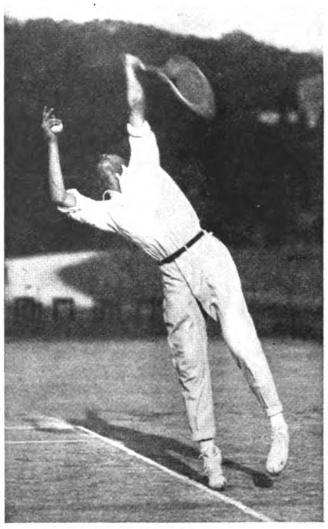
THERE is no denying the fact that much of the real regatta life has ebbed from the two big college meetings in the East. There are many reasons for this. Good as the races are, they are over in a brief space of time, and the crowd drifts into New London and Poughkeepsie on the morning of the regattas and hustles out again as soon as the events are concluded. Thus half the fun of the old days at New London and at Saratoga is lost. Were the events to cover two or three days, the old boating life, which is the real heart of rowing, might be revived. This is especially true of Poughkeepsie. Any suggestion that the Poughkeepsie regatta be turned into a three-day or even a four-day affair, and decided in heats, at the Henley distance or at two miles, would meet with a storm of criticism beyond a doubt. Yet I make the suggestion for what it is worth and trust that the authorities at all the institutions involved will give it consideration. There are, of course, many and serious objections, such for instance as policing for so long a period such a traffic bearer as the Hudson, and arranging for continued use of the observation train on the West Shore. The crowds probably would be smaller, but the oarsmen themselves would get a deal more racing. Very few coaches care to prepare an eight for one or more two mile races early in the season and then bring it along for the hard four-mile test, which makes it difficult for crew managers to arrange suitable dates for the early races. But with the final "big" races at the same distance, the early season objection might be overcome. Because of difficulties in steering we have already lost the brilliant four-oared races of the past, but with only two crews racing at a time these difficulties should be easily overcome. Heat races also provide a perfect test of coxswainship and of "racing sense." There is then no chance of a cleverly handled outsider slipping in after two fine eights have killed each other off.

Polo and the Westerners

SOME of our Western enthusiasts have been complaining that experts from their section have had little or no opportunity to make the international polo team. I am quite convinced, however, that any time a Westerner shows international form he will be selected by the team captain and the committee of the Polo Association. There are perhaps three or four who probably will achieve that form in the course of the next few years, and when they do they will be welcome in the East. There is no intersectional quarrel among the players themselves, and Westerners have been more than generous in bringing East the best mounts they could gather in for the use of the international team. It might be a good plan for a good Western four to journey to Hurlingham and Ranelagh, and to Dublin, for many years a stronghold of first class polo, and play for trophies already in existence. Such seasoning would make what is at present the second flight in the galloping game formidable contenders in the customary elimination matches at Georgian Court. Much of the criticism leveled against Capt. Waterbury and his defeated team of defenders has been savage rather than sound.

Californian Star's Opportunity

IF one were to judge solely by the Californians, youth is the prime essential of the international tennis player, but it must be remembered that John C. Parke of England, and Anthony F. Wilding of Australasia have taken the measure of Maurice McLaughlin, and these two men are veterans of the courts. The latest apostle of pace, R. Lindley Murray, may have a chance to get into the international matches for the Davis Cup, in



R. Lindley Murray

which case there will be another opportunity to learn just how far age and experience can go against youth and brilliancy. Murray, however, is far from a one-sided player, and no better sportsman has come out of the far West in many a long day. He will be seen in action again as soon as the other Californians arrive and get under way in the preliminary tournaments, and I rather think the American committee hopes to have him in excellent condition to pair with the American champion in the doubles. Murray will get all the advice that such splendid veterans as R. D. Wrenn and F. B. Alexander can give him, and he will not be allowed to tear himself to pieces in inconsequential or even important tourneys, especially since he has been troubled with a lame shoulder.

Lessons of New London's Race

THERE is one great lesson to be learned from the Harvard-Yale boat race, won by the Blue. It is that a racing crew will defeat a rowing crew nearly every time. Yale had a racing crew, Harvard a rowing crew. I cannot see that the race proved much in the way of strokes. It did prove, however, that Yale oarsmen personally are as powerful and full of grit as ever they were in the past. Giving Guy Nickalls his due, the result nevertheless was a triumph of considerable moment for the individuals in the Yale boat. I am yet to be convinced that Nickalls could not do even better by abandoning the level slides and the thole pins of which most English coaches are so fond. The moral effect of the victory should be of the greatest value at New Haven, and should tend toward the establishment of harmony, so that the captain and the coach, and any others who have anything to say about Yale rowing, may sit down to a discussion of methods and rigging without unnecessary heat. Personally I have always advocated the one-man control of rowing at the universities, and believe that it produces the best results; but if Yale prefers the present system, there is nothing for it but to get together and make impossible in the future such ructions as nearly wrecked the eight this year.

Oxford's Standard Lower

FROM an English expert I learn that the average of oarsmanship in the races of the Oxford Summer Eights was low this year. The trouble seems to have been chiefly indecision in the selection of the eights, notably New College, which, even with four Blues in the boat, lost its title as head of the river. University showed the value of an early choice of places, for with Rowlatt, an Eton freshman, stroking, this eight was reinforced by Tinné, one of the best sevens who ever sat in a shell in bumping races, and made short work of crews like Magdalen and Christ Church. This year supremacy in oarsmanship seems to have swung pretty sharply to Cambridge, and it is well to remember in this connection that Cambridge has been experimenting and with great success with American rigging. The Cambridge coaches have always seemed to me to be more open-minded than those from Oxford.

Golf and the Frenchmen

FOR some unknown reason the native entries for the golf championship of France have been decreasing in number, but I am told that several promising new men are coming along nicely and will make things interesting for American, English and Scottish entries at La Boulie and other French courses in future. The veterans seem to be dropping out. Francois de Bellet, the best amateur France has produced, and the only one who has ever won the championship of his country, has found that his golf interfered with his business, and Andre Vagliano, one of the most promising of the younger flight, has gone to Oxford. Senn, of Havre, has been called upon for military service. Probably the most formidable Frenchman left in the game is M. G. F. Le Blan, of Lille, who played recently at Sandwich. M. Le Blan has said that he intended to stay in the game as long as he could, and with more experience he should prove a dangerous contestant both on French and English courses. The course at La Boulie is rather trying for the visiting golfer. It is laid out on the side of a hill. It is all well enough when driving down steep inclines from elevated tees, but the uphill holes, such as the ninth, are troublesome in the extreme, and really not very good tests of championship golf.

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Balls and Strikes

By BILLY EVANS

When the Star Slips

LARRY LAJOIE of the Cleveland team is one of the greatest figures in baseball. Daily his deeds are discussed, as well as the proper way to pronounce his name. Lajoie when in his prime was a wonderful ball player. He is still far better than the average second sacker. Age tells on the athlete, the ball player in particular, and there are some plays that get away from Larry today which were easy for him ten years ago. Fandom quickly forgets the past, and remembers only the present.



Larry Lajoie

Lajoie has been a member of the Cleveland team since 1902. If one would examine the records game by game, he would discover that Larry had won many more games by his sensational playing than he ever lost through errors of omission or commission. Game after game has been won for Cleveland through a timely hit, or saved by him with some marvelous fielding. Larry is only human, and every now and then he loses a game because of a misplay; but such days were few and far between.

Larry's fine work was always enthusiastically applauded. It might be thought that when Larry shows signs of slipping, fandom should be more or less lenient with him because of past deeds. But such is not the case. In a recent game with Chicago, Larry early in the game badly fumbled a slow hit. The fans groaned. A few innings later he tried to make a play on a hard grounder with his gloved hand, but failed to hold the ball. He was told to cut the grandstand stuff, and use both hands. Later a man stole; Larry had him, but dropped the ball. This caused a cry of "take him out!" to go up. Later in the game, several pop flies were hit up to Larry, which he caught. Each time in sarcasm the crowd applauded loudly. Larry smiled through it all. As he walked to the bench he said to me:

"I don't believe I deserve quite that kind of a reception." It made Larry feel none too good. It was also a surprise to me. Here was the greatest player of his time, first being jeered for his misplays, and then being sarcastically applauded when he caught a couple of easy fly balls. The incident proved what the player is constantly up against.

Being a star is not what it is cracked up to be. Most stars of the diamond would prefer to shine in some other field of endeavor. You're a king one minute and a rank dub the next. Your feats of today are showered with praise, your misplays of tomorrow hooted and jeered. You're the big noise in baseball, just so long as you deliver. The public idolizes the hero of the present.

The star is always expected to do things. If some mediocre player comes through with a hit, or averts defeat by a great catch, it is regarded as a wonderful performance. If the star does the same thing, it creates little more than ordinary mention. The reason is that the mediocre player did the unexpected, while the star came through with only what was expected of him.

Clevelanders always expect Lajoie to dent the fence in a pinch, or pull off the sensational in the field. Detroit regards Cobb in a similar light; as does New York, Mathewson; Pittsburg, Wagner; and Boston, Speaker. If the star comes through, he continues to ride on the crest of popularity; if he fails, fandom will censure him far more severely than were he a bush league recruit.

The Real Merkle

By WILLIAM B. HANNA

THROUGH all the seasons since 1908, when the National League pennant went to the Cubs because of his failure to touch second base, Fred Merkle of the Giants has taken the jibes of fans in hostile cities without a whimper. He has heard "bone-head" hurled at him countless times.

The fact is, however, as those who know him will attest, that despite his famous slip, the real Merkle is a game, earnest and capable player.

There was a game this season in which Merkle made the proper play and was thrown out at the plate. There was a runner on first, Merkle was on third, and the batter hit to the shortstop. Merkle prolonged the chase of himself long enough between third and home to allow the other runners to move around to third and second respectively. He took a chance on scoring on an error, and even though he was put out the situation was no worse than it would have been had he held third. Yet what he got was cries of "bone-head! bone-head!"

"That was very unfair", I remarked to Merkle after the game.

"Unfair! Don't I know it? Haven't I had to listen to that same unfairness for years, boiling within, but being compelled to take it?"

And that is the only reply I ever heard Merkle make to uncalled for abuse to which he has been subjected.

Where Champions Roost

CHAMPION batsmen seldom are found with champion clubs. Since the beginning of the modern era of baseball—that is, since the American and National Leagues have been in the fields as major organizations—only two clubs winning the pennant have also had the champion batter of the year. These two are Pittsburgh and Detroit. Between Wagner and Beaumont the Pirates had the leading National League batter three times, whereas Cobb led the American League in batting the three years Detroit won the pennant.

Hard to Transplant Stars

INSTANCES of outfielders being transplanted to the infield and making good are rare. There have been a few successful operations, however. Sherwood Magee of the Phillies, a star outfielder and batsman, shifted this year to shortstop is one instance. George Davis of the Giants and White Sox had a similar experience. He was brought in from left field and became a top-notcher both as shortstop and third baseman. Jimmy Collins, the best of all third basemen, was playing the outfield for Louisville when he was brought in to play third and became a sensation there. In Magee's case, however, he had been an outfielder so long as to be regarded as a fixture. His is the most striking case of quick adjustment to the entirely different requirements of another position.



Fred Merkle

Three Bases on a Single

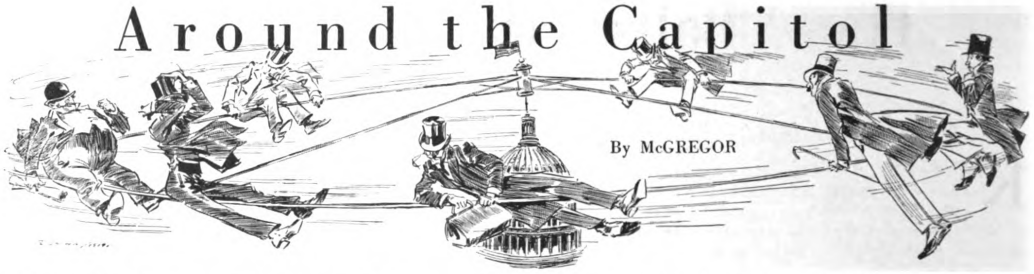
A NEATLY turned and unusual application of the run and hit device was manipulated by the Chicago Federals in a recent game. It was put through with two out and the score a tie. Flack was on first and started for second with the pitch. Zeider singled to right, Flack had a good start and never stopped until he had slid over the plate. Instances of scoring from first on a single are not frequent. This particular run and hit play had the additional merit of being sprung at an unlooked-for moment, of being executed with boldness and quick perception on the part of the runner.

Highest Home Run

A RECENT compilation of "famous home runs" made no mention of Joe Jackson's monster drive at the Polo Grounds, the one that sailed clear over to the roof of the stadium and lodged there. If it wasn't the longest, it was the highest home run ever made at this field.

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Around the Capitol



CATO SELLS seems really to be reforming the Indian Bureau and projecting constructive measures for the civilization of the Indians. At first it was feared that he would be sidetracked by the effort to keep fire-water away from the redman, one of the recognized policies, with a new chief, of distracting attention from more important affairs. And there are ways, also, of loading a new man's desk with routine matters that tend to persuade him against any branching out on his own initiative. But the Indian Appropriation Bill, as it left the House, and more particularly as it emerged from the Senate, with an increase of a million dollars over the House items, shows that he has taken hold of some of the real problems of the Indian Bureau.

Especially to be noted is the fact that the increase of a million dollars has been made in what are designated "reimbursable appropriations": the development of a water supply, irrigation, and the general items styled "promotion of civilization and self support", which means the purchase of seed, fertilizer and farm implements, to be repaid by the Indians using them, instead of the annual dole of blankets and rations, which under other auspices has only served to make mendicants and idlers of the Indians.

It would seem by this time that the Indians might learn the evident fact that their interests would be better represented by disinterested members of Congress than by selfish attorneys and lobbyists.

The Indian Appropriation Bill was admirably handled in the Senate by some of the new members of the majority, Ashurst of Arizona being chairman of the Committee, and Myers, Pittman, Lane, Robinson and Thompson being members next in order, ably assisted by Senator Owen of Oklahoma, himself of Indian blood.

Guilty but Unimpeachable

THAT is the substance of the report of Chairman Webb, of the sub-committee of the Judiciary Committee of the House, in the case of Judge Emory Speer, of the Southern District of Georgia. The report is at least an impeachment of the cumbersome method of removing a judge from office, a trial before the bar of the Senate by managers appointed by the House.

It is recited that Judge Speer had exercised his power in a despotic and autocratic manner; that he had forced pleas of guilty from defendants, in one case compelling innocent parties to enter such pleas; that the record presents a series of legal oppressions and shows an abuse of judicial discretion which demand condemnation; that these charges "hang as a portentous cloud over his court, impairing his usefulness, impeding the administration of justice and endangering the integrity of American institutions."

Going into particulars, the report shows that it was rare that a jury was permitted to return a verdict contrary to his wishes, regardless of all the facts, the right of trial by jury being practically suspended for a quarter of a century; that the judge had, early in his judicial career, ascertained the limit to which he could go before liability to impeachment and went as close to the line as safety would permit; that he had favored the firm of which his son-in-law was a member by appointing them receivers and trustees, their fees amounting to some $50,000 in a specified time, the impression being that the judge was assisting this firm to throw large estates into bankruptcy for the purpose of plundering them. Yet the sub-committee reported to the full committee that the evidence would not warrant carrying the case on impeachment proceedings to the Senate. Yet, if the evidence presented does not debar a judge from a continuance of his work on the bench, a powerful impetus has been given to the recall of judges, which the successful impeachment of Archbold was supposed to prove unnecessary.

Other Impeachment Proceedings

AS New York learned in the Sulzer case, impeachment may have two meanings, the beginning of the process by impeachment from the floor of the House, and its completion by conviction at the hands of the Court of Impeachment. There are two other impeachment cases pending, that of Judge Wright of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, the hearings in his case having already taken up four volumes of testimony before a sub-committee; and that of Judge Austin G. Dayton, of West Virginia, whom Representative Neely of that state recently impeached from the floor of the House. It was perhaps the idea that the first case would result in impeachment proceedings being brought before the Senate that deterred the sub-committee in the Speer case. One such case wastes about as much time as a Senate can lose in one session.

The cases cited in regard to Judge Dayton are all the illustrations the labor unions need for proof that in labor disputes a trial by jury is preferable to government by injunction, with the penalty of contempt of court at the will of the judge. It is surely an anomaly that a district federal judge can be removed from office only after a consideration of his case by the National House of Representatives and its successful prosecution before the Senate of the United States, sitting as the High Court of Impeachment.

Nicaragua and Colombia

THE President is serenely confident that the more light is shed upon the history and circumstances of the treaties with Nicaragua and Colombia, now pending in the Senate, the more certainly will both be confirmed. The Colombian treaty is in the nature of reparation for damages inflicted, and it is proposed that the whole history of the acquisition of the Panama Canal, including the fomenting of Panama secession, be investigated by a special committee, which will have some important witnesses to examine during the process.

Both matters are inheritances from former administrations and both treaties were in process of negotiation during the Taft administration. The investigation would at least postpone discussion in the Senate until after elections are held in November, when, with the immediate subsidence of partisanship that then occurs, it may be easier for patriotism to rise in ascendency. In spite of the President's faith in the issue, a two-thirds majority in the Senate is hard to obtain when party advantage would dictate the rebuke of the administration.

Some Pittsburgh "Depression"

SINCE the President's exposure of the endless chain of letters that had been arranged for in the appeal for the adjournment of Congress, evidence of the psychological depression continues to come in. A citizen of Washington, who recently visited Pittsburgh, was talking with some fire insurance men when he mentioned the fact of the slump in steel manufacture, and was greeted with a laugh and the denial that there was any slump in steel. One of the agents told that he had been asked to allow the continuance of an insurance policy upon a steel establishment that was to be idle a few months. He asked the manager why he closed the plant, whether he was making money, had any orders, and other necessary questions. The manager indignantly denied that his plant was losing money, said it was making money fast, that he had orders that might be booked for years ahead, but that he also had his orders from the boss to close down for a while. That was why the insurance men laughed.

The Colonel's Larynx

THE complexities of the present political situation could not be better illustrated than by the fact that the presumed inability of Mr. Roosevelt to take an active part in the Congressional elections is secretly pleasing to the Progressives and openly disturbing to the Democrats. It is an open secret that a good many Progressives would rather not have to stand up and be counted this fall. They would like to see their organization preserved and at the same time be able to vote for the Republican or Democratic candidate for the House or the Senate deemed the most progressive, to the more effective destruction of the Standpatters of both parties. What the Democrats fear in the coming campaign is the reunion of Republicans and Progressives, and they had hoped for the Colonel's activity in the campaign to obviate this. Thus, the condition of Mr. Roosevelt's vocal apparatus becomes a decisive factor in the great political game that is being played.

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The Affair of Harry Maingaye

By FRANK DANBY

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

KEIGHTLY WILBUR *did* accept David Devenish's advice to take up writing again and leave the coroners' courts alone. He had begun to be a little ashamed of the Seddon-Battye incident, and to feel apologetic when allusion was made to it.

"You know, Mater, what was really the matter was the want of originality."

What was really the matter was that he had exhibited a want of heart; but that, of course, she did not tell him. He was a good and loving son to her, not like other young men, perhaps, but the pivot of her life. She set herself to restore his temporarily eclipsed self-satisfaction, and succeeded so well that within a week he was spending four hours a day at his desk and talking about a "masterpiece." Within six he had finished that now widely known comedy, "According to Cocker", and was spending all his afternoons and many of his evenings in rehearsing it. The Fin de Siécle Theater was vacant; a really fine cast was secured, and Harry Maingaye, handsomest and most popular of actors, engaged for the leading part. Harry Maingaye, when he first burst upon the metropolis, had been known as "The Schoolgirl's Dream." The phrase had gone out of fashion, but not the man. His photographs were sold by the hundred thousand and his fascinations were as frequently the topic of conversation among the ladies of Brixton and Clapham as the terminological inexactitudes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer among their fathers and brothers.

On the first night of the production of the new play, Mrs. Wilbur and Lady Seddon-Battye sat in the stage box, with Sir Audley ponderously between them. Keightly dodged behind, sometimes surveying the house and sometimes the stage.

The first act went with a bang, and the second was better still. Congratulatory smiles were directed towards the box where Keightly dodged behind the curtain, and where his mother sat well forward, exultant and happy.

"Isn't it going well?" she said, not once but many times, as friends from before and behind came in with their congratulations.

Keightly, characteristically inconsistent, at the end of the third act became suddenly bored by all this unanimity and went outside for a cigarette. Then the idea struck him to go and stand in the dress circle, survey the house from there, listen to comments that he was not meant to overhear.

He was a little irritated, the reaction perhaps from that overdone insouciance he had exhibited in the box, and found the wait between the third and the last act unduly prolonged. The house seemed to think so, too, was becoming fidgety, he saw someone yawn.



"I won't put pen to paper until I know who killed Harry Maingaye"

A depression fell upon him, quite sudden and incomprehensible. When he told the story afterwards, he always added that it was psychic. He noticed one of the attendants of the theater approach the knighted actor and whisper to him. Sir George rose in the stall and Keightly thought, even in the distance, that he saw him turn pale.

"What the deuce is happening; *is* there anything wrong? What could have gone wrong?"

He left the dress circle. A curious silence came over him when he got outside, as if he had become deaf, and the whole house seemed hushed.

"*Fire?*" Could it be fire?

He bungled when he sought for the passage that would lead him to the wings. He wanted now to get behind, to find out the cause of the delay. But he was in the wrong passage. There were fire buckets; and "*emergency exit*" was written up in white painted letters. But no one was about, and it was not an emergency exit for which he was looking. Now he heard the sound of many voices, many roused and excited voices in the street, and the door, the emergency exit door, opened suddenly. . .

"You hear . . ." a hoarse voice said, stammered. He found himself gazing into light eyes, agonized horror-stricken eyes in a young pale face. "They are calling out *murder* . . . someone has been killed. . . ."

The next moment the emergency exit had closed behind him and he was in Maiden Lane. Already a small crowd had gathered. It was not fire. What had the boy said, what was the word that ran from lip to lip? *Murder.*

"Where are the police?"

"I heard the shot. Is he dead?"

"Have they got him?"

Now Keightly was at the stage door, a moment more and he was inside.

"What's the matter?"

Half a dozen voices answered, horror-stricken voices, voices giving explanations, asking instructions.

"Maingaye was shot as he left the house, killed on the spot. The man got away. Nobody saw him. My God! isn't it awful!"

Keightly felt a little overwhelmed and faint, the faces and the voices indistinct. Something was lying on the ground. Ince, surely it was Ince who was kneeling by it, got up.

"It's all over, there is nothing to be done. Poor fellow!" he said. Then he caught sight of Keightly.

"You here, Wilbur? I told them to send for you. You know what has happened?"

A woman on her knees beside the body was crying hysterically, and sobbing, calling on the dead man's name.

"His wife ought to be sent for", one said.

Ince saw the pallor of Keightly's face and that he was struggling for composure or comprehension. He took him by the arm, led him outside.

"This has been a shock for you. It's a dreadful business. Maingaye had hardly left the stage. Nobody seems to know exactly what happened. A shot was heard, Dacre found him lying as you just saw him. The bullet went right through the heart; no one saw who fired it. You can't recollect when poor Terriss was assassinated, can you? It was something in the same way, only Terriss was stabbed, not shot. That was by a madman, so must this have been. I daresay the police have the man by now. I sent in to break it to Sir George, but it seems to have got about outside already. I hope they've got the man."

The orchestra was still playing, the sound of it came to them where they stood. But the house was getting impatient, cat calling and stamping its feet.

"I'd better go and tell them."

"If you feel equal to it."

"I suppose there really is nothing to be done?"

"Nothing. Death was practically instantaneous."

"Ghastly; isn't it?"

"The police are here in force, and the divisional surgeon. Take another pull at the flask, it can't do you any harm. You saw Inez de Brissac. . . . I must try and get her away. We don't want a scandal, they've sent for his wife. . . ."

The stage manager came up and in a few hurried words it was decided Keightly should speak to the impatient house.

"Give them their choice. Ask if we shall go on, with an understudy. Isn't it awful? I hope they've got the man."

"Was it a man?" Keightly said almost mechanically. "I thought it was a boy. . . ." He hardly knew what he was saying.

The stage manager gazed at Keightly curiously; he didn't seem to be quite himself. But he made way for him. Keightly was white-faced but making an effort for his cloak of indifference

The faces were white blobs and he could not distinguish his mother at all; the box seemed empty. He wanted to thank them for the attention they had given his play.

But he couldn't. For the first and only time in his life Keightly Wilbur was

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speechless. The stage manager in the wings understood the situation and came to his assistance.

"Get off", he whispered. "Leave it to me."

The stage manager was fluent and found no difficulty in expressing himself.

"Mr. Wilbur, the talented author of the brilliant play we were in course of presenting to you, came before you to make an announcement. But his emotion has proved too much for him. He will have your sympathy. Ladies and Gentlemen!" There was a dramatic break in his voice and pause. "I have a dreadful thing to tell you. As Mr. Harry Maingaye left the stage after the last act, he was shot by an unknown assassin. . . ." Now there was a desperate attention, a silence that could be felt, then sobs. "The doctors are with him now. We are not without hope." He knew Harry Maingaye was dead but he put that in. "As you may imagine, behind the scenes the shock has been very great. Miss Hooper is in the deepest distress, quite unable to resume her part. The tragedy has struck us all. But we are the servants of the public. They have asked me to speak to you for them. Mr. Wilbur would have spoken, but as you saw, he was unable. Shall we go on, with understudies, or will you give us leave to drop the curtain, to indulge our grief?. . ." His voice broke.

"Pull down the bally curtain. . . ."

The house emptied slowly, there were sobs, questions, a growing, dreadful excitement. Nothing like this had ever been known in the annals of the English stage. Harry Maingaye shot! Assassinated! But such things don't happen in England! It was incredible . . . weeping women filled the hall; men's faces were white and shocked.

Three days later, at St. Martin's Town Hall, Charing Cross, Mr. John Salmon, the Westminster coroner, opened an inquest on the body of Mr. Henry Lepel Mings, better known as Harry Maingaye, the popular actor who was fatally shot outside the private entrance to the Fin de Siécle Theater in Maiden Lane on Thursday night. Mr. White watched the case on behalf of the lessee of the theater, Mr. Keats for the Maingaye family.

The jury viewed the body, which lay in the mortuary adjacent to St. Martin's Church.

Susanne O'Neill, otherwise Mings, or Maingaye, was called and stated she had identified the body as that of her late husband, Henry Lepel Mings.

Mr. Stanley Dacre, who had played the title rôle, deposed that he was in Mr. Maingaye's dressing-room when Harry came off the stage at the end of the third act of "According to Cocker." He appeared in the best of spirits, and they talked a little about the play and its reception. A note was brought in, and after Harry had glanced at it, he said: "Oh damn the woman!" But quite pleasantly, not as if he were annoyed. He then got up, saying, "I'll be back in a minute . . . " and went out.

The witness continued:

"A moment later I heard what I now know was a shot, but then I thought it was a tire burst. I don't know what aroused my apprehension, intuition perhaps. But I know I did become suddenly alarmed and went outside. I saw Harry lying at the stage door." He was unable to go on.

The letter was called for, but could not be produced.

Inez de Brissac called, was dressed in sables and wore two large pearls as earrings. She was no longer in her first youth but astonishingly beautiful, with red hair. She said she was an American, married to the Conte Louis de Brissac, but since divorced from him. She seemed to have no reluctance in admitting this.

"You knew the deceased well?"

"I just loved the very ground he walked upon." She burst into tears and wiped them away freely with a scented and coroneted handkerchief. "I know what they are saying about me, but I wouldn't have hurt a hair of his head. The note was to tell him how splendid he was, and that everybody around was saying so, and to say that I would see him later. . . ."

"When?"

"I didn't say when."

"You got out of your seat?"

"I went into the foyer."

"You knew the way to Mr. Maingaye's dressing-room?"

"Yes."

"But you didn't go there?"

"I just stayed around thinking he might send back an answer."

She described how Mr. Dacre fetched her, saying:

"Come at once, Harry has been shot."

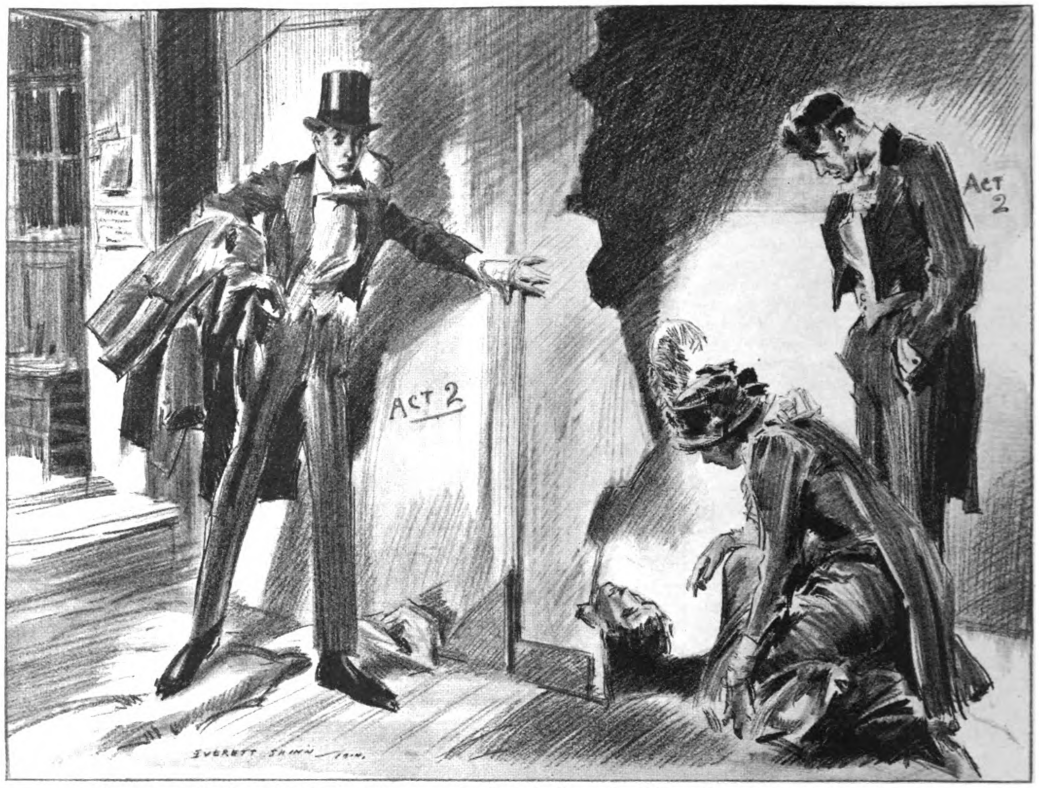
She gave her evidence with extraordinary simplicity, crying most of the time, but concealing nothing.

"You were on intimate terms with Mr. Maingaye?"

"We were like husband and wife."

When she said she and Harry Maingaye had been as husband and wife, the dead man's widow, Susanne O'Neill, rose passionately in her place, but a lady with her pulled her down, put an arm about her, spoke to her soothingly.

In examination and reëxamination, after several adjournments and with some press assistance, the whole story came out. It appeared that Mr. and Mrs. Harry Maingaye had lived upon affectionate terms until he and the Contesse de



A woman on her knees beside the body was crying hysterically, and sobbing, calling on the dead man's name

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Brissac met at a supper party given by Sir Hubert Seaborne-Leat, about six months ago. Afterwards he visited her at her flat. At first the visits were supposed to be on business. The Comtesse was engaged in dramatizing one of her salacious novels in which there was a part she thought would suit Mr. Maingaye. Afterwards? Well! afterwards, there seemed little doubt of what had occurred. The Comtesse was admittedly a woman of very strong attractions. Harry Maingaye was weak, susceptible to flattery. When his wife and her friends found out what was going on, they did all they knew to stop it; but without effect. A temporary separation was agreed upon. It was hoped it would only be temporary; negotiations were opened with the Comtesse de Brissac. In the midst of them came this terrible news.

Mrs. Susanne O'Neill was very closely questioned about her movements on the night of the tragedy. She admitted to having been in the house, in the pit, and said she had never missed one of Harry's first nights.

She said that she had never had a revolver in her possession, she did not know how to shoot. The servant, Ann Coates, knew the hour she returned, had made her a cup of chocolate, was sitting up and helped her off with her things. Ann had been with her for many years.

The time that the last train arrived was investigated and proved to be as Mrs. Maingaye stated. Ann Coates confirmed as to the chocolate, and said her mistress was not at all agitated but very depressed and unhappy. And then she said something indignantly about "women that was no better than they should be", and others "whose shoes they were not fit to wipe." The coroner stopped her, but she enlarged upon this text materially the next day to a quick and sympathetic interviewer. This interviewer represented *The Starting Gate*, which not only printed it in full but in a leading article gave an account of the Comtesse de Brissac's career from the time when nearly twenty years ago she had left America with Comte Louis de Brissac, a well-known Belgian nobleman, until today, when she practically admitted herself to have been the mistress of Harry Maingaye. It appeared from this leader that Comte Louis had married Inez B. Mott a few months before the birth of her son, and that his family had cut him off from them in consequence. Five years later he had divorced her. She came to England twelve years ago.

The article went as far as it was possible to go, or perhaps even further. But *The Starting Gate* had a reputation to keep up. The editor had been so often summoned, fined and committed, that the process had no terror for him. Suspicion was at this time directed towards Susanne O'Neill, and the article had the intention, in which it was successful, of arousing public sympathy on her behalf.

At the fifth and last adjournment of the coroner's enquiry, Mr. Keightly Wilbur was called, not with the expectation that he would give any evidence that could throw fresh light upon the affair, but merely as a matter of form.

A certain amount of latitude was given to him, and the court heard of the delay after the third act and Mr. Wilbur's intuition or psychic vision of disaster; of how he left the circle and found himself near the emergency exit.

"Some one spoke to me, said: 'You hear . . . they are calling out *murder* . . . "

The coroner asked at once:

"Who spoke to you? Some one you knew?"

"I don't think so, I'm not sure."

"The murder had not been committed two minutes. You were in an unused passage. Who had the right of entry there?" This was new evidence; and there was something like a sensation in court.

"I don't know."

"But this is very important, very serious. The police were on the scene almost immediately, they surrounded the theater; a crowd gathered outside very quickly. No one saw a man or woman running. . . ."

Keightly himself saw the inference, was startled that it had not occurred to him before.

"We will hear afterwards who had the right of access to this passage. You will tell us now what you remember of this boy or man who spoke to you. Was he panting, as if he had been running, agitated?"

"I have only a general impression."

"Give us your general impression."

"Let me think a minute. It had not occurred to me to connect the circumstances."

Keightly Wilbur spoke as if he were sleepwalking; he was thinking backwards; trying to see through shadows.

"I don't know what makes me think it was a familiar face. I am sure I have seen those curious light eyes before, and the fair hair. . . ."

"The man wore no hat then."

"No."

"Evening dress, as if he were part of the audience?"

"I don't remember. Perhaps. . . . I think a white shirt-front and an evening coat, loose. I have an impression, but no real memory."

"Would you know the man if you saw him again?"

"I might. I believe I have seen him before; I think I should."

"Had he anything in his hand?"

"I don't know."

"You would know if he had a revolver. That would have been sufficiently unusual to impress itself on you."

"I did not see a revolver, I am sure of that."

"You say the door opened. Did he, did the mysterious stranger open it?"

"One moment I saw the door, the *emergency exit* in white letters, the fire buckets, the next I was outside, racing for the stage door. . . ."

"Did he follow you?"

"I don't know, I don't think so. I had forgotten him. But now, looking back, I believe I recognized the fear in his eyes, that it was communicated to me, that that was why I ran. . . ."

Then he related what he saw when he got to the stage door. But all that they had heard already.

No questions, however skilful, and the coroner was a clever lawyer, could get anything further about the man who had met Keightly Wilbur at the emergency exit, whose eyes were familiar, but to whom he could put no name.

"You are quite sure it was a man, and not a woman in man's clothes?"

"Not absolutely sure. . . ."

"Think, a life may be at stake."

"Don't press me. I have told you all of which I am sure. Anything else might be invented, could not be remembered. The eyes were familiar, that is all of which I am positive, but I have seen them differently. . . ."

He was then allowed to go.

When the coroner summed up the case to the jury, he said that Mr. Keightly Wilbur's evidence was very unsatisfactory; and had added to the difficulty of the case.

He then directed them to their verdict, which ran, as had been anticipated, "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

A few days after the verdict had been arrived at, Keightly Wilbur sauntered into the Savoy grill room as usual, and found Roger McPhail at the same table with David Devenish. David rallied him on his evidence. Roger said:

"Well, at least Wilbur's theory is maintained. There is certainly a story behind the verdict."

"A very ugly one."

"We only know part of it", Keightly interposed a little eagerly.

"It was not Susanne, then?" David asked coolly.

"Can you tell us anything you didn't tell the court?" Roger wanted to know.

"I am convinced that it was the man who shot Harry Maingaye who spoke to me in the passage. But he was not an ordinary criminal. Quite a youngster, trembling all over, appalled at what he had done, sick with fright or remorse. It comes back to me bit by bit. . . ."

Roger was drawing on the tablecloth, one of his bad habits. He drew the head of a Medusa, hair standing snakily on end, staring, sightless eyes. . . .

"Anything like that?" he asked Keightly.

"Not a bit. It was not a woman."

"What are you going to do?" Devenish asked.

"I am going on with the work that has been given to me to do. You think, for instance, that there is only one story in Inez de Brissac's life. You saw that article in *The Starting Gate;* even that was only half the truth."

"True", interposed Roger, "and the lesser half."

"She is Lais, Messalina, Catherine of Russia, all the bad women in history and through the ages—a man eater. Maingaye was the latest, but not the last. She wrecked his home, but how many more? What of that Herodsfoot story, by the way? Who finds her in pearls and sables? But that's not the immediate question. The immediate question is to find from what wrecked home or hope came the shot that killed Harry Maingaye."

"And when you have found out, will you be responsible for his execution; that he shall hang by the neck until he is dead. There is no "Unwritten Law" in our civilized England."

"I am not bound to give him up. But I am bound to find out. I owe it to myself. He killed the man, why didn't he kill the woman? I will do nothing else, I swear I won't, until I know the truth. I did not seek the task, it has been thrust upon me."

"You had far better write another play."

"I shall write many more plays. But I won't put pen to paper until I know not only the whole history of Inez de Brissac, but who killed Harry Maingaye."

How Keightly found the assassin will be told next week

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Food and Health

By LEWIS B. ALLYN

The Alum Decision

FOR many years questionable products have been used in the preparation of our foods; among these are coal tar colors, benzoic acid and its sodium salt, salicylic acid, methyl salicylate, various compounds of hydrofluoric acid, ammonium and sodium fluorides, peroxide of hydrogen, saccharin, copper sulphate or blue vitriol, sulphurous acid and its salts, formic acid and its salts, formaldehyde, boric acid, borax and alum.

From time to time these have been submitted to various investigators, and honest opinions both for and against their use have been given to the public.

The most recent food drug to come under investigation by the famous Referee Board is alum.

Questions Submitted to the Referee Board

1. Do aluminum compounds, when used in foods, affect injuriously the nutritive value of such foods or render them injurious to health?

2. Does a food to which aluminum compounds have been added contain any poisonous or other added deleterious ingredient which may render the said food injurious to health? (a) In large quantities? (b) In small quantities?

3. If aluminum compounds be mixed or packed with a food, is the quality or strength of said food thereby reduced, lowered, or injuriously affected? (a) In large quantities? (b) In small quantities?

The experiments conducted by Dr. Russell H. Chittenden, Yale University, New Haven, included 12 men and continued for a week over 5 months. Eight of these subjects were fed on bread raised on a "home made" alum baking powder. The four "controls" had no aluminum in their food. The dose of the aluminum compound was increased from time to time, at first by increasing the quantity of bread and later by increasing the quantity of the baking powder used in making the bread. In this way the alum used per man per day was increased from 0.578 gram (equivalent to approximately two-thirds of a level teaspoonful of baking powder containing 25 per cent of alum —8.920 grains) at the beginning to 2.287 grams (35.295 grains) at the close of the dosage period. The actual aluminum contained in this dosage ranged from 0.065 gram (1.003 grains) to 0.257 gram (3.966 grains) per man per day.

Dr. John H. Long, Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill., ran his series of experiments about 4 months on 6 subjects. Baking powder was not used, but instead for 40 days a mixture of the same composition as the residue left in such bread by alum baking powder, that is sodium sulphate or Glauber's salt, was administered in water or in milk. For the remaining time the men partook of another compound left as a residue of alum baking powder, namely aluminum hydroxid, and increased doses of the cathartic Glauber's salt.

The longest series of experiments was conducted by Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor (University of Penna.). This series lasted for 185 days and 8 men were experimented upon. In this case also the powder was not used in bread, but was administered in wafers or dissolved in water. Six of the subjects took the aluminum compounds, while the other two took milk sugar, the men themselves not knowing which they were taking. The men were later given alum, aluminum hydroxid and aluminum chlorid.

Commenting on his experiment Dr. Chittenden says: "Aluminum compounds when used in foods—as in bread—in such quantities as were employed in our experiments, do not affect injuriously the nutritive value of such foods or render them injurious to health, so far as any evidence obtained in our experimental work indicates."

Says Dr. Long: "It can not be said that, when mixed with foods in the small quantities actually considered necessary, they [aluminum compounds] add a poisonous or deleterious substance, or injuriously affect the quality of the food with which they are used."

Dr. Taylor remarks: "There is no evidence in our results to indicate that the occasional and ordinary use of bread, biscuits, or cake prepared with aluminum baking powder, tends to injure the digestion. The amount of saline cathartic that would be ingested under conditions of normal diet would be very small and would provoke no catharsis or symptoms of any kind."

After summing up a great deal of data, the Referee Board give the following answers to the questions submitted to them:

Aluminum compounds when used in the form of baking powders in foods have not been found to affect injuriously the nutritive value of such foods.

Aluminum compounds when added to foods in the form of baking powders, in small quantities, have not been found to contribute any poisonous or other deleterious effect which may render the said food injurious to health. The same holds true for the amount of aluminum which may be included in the ordinary consumption of aluminum baking powders furnished up to 150 milligrams (2.31 grains) of aluminum daily.

Alum compounds when added to foods, in the form of baking powders, in large quantities, up to 200 milligrams (3.09 grains) or more per day, may provoke mild catharsis.

Very large quantities of aluminum taken with foods in the form of baking powders usually provoke catharsis. This action of aluminum baking powders is due to the sodium sulphate which results from the reaction.

The aluminum itself has not been found to exert any deleterious action injurious to health, beyond the production of occasional colic when very large amounts have been ingested.

When aluminum compounds are mixed or packed with a food, the quality or strength of said food has not been found to be thereby reduced, lowered, or injuriously affected.

Poison Squads

TO the average consumer it seems somewhat strange that vigorous, healthy young men should be experimented upon to determine the effect of doubtful substances introduced into our foods. If strong men are injured by a food drug, weak men and women and little children will doubtless be injured. So far the theory apparently holds good. What shall we say about the converse: if the strong men are not injured by food drugs, then weak men and women and little children will not be?

Mr. McCann of the New York *Globe* comments as follows:

"Poison squads" are organized at regular intervals and healthy young men submit themselves to a diet of adulterated food in the interest of science.

"After a period of five or six weeks the usual results are announced, frequently to the effect that the members of the squad "suffered no noticeable inconvenience and experienced no injury."

This report then appears in thousands of newspapers and quiets the public mind, disarms anxiety and suspicion. Sometimes it causes the cautious housewife to forget the necessity of watchfulness in selecting her kitchen supplies.

These "poison squads" never fight it out to the finish. The brave youths who are fed with doses of benzoate, borax, copper sulphate, sulphur dioxid, aluminum sulphate, and the legal coal tar dyes, never take all of these delectable substances at any one time nor in any one test.

The "squad" is always confined to one drug, not tasting any other drug during its scientific experiment. Then, before there is time for the subtle, slow-moving, insidious chemical to effect serious harm, the squad is disbanded and the food adulterator has been given "proof" that the cry against preservatives, food chemicals and mineral dyes is a bugaboo.

Now all the people in the world are not healthy young men, and all of them do not stop eating at the end of a test lasting five or six weeks. Some of them are babies, some are school children, some are nursing mothers, some are about to become mothers, and some have reached the age when natural vigor is no longer sufficiently active to resist even temporary abuse.

In fact, we have organized "poison squads" among little children and we do not disband those squads until the children die.

Every time the law makes the use of a food drug legal, or every time it winks at an abuse that denatures a food, it makes a permanent "poison squad" of the whole country, not for a few experimental weeks, but for the lifetime of the individual. All the little children of the country, whether their parents realize it or not, are now in that "poison squad." When the food-drugger puts his dose into his product and sends it forth, he does not know into whose hands it will fall nor the physical condition of the individual who will receive his medicated wares.

To those who believe in the pure food movement, the thought of this wholesale experimenting is abhorrent. We are all in the National Poison Squad. We serve unwillingly. We have no pure food law to protect us, but the time of our deliverance is not far distant.

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WHAT THEY THINK OF US



Kansas City (Mo.) *Journal*

It remained for HARPER'S WEEKLY to deliver the cruelest blow to Secretary Bryan. "It is doubtful," says HARPER'S WEEKLY, "whether the legislative programme could have gone through without his assistance." However, the responsibility cannot be thus shifted from the shoulders of the President, if that is the purpose of the remark.

The Fayetteville (Ohio) *Observer*

HARPER'S WEEKLY comes to the defense of Secretary of State Bryan on account of the great amount of unjust criticism being aimed at him. We do not think the matter is worrying Mr. Bryan much, and it should not. He is doing a great work, and his enemies know that he is doing it. They fear him, because they know that the success of his efforts in the cabinet means final downfall of their own political aspirations.

The plans and purposes of the President and Secretary of State are so directly opposed to the tricky and the over-reaching methods of former administrations, that the members of the "Old Guard" see the handwriting on the wall and realize that the people have awakened to the fact that a country can be governed by Christians and patriots better than by selfish politicians and the men of the "dollar policy."

Buffalo (N. Y.) *Enquirer*

If it is not a conspiracy to discredit Secretary of State Bryan, it is at least a concert. HARPER'S WEEKLY, however, indulges in a few remarks to Mr. Bryan's credit. The merits of Secretary Bryan's service in the cabinet are recognizable as soon as pointed out. The smudge-lighters cannot keep them concealed from all the people all the time. They will shine through the smoke into general enlightenment before his term ends.

Saginaw (Mich.) *Herald*

HARPER'S WEEKLY is making a specialty of the defense of the downtrodden, the "under dog," so to speak. In addition to its other activities in the line of uplift for the submerged tenth, it has taken on the job of rehabilitating the distinguished secretary of state, Colonel Bryan of Nebraska.

Carl H. Getz, Pomeroy, Wash.

To contend that a magazine with an editorial policy like that of HARPER'S WEEKLY cannot survive, is to indict the intelligence of the American reading public. I'm intelligent. Proof: the enclosed draft for five dollars.

Milwaukee (Wis.) *Journal*

Colonel Roosevelt will have a fine party row on his hands when he returns from Spain! We pointed out the other day the advance rumblings of trouble in Editor Hapgood's warning that the Bull Moose must quit "eating out of the hand of George W. Perkins."

San Francisco (Cal.) *Christian Advocate*

Some recent cartoons in HARPER'S WEEKLY seem quite as strong as those of the days of Nast and Boss Tweed.

Los Angeles (Cal.) *Times*

Little Norman Hapgood who proclaims in type an inch high each week that he edits HARPER'S WEEKLY (to read it one would think no one assumed that responsibility) is complaining because Huerta is a heavy-drinking ruffian.

San Francisco (Cal.) *Town Talk*

HARPER'S WEEKLY, of which Judge Lindsey's half-brother, Norman Hapgood, remains editor-in-chief, is angry with President Taft for his criticisms of President Wilson's Mexican policy.

Los Angeles (Cal.) *Times*

Among the few publications that have attempted to make capital out of the Colorado strike by a hysterical and malevolent distortion of facts, HARPER'S WEEKLY has been the belled buzzard of the flock. It has lied about the strikers and has lied about the mine operators; it has not sought facts, but has sought to establish the strikers as martyrs and the operators as diabolical slave drivers. In this deliberate policy of misrepresentation, Norman Hapgood, who designates himself as the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and in doing so evinces that he is immune to shame, has been the most assiduous liar in the nation; he has vindicated the murders of the strikers by joining in their cry against the mine owners; he has encouraged sedition and written on behalf of anarchy.

SUFFRAGISTS:

Would you like to raise money for your suffrage organization at no expense to yourself and very little work?

Until September, 1914, we are giving $.10 on each subscription to The Woman Voter to every organization or person who sends in ten subscriptions. The subscription price is $.50 a year. For every ten subscribers secured send us $4.00 and keep the remaining $1.00. Send in as many groups of ten as you wish. Be sure to collect in all cases $.50 for a subscription, but send us only $.40 of the amount.

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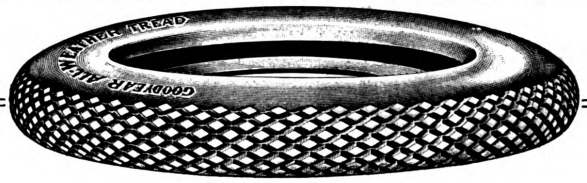
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Added Tire Cost

Five Ways in Which Some Men Get It

Way One is by paying too much for a tire. Sixteen makes now sell at more than Goodyear prices—some at one-third more.

Yet Goodyears lead in Tiredom. They offer costly features found in no other tire. Their under-price is due to matchless output. And that is due to matchless popularity.

Way Two is by buying tires that rim-cut. In such tires, this one trouble ruins one in three. No-Rim-Cut tires can't rim-cut. That we guarantee.

Way Three is through blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. An extra "On-Air" cure prevents this, but the process is expensive. So No-Rim-Cut tires are the only tires which get it.

Way Four is through loose treads. In No-Rim-Cut tires, through a patent method, we reduce this risk 60 per cent. No other maker does this.

Way Five is through wasteful anti-skids. The All-Weather tread—used on Goodyears alone—is tough and double-thick. It is flat and smooth, like a plain tread. It doesn't center the strains on small parts of the fabric.

Mark the Reasons

You know that Goodyears outsell any other tire. You know that men are flocking to them, for you see them everywhere.

Mark the five great reasons. Look back at your tire troubles and think what these things save.

Then, in fairness, try the Goodyears. Learn why they hold top place. Any dealer will supply you if you ask for Goodyears.

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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Business and Investment

FROM a reader in Indiana comes a challenging question as to why financial advisors always urge the purchase of gilt edged bonds, mortgages, or preferred stock. In other words, why is the poor man urged to buy only conservative securities? Does he not need a fortunate investment, one that turns out an enormous profit, even more than the rich man? But let the protestant speak for himself:

> Everyone knows that the promoter's slogan that one good investment is worth a lifetime of labor is true. We are all looking for that good investment. Why do financial advisors invariably say that unless one has an assured income, independent of personal earning capacity, and surplus funds, one should never consider anything except gilt edged bonds, mortgages, or preferred stock? It seems to me that a fortunate investment is more important to the poor man, provided, of course, he has a personal earning capacity, than to the comparatively rich man.
>
> Why do financial editors treat of nothing except this same class of investments, which are nothing more than depositories for funds? In other words, why isn't the subject of investing for profit considered more?
>
> And when investing for profit is considered, why is it always on the basis of speculation in known and listed securities rather than on the subject of securing the parent stock of some one of the many companies forming every day to supply the needs and take their share of Uncle Sam's wealth?

This same question has been put to me in somewhat different form time and again by personal friends. "I read your articles", they say, "and what you say is interesting enough, but you always suggest bonds to pay 4 or 5 per cent. Now what I want is something to pay 8 per cent. If you financial editors would only tell me how to do that, how to make a big profit, then you would be some good."

By way of answer, take an extreme but wholly possible case. An elderly maiden lady, who lived at home with her aged mother and did no work except a little dusting, deposited one dollar, which she inherited from her father, with the Savings Bank of Baltimore when it was opened in 1819. As she walked out of the door she was run over by a team and instantly killed. But the dollar went on working and at 4 per cent would now amount to nearly $50. That dollar has been just as productive as if the maiden lady never lived and dusted. She had nothing to do with its earning power. It was an investment of the simon pure variety. There was no risk. She enterprised nothing. The dollar was banked, loaned, invested.

What is investment and what is business? The savings bank depositor serves to open the way to a fundamental economic concept, the difference between interest and profits. All created wealth finds its way to the individual through certain channels of income. Wealth is distributed to the laborer in wages, to the business enterpriser in profits, to the owner of a concrete thing possessing capital value (such as a house) in rent, and to the owner of a portion of the great fund of capital (the lady with a dollar inherited from her father) as pure interest.

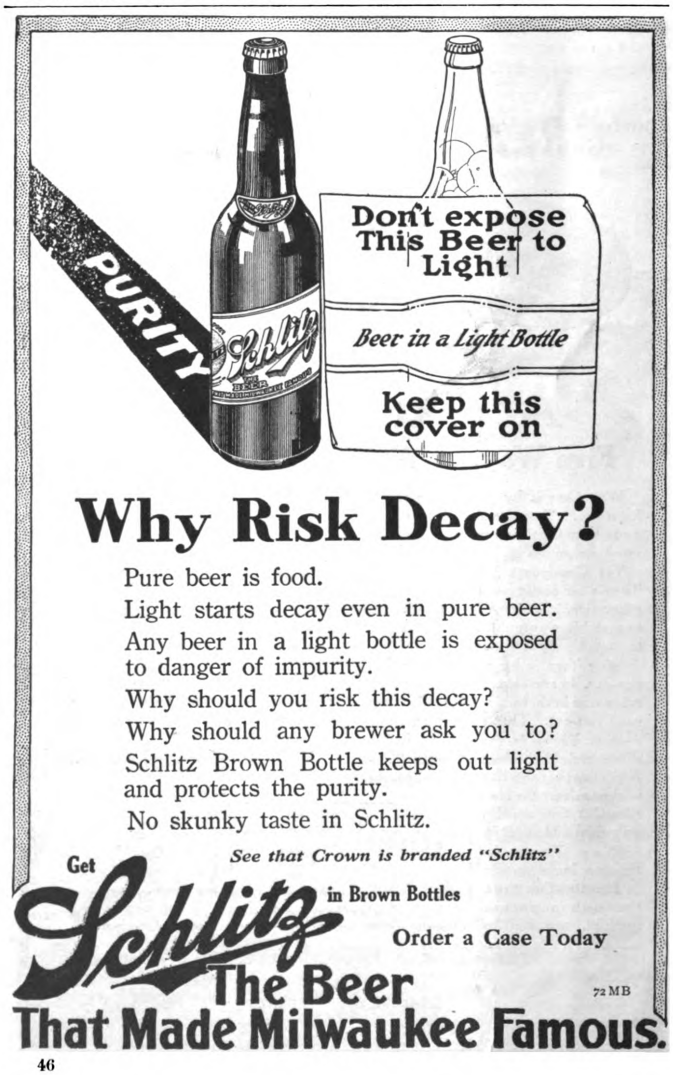
In early days there were no such distinctions. Even until recently, among British economists interest and profits were often lumped together. Today there are plenty of instances, it is true, of interest failing to emerge. The peanut vendor in front of a ball field earns wages, interest, and profits, and neither he nor any other being can or desires to separate the items. But the modern corporation has largely driven the interest taker and the profit taker, not to mention the laborer, far apart. Says Professor Taussig:

> The investor who is looking for a return in the way of interest pure and simple, does not take shares in new undertakings; he buys "solid" bonds. Those who "go in" for new ventures are largely experienced business men and the clientele which gather about them. They "go in" largely on their judgment of men. If John Smith whom they believe in, fathers a scheme, they often take shares without any very deliberate consideration of the prospects. They expect to secure more than interest on what they invest; otherwise they would not assume the risks. As the time goes on, if the venture has proved successful . . . they sell out to investors at a premium. If the enterprise is then a thoroughly settled one, these investors may take virtually no risks, and their return does not exceed bare interest. . . . The active business man or venturesome investor who has sold out then turns to still other new enterprises, and may repeat the process indefinitely.

In one respect the gentleman from Indiana is wrong about financial editors, who do not say that unless one has an independent income one should buy only conservative bonds. What we do say, and what we must say, is this: unless a man or woman has a living income, either from earnings or from investments, he or she should not take risks. And the reason we especially urge the poor man not to take risks is because if he loses in the game he loses all, whereas the rich lose only part.

None but an anarchist, misanthrope or cynic would deny the usefulness of new inventions, new farming projects, and new mineral prospects. But does our inquirer deny that they are risky? No, he carefully avoids that well known fact. Of course we all would like to "pick" that one fortunate investment which earns several hundred per cent. But what we would like is not the question. The question is, are we properly in the risk-taking class.

Even such an advanced sociologist as Professor Albion W. Small of the University of Chicago insists upon the enormous service which the business enterpriser performs, although Professor Small has his doubts about the moral question involved in paying interest on what he terms "financial capital" as distinguished from "tool" and "management capital."



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Of course the enterpriser deserves a large reward, for he takes a large risk. But is the small investor either an experienced business enterpriser or a legitimate risk taker?

To abandon economics and sociology for the hard headed, Potash-and-Perlmutter type of business horse sense, the simple fact is that nearly all new promotions fail, at least 85 per cent of them. One great reason they fail is because many are started purely as stock selling enterprises, that is, as out and out swindles. But where there is good faith there is almost always poor management or lack of capital. As in the British law, the new company is absolutely guilty until proven innocent. This hits the question square between the eyes, and I repeat the statement with all the force at my command: the new promotion is an object of suspicion until it is proven good by time. It must go through a stage of criticism and investigation.

Despite its extraordinary development in modern times, the essential distinction between pure investment and business enterprise goes back to the dim ages when one man first made a loan to another. Investment is essentially a loaning process, and the bond is the best investment instrument because it is definitely repayable.

Finally, I am asked why known and listed securities are the only ones recommended when investing for profit is considered. This part of the question is easier to answer. What human being can pretend to give advice and information regarding all the small, local enterprises that start up in this country? The known concern is known because it has lasted a while and there has been opportunity for information to circulate about it. Nearly 90 per cent of new promotions fail. How then is there any chance of getting information about them? It is only the established enterprise that can be recommended, for it alone can be investigated.

What right has a person who contributes nothing to a business except a few cold dollars to expect large profits? That person gives nothing in the way of either labor or business (managerial) enterprise. The money works absolutely the same when the person is dead, as we have seen in the case of the savings bank. Personally the man or woman adds nothing. It is only their capital, and that capital commands about so much interest, the rate of which has remained fairly stable throughout the entire period known as modern times.

It is rare that an investor of the kind that write to financial advisors is able to give time, knowledge, brains or managerial skill to an enterprise, and many of them have not even earned the money but inherited it from a distant relative. Even if investors were able to contribute anything besides this remote, distilled form of capital, the modern corporation is so organized that there is no room to make every person with capital a manager. The investor then is not entitled to receive a large return, nor has he any opportunity to do so unless he takes a large risk. But he is the very person unfitted, from lack of knowledge, time, brains and skill, to take the large risk. Experience teaches that he can usually lend his money to seasoned enterprises at a low rate of interest with safety, and experience likewise teaches that about 90 per cent of the new enterprises fail. If I have not drawn the right conclusion from these facts, I hope some reader will point out my error.

One for the Ant

By R. W. SNEDDON

A FRENCH naturalist has been reconsidering the industrious ant, and deals La Fontaine a blow. The ant's industry and coöperation have been much overrated, but on the other hand it is a more miraculous little cuss than has been imagined.

The ant saves, but without foresight. It lays up more provision than it can eat. The harvesting ant lays in such store of grain that when the rain comes the grains sprout through the earth over the granaries and betray the ant colony to its enemy the farmer. Centuries of experience have made the ant no wiser. The ant works in company with its fellows, but foolishly. A number of them may be stripping the corn grain of its husk, while other foolish ones are busy on the useless task of biting through the stalk supporting the very same ear.

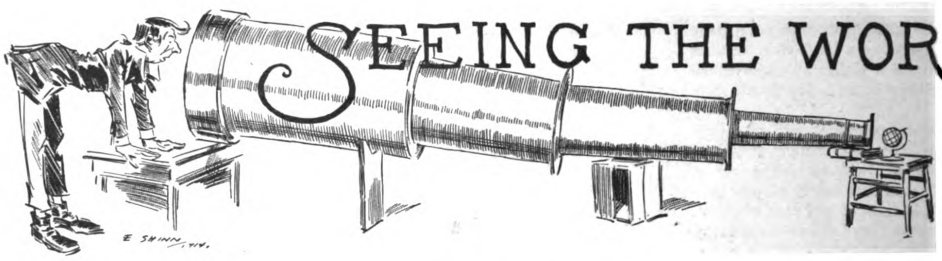
On the other hand, the ant's sense of direction has been proved. Furthermore, it has an exact sense of position. The ant's muscular force in comparison with its weight is enormous. It can work harder and longer relatively than any man.

The naturalist has proved conclusively by experiment that the ant possesses the faculty of judging the distance traversed in going towards an object; it is supposed that the ant mentally notes the amount of muscular energy expended in travelling this distance. To return, it has therefore to expend the same amount. For its guidance in returning, its sense of position comes into play. It makes no use of its senses of touch, sight, or smell, does no scouting or tentative journeys, but goes directly back to the nest. It must however go before it can return. An ant picked up from the nest and carried to a distance, loses its bearings. It has no memory guiding-post and must find the nest again by making a number of gradually narrowing circles. An ant that has once found its way to an object can remember its position for several days. It has been proved that it knows right and left. More astounding, however, is its geometrical knowledge. An ant placed on a revolving disk will reestablish every time in a contrary direction the angle it has been made to describe. The vertical plane is the same as the horizontal to it.

It would seem to be proved, then, that our perception of space is not the same as that of the ant. A wonder may rise in our minds as to whether mankind has lost some of his natural faculties, or whether they lie latent to be again awakened.



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Making Up Its Mind

John Parker's family is about to get well with the measles.

—Marblehill Cor. The Ozark (Ark.) *Spectator.*

He Never Dies

Many times he has been seriously ill, but he invariably recovers owing to his astonishing vitality.

—New York (N. Y.) *Tribune.*

"Vice of the Cross-Roads"

The Bluffton Loafers are still playing the same old game of pitching their feet under the table and their carcasses a-straddle of a goods box and bantering the little boys to swap jack-knives.

—Bluffton Cor. Forusche Valley (Ark.) *Record.*

Satisfaction

Time after all does the right thing by you. Stick around long enough and you can always get a chance to see the iron-jawed, steely-eyed money king who bullied you in his office sniffling like a baby sea-calf in the witness chair.

—The Lansing (Mich.) *State Journal.*

Beware

Parties should beware that any one molesting me on the night of my marriage will be severely dealt with, or any other time. I keep my own home and am well able to take care of a wife, my motto is to pay cash, and not stand about the store. Signed WESLEY CLARK, Udora.

—Udora Cor. Oxbridge (Ont.) *Times.*

When Editors Suffer Most

R. A. Hogg was in from Holly Springs yesterday and called to see us. Before leaving he got us backed up in a corner and forced us to accept a big round dollar on subscription. Being taken by surprise we were unable to defend ourselves.

—Benden (Ark.) *Courier.*

Local Modesty

A wedding of some importance to Middleport will take place in early June. The woman in the case does not belong in town.

—Pioneer (Ohio) *News.*

A Rather Big Man

C. M. Bradbury was in and "sassed" the office force awhile one day last week.

—Perry (Ill.) *Times.*

A Proud Boast

I fit right glasses to the wrong eyes.

—Adv. in Allentown (Pa.) *Democrat.*

Ever Notice This?



—Duluth *Herald*

Who Says Manners Are Declining

Bigelow & Rogers received their thoroughbred Poland China boar on Tuesday evening. Attached to the top of the crate in which his royal highness was shipped was this tag: "I am a live wire—feed and water me—thank you." Some manners to this gentleman hog.

—Winchester (Idaho) *Journal.*

They Do Not

We are sorry for those fellows on the city papers. They don't have admiring readers bring them strings of fish every day.

—Manning (S. C.) *Herald.*

Timid Food

At supper the dining room was thrown open to all who were present. Two tables were set which groaned with good things to eat which groaned.

—Decatur (Mich.) *Democrat.*

First Aid to the Heroes

All the men were carried to a vacant lot and heroic measures taken to survive them.

—Maskin (Idaho) *Star Mirror.*

Terrifying the Barnyard

Irvin Johnson had his whiskers shaved off and his growth of winter hair removed. This so disguised him that his closest friends did not recognize him at first, and the old hens were scared when he went into his poultry yard.

—The Senator (Kans.) *Tribune.*

The Modern Infidel

Jim Whiteside, who has read the bargain catalogues so much he is an infidel, was at this place yesterday looking for a spool of thread for his wife.

—Vergennes Cor. Murphysboro (Ill.) *Independent.*

Troubles Never Come Singly

Last week Tuesday night the hen house of Mr. Rosenblot, on the Standard farm, was broken open and 14 hens taken also at the same time five bags of grain and two bags of cattle salt were stolen. Thursday night his chicken coops were visited and about 40 little chicks taken. Mr. Rosenblot expects his wife and family from Russia next week.

—Canaan Valley (Cor.) *Ct. Western News.*

The Huerta of Bluffton

What Huerta is to Mexico, Old Jack Ward is to Lou Carpenter's new ground. Jack's voice at times is audible at a distance of four miles from the scene of action.

—The Bluffton Cor. of Danville (Ark.) *Democrat.*

No Wonder

A bashful country girl walked into Hayes' butcher shop the other day carrying three live chickens. She asked Bill Gaab what he would give for them, at the same time laying them down on the counter. Gaab did not know that their legs were tied and asked the girl if they would lay there. The girl bit her handkerchief, blushed and finally managed to say, "No, sir; they are roosters."

—Townsend (Mont.) *Opinion.*

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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

PRICE, TEN CENTS JULY 18, 1914

Vol. 59.

The Anti-Papal Panic

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THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS

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MAKERS OF THE FLAG*

By the HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE

THIS morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory", I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker", replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"*Yesterday* the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school-teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But", I said impatiently, "these people were only working."

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"*The work* that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnought, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"*I swing* before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this Nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

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*Delivered on Flag Day, 1914, before the employees of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Roosevelt's Position

PERHAPS it is a weakness of ours, an inability to understand party government adequately, but we have never been able to admire an opposition leader for making the work of a President difficult along lines which would have been praised by the leader if followed by his own party. George Washington's repeated and sometimes querulous complaints about the smallnesses into which partisanship often leads, have always found a sympathetic echo in our humble breast. Colonel Roosevelt, it must be conceded, since his return from Spain, has found himself in no easy place. In his own party was a split on principle, which he met by taking sides emphatically with Mr. Perkins, thus giving some distress to those Progressives who understood Armageddon in a sense difficult to harmonize with the views of Mr. Perkins on unions and on monopoly.

Now as to Mr. Roosevelt's treatment of the national administration, there seem to us different principles applicable, according to the part of the program which is attacked. It would all sum up about as follows:

1. The Colonel's resentment over language in the proposed Colombian treaty was natural. Whatever the motive, the administration gave him a slap and he inevitably hit back.

2. His attack on the Mexican policy is comprehensible, although scarcely in language and tone what we would choose to have applied to the foreign affairs of the President of all the people. In Mexican policy we agree with the President, but recognize that the subject is one on which wise men may differ. Whether such difference should lead an ex-President to indulge in such contemptuous hostility as Colonel Roosevelt has shown, may be decided by those who have more respect for party exigency than HARPER'S WEEKLY has.

3. Of course domestic policy is what, in our hearts, we are at present all concerned about. When Colonel Roosevelt discovered the now famous River of Doubt, he did not issue an edict against any future explorer's sailing up it—even sailing further than he. Without the Colonel's splendid pioneer work in stirring up the country and battling for popular government instead of government by the interests, Mr. Wilson might never have been governor or President. In forcing profound legislation on the tariff, the currency, and probably on the trusts, in a few short months, the President has with great courage and wisdom carried out those popular wishes to which the Colonel did so much to give hope and confidence. The Colonel, in our opinion, should not upbraid him for this, but thank him. If Lincoln had lived, and if, after his presidency, some Democrat had carried further some of his own work (as, for example, the kind of enlightened reconstruction Lincoln favored) it is not easy to believe that the great Republican leader would have belittled and embarrassed that work. Rather would he have applauded and helped. Let the Colonel be severe about foreign affairs if he must. In that he is sincere, however one may interpret the patriotism which makes a favorable outcome in Mexico more difficult. In domestic matters, however, let him not tell the country to distrust the three big policies of the administration, unless he is at the same time willing to promise repeal of those policies if he is ever President again. Let him rather help the business revival, which is so ready to begin, by assuring the country that these changes were needed, and should be looked upon as the end of disturbances and the beginning of a long era of business repose and prosperity.

The Colonel's Feelings

The time is not distant when Latin America will have a hundred million of people inspired by new conditions of national and commercial life. Those now living feel that the Panama incident is the only real injustice committed by the United States against the Latin-American people. The treaty will correct that feeling and greatly change the sentiment that is now running heavily against us in all South America.

Even those friends of Roosevelt who believe that he did the thing that was necessary for the accomplishment of a great benefit cannot but think that we would lose much by making Latin America feel that she has a grudge against us. We are admittedly big if not always great. Colombia is big only in its spirited sensitiveness. Someone's feeling will be hurt, whether the expression of friendly regret is left in the treaty or taken out. The Senate has to decide whether it is more important to save the feelings of a proud little republic striving to take an honorable place among nations or those of a man who is a beloved leader at home and a great international figure, but who lacks the generosity to wish this struggling neighbor well if there is the slightest possibility of those wishes reflecting a criticism on his former work.

Whitman and Barnes

COLONEL ROOSEVELT is mistaken in thinking that Boss Barnes particularly wishes to have District Attorney Whitman as

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the next governor of New York. Barnes is headed in the wrong direction but he is far-seeing. If he favors Whitman in September, it will be because he can find no one who better answers his purpose. It will be in default of what he most desires. Barnes would like a younger Root. He would like a man of eminent ability, with distinction and with conservative tendencies, fitted to become a national figure and to lead the Republicans in the campaign of 1916. He is well enough satisfied with Mr. Whitman's attitude toward the machine, because Mr. Whitman neither fights it nor obeys it. He is not a progressive but he is a million miles from the rubber stamp that the Colonel called him. Barnes has not controlled Whitman as district attorney and he could not control him as governor. On the other hand, Whitman would never set out to make trouble as Hughes did. Barnes fears that Whitman, with no striking policies of his own, might give the impression of vacillation or aimlessness. To explain Barnes as he actually is and thinks, however, may be bad opposition politics. The honest voter, whose voice is the voice of God, grasps your meaning better if you merely asseverate that Whitman is a rubber stamp for Barnes.

Journalism

UNLESS the Bull Moose organs get together and agree upon a common plan of attacking the President, they will find themselves exposed to each other's fire. The esteemed *Outlook*, for example, deposeth and saith: "This Democratic Administration does not believe in a strong government. It is afraid of a strong government. It fears that the strong government will be a despotic government. It seeks refuge from that peril in weakness." But here cometh another weekly and declareth: "President Wilson insists upon dominating what is done, himself initiates all the important legislation and performs the work of shaping the bills, work which in other administrations is left to the proper committees of the Senate and House." In the arithmetic of politics, when two opposing critics cancel each other, the result in effectiveness is zero.

Encroachment

STANDPAT organs everywhere attack the President for usurping the powers of the legislative department, while at the same time some of the more completely Bull-Moosed publications say he is not Hamiltonian enough. Won't a few of the newspapers begin to bark about legislative encroachment on the executive? The constitution gives the Senate power to confirm appointments. The Senate uses it to try to bully the President into putting crooks in office. It isn't satisfied to object to the President's choices. It insists on the positive choices of its own members. The House also encroaches on the freedom of appointment. The Constitution ought to be amended. The clause would be harmless if taken as it was intended to be interpreted, but it is used as excuse for one of the dirtiest forms of usurpation. Approved by the Senate has come to mean recommended by the Senate. Why not put the administrative department on its own responsibility?

Villa and Carranza

THE adherents of Carranza explain the friction between the two men as due to different conceptions of the way the Revolution should be conducted. Carranza is looking into the future with an eye to the final pacification of Mexico. It was his idea that as far as possible each Mexican state should become a revolutionary center from within, without having the sensibilities of its people excited by invasion from a neighboring state. Natera was therefore commissioned to take Zacatecas City because he is from Zacatecas State. Villa feels that the success of the Revolution depends upon the speedy capture of the capital itself. He found his military plans hampered by politicians in Juarez put there by the civil power, and so, as military governor of Chihuahua, he had them put out of office and his own men in. *Inter arma silent leges.* Carranza was wise enough to refuse to accept Villa's resignation and the failure of Natera to take Zacatecas made Villa's presence at the front imperative. The people of Mexico are testing for themselves the strength of the men who must finally take control of its affairs. If Carranza proves unfit, there are others. When the French Revolution was finished, there was a certain artillery officer who took charge of the affairs of the country. History may repeat itself in the elevation of Felipe Angeles to the Presidency. Meantime, there is no doubt that Villa has become a popular hero in America. He has proved himself a great soldier, a marvelous strategist, a military genius of the first rank. The correspondents in Mexico contradict the editorial opinions of their journals about him. Those who consider the breach between Villa and Carranza as proof of the foredoomed failure of the Revolution are invited to reread the history of the American Revolution and the troubles Washington had with those who were jealous of his success.

The Claflin Failure

THE Claflin business was Morgan-led and Morgan-fed. In its causes and in its results it is a striking instance of the Curse of Bigness. Read "Other People's Money." (Advt.)

How to Be Fair

CHESTER H. ROWELL, of Fresno, California, who is running against Francis J. Heney for the Progressive nomination for United States senator, has written us a letter gently remonstrating, asking that we shall not take part in the campaign for Heney until after the primaries. He says it is unfair for us to be partisan until we know the will of the people. He makes the point that the choice for nominee is between men and not between sets of principles—a noble sounding argument. But whoever is nominated on the Progressive ticket is pretty sure of election. We are supporting Mr. Heney because we consider him the best candidate for the job in California. We shall support him at the time when it will do him most good. As for Mr. Rowell, no doubt he is a kind man and good to his family, but as far as we know his chief title to prominence is the way he rubs his nose when he talks.

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Matty's Advice

EDDIE COLLINS, in the July *American Magazine*, adds his expert opinion to the general impression that Christopher Mathewson's greatness today is mainly in thought and in control. Talking to some worshipping school boys recently, Mathewson said he did not know what part control played in other walks of life, but that it was the most important factor to work for in pitching. Not so prudent as Matty, we may go further and put self-control—the control of one's habits, one's resources, one's body—at the top of practical human virtues, as much almost in any other business or profession as in the national pastime.

Cheer Up, Western Athletics!

FROM Seattle, Mr. Farnsworth Wright sends us a letter bewailing the fact that Mr. Herbert Reed referred to the University of Washington as Washington University. Using this slip as a spring-board, Mr. Wright then leaps to the tragic plaint, "We are considered by the effete Easterners, barbarians who dare not paint their houses for fear the mountain lions will lick the paint off and die in the front yard". Is it not time for the West to be a little less sensitive? Mr. Reed more than any other man writing about sports has given the Middle Westerners and the Far Westerners their due. Possibly he has given them a little more than was strictly coming to them on their performances. When he criticizes Harvard, Yale, or Princeton, he does not receive letters in which some minute slip in language is used as an excuse for a heartbroken wail, really caused by the inability to endure any criticism whatever.

With a Grain of Salt

IN his amusing little book called "Wild and and Tame Advertising", Mr. Maurice Switzer points out that many believe Daniel Webster wrote the dictionary, Henry Clay is a cigar maker, Dickens is a swear word, and Sir Walter Scott invented cod liver oil. From our own experience, we can add seriously to this list that a really highly educated acquaintance thought Joseph Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence.

The Great Manner

SOME men talk about how busy they are, or what high prices they get. The opposite pose (meaning attitude) is more effective. A famous English playwright, at the height of his fame, was talking to a young and little known visitor. The visitor offered to go out in the country to the playwright's house. "Oh, no", said the famous man, "I will come to London whenever you say. I have very little to do". One of the most popular of American writers had sold an article to a periodical, which afterwards asked him to do the illustrations himself, and inquired how much he would wish to have added to the price. "Oh, I leave it to you", he said. "Some years ago, I wrote and illustrated a little piece for . . . and they gave me $15." Probably the moral of these stories is clear, and we need not think up one of those banal generalizations which are usually needed to pull an editorial together at the end.

Buoyancy

SOMETIMES after an excursion to the settled races, it seems that our United States are immature. One wearies of the energy, the change, the restlessness; finds flatness, as the endless acres of prairie are bleak to the stranger-eye. But the answer is there. On our soil, no man's place is found for him. He finds his own place. The step of the walker down the village street is springy from hope. He knows that there is a chance. If he fails at his calling, he can change his job. There is land enough for a new start. He can fail and fail again, and yet retrieve himself. The limits are not yet hardened to a caste, the mould is not set to a rut. Everything is in process of becoming. Nothing is finished. Imperfection is on the road to growth. There is less of the dreary acceptance of failure, absence of self-respect, refusal to bluff it out with jaunty demeanor.

Motor Trucks and Horses

A BIG city, with modern paving, would produce almost no dust except for the noble steeds which still infest its streets. The horse furnishes the dirt and consequently the dust. Also he furnishes most of the flies, with the annoyance and disease they bring. Before long there will be horses only in the country, and few there. Maybe, under the doctrine of *cy près*, drinking fountains for horses can be converted into gasolene stations. That remark, however, is really too flippant for a change that, however desirable, brings a touch of sadness also.

The Pathos of Distance

HAPPY hours are those out-of-doors, when, after long miles of walking, one comes tired and hungry to a farmhouse of pleasant shade where they care hospitably for wanderers. Once a pink-and-white house nestled just under the grass-grown bank of a canal. The long kitchen, low-lying cleanly outhouses, hives of bees at the edge of an apple-orchard, the kindly shade—all gave their welcome, as we turned from the tow-path and asked for a meal. It was Sunday, and they spread such a midday dinner as met the inner need. A couple of hours, so spent, light the memory more genially than excitements of the city. They lie a little closer to what you find at last your heart really wants, than most of the anxious quests of the earlier years. That sort of experience was always there waiting to be had, but, like quiet songs and tried friends, it needed the test of time itself. Other matters look gayer and more desirable, more tuned to the wildness and fever of youth, but the long years make answer that nothing which is violent endures, and that still pleasures run deep. When we speed up the means of getting somewhere, we do not reach the thing we are after. There is no shorter route to the very home of peace than a quiet country road.

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Axes to Grind

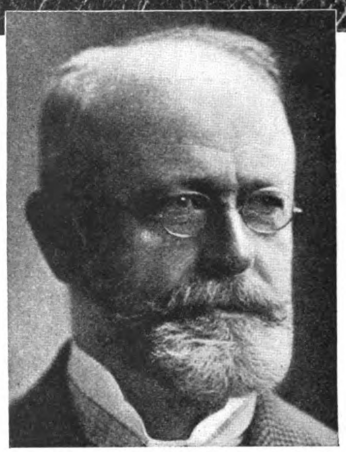
By GILSON GARDNER



Matawan Creek, New Jersey

We have a crooked creek, that has a crooked name, and grabs a crooked million while in a crooked game; to make a crooked water power run up a crooked hill, it crooks your Uncle Samuel through a crooked river bill.

THE name of the crooked creek is Oklawaha; the crooked million grabbed by the crooked creek is unearned increase in land value; the crooked game is played in the interest of one J. D. Young, who is to benefit from the crooked water power running up the crooked hill in Florida; and the crooked river bill through which Uncle Samuel is crooked is the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill—that ancient, and almost respectable shell game which is annually perpetrated on the American people by a not too honest Congress.



Brig. Gen. William H. Bixby, retired, who was Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army, from June 10, 1910 to August 11, 1913, in exclusive charge of the construction work on river and harbor improvements. General Bixby recommended and approved practically all of the items appearing in the current River and Harbor bill

James A. Frear, Representative in the National House of Representatives from the Tenth District of Wisconsin, stood upon his feet in the House and recited the above adaptation of Mother Goose to his colleagues. He was referring to the Oklawaha project, on the Oklawaha River, Florida, which little river asks for the little sum of $733,000, in addition to the $47,516 already spent upon it. The Oklawaha River is a crooked stream 94 miles long, emptying into the St. Johns. On page 20 of the report on this project it is stated that there is no regular boat line on the Oklawaha. The improvement proposed is almost entirely for a stretch of the river comprising some 30 to 40 miles. At this rate, it will cost approximately $20,000 a mile for the improved portion.

Who gets the benefit of this expenditure?

"No man, in his right senses", said Representative Frear, "will contend that the Oklawaha $750,000-project will help a taxpayer in Florida. Nor will it save a single penny to a consumer from Maine to Texas or Chicago to San Francisco. Who is to benefit from this piece of arrant nonsense? J. D. Young's 4,000 acre tract may be improved $200 to $300 per acre, an increase in value of $1,000,000. J. D. Young's new water power the government is about to construct may be worth several hundred thousand more. But that all goes to J. D. Young—or does it not? Who else along this 'improvement' is to be cared for on this crooked-creek project, and why?"

The Oklawaha project is one insignificant item in this vast collection of fraud which year after year is perpetrated under the head of river and harbor improvement.

Glance at another case, taken at random from the bill. It is proposed to appropriate $72,000 for the improvement of Matawan Creek, N. J. According to the engineer's reports there has already been expended on this creek the sum of $65,000. Here is the report on the amount of traffic on Matawan Creek: "There is one public dock, owned by the municipality, located about 700 feet east of the New York & Long Branch Railroad Co. This dock is open to all on equal terms, but it is in bad repair and *practically inaccessible*, owing to the *shallowness of the water*, and is *practically unused*." The freight traffic, according to the report, is received from three small factories, and a proposed two-mile extension is for the benefit of these factories. The creek is located in the District of Representative Thomas J. Scully of New Jersey. Mr. Scully is a member of the Rivers and Harbors Committee of the House.

Another New Jersey project is Shoal Harbor and Compton Creek, N. J., which gets a slice from the treasury melon amounting to $56,800, in addition to the $48,491.27 already expended upon it. On page 7 of the House committee's report on this project, it is stated: "There are no docks located on this waterway owned by the public at which terminal facilities are extended to all on equal terms, but a private dock belonging to J. H. Smith & Co., manufacturers of fertilizer and fish oil, is on Compton Creek, but its facilities are *not open to the public*." Mr. W. T. Rossell, the engineer in charge, in a letter, says of this project: "The Fertilizer Chemical Co. has been incorporated under the laws of New Jersey. Five hundred acres of land has been contracted for, which has 2,500 feet front on the Sandy Hook or Raritan Bay, with about the same frontage on Shoal Harbor or Compton Creek. The riparian rights have been awarded. Three hundred feet of dock has been built on the creek, and 300 feet more is to be added at once; some buildings have been erected; a power plant has been installed; all with the purpose in view of manufacturing fertilizers and cement." All that is needed is Uncle Sam to furnish navigation for the "300 feet of dock on the creek." A hundred thousand dollars of Uncle Sam's money for the Fertilizer Company!

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The Mispillion River, Delaware, is in this year's bill for $35,200. The engineers recommended that $70,400 be allowed, but the House committee heroically held down the amount, because so many other hungry projects had to be considered. Seventy-eight thousand dollars has already been spent by the government on this "river." It is proposed to dig five cut-offs of 9,000 feet in length—almost two miles—to "shorten the distance from the mouth to the head of navigation about 12,700 feet." The estimated total cost will be $70,400, with an annual maintenance charge of $5,000. This scheme will cost about $6,000 a mile. On page 5 of the report appears the following: "There are *no public wharves* on the Mispillion."

Or glance at a little scrap of Virginia's slice of the pork. The bill carries $16,434 for Tangier Channel, Va. Tangier Island, which is somewhere out in Chesapeake Bay, has a general elevation, according to the engineers, of about two feet above high tide. The district engineer was willing to go half way. "If", says his report, "an anchorage be found necessary, local interests should either provide it, or contribute to its construction." But the Chief of Engineers saw no reason why the "local interests" should be burdened in the matter, but recommended that Uncle Sam bear the total cost. The $16,434 stayed in the bill.

An important state in the Solid South is North Carolina. Senator Simmons of that state is chairman of the Senate Committee on Commerce, which handles the pork barrel in the Senate. The Hon. John H. Small of North Carolina is a member of the House Rivers and Harbors Committee, where these bills originate. Twenty-five North Carolina projects were included in the current bill, "among which", said Representative Frear, in his speech on March 26, "the Scuppernong grape contends with the toothsome oyster of Virginia for popular favor at the cash drawer of the Treasury." The Scuppernong River, N. C., is a fair sample. For this stream the bill carries $338,000, and the engineer reports: "The banks are low and swampy, averaging about 1½ feet above the water surface, and in most cases defined only by living growths of



Senator F. M. Simmons of North Carolina, chairman of the Senate Committee on Commerce, in charge of the "pork barrel" river and harbor bill in the Senate. His committee added more than ten millions to the bill as it passed the House, raising the total proposed expenditure in the current bill to $53,641,600. The State of North Carolina receives appropriations for twenty five separate river projects in the current bill

trees and water brush. A considerable amount of snagging will be required, and at the proposed cut-offs heavy clearing must be done. The necessary snagging has been included in the estimates." The "snagging" was good, and all twenty-five of the North Carolina projects remained in the bill.

But the classic example of "improving rivers" is the raging Northeast River, which is likewise in North Carolina. A dwarf steamboat makes about two trips a week upon its foaming bosom. Northeast River gets $38,375. Up to June 30, 1913, there had already been expended on it $33,748.86. After expending this sum, according to the government report, a depth of six inches at Hallsville had been attained, and fifteen miles further up the river, at the end of the project and the head of navigation, the government has secured a depth of one inch in the channel, so that boats drawing as much as one inch of water may safely navigate this river.

But there are big as well as little snaggings in the bill, as witness the item directing the purchase of the Chesapeake & Delaware Canal at a cost of $1,300,000. The



Representative James A. Frear of Wisconsin, whose remarkable series of speeches in the House exposing the "pork barrel" river and harbor bill, may result in preventing the final passage of that measure

committee's report says this purchase is part of the "intracoastal-waterway system from Boston to Key West."

Representative J. Hampton Moore of Pennsylvania, in answer to questions on the floor of the House, stated that the stock of the concern is practically worthless. Chairman Stephen M. Sparkman (Fla.) of the House committee, in his speech on March 17, admitted that the bonds of the company are worth probably 50 cents on the dollar. And the money used to build this canal in the first instance was *donated* to the company by the United States, and by the states of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware.

The general figures for river and harbor appropriations from 1875 to 1914 show that these appropriations have leaped forward at the rate of 500 per cent. From 1875 to 1894 (twenty years) the appropriations amounted to $187,099,000; from 1894 to 1904 (ten years) to $184,325,000; and from 1911 to 1914 (four years) they amounted to $184,345,000. It will be seen, therefore, that the past four-year period amounts to almost as much as the twenty-year period—1875 to 1894; likewise, that in the past four years there has been appropriated out of the Treasury almost exactly as much as for the ten-year period 1894 to 1904, an increase of approximately 500 per cent.

But more remarkable still, the statistics show that while appropriations for improving rivers increased at the rate of 500 per cent, the traffic on rivers has actually decreased 80 per cent.

The city of St. Louis, for instance, reports the following river traffic: On the Missouri, 1890, the tonnage was 31,385 tons; in 1906 it was 6,050 tons—loss, 80 per cent. On the lower Mississippi in 1890 the tonnage amounted to 765,880 tons; in 1906 it had fallen to 141,575 tons —loss, 81 per cent.

Yet the 1914 river and harbor bill as reported to the Senate carries $53,641,600 in cash authorizations for a continuation of this kind of "river improvement", in addition to future obligations of $32,897,871. And the House sundry civil bill carries another $6,990,000 for the same purposes.

How does such a bill get through Congress? The process is simple. Congressman Blank from Podunk has a project in the bill that contemplates the "improvement" of Mud Creek in his district. Every local interest in the district which would benefit from the work being

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done there is behind him. His vote is pledged to the bill because it contains his particular project. He will vote for the bill, vote to sustain the committee, vote down any amendment that seeks to strike out a single project —no matter how bad it can be shown to be—because he does not want his own project jeopardized. All the other Congressmen are voting for his project, and he votes for theirs. There are enough Congressmen who have projects in the bill to form a safe majority. Propositions to amend such a bill against such a combination of interest are absolutely hopeless.

In addition, there is a well organized lobby in Washington that helps to pass the annual river and harbor pork-barrel bills. Backed by plenty of funds, it is engaged in a campaign of publicity which never stops year in and year out. The "copy" that it puts out goes to all the newspaper men in Washington, and the knowledge it displays of the inside workings of Congress concerning the river and harbor bill is truly remarkable. This organization is known as the National Rivers and Harbors Congress. It has offices in a suite in the Colorado Building, and maintains there a Bureau of Publicity, whence come items of importance and authenticity like the following, which was distributed to Washington correspondents on May 25, ten days before the bill was reported from the Senate Committee:

"While the River and Harbor appropriation bill is still held in the Senate Committee on Commerce, and the additions made to the House bill are still subject to the secrecy that is put upon members of committees dealing with appropriations until the bills are finally reported to the Senate, enough has been learned to *predict that the Senate Committee on Commerce has increased or added to the waterways bill some ten millions of dollars*—one half of these increases being given to the Pacific northwest."

The prediction, of course, proved to be accurate, and the total appropriations for the current bill were thus brought up to $53,641,600.

The remedy for the pork barrel system lies in a comprehensive, national plan for river improvement and flood prevention, which shall treat each stream in the country as a unit; which shall utilize all the departments of the federal government in coöperation; and which shall have regard for *all* the uses of water, instead of regarding only the local interest.

Such a plan is before Congress now in the form of the Newlands River Regulation Bill, which provides an annual, continuing appropriation of $60,000,000 a year for ten years—a total of $600,000,000—covering the entire United States, and specifically apportioned between the different drainage basins. It provides for treating every river system as a unit from source to mouth, and adopting, not one, but all practicable methods of regulating and equalizing the river flow throughout the year. It has regard for the four uses of water: for domestic use, for irrigation and agriculture, for water-power, and for navigation. It proposes *stream control* as the solution of the waterway problem. It utilizes forestry at the headwaters to prevent run-off and to soak the water into the underground reservoirs; artificial reservoirs to hold the flood waters back and turn the wheels that make electricity and supply water for irrigation; agricultural methods that will conserve the rainfall and prevent run-off, improving crops and preventing soil erosion; drainage of swamp lands at the headwaters of streams; levee revetment and bank protecton in the lower streams; and controlled outlets and spillways at the mouth of the river.

Every branch of the national government engaged in this work is to be coördinated and brought together in a central national board, through which comprehensive plans can be made, the work apportioned and coöperation secured with the states and local agencies and districts. This central board is given power to go ahead with construction work, after the approval of surveys and estimates, just as the U. S. Reclamation Service or the Appalachian Commission or the Isthmian Canal Commission were authorized by Congress to do in their organic acts.

The adoption of this plan for river control and use would result in the absorption and retention of the water on the upper source streams and tributaries, and this would so standardize the flow and lower the ordinary flood levels, and raise the low water levels, that navigation would be enormously improved.

But the occupation of levee boards, contractors, army engineers, local politicians and others who profit from the piecemeal mud-pie method of sinking money in useless river projects would be gone. Therefore the Newlands bill sleeps in committee, while the pork barrel rolls merrily forward.

The Falling Baseball Fever

By ERIC HAROLD PALMER

WHEN the office boy told me the other day that he had forgotten "Joe" Jackson's batting average last year, it was apparent to me that something was wrong. The case was sad, too, because he had also failed to remember just how many (that is, just how few, to be exact) bases on balls Christy Mathewson issued in 1913. Then I was positive that the old order had changed. So I investigated, talking not only with thirty-third degree fans, amateur diamond stars, and the denizens of the press box, but also with the professional idols whose names will never be forgotten. From their statements I have been forced to draw a bewildering conclusion. This will not be baseball's greatest year—not by a long shot! For once the time-worn but generally accurate prediction, made on every opening day, is entirely out of place.

Let me digress. Not many years ago a Paris journal held a competition to test the ability of its readers to write sensational headlines, probably being afraid to try out a scheme of finding out which could create the greatest news himself by some daring act. But the contest was what our dear friend Sam Bernard calls "*sufficiency*." What would create the greatest amazement? was the question asked. The competition was lively. If I mistake not, the winning announcement was to this wise: "Marriage of the Pope", or was it, "Pope Marries Chorus Girl"?

As a newspaper man, I have hardened myself to the shock of sudden surprises. There is no telling just what will come over the telephone and telegraph wires next.

But the other day I was again stunned by a headline. This time it was genuine. It was carried on the sporting page and read: "Baseball Loses Popularity." The line was in small type and ran above a brief interview with Frank Chance, manager of the New York American Leaguers, who, when in a pessimistic frame of mind, allowed himself to be quoted on some radical opinions regarding the present season. He contended that the bad weather of the early days, necessitating the postponement of many games, especially in the East, together with the Mexican situation, had taken the minds of the fans from their favorite sport.

Three major league magnates told me, however, on the strict understanding that I was not to use their names, that they expected this to be the poorest season financially they have had since the game was directed on so magnificent a basis as it is now.

I asked one of them if baseball had really lost popularity to any considerable degree, firmly convinced that he would look upon me as a lunatic for hurling such a query at him. He did not appear thunderstruck, and I eagerly awaited his rejoinder.

"That is a hard question to answer at this period", he declared. "Personally, I don't know. No one knows yet. Baseball has not been just a craze, like ping pong; it has a permanent place in American hearts and is meeting with favor in foreign lands. But I do believe that many things have happened recently which have dulled enthusiasm in the sport to some extent.

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The Anti-Papal Panic

By WASHINGTON GLADDEN

IT is evident that we are in for another fierce anti-Catholic crusade. These visitations are periodic; the term has not perhaps been calculated, but we shall be able, one of these days, to give the formula. The period is probably a little longer than that of the seventeen-year locusts. Whether the pupa of the *cicada papaphobiana* burrows in the earth during the time of its disappearance, is not known; there are those who think that it goes deeper.

To those to whom the happiness and peace of their native land is dear, these visitations of religious rancor and intolerance are most unwelcome. An epidemic of smallpox or yellow fever is a light affliction compared with these seasons of religious contention and suspicion and enmity. What we are going to see during the next few months is something like this: the great mass of the Protestant Christians of this country arrayed against the great mass of the Roman Catholic Christians—each party thinking and saying hard and bitter and violent things about the other; each party cherishing the worst suspicions about the motives and purposes of the other; each party believing that the other is plotting to take away its liberties, and perhaps to exterminate it by assassination or carnage. Not all the Protestants and not all the Roman Catholics will give room in their hearts to such dark thoughts and fears and enmities, but most of them will; and the mob-mind, which always dominates these epidemics, will reduce to silence the majority of those who know that this is mainly insanity.

"The fact is that we have got to learn to live together in this country—Protestants and Catholics. The only question is whether we shall live together in peace or in enmity. If we are to have peace, we must study the things that make for peace; each party must be ready to see the good side of the other; must learn to put the best and not the worst construction on the words and deeds of the other; must avoid all bitter and uncharitable judgments; must put away all thoughts of domination. There is no worse enemy of Christ and his country than the man who seeks to inflame and poison the minds of either Protestants or Catholics with suspicions and fears and resentments and enmities toward the other."

The first mutterings of this eruption of mud and slime are audible already. Those of us who have passed through this misery two or three times know what to expect. It is being whispered now in Protestant circles that the Catholics are meeting by stealth, from night to night, in the basements of their churches, to drill for the impending insurrection. If the church has no basement, it matters not; the story is just as freely told, and just as readily believed.

Here is the programme of "Six Sunday Evening Lectures on Roman Catholicism" recently delivered in a church in the heart of the best residence district in my own city:

"1. Why Preach Against the Roman Catholic Church? (A Shot-Gun Load.)

RIFLE BALLS

"2. Popedom. This lecture will expose the most palpable fraud of human history.

"3. The Priesthood. Testimony of history, ex-Catholics, and first-hand information.

"4. The Auricular Confession. An iniquity that ought to be prohibited by law.

"5. Rome's Bloody Hands. No man-eating tiger ever thirsted for blood as has the Roman Catholic Church.

"6. Romanism and American Institutions. If red blood flows in your veins the Pope's ambition to rule our beloved country and reduce it to the level of Italy and Spain will set your nerves a-tingle and cause you to engage in the great fight that is on."

This is the sort of entertainment sheet which will soon be offered in many American cities.

Rumors will be heard of consignments of arms being delivered by night to Roman Catholics; they are apt to come in coffins; that adds a shudder to the tale and makes it more enticing.

Forged documents of various sorts will be printed and privately circulated—documents purporting to have been issued by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, giving instructions to the faithful, in which they are authorized and instigated to commit various crimes against their Protestant employers and neighbors, and intimating that Mother Church will absolve them from the guilt of all such offenses.

Old bulls and decretals of the dark ages will be dug up and exploited, and it will be insinuated, or perhaps boldly asserted, that the policy indicated in them is still ruling the Roman Catholic Church. In the last of these epidemics a forged papal encyclical, with all the formal phrases belonging to these documents, and signed by the name of Pope Leo XIII, was kept standing for weeks in the columns of many of the papers representing the anti-Catholic crusade, and was published in leaflet form and circulated broadcast. In this stupid fabrication, Pope Leo was represented as saying:

"We proclaim the people of the United States to have forfeited all right to rule said republic, and also all dominion, dignity, and privileges appertaining to it. We likewise declare that all subjects of every rank and condition in the United States and every individual who has taken any oath of loyalty to the United States in any way whatever, may be absolved from said oath, as also from all duty, fidelity, or obedience, on or about September 5, 1893, when the Roman Catholic Congress shall convene at Chicago, Ill., as we shall exonerate them from all engagements; and on or about the feast of Ignatius Loyola, in the year of our Lord 1893, it will be the duty of the faithful to exterminate all heretics found within the jurisdiction of the United States."

It is an astounding fact that such a fiendish document could be forged and published by Protestant Christians in the United States of America; it is more astounding that they should believe that it would impose on any considerable number of Americans; it is most astounding that thousands and thousands of the members of our Protestant churches, including many ministers, should accept it as genuine, and aid in its circulation. In Toledo, O., the "Councils" of the secret anti-Catholic order united in ordering several hundred Remington rifles, to protect themselves against this threatened slaughter; on the night named in the "encyclical", numbers of them were up all night in the engine houses, waiting to give the alarm by which the Protestant hosts were to be rallied to resist the massacre. In the meantime, their Roman Catholic neighbors were sleeping soundly in their beds, all unaware of the carnage which was expected of them.

In how many other places such vigils were kept, I do not know; but in Toledo there was a dispute about the payment of the bill for these Remington rifles, which brought the business into court, and the facts related above are a matter of court record.

Such hysterical fears will soon be agitating hundreds of thousands of breasts in this enlightened land. It is quite impossible for anybody to forge a tale of horror or treachery or villainy which will not be eagerly believed by millions of Christians in this country concerning their fellow Christians, when these religious lunacies begin to be epidemic.

The demand for instances of the enmity of our neighbors becomes inappeasable, and imagination is busy inventing them. Most of these harrowing tales will come from other communities; the dreadful things that are happening in your own community you will learn about through letters of inquiry from distant places. Intelligent persons from other towns in Ohio wrote me twenty years ago that the report was current among them that all the police in Columbus, and all the school teachers and all the county officers, were Roman Catholics; the truth at that time was that five out of twenty county officials, and forty-five out of one hundred and twelve policemen, and twelve out of three hundred and forty-nine school teachers, were of that faith. But Columbus, at the same time, was believing similar tales about many other towns and cities.

I have described the Protestant phase of this eruption of religious enmity more particularly because I am better acquainted with it, and because, as a Protestant, it is my business to bear my testimony against it. But if any one should

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ask whether the suspicion and ill-will were all on our side, I should be compelled to confess that it is not. I read some Roman Catholic newspapers that are reasonable and fair in their treatment of Protestants, but as a rule the readers of such papers get a very unfavorable impression of the purposes and practices of their Protestant brethren. If a Protestant minister goes wrong, that fact is exploited; if anything scandalous occurs in Protestant circles, it is not apt to be extenuated; and when such a period arrives as that which now threatens us, the recriminations of the more ignorant are apt to fly back in volleys.

Moreover, it must be admitted that when the Roman Catholics gain the numerical majority, as they have done in some of our communities, their tendency to push the interests of their own church and its adherents is sometimes pretty strenuous. It is not true of all Roman Catholic hierarchs, but it is true of some of them that their ambition to rule the state is not well concealed. I think that there is need of resisting such tendencies. The Roman Catholic clerics are ill-advised when they undertake, no matter how adroitly, to dictate the politics and the policies of the commonwealth.

I speak as one who has seen this thing at work in our own history, and who knows that it was not a good thing. Our own Congregational ministers once aspired to be and succeeded in being the rulers of New England. The government of the early colonies was practically a theocracy, administered by the clergy. The worst things that were ever done in New England were done at the dictation of Congregational ministers. It was not good for them, nor was it good for the people, that they claimed and exercised this power. It was a great day for New England and for Congregationalism when this clerical yoke was broken. I think that we Congregationalists are about the last people in the world to want to try that experiment over again, or to consent to have this domination usurped by any other set of clergy.

The fact is that we have got to learn to live together in this country—Protestants and Catholics. If either party should undertake to exterminate the other, the process would be somewhat difficult. The only question is whether we shall live together in peace or in enmity. If we are to have peace, we must study the things that make for peace; each party must be ready to see the good side of the other; must learn to put the best and not the worst construction on the words and deeds of the other; must avoid all bitter and uncharitable judgments; must put away all thoughts of domination. We must be friends, Protestants and Catholics. No other relation is conceivable. And there is no worse enemy of Christ or of his country than the man who seeks to inflame and poison the minds of either Protestants or Catholics with suspicions and fears and resentments and enmities toward the other.

This conflagration of hate is already well-started, and it will probably sweep over the land. No argument could extinguish it. There are millions of Protestants who are incapable of believing anything but evil of Roman Catholics. Traditional rancor colors all their vision wherever the name of the Pope is mentioned. But there are a good many other Protestants, I trust, who are capable of reason and justice, and to them I venture to make two or three suggestions:

1. Whenever you hear any of these harrowing tales about the sinister and sanguinary plots of the Roman Catholics, never let one go unchallenged. Insist that the narrator give his authorities and furnish his evidence. See that the matter is thoroughly investigated, and publish the facts with the names of those who have reported the charges.

2. Take every opportunity you can get to talk with your Roman Catholic neighbors and friends about the relations of the churches. Don't shun them or cast suspicious glances on them when you meet them; don't treat them as if they were spies or emissaries of some malign power; shake hands with them; get acquainted with them and talk over the whole situation in a friendly way. We may have some difficult problems to settle in our relation with them, but let us meet them not as enemies, but as friends.

3. Instead of listening to horrible tales of what the Catholics are doing in distant places, sit down and make out a list of all the Catholic men and women you know in business, in professional life, in the philanthropies, in society, in the shops and factories, in the kitchens; put down their names and think them over, and see whether you will be able to convince yourselves that these men and women are capable of doing the kind of things which these tales attribute to them. How many of these people, do you think, are plotting to rob you of your liberties, or to murder you in your beds? These are Roman Catholics, the Roman Catholics not of the dark ages or of the sixteenth century, but the Roman Catholics of today. And whenever you talk about Roman Catholics, in public or private, remember that these are the people you are talking about.

4. It might be well for people who are capable of putting two and two together to remember that the danger of the clerical domination of this country, whether by Congregationalists or Catholics, is not imminent. The last Roman Catholic paper I opened alleged that there are seventy-five millions of non-Catholics in the United States. That would mean that there can be no more than twenty or twenty-five millions of Catholics. In any attempt to impose clerical rule, the Protestant forces would find themselves strongly supported by the great majority of the secret orders, and by the entire socialistic contingent of our population. There does not appear to be any adequate reason why seventy-five millions should be shuddering with fear that twenty millions are about to subjugate or exterminate them. The mood which yields to such a panic is the reverse of heroic.

5. It is worth while, also, to reflect upon the fact that clerical domination has been steadily losing its grip in Europe. Italy and Spain are pointed to as countries under priestly rule. But the priestly rule is broken in both Spain and Italy. Even Austria, long the champion of the Church, is no longer its vassal. There never was a day when the clerical influence was so weak in European politics as it is today. I believe, for my own part, that the Roman Catholic Church will be the gainer by this loss; it will see, by and by, that the weapons of its warfare are not carnal. But at any rate, it is simply puerile fear that America is in danger of being bound by the chains that Italy and Spain and Austria have broken.

Something About Hiram

Do you know what the King of Tyre said to Solomon when the former went after the temple timber contract?

The conversation on that occasion has a remarkable bearing on modern business methods. AMOS STOTE is going to tell why in next week's issue.

You saw those STOTE articles on foreign trade in HARPER'S WEEKLY last winter? Then you know that STOTE knows what he is talking about. He now has some new ones ready. They are right up to his standard, full of meat and well-seasoned.

You will find them as valuable as they are absorbing.

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A Republican Suicide

By HOWARD D. WHEELER

Illustrated by Herb Roth

THIS is the second article on the extraordinary political situation in California. Last week Mr. Wheeler described how the last remnant of the old Southern Pacific political machine, under the leadership of M. H. DeYoung, Harrison Gray Otis, and John D. Spreckels, launched a plot to reëstablish reactionary control of the state government through the defeat of Governor Johnson, who was elected in 1910, in the revolt against the corrupt railroad machine. How the attempt was made, and why it has failed, is told in this article

REGISTRATION figures, always treacherous, lie at the bottom of the latest, and what seems certain to be the last attempt for many years, to fool the people of California.

They are responsible, also, for the failure of an honest and patriotic attempt to reorganize the broken down Republican Party in that state, along lines that would make it thoroughly progressive.

California is normally Republican. It gave Roosevelt a majority of 89,000 in 1904, and Taft a majority of 42,000 in 1908. Though the present administration under Hiram W. Johnson is allied with the Progressive Party, its members, from the governor down, were candidates on the Republican ticket, and were carried into office on an avalanche of Republican votes. A full state ticket, including a governor and a United States senator to succeed George C. Perkins, is to be elected in November. The Johnson organization will have a complete Progressive Party ticket in the field. The party primaries will be held on August 25th, next.

The first day of this year, when registration opened for the primaries, much to the surprise of some of the political wise ones Republican registration jumped into the lead. By the end of January the figures were: Republicans, 98,935; Progressives, 61,040; Democrats, 51,242. The Socialist registration was about 14,000 and twenty thousand had declined to state their party affiliation.

Since the upheaval of 1910 that put Johnson in the governor's chair, the old corrupt ring of the Southern Pacific railway, which had run the state government for over thirty years, had shown absolutely no activity. Apparently it had been destroyed.

The registration brought what was left of it to life. Hardly had the first figures come in when the public became aware that a body of men who styled themselves the "Republican State Central Committee", had opened headquarters and was preparing to organize the state for the Republican primaries. The committee was headed by one Gustave Brenner, who had gained a little prominence as a reactionary, and a backer of Taft, in the last brush with the Johnson forces in 1912.

The true character of the "Brenner Committee" became immediately established when it received the enthusiastic backing of the San Francisco *Chronicle* (probably the dirtiest of the special interest organs in California), the Los Angeles *Times*, and the San Diego *Union* and *Tribune*. The owners of these papers, respectively, are M. H. DeYoung, Harrison Gray Otis, and John D. Spreckels.

If any other proof were needed that the Brenner Committee represented the most vicious element in California politics, it was to be found in the personnel of the committee itself. There appeared on the membership roll, for example, the name of "Eddie" Wolf, formerly a state senator and notorious in California politics as a Southern Pacific henchman. (Wolf was later kicked out of the committee, just for the looks of things. He howled, but he didn't get back on.) On a legal advisory sub-committee stood the name of Leroy Wright, a state senator who now holds office by the grace of John D. Spreckels and the latter's control of San Diego politics. Throughout his career in the legislature Wright has been a champion of special interest and has consistently opposed and voted against the great progressive measures that have been made law in California. There were others of like stamp, but they were diligently and sagaciously kept in the background.

When Brenner gave his committee the name of "Republican State Central Committee", he did so without a legal or political leg to stand on. The committee was merely a minority body that had bolted the progressive Republican ranks in 1912 and had organized for the support of Taft when Johnson swung his wing to Roosevelt. The bolters sought recognition in the courts, and the highest court of the state decided that they had no legal standing. Their only chance of success lay in once more fooling the people.

So the "Central Committee" had its stationery printed, chose its secretary and its press agents, declared, through the space turned over to it by Otis, De Young and Spreckels, that it was out for all things good and true and clean,—and went to bat to take the state away from Johnson.

Long before this, weeks before the registration opened, Rudolph Spreckels, the young San Francisco bank president who backed the graft prosecutions, had foreseen the trend of the registration figures, and believing that Republican sentiment throughout the State was overwhelmingly progressive, had begun to lay his plans for a campaign of Republican reorganization.

On December 15th, Spreckels issued a formal statement expressing his belief that the Progressive Party movement could not endure, that, therefore, it could not be looked to for the furtherance of progressive principles in California or elsewhere and that the Republican Party must be maintained as a progressive organization, if the ground already won were to be held and if further advance were to be made. He declared his readiness to enter a campaign of reorganization to establish progressive leadership of the Republican Party. Following his announcement, Spreckels immediately began the organization of the "Republican Progressive League of California."

Interest in the Republican flare-up lasted about three days. Candidates declined to risk their head-gear in the political ring at so early a date, and it was well on into January before affairs Republican began to take definite shape.

Meanwhile things had been buzzing at the Bull Moose end. Governor Johnson chose the first week in January to end public suspense by declaring himself a candidate for reëlection. Previously Frank Heney had announced that he would run for the Senate if Johnson

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chose to try for reëlection, and that he would become a candidate for the governorship should Johnson seek the senatorial nomination. With Johnson's decision, Heney automatically became a candidate to succeed Perkins, though it was rumored that the administration's choice was Chester Rowell, a newspaper publisher. By the date of Johnson's announcement, the Progressive ticket was practically complete.

Along toward the close of the month things began to simmer again in the rival Republican camps. A call for a conference of progressive Republicans to be held at Stockton, over in the San Joaquin Valley, on February 7th, issued by the Republican Progressive League, was immediately followed by announcement by the "Brenner Committee" that a similar conference under the auspices of the "State Central Committee" would be held in Santa Barbara on the same date.

There were mighty slim turn-outs at both meetings. But the conferences were held, preliminary organizations were effected, and out of each meeting there came a spirited "declaration of principles." Both conferences, in these resolutions, declared for progressive principles within the Republican Party, claimed the credit for the enactment into law of the great progressive measures, roasted Governor Johnson for what they declared to be acts of political treachery and the use of machine methods in politics, and adjourned with a call to all loyal Republicans to stand with the Grand Old Party.

The difference between the two meetings was that the Stockton conference was thoroughly patriotic, honest and sincere, while the Santa Barbara gathering was a deliberate, lying and vicious attempt to trick voters in order to serve the interests of a leadership thoroughly selfish and wholly reactionary.

The leaders in both conferences doubtless believed that the criticism of Johnson would strike a popular chord. There is no doubt that Johnson can be convicted of political double-dealing, and of having employed questionable methods to maintain his control of California politics. His desertion of La Follette in the presidential campaign of 1912 had hurt him. La Follette has a strong and aggressive following in California. Johnson's success in preventing Taft's name from appearing on the ballot in the primary elections of 1912 had hurt him again with another element of the Republican Party. The choice of certain unsavory elements in the construction of his organization had done him no good. His failure to force the passage of an anti-injunction measure in the last legislature, when he could have done so with a word, undoubtedly lost him some of his labor support.

So the two Republican conferences lambasted the Governor unmercifully, and waited for the applause; and even the political peanut gallery was silent.

The reason is that both Republican camps had largely overlooked or ignored the fact that the people of California had given Johnson just one big job to do, and that Johnson had made good.

Hiram Johnson went into the governor's chair on the flat and single promise that he would "kick the Southern Pacific Railroad out of California politics." He did not stipulate how he was going to do it or what instruments he would select for the doing of it. *In less than three months after he took office, he had not only kicked the Southern Pacific out of California politics, but he had replaced a wasteful and corrupt system of government with one that has proven itself to be thoroughly efficient, economical and absolutely honest.*



Feverishly digging in the heap of scrap that was once the Southern Pacific machine

Not only that. With the establishment of clean government has come a saving to the people of California of between three and five million dollars a year in cold dollars and cents. There is not space here for the proof of this; but any one who desires it can find it at Sacramento, California, in a collection of very carefully audited figures, or on request to John Francis Neylan, a keen-eyed, big-jawed young man who was taken by Johnson from his desk in a San Francisco newspaper office to guide the activities of California's new Board of Control.

California folks, like folks most everywhere else, admire a fighting man, especially a fighter who wins. Whatever else he is, Johnson is that.

It was right there that the leaders of the reorganization movement slipped up. The state was ripe for it, but the reorganization slogan fell flat when it was hitched as a trailer to the anti-Johnson declarations.

Still, the Republican lead in registration took jump after jump. The lack of spontaneous support in the work of reorganization was explained away and both progressive and reactionary Republicans kept at work. It was not long before the "Brenner Republicans", discouraged, were making overtures to Rudolph Spreckels, urging harmony, coöperation and consolidation. With his characteristic crispness, Spreckels told them bluntly that he would have nothing to do with any element whose leadership was not wholly progressive, and that he would not compromise an inch on principle if the Republican Party were never revived in California.

That ended peace talk. Then came the "Young Republican" movement. It started at San Diego, the stronghold of John D. Spreckels, one of the three prongs of the new reactionary leadership in California, in a club that had attended the "conference" in Santa Barbara. The club had received the endorsement of United States Senator Borah, and with that much national backing the "Central Committee" in San Francisco set about the business of building up a state-wide "Young Republican" organization.

The name caught. It suggested red blood. In the catch phrase, the Otis-Spreckels-DeYoung alliance thought it saw its one big chance to fool the voters. There was much talk about "the safety of state and nation lying in the hands of the young men." (Some of these "Young Republicans" are spavined political warhorses who saw their prime when Bill Herrin was commander in chief with Abe Ruef, his chief aide.) Borah sent his congratulations; so did Wm. A. Prendergast, Comptroller of New York; so did U.S. Senator Works of California. Whether Borah and Prendergast were fooled into this, I don't know.

Anyway, the shell game seemed to be taking hold. Another conference was called. This time Coronado was chosen as the meeting place. Coronado is across the bay from San Diego. John D. Spreckels, you will recall, controls San Diego and owns Coronado. The "conference" was set for April 11th. I attended. I wanted to see what was on the under side of the "Young Republican" thing. There was no need for a microscope. Here is what happened:

The real conference was held not at Coronado on the 11th, but in the privacy of the exclusive Cuyamaca Club in San Diego, on the 10th. There were present John D. Spreckels and Leroy Wright, with one or two lesser lights. Then there came a slightly more public conference of "Young Republican" leaders. This was the Coronado conference caucus. The leaders who sat in were Arthur Gage

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of Los Angeles, F. C. Fairbanks of Pasadena, E. L. Davin, Horton Titus and E. E. Wheelock of San Diego.

They worked out a program singularly like the programs of the good old convention days, *and so perfect was it that every thing that was done at Coronado on the 11th was reported in advance by Spreckels' newspaper on the 10th.*

The significant events at Coronado were these:

E. L. Davin was elected president of the Young Republican organization. Kenneth Adams of San Francisco was placed on the committee on organization. Fairbanks, and E. E. Wheelock of San Diego were placed on the committee on resolutions. Lou Guernsey of Los Angeles wore a "Young Republican" delegate's badge and was very busy around the edges and on the inside.

This is the answer:

Arthur Gage is the son of Henry T. Gage, a former Southern Pacific governor of California. A Los Angeles political reporter recently expressed the opinion that young Gage is "guiding himself into the political game by means of the old man's footsteps."

F. C. Fairbanks is son of the former Vice-President.

E. L. Davin, the Young Republican president, was, at that time, a deputy district attorney of San Diego, an office controlled by John D. Spreckels. Since then he has become a law-partner with Horton Titus, son of Harry L. Titus, who is Spreckels' chief counsel.

E. E. Wheelock was formerly political man for the San Diego Union.

Kenneth Adams is chief political writer for Mike De Young's San Francisco Chronicle. Lou Guernsey performs a like service for Otis, on the Los Angeles Times.

So they were all represented: Otis, De Young and Spreckels. They organized themselves, shouted about their patriotism and—well, that's about as far as they ever got.

Their newspapers said that Borah and Prendergast were headed West to whoop things up and tear Johnson wide open. Prendergast arrived but failed to start anything. Borah didn't materialize. They said they were going to hold another big convention in San Francisco. The latest news is that it has been indefinitely postponed.

At the present writing the prominent Republican candidates are:

For governor, John D. Fredericks, district attorney of Los Angeles. Fredericks is controlled and backed by Otis. Otis' paper is the official organ of big business in southern California. Fredericks has been endorsed by the "Young Republicans." He hasn't a chance. The progressive Republican vote as well as the labor vote will be solidly against him.

For United States senator, Samuel Shortridge and Congressman Joseph R. Knowland. Shortridge, a Spreckels attorney, always allied with the reactionaries, will get nowhere. Knowland, who has served his district only, can be defeated by either Heney or Rowell, Progressives, if his record is thoroughly exposed.

The net result of the reactionary conspiracy against the people of California is this:

Effective reorganization of the Republican Party in that State is now impossible.

Since members of state and county central committees are selected at the primaries, the effort to establish progressive control of the Republican Party by means of the Republican Progressive League would have been successful, but for the silly interference of the remnant of the old gang. With the reactionary element threatening to discredit them by endorsement or otherwise, progressive Republicans, with two exceptions, refused to become candidates for office. A. H. Hewitt, speaker of the Assembly in the first legislature under the Johnson administration, a man of unquestioned integrity, who took a most prominent part in the struggle against special interest, declared himself a candidate for the governorship. No one followed him into the arena. His candidacy died. A. E. Boynton, Johnson's floor leader in the Senate, who shouldered the responsibility for the passage of the administration measures, said he would run for the U. S. Senate. He went down to that Coronado gathering, looked it over, went back to San Francisco, and said he wouldn't. Later he said he would, if all other Republican candidates would withdraw. At the time of this writing they have not withdrawn.

At the beginning of the year, Rudolph Spreckels said that if real progressive Republicans should not come forward as candidates, he would get behind the best men in the field, regardless of party. Those who know Spreckels know that he would not hesitate to support Johnson and the Progressive ticket should he consider that ticket the most truly progressive nominated at the primaries.

The Republican Party in California is dead. Unless the Johnson administration elects to return to the Republican fold, it will remain dead indefinitely.

The pitiful part of it all is that the obstructionists can't see it. They can't comprehend, even now, that party lines have nearly disappeared in the last four years; that in the final elections the tens of thousands of progressive voters, men and women, who have registered as Republicans out of loyalty to their old party, are in the same frame of mind as Rudolph Spreckels. De Young, Otis, and J. D. Spreckels, still banking on the registration figures and old time successes in fooling the voters, are wearing their nails down feverishly digging in the heap of scrap that was once the Southern Pacific machine, hopelessly trying to match stripped gears and broken rods.

Johnson will be reëlected.

Heney should be.

In Colorado

By GEORGE PARSONS

COLORADO is to fight out her industrial civil war all over again on the stump this fall.

Adopting "Law and Order" as their slogan, the state's tories will discard temporarily their machine guns and mine-guard militiamen. And, through a hundred orators and newspapers, they will appeal to the "good citizen" to elect a governor who shall deal in summary fashion with outside agitators and anarchic immigrants.

Liberals of all sorts, from striking miners to well-to-do mothers of the study clubs, will take their stand with Edward P. Costigan, the Progressive candidate for governor, on a platform calling for "law and order, *with justice.*"

And from every platform and campaign automobile in the state, the Ludlow massacre and the armed rebellion that followed will be revived with all the bitterness of the conflict itself.

That is why the closest students of the situation now in Colorado pray that the federal troops may remain at least through the fall campaign, and why they see no hope for any immediate dying down of the fires of hate.

There is possibility of a middle ground. Former United States Senator T. M. Paterson, passed 70 years, is to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor. He will have the support of United States Senator Thomas, and former Congressman John Martin may be his running mate as candidate for lieutenant governor, if Martin does not decide to seek the higher office for himself.

But whether the people of Colorado are in the mood for adopting a middle ground, is dubious in the extreme. Costigan's supporters tell you that big business, having raised the "law and order" cry, will use the Republican Party as its agency and nominate one of its own on a law-and-order platform. The name of George Carlson, district attorney at Fort Collins, is mentioned by the Costigan men as the most likely standard-bearer. And with the issue so clean-cut between Costigan and Carlson, or whomever the Republicans name, middle ground will look very neutral and unattractive to the people of Colorado at this time.

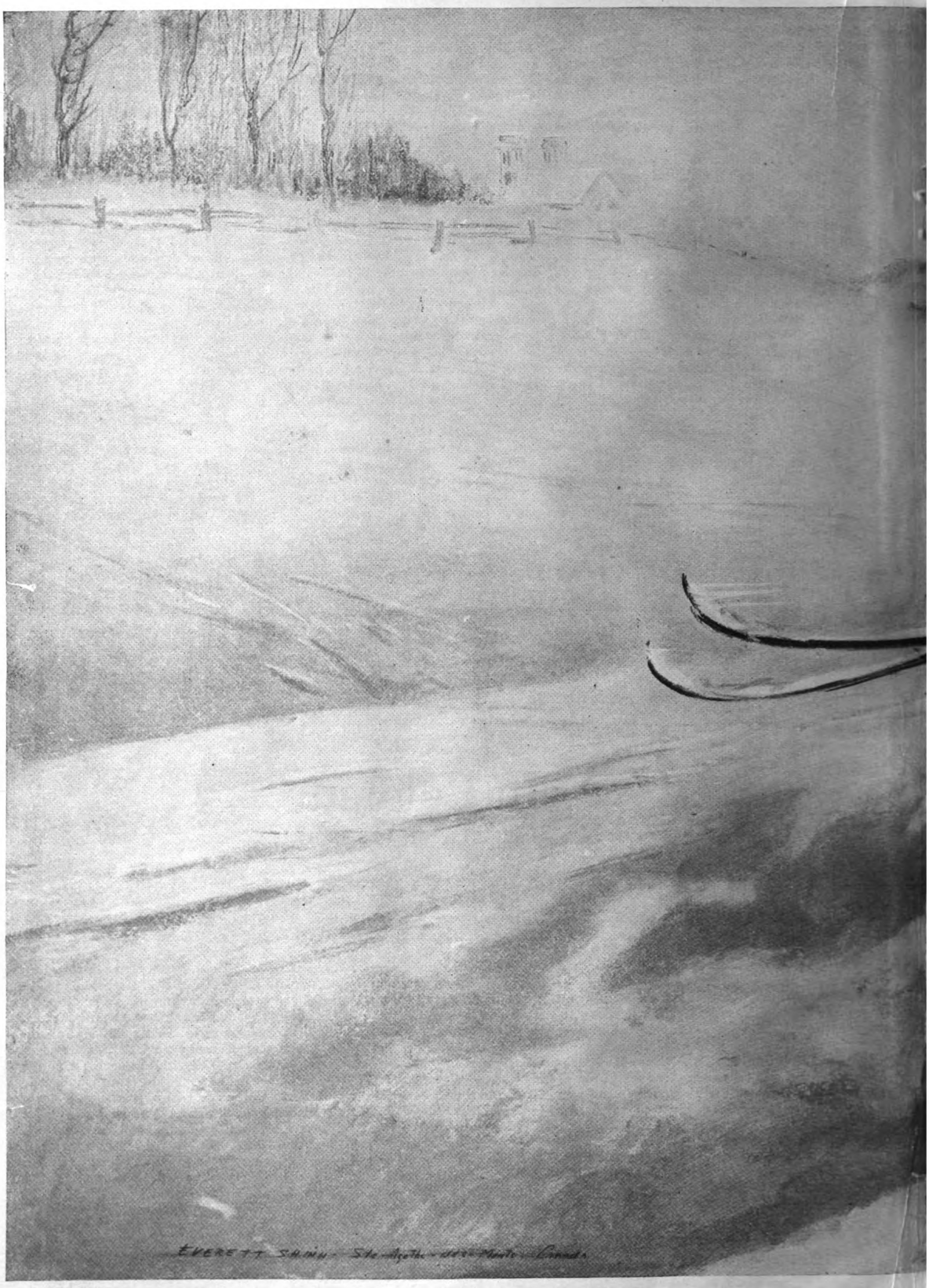
Just how bitter the fight will be may be realized when it is considered that the coal operators and their followers in and out of the militia are now cursing Governor Ammons because he allowed the militia to act so mercifully in the recent campaign. And they demand law and order. It is the law and order of military tribunals that override district attorneys, statutes and constitution, of deputy sheriffs armed with machine guns, of men on horseback patroling every camp and canyon, insulting men and women.

Costigan's supporters admit the fight will be bitter. But they want no palliatives. They are determined on a major operation.

Costigan appeared as attorney for the United Mine Workers before the Congressional investigating committee. But he never became so identified with the miners as to lose his status as a man of independent action. The men who know him best say that as governor no group or faction could use him as a pliant tool. Costigan's campaign is being managed by such men as State Chairman Dodge of Colorado Springs, a nephew of the Pinchots. Recently they have read from the party a faction that wanted amalgamation with the Republicans under the "law and order" banner.

If democracy wins this struggle in Colorado, the way will be open for dealing with the industrial problem in a spirit of statesmanship. In approaching his task, Costigan would be in touch with the men all over the country who can best point the way toward peace with justice. And quite regardless of party. For the war in Colorado has taught men the criminal fatuity of regarding national party issues and labels during a local struggle for liberty and justice.

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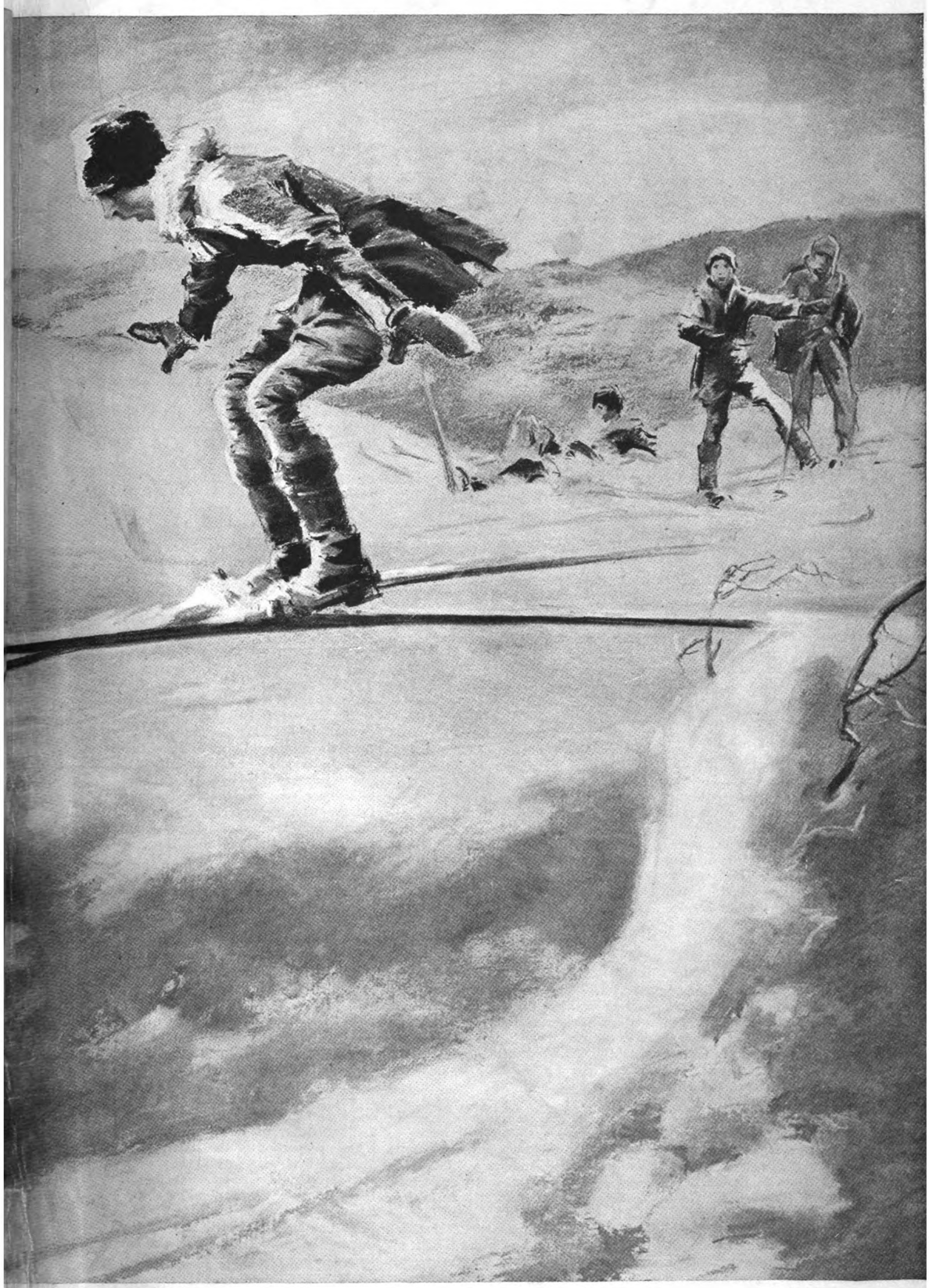


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The Christmas numbers of the magazines are n

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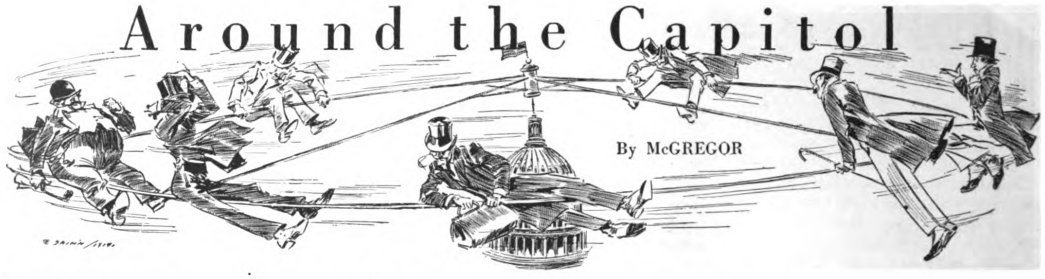
v going to press, and we have beaten them to it

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Around the Capitol



THE picture at the top of this page should have a few skirts as well as coat-tails flying around the capitol for this number. Anna Howard Shaw, Jane Addams, and other noted suffragists called on Speaker Clark, who told them he was heartily in favor of woman suffrage for Missouri, but being from a suspicious state he wanted to be shown the value of the suffrage amendment to the Federal Constitution. A few days afterward another delegation, headed by Mrs. Dr. Wiley, and Rheta Childe Don, called to see President Wilson. Most of us have some one cause upon which hangs the progress of the human race. But if we can just wait patiently until a tired Congress gets through with this economic program, there is no telling what great advances the Wilson Administration may make along the lines which we are personally most interested in.

Lorimer and Paynter

WHEN a bank goes to the wall, damaging revelations may be made. With the decline of Lorimer as a political quantity his commercial value has also decreased. With the failure of the Lorimer Munday bank it was discovered that ex-Senator Thomas H. Paynter, of Kentucky, was in debt to this bank on July 1, 1912, to the amount of $29,150. Fourteen days afterward Senator Paynter voted a second time to acquit Lorimer, on trial in the Senate. Whether this accommodation had been granted for past services or future favors doth not appear. But, if it had been discovered at the time when Paynter was making his fervent appeals for Lorimer, he would have been impeached. (And Paynter was a judge before he was elected to the Senate.)

Paynter and Ballinger

THE downfall of Paynter through proof of his borrowing from the Lorimer bank recalls another episode in his career. When the Pinchot-Ballinger case was beginning to attract attention, it was quietly agreed by the Congressional Junta, then in absolute control, to have a nice whitewashing investigation, and the members of the investigating committee were virtually appointed before the resolution requiring the investigation was adopted, and Paynter was one of the minority members from the Senate. But the House unexpectedly rebelled and won its first victory over the Cannon régime by agreeing that the majority and minority in caucus should elect their own representatives on the investigating committee. The Democrats chose as one of their representatives Ollie James, whereat there arose an unavailing howl of protest. James was Senator Paynter's rival for the senatorial nomination in Kentucky. Paynter sat with the committee a few times, found himself incapable of carrying out his part of the program and resigned. The same day Senator Purcell of North Dakota took his seat by appointment of the governor, and was asked to take the place Paynter had given up. Purcell proved himself a master in cross-examination, and it was largely due to him and to James and Graham of the House that the facts were brought out which eventually caused Ballinger's resignation and started the movement which resulted in President Taft's securing eight electoral votes in the Presidential contest. Now Ollie James sits in Paynter's seat in the Senate, and Purcell is a candidate for the Senate from North Dakota.

A Back-Hand Slap

PRESIDENT WILSON appointed Oliver P. Newman chairman of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, the commissioners also constituting the Public Utilities Commission. A taxpayer brought ouster proceedings on the ground that Newman had not complied with the law which required actual residence in the District for three years next preceding his appointment. This question was investigated by the attorney-general before Newman was appointed and the President knew the facts of Newman's temporary employment by a press association in Chicago, in fact, he accompanied the President in his campaign in 1912. The Senate District Committee investigated the same question and came to the same conclusion. The Supreme Court of the District decided that the courts had no jurisdiction in the matter. But the court of next conjecture, the Court of Appeals, reversed this decision and the question was finally submitted to a jury. Now Newman is an advocate of equitable taxation, of self-government for the District, and of the public ownership of public utilities. He is therefore a dangerous man. The Washington papers created an atmosphere of hostility to him. The case was important enough to win the services of ex-Senator Bailey,—how thankful we should be for this little prefix, "Ex"! Bailey is constitutionally opposed to about all that Newman stands for, and under the spell of his perspiring oratory, the jury decided that Newman had really abandoned his intention of returning to the District. Newman will appeal from the decision and by the time the case is decided by the court ot last conjecture, his three years' term will have expired and it will be difficult to allege that he has not resided in the District during that term in case of reappointment. Meanwhile, a cloud has been thrown over his title, which may be a sufficient excuse for tax-dodgers and street-railway interests to apply to the courts themselves. It is the first case of the kind on record, and the jury (not altogether of his peers) had a rare opportunity to rebuke the President.

Partisanship and Generosity

EVERY now and then the members of the House feel at liberty to pass a compliment to a member on the other side of the invisible line that separates the parties. Minority Leader Mann is particularly happy upon these occasions. Congress worked a long time on the codification of the laws relating to the Judiciary and spent several Calendar Wednesdays in their consideration. At the conclusion of the work, Mann paid a notable tribute to Watkins of Louisiana to whom had fallen the greater part of a useful but wholly nonspectacular task. The other day, upon discerning Covington's presence in the House, —Covington has recently been promoted to the Chief Justiceship of the District Supreme Court,—Mann arose and spoke of the excellent choice the President had made for this post. The next minute partisanship may get control again and Mann will be showing the responsibility of the Democratic Party for the loss of every job by any man during the last fifteen months, but generosity is always a heartening sort of a thing.

The New Money Order

FOR a long period the business of the Post Office was carried on as if the authorities were fearful of injuring private competitors like the express companies or the savings banks. Under Burleson, there seems to be an honest effort to extend the conveniences afforded by the Post Office to the people regardless of the fate of competitors that have been extortionate enough in their time. The new money order, by a recent extension of this kind, is payable anywhere and need not be presented at the single Post Office to which it is directed. With the banks charging exchange on checks and the money order payable anywhere, the Post Office is liable to have a more profitable business and the people a greater convenience in sending and receiving funds from a distance.

The Land Problem

IN answer to the editorial request for a solution of the land problem in Mexico, this one seems most satisfactory: There is now no land tax in Mexico. Revenues are desired from tariff taxes and from taxes upon the output of mines and industries, American citizens paying a large proportion of the latter. Let a tax upon land be levied and the proceeds used to pay the interest on bonds issued by the government for the purchase of lands now owned by the haciendados, the great plantation lords, and let these lands thus acquired be resold in small tracts, on long time, at a low rate of interest, including a fund for amortization, to the peons. This avoids confiscation. recognizes existing property rights, and will lead to the "restoration and division of the lands", the most popular plank in the Plan of Guadaloupe, which Madero adopted and which is still the shibboleth of the Mexican Revolution.

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The Inquest on Armand le Mesurier

By FRANK DANBY

AFTER Keightly Wilbur had made that vow neither to publish nor produce until he had discovered the murderer of Harry Maingaye, he wanted to hear all Roger MacPhail could tell him about Inez de Brissac. That Inez de Brissac held the clue to the mystery Keightly had no doubt. And Roger was ready enough to talk.

"I have painted her twice. The first time was at Porto Fino, twelve or fourteen years ago; I painted their son also. It was the year before the divorce suit, but Inez B. Mott of Chicago was already showing through the skin of Madame la Comtesse de Brissac, and there were frequent ructions."

"You've met her since, here in London?"

"Oh! yes, London and elsewhere. The last time was at Beaulieu."

"Have I seen the portrait?"

"Comte Louis lent both of his to the New Gallery four or five years ago; and is sending them again at my request to the International next year. The other is at the Goupil now."

"Whom does that belong to?"

"Lord Herodsfoot."

"There was something in that story then?"

"It is possible; anything is possible with Inez. She is a man-eater. . . ."

"She shall eat no more," Keightly said confidently. "She has me to reckon with now."

But the reckoning was apparently not yet. In the hubbub following the inquest on Harry Maingaye the Comtesse left England, or at least she left the fine flat she had occupied in Ashley Gardens and even her publishers expressed themselves in ignorance of her whereabouts. She was supposed to have gone to Nairobi, then to Australia. But Keightly could ascertain nothing positive, and many months were wasted in inquiries. Remarkably enough, she was not the only witness in the Maingaye case to disappear in the same way. Alleging the death of his friend as an excuse, and that the associations made the theater unbearable to him, Stanley Dacre had thrown up his part in "According to Cocker" and vanished from the metropolis. His name was not to be found in any of the theatrical papers, he was neither seeking an engagement, nor acting in the provinces. No one knew what had become of him.

Nine months elapsed out of the twelve that had been allotted to Keightly Wilbur in which to find the man who shot Harry Maingaye before anything occurred to help him.

Then a bone was flung him. It came in the form of a letter from Mr. William Kirschmann, the publisher whom *The Starting Gate* had alluded to as "not adamant to female graces."

Dear Wilbur:

I hear you are inquiring as to the whereabouts of the Comtesse de Brissac. She has just written to us about a book from No. 10 Warriner Gardens, Battersea. I can take you to call upon her if you like. Let me know.

Yours,
Willie Kirschmann.

There was a ribald postscript that need not be printed. Keightly answered it and the note appropriately, and named 4:30 on an early day. When the day and time came, Willie Kirschmann put the appointment off by telephone. "My dear fellow, I'm up to my neck in work, I don't know which way to turn, but if you'd care for an introduction . . ." and more ribaldry followed. Willie Kirschmann was notorious for breaking appointments, any chorus girl could lure him from the most serious of these. Keightly accepted the offer of an introduction and gave the assurance that his morality was not in jeopardy.

Keightly called that very afternoon at Warriner Gardens and was surprised to find how poorly the lady was lodged. No. 10 was one of a block of flats, obviously converted from what had been small houses. There were apparently only three flats in each block. In the narrow hall of the one to which Keightly had been directed a board announced that the first floor was occupied by Mrs. Carrington Mott, the ground floor had either an anonymous or no tenant, a Mr. and Mrs. Mead were on top. There was no hall porter nor lift, they were not that kind of flat. Keightly mounted the stairs, and knocked at the first door he came to. The Messalina, Läis, or Catherine of Russia, he had seen in the Coroner's Court in sables and pearls, whom he had pictured in palaces and marble halls herself opened the door to him. Her red hair was bound round her head in plaits, her cheeks were rouged and her lips painted, she had grown thin and looked years older. She was obviously startled and surprised at seeing a stranger and said quickly:

"I expected Mr. Kirschmann. . . ."

Keightly took no chance of not being received. His foot was already inside when he answered:

"Oh, yes. I am his representative."

"Come in." She accepted without question the fact that he was a delegate from the firm, and led the way to a drawing-room, furnished in black and gold, with an overmantel and tapestry curtains, indistinctive. It was obvious a visitor had been expected; books were lying about and a pile of manuscripts were on the table; also whisky and soda, and a box of cigarettes.

"I thought Mr. Kirschmann would have come himself. Are you authorized to deal for him?"

"I don't think there will be any difficulty."

"I must have a large advance. I shouldn't have written to Mr. Kirschmann if I had not been in need of money."

"But we have been too long without a book from you," Keightly said pleasantly. He had forgotten she wrote, or what she wrote, but fell into his part quite easily. Before Keightly left her he had been invited to come again, and had received a certain measure of her confidence. He brought the conversation back to the popular actor, for instance, and said carelessly, as if he had half forgotten the circumstance:

"They never found out who killed him, did they?"

It was then he heard that, after the inquest on Harry Maingaye, Inez B. had found herself the object of threats and anonymous letters, her contributions to various papers had been returned, and she was made to feel there was a prejudice or cabal against her.

"I had been too candid, that was the fact. I ought to have denied everything, said I scarcely knew him. . . ."

"Perhaps that would have been better," he answered, sympathetically.

"But it is my nature to be frank. Now, say, Mr. Wilbur, what sort of woman appeals most to you? The woman, like me, who if she cares for a man cannot conceal her feelings, or those shy furtive ones who play underground. . . ."

Keightly of course said the women he liked best were those of her own candid and sanguine temperament. Whatever the woman before him had been twenty years ago, when Comte Louis de Brissac had given her his title, her mode of life had coarsened her and he soon saw that subtlety and delicacy were no longer necessary in dealing with her.

She told him, not perhaps this afternoon, but without any great delay, of the alteration in her circumstances since Harry Maingaye's death. He heard of straitened means, of jewelry that had been pledged or parted with; he was urged to use his influence with Messrs. Kirschmann to get an advance of at least five hundred pounds on the novel. She knew by now that he was not one of the firm, but thought he might be the Capitalist behind it. Women of her type always find it easy to believe what they wish. And her belief was in a measure justified. For Keightly rang up Willie Kirschmann and desired that he should negotiate for the book.

"Never mind whether you publish it or not. That's a matter for yourselves. You can always make an excuse. But she's short of money and I want you to send her something on account. Send her a hundred or two. I'll give you my check. Not regular business? Who said it was? But to oblige me. . . ." Keightly Wilbur was accustomed to being obliged. He had always a *quid pro quo* to offer.

"My dear fellow!" Willie Kirschmann called everyone "My dear fellow." And he raised every possible difficulty, yielding in the end however, but not without a warning in his characteristic note of loose raillery, against the perils of knight errantry.

He took the news himself to Inez. She was to have a hundred pounds on the delivery of the manuscripts the rest on publication.

"Will a hundred see you through?" he asked.

"It is only that I want to get away from here."

And then she told him that she was nervous and uneasy in this remote part of the world.

"I have an idea that I am being watched all the time, that I don't go out or come in without some one knowing it."

Keightly questioned her closely. What made her think she was being watched? Who did she think was watching her . . . Why?

She did not know, she could not say; she cried a little hysterically and said she was sure she had never done anyone any harm. He was unable to get any more from her at the moment. She showed a tendency to continue her weeping on his shoulder, and, as he was not prepared to go as far as that, he left. But came back the next day, and the next, on one excuse or another, bent on achieving his object.

He had been visiting her in this way for the better part of a week when he became aware that whether she was watched or not, *he* certainly was; a door creaked, there were footsteps on the stairs, once he caught a glimpse of a stealthy

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figure behind the closed blind of the ground floor window. There was no doubt that when he came in and when he went out of No. 10 Warriner Gardens there was some one extraordinarily interested in his movements. Quite a curious feeling came over Keightly Wilbur when he had convinced himself of this. He was exhilarated, confirmed in his purpose, all his combativeness aroused.

"Has anyone the right to question your conduct, or check your visitors?" he asked Inez. She said "No," with such vehemence that he suspected the answer should have been "yes."

"Who has the ground floor flat?" was his next question.

"It isn't occupied."

"Sure?"

"A Mr. Stanley did occupy it, but he has left. . . ." She was so obviously unwilling to tell him more that he insisted.

"Was he a friend of yours?"

"Never you mind what he was. He is nothing to me now."

"What about that frankness? . . ."

"I don't want you to think badly of me. . . ."

"How could I?"

"He said I had had another man in the flat. Not a soul can come near me without his making scenes . . . I've been driven from pillar to post, he has made my life a perfect hell upon earth. I'm sick to death of dodging about and hiding. I told him over and over again I wasn't going to stand it any longer. I wasn't ashamed of anything I had done and if he was . . . well, that was his affair. . . ."

"What did he say then?" Keightly was keenly interested.

"He said: 'Then it's all over,' and he caught hold of my arm. . . ." She pulled up her sleeve to show a large discolored bruise.

"You have not seen him since?"

"He has never been near me, nor written."

"You think he has set a watch upon you?"

The baffling and unexpected answer was that before they quarrelled both of them had been conscious of espionage!

"I do believe he was always fearful of being shot at, like poor Harry. . . ."

"You are quite certain he is not still in the downstair rooms?"

"They are empty, even the furniture has gone away." She began to cry again.

Keightly asked if it were possible to get access to the rooms, and heard that the landlord would gladly let him have the keys. Mr. and Mrs. Mead used to have them and show the flat, but Mr. and Mrs. Mead were away.

"You are alone in the house then?" he asked.

"Nearly always. . . ."

He smiled and she did not resent it.

"So?"

"One can't be alone day and night. . . ." She said it sullenly but half-apologetic, and suggested he should come oftener. To which he replied evasively.

He was extremely puzzled at the way in which the situation had developed. He satisfied himself with the truth of what she had told him by sending a man to see over the ground floor flat. It was unoccupied and unfurnished. A little further professional assistance confirmed him also in his belief that Inez B. was visited by some one beside himself. He wanted to know who it was, but more urgently who was the man with whom she had been practically in hiding since Harry Maingaye was shot. Was he the assassin? He felt that he was on the threshold of discovery, as he knew he would be, once he had got in touch with Inez de Brissac. Nevertheless the darkness before him was impenetrable and although he was on the threshold the door was not open before him.

Now the fascination of the pursuit fastened upon him; he forgot his bet, his cherished work, everything. He could not keep away from Warriner Gardens, although he no longer paid visits to the Comtesse de Brissac. In the dusk of the winter evenings he made himself acquainted with all the approaches; the exits and entrances to what he instinctively felt would be the scene of a drama. He walked up and down Prince of Wales Terrace, and in and out the miserable pretense of a public garden. He got to know that part of Battersea by heart, the Suspension Bridge and Albert and Battersea Bridge, the park and adjacent river, the whole dreary surroundings.

Such patience and industry could not but be rewarded. One evening he became conscious of a fellow prowler, one, not like himself, bent on exploring the neighborhood, for by now he had convinced himself that was his own objective, but intent on staring at the windows or watching before the door of No. 10. When Keightly Wilbur had convinced himself of this he went softly and stealthily out of the gardens, and then, whistling and quickly as if it were a mere thoroughfare, he traversed the pavement. So quickly, indeed, that the other watcher had no time to get out of the way. Keightly brushed against him, almost rudely, but recollected his good manners in time and stopped to apologize. Then he had a shock, a quick shock of surprised recognition.

"Good Heavens! *Dacre!*"

The recognition was mutual. Stanley Dacre's first impulse was to deny his identity, to pull his hat over his eyes, to turn sullenly away. But Keightly was too friendly and quick for him.

"Who would have expected to see you here? We were all wondering what had become of you. It's good to see you again."

"I've only just come back," Dacre mumbled or stammered. It was obvious he did not wish to be recognized, but Keightly ignored that.

"Sorry I nearly knocked you down. The fact is, I'm in a devil of a hurry. I didn't hurt you, did I?"

It was no part of Keightly's hastily conceived plan to make Stanley Dacre suspicious of his own presence here. He wanted time to collect his thoughts; and of course one is not a playwright or a poet without the story-telling faculty. He went on:

"I've been at the Chelsea Hospital getting notes from one of the old soldiers. Another 'Waterloo.' By the way there is a part in it would suit you. You're not doing anything just now, are you? You might give me your address. You're not staying about here by any chance?"

"Here! oh, no." And he gave an address in Maida Vale.

"So long then. I'll see you again."

He went off, leaving Stanley Dacre without an idea the encounter had been anything but an accident, leaving him to continue his self-imposed task.

"*Stanley Dacre!*"

Keightly's breath had been taken away for the moment. He had stumbled over the threshold now. There was no darkness, but the light was blinding, disconcerting, amazing.

How did he get rid of the revolver? Harry Maingaye was shot from the front, not from the back. How had that happened? Stanley Dacre was in the dressing-room when Harry went outside. He was found at the stage door.

Keightly did not allow these things to intrude nor any other of the difficulties and discrepancies of the case. He rushed at his conclusion without dwelling upon detail. He saw it all. The men had been friends. The woman had come between them. And ever since then they had been skulking about together, afraid to be seen or recognized, afraid that two and two should be put together.

"Not that it would have been, not that anybody but I would have penetrated the situation . . . and now I suppose she has another lover. . . ."

Keightly's self-satisfaction inflated and floated him. He was so buoyant that he walked all the way home, thinking of how he would triumph over David Devenish, win his bet, spread himself over that column and leader. In justice to him however it must be admitted that he never thought of what his discovery might be going to mean to poor Stanley Dacre or what would be the upshot.

Keightly had to talk, every man has a weakness and that was admittedly his. Because David must not know until the last minute, and he could not talk to his mother of Inez B. Mott, Roger McPhail seemed marked out for his confidant. But he was unable to find Roger that evening and was compelled to keep his discovery to himself. The next day, however, was the private view of the International Exhibition in Grafton Street and he already had an appointment to meet Roger there. Roger was President of the Society and Keightly found him in the hall, surrounded by people.

"I say, McPhail; I must speak to you. I've got the most extraordinary thing to tell you. Get rid of all these people."

Roger moved back a step with him.

"I can't, not at the moment. We are being 'opened' at twelve by the Duke of Connaught, there are no end of things to arrange; we've only just heard. But don't go away; go inside, there is plenty to interest you. I'll come to you the first moment I am free. I suppose you've found the man with the light eyes. . . ." Then some one came up, and in another moment he was again submerged.

But his words lingered. Keightly had for the moment completely forgotten all about the young man who had met him in the passage of the Fin de Siècle Theatre, and told him they were calling out "Murder." A horrid doubt came over him, black dark went that dazzling threshold again, and for the moment he wished he had never looked at crime except in the columns of the papers, that if he wanted subjects he had invented them.

"Curse it, I haven't got to the bottom of it yet." Now the difficulties and discrepancies that had not occurred to him before came obtrusively about him. Keightly believed in his instinct, and his instinct had told him unerringly that the young fellow with the light terrified eyes and the stammering tongue, the breathlessness of terror had fired the shot.

And when he came as far as this . . . when he came as far as to admit that although he had met Stanley Dacre staring at the windows of Inez's flat it was not sufficient proof that he had murdered Harry Maingaye in order to enjoy her company, he found himself quite suddenly, and without any preparation, gazing again into those very eyes with which he had told the Court at the Coroner's inquest he was familiar: those light eyes. . . .

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"My God!" He brushed his own and looked again. There was no doubt, no doubt at all. From the wall in front they gazed into his, and he stared back. The painting was by the hand of a master, a child's face, pale and fair, a full length figure holding itself upright; eyes of the palest blue. . . . The catalogue told him the rest:

ROGER McPHAIL.
"*No. 7. The Young Count.*"

The painting was in the artist's earlier manner; a little thin and dry perhaps, but the pose superbly caught, the Goya-like perception of character compensating for anything the portrait lacked in richness of color or voluptuousness of decoration. A materialization of high lineage and young pride, the "Young Count" stood; erect and lonely, facing destiny.

"You know who it is?" Roger was beside him again. "Not so bad, I think. Come and see his mother; she is on the other wall. I wish I could have got Herods-foot to lend us his; in a way it is better, more devilry in it. But I think you'll like the brocaded dress . . . what's the matter?"

"McPhail!" Keightly Wilbur was pale, and Roger wondered at his emotion. "You see that picture?"

"I painted it at Porto Fino. I thought I told you before. It is the son of Louis de Brissac, of Inez B. Mott."

"It is the portrait of the young man I met in the passage the night Harry Maingaye was murdered," Keightly said solemnly.

"What passage?"

"You haven't forgotten?"

"You don't mean . . . my God!"

"I couldn't make a mistake."

"Her son!" They gazed at each other. "You . . . you are quite sure? Her son!" he repeated.

"He would be eighteen or nineteen now. . . ."

"Was he in England at the time? I never heard that he or Louis were in England. Wilbur . . . don't say, or think it . . . it's . . . it's impossible. Don't look like that, everyone will be staring at you. Pull yourself together. This is not what you came here to tell me. What did you come to tell me?"

Keightly answered dully, not moving nor coming away as Roger asked him.

"I came to tell you Stanley Dacre shot Harry Maingaye, that he was intriguing with Inez at the time. But it isn't true, of course it isn't true. . . ."

The magnetism of the picture drew him, he was still looking into the light, visionary eyes of a boy of high lineage, holding himself proudly, the son of Inez B. Mott.

"Stanley Dacre," repeated Roger in a bewildered manner.

"I was right about having seen him before, about the face being familiar."

"You saw it in the New Gallery four or five years ago." And then he added, for he too had imagination and saw to what the recognition was leading: "I wish to God I had never painted it."

All that afternoon Keightly sat in his study, trying to piece the puzzle, to find what place Stanley Dacre had in it, to decide what he must do. He knew now that when Inez had told him she was watched she had probably been speaking the truth. She said Stanley went in fear of his life. And now, he, Keightly, thought that fear also might have a sound foundation.

When he got as far as that in his survey of the situation it was already dusk. Every evening at dusk for the last few days he had gone to Warriner Gardens, watched the watcher. Then his curiosity drew him, or as Devenish would have said, his vanity. He wanted to prove his cleverness. But this afternoon, now, it was no longer curiosity. It was conscience, and impelling sense of duty. All at once it came over him that neither Inez nor Stanley Dacre knew who had killed Harry Maingaye, that each of them suspected the other, that only he, Keightly Wilbur, knew. But what he would do with the knowledge he did not know. For that denied and hidden heart of his was hot with comprehension of the boy who had Inez B. Mott for mother. That very day he had sat through luncheon with his own, she had entertained guests at the Ritz, distinguished guests, but herself the most distinguished amongst them. Her talk came back to him, brilliant, vivid, gracious. A mother of whom to be proud. This afternoon she had been in to him twice; understood he was worried but had not vexed him with questions; brought him his tea because she knew she was quieter than any butler; for he had often told her so, and disturbed him less, dropped a kiss on his black hair as she went out. He was her whole heart, the pivot of her life. And he knew it; appreciated what such love and care meant in a man's life, although he talked so lightly. But if, instead of such a mother, he had woke one day in early manhood to the knowledge that he was the son of one who was loose and almost public; flaunting her looseness in salacious novels . . . Keightly Wilbur projected himself into the mind of the boy whom he had pledged himself to hound down. . . .

To hound down, or to save from another crime?

What happened in the search for the murderer will be told next week.

The English Cut in Aurora

By FRED C. KELLY

THE city of Aurora, Ill., once had an introduction to English styles in wearing apparel, by courtesy of Mr. Ira Clifton Copley, who, notwithstanding the clothes he exhibited there, now represents the Aurora district in Congress.

Copley journeyed to foreign parts a few years ago and paused to pay his first visit to London. While there some English acquaintances got him all worked up over the money he could save by buying English clothes. They pointed out the great difference in the cost of clothing in England and America, due to the high tariff, and he saw vast economical possibilities. He figured that if he bought enough suits of clothes, and succeeded in getting them through the custom-house without having them confiscated, or nearly so, he could save enough to pay part of the expense of his trip abroad. So he went to the most famous tailor in London and had him make him about $1,150 worth of clothes. Even aside from the money he would thus save, Copley thought it would be a lot of fun to be a real sport and know that his clothes were put up by the world's best.

Well, about a month later, Copley picked out one of the milder patterns from his London-made wardrobe and ventured forth to show the Aurora folks the Very Latest.

You know yourself about the fit of an English suit of clothes. It has about as much fit as a sheet that the man does you up in at a Turkish bath place. Copley's suit ran according to form. He looked as if he had taken his own measure, then dictated it from memory, and sent it off to one of those correspondence school tailors, who had carefully fitted it to Copley's figure "from description." His friends laughed so heartily, not to say boisterously, at the outfit that Copley denied having bought it abroad and insisted that it was simply an $11 hand-me-down that he was wearing to pay off a bet on a baseball game.

When he got back to his home, Copley gave the suit to the man that looked after his furnace. The next day he picked out an even costlier one and made a present of it to his colored hostler. A week later he inquired of the hostler, why he never wore it.

"I wo' it once," the man said, "but the boys made so many remahks about it that I been savin' it."

It seemed to Copley that it was a shame to have clothes made by the world's greatest tailor being eaten up by moths, and whenever he gave one away after that he exacted a promise that the clothes would be worn. Many promised before they thought. Copley's chauffeur demurred, but gave in when Copley agreed to raise his salary. Thus by various schemes Copley succeeded in introducing London styles to Aurora, Ill.

Since then he has studied a lot about tariff matters, and has become more of a protectionist than ever. He says the greatest advantage of a high protective tariff would be to cut down to the minimum the danger of English clothes being brought to our shores.

One day another Congressman, who is a free trader, said to Copley: "Why, just think of the fine clothes you can buy in England and about 60 per cent. of the cost of——"

And the man does not know why Copley acted the way he did.

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PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD



KENWOOD,
Oneida, New York,
May 23, 1914.

THE HERFORD VERSIFACTURING CO.,
New York.

Dear Sir:

As your versifactory will soon be flooded with samples, I hasten to get mine in early. This is a free sample. You need not return the sample if not satisfactory, and as the inclosed envelope is unaddressed it may be used *ad libitum*.

Yours very truly,
D. B. LEONARD.

D. B. Leonard,
Oneida, New York.

The Herford Versifacturing Co.,
July 3, 1914.

Dear Sir (or Madam):

Yours of May 23rd received and contents noted.

Would say regarding jingle consignment—that shipment was delayed and arrived badly damaged through careless handling by Express Company. The contents were at once sent to our repair shop, when our Mr. Karl Schmidt, after careful examination, reported that there appeared to be two jingles contained in shipment, but so many parts were missing that when the remaining members were assembled there were only just enough for one jingle. On winding it up, however, we found the action jerky and accompanied by an unpleasant creaking, and a decided odor of gasoline.

This is the working plan of the jingle as returned from our shop:

The Gnu's Plight

A stylish young African Gnu
Once got in a terrible stew,
To settle the matter
He called on a hatter—
The Gnu knew that his hat was not new.



After a thorough test of the new model our mechanician, Mr. Karl Davis Robinson, who assembled the parts, reported that, in his opinion, the shipment contained only one jingle and that the peculiar action is due to flaws in the crank bearings of the original model.

After a consultation with our jingle experts, we decided to fit the jingle with new crank bearings.

The result was as per plan herewith submitted:

The Gnu and the Canoe

A daring young African Gnu
Once purchased a birch bark canoe,
When the old thing capsized
He was not surprised—
The Gnu knew the canoe was not new.

The second model, though working more smoothly than the first, was rejected by Mr. Schmidt on the ground, that the birch bark necessary for the action of the second line was too expensive to list the jingle at our catalogue rates. The model was accordingly returned to the repair shop, and after refitting with entirely new bearings and rotary gear was returned to us this morning. While the secondary peripheral oscillation is not absolutely gyratory we have decided to put it out in this shape:

He Gnu What He Was Talking About

When a cynic South African Gnu
Heard of Teddy's gnu River, "Pooh, Pooh!"
Cried he, "The Gnu's known
In the old world alone—
The Gnu gnu no Gnu in the gnu."

We hope that the Rooseveltian shock absorber will make it popular in one western territory.

Thanking you for the Gnu postage stamp inclosed with shipment, we are,

Respectfully yours,
THE HERFORD VSFG. CO.

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Villa's Good Angel

By ALLENE TUPPER WILKES



HE didn't look much like an angel nor yet like a fighting man when I saw him for the first time in the little town of Magdelena, Sonora. Slim, silent, tightly buttoned up in a cinnamon brown sweater, there was not a brass button or insignia on him. He had just come from France to volunteer as a common soldier in the army of the Constitutionalists, though he had held the rank of Brigadier General in the standing army of Mexico.

Felipe Angeles was graduated from the Military College at Chapultepec. When still a boy he became an instructor in the Academy and later its president. He is considered an authority on artillery tactics and has twice been sent by the Mexican government on military commissions to France.

Under Madero he went to the State of Moreles to put down an uprising led by Zapata, with the surprising result that the people who fought became his friends and looked to him for relief from the destitute state into which a previous military suppression had thrown them. He was called back to the City of Mexico by the revolt of Felix Diaz. In the capital he faced the problem of defending the city and his president while under the command of a superior officer who was no longer loyal. He escaped assassination because of his popularity with the army, but his protest at the killing of Madero caused him to be thrown into prison and afterwards sent out of the country.

This is the soldier who came last autumn to offer his services to Carranza. As military ability of so high an order was not going begging in Sonora, he was made "Subsecretario de Guerra y Jefe de Artilleria."

He had not yet begun to play the rôle of good angel, though there were many poor souls in Moreles who would have taken oath it was his real character. His success in this part became known to some of us on the safer side of the Rio Grande, when he was sent to help Villa in the siege of Torreon.

These two men, so widely different in type — Villa, the one time bandit, and Angeles, the military expert—became the closest of friends, drawn together by a common hatred. With Angeles it was hatred of the treachery done by the man in power at the City of Mexico, with Villa hatred of the injustice the class which this man represented had for years imposed on the whole country. To both, the hope of future prosperity in Mexico lay in the destruction of the old order. It was only in their methods that they differed, and just here did Felipe Angeles become Francisco Villa's good angel.

"I will never let him leave me", wrote Villa, and the natural leader became the pupil of the teacher.

"Angeles is the most powerful influence for good behind General Villa", writes an American from the border. Says another, "If you are looking for strong men on whom the future of Mexico may depend, keep your eye on General Felipe Angeles. He is not only enthused with the highest ideals of the Constitutionalists, but he has had superior educational and social advantages which fit him for equal association with the best men of any country."

Americans have reason to think well of him, for when our soldiers took possession of Vera Cruz the Federal officers at Saltillo, fellow students and pupils of his in the Military Academy at Chapultepec, wrote asking him to join the Federal Army in defending the honor of Mexico against the "specter of the North." General Angeles answered:

"Your telegram says that we are on the eve of a race war. This is false. We are, however, in great danger of being drawn into a terrible war which is being deliberately provoked by Huerta in order that he may stop the great triumph which will soon be ours—we of the Democratic party of Mexico. If you are patriots, you could with but two words bring peace to Mexico. You could say to Huerta, 'Stop here.'" He continues that he does not expect they will utter these words, and he trusts to the greatness of President Wilson, the good sense of the American people, and the patriotism of the directors of the Democratic party of Mexico, to bring peace to his unhappy country.

Just how hard it must have been for him to take this stand against his former classmates and pupils, I realize when I think of the last talk I had with him before leaving Mexico. It was carried on in a remarkable mixture of Spanish, French and English, for my knowledge of any one of the languages seemed to be in adverse ratio to his.

We were trying out a new touring car that had just come down from Nogales. Captain Salinas Carranza, the aviator who was wounded a few days ago at Mazatlan, drove very fast, and as it had rained the day before the roads were fearful. We rushed through puddles and streams without slowing up at all, and General Angeles proposed that the car be christened "Anadja" because it swam so well. We hear a great deal about the reckless horseback riding in the southwest. They drive their cars the same way, going at full speed over any and every obstruction. A gallop across country is nothing to the wild exhilaration of dashing across the desert or up and down hill in a big car, once you have gotten used to the bumps.

General Angeles, who is small, bounded about at a great rate but seemed to enjoy it. Conversation under the circumstances was impossible, but we finally got Captain Salinas to slow up, and then General Angeles thawed out enough to talk about himself, a thing I had never heard him do before. I knew it must be distressing to him to go over the events of this last year, so I have not questioned him. Now he told of the fight in Mexico City, and of his trying to get to the palace in a machine with soldiers shooting at him from the windows and behind buildings. He finally climbed into a milk cart, but the bullets came so fast that milk was soon streaming from the bullet holes made in the milk cans, so he got out and walked.

He spoke very seriously of the problems confronting the Constitutionalists, and was not half so certain of the final outcome as many of the other officers. Somehow, for that very reason, he seemed more impressive, as a man who had given his mind and body to a cause whatever was to be the outcome.

He told me of his wife and family left behind in Paris, then of the boys at Chapultepec, the Military Academy that corresponds to our West Point. In Mexico the age of entrance is younger than is ours. Many of the students are children of fourteen and fifteen years; yet they are brave soldiers, as the world has known since their tragic defense of Chapultepec in '47.

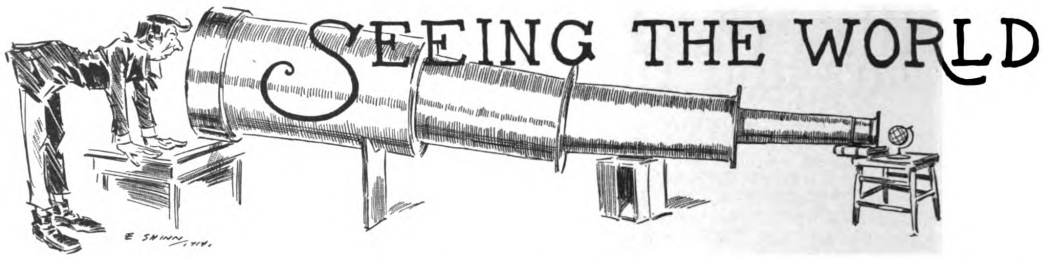
We came back to Magdelena in the late afternoon, running slowly. There was a crimson glow over everything. General Angeles asked me why it was that anything so beautiful should make us grave instead of happy; then Captain Salinas told him of the death of one of their young officers at Guimas.

"That is sad, yes", answered General Angeles, "but to me there are some things more terrifying than death. If we live to reach the City of Mexico, I may find myself drawn up in battle against my former pupils. Of that I cannot bear to think."

Perhaps this is an explanation of why I found Felipe Angeles the saddest of all the Constitutional Jefes, though there are many things in Mexico just now to make an angel weep.

Will the Democrats maintain their control of the House of Representatives in 1915? McGregor will make his prediction in a special article next week.

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Melon-colic Days Ahead

We learn that W. A. Gregory, who has been taking a correspondence course in law, has almost got it completed. We hope W. A. has learned his lessons well, for we believe Feenyville will need a good lawyer very soon, for watermelon time will soon be here.
—The Feenyville Cor. Lincoln Co. (Ark.) *Ledger.*

Why Some Men Succeed

Derwood Jones, the good-looking counter jumper at J. J. Cargile's store, visited his best piece of calico in the Scotland neighborhood last Sunday.—Junction City (Ark.) *Press.*

Why Some Men Fail

Undertaker in San Antonio saves three men from drowning. Some people couldn't make a success of any business, it would seem.
—Bridgeport (Ct.) *Standard.*

This Horseshoe Was Unlucky

Jerry Cover is wearing a fashionable gash over his left eye which was placed there when he came within range of the hind hoof of a horse Sunday.
—The Rockyford (Col.) *Gazette Times.*

Pianist or Pianola?

There are nine in the Cathedral choir—four ladies and four gentlemen and a pianist.
—Redpath *Chautauqua Program.*

Sounds Plausible

The dry weather is causing a scarcity of water.
—Mt. Sterling (Ill.) *Democrat.*

Strenuous Courtship

Norman Tucker and Jesse Hall carried their best girls to Caledonia last Sunday.
—Pilgrim Rest Cor. The Junction City (Ark.) *Press.*

Heartburn?

Fire of an unknown origin totally destroyed the contents of Clarence K. Krauss one night last week.
—The Elton (Maryland) *Democrat.*

How Old Was She Before the Fall?

A brick falling from the Hartford Building struck Miss Dorothy Kelly on the shoulder and knocked her unconscious on the sidewalk. When she was revived she was 17 years old and lived at 1914 North Kedzie avenue.
—Chicago (Ill.) *Examiner.*

High Finance

Arrangements are being made to release Frank LeMaitre, convicted of deserting a minor child, on a $300 bond, he having succeeded in getting the father of one of his sons to sign a bond with him.
—The Jackson (Mich.) *Patriot.*

That Itching



—Sandusky *Register*

The Iuka Three-Step

The people of this community are waking up. Each day sees them take a step forward, a step in advance, a step into the future.
—Iuka (Kans.) *Index.*

Paid in His Own Coin

We sent out statements last week to all who were in arrears, on the bottom of which was printed, "It takes a whole lot of money to publish a paper like we are trying to give you, and must ask that subscriptions be paid." A man who owes us subscription since January 1, wrote the following on the statement, "Mr. Wood it takes Som little to run a farm like i am trying to run and i must ask you to stop my Subscription the first of June."
—Mt. Crory (Ark.) *Enterprise.*

Seat of the Mighty

Those who owe back subscription should not laugh because the seat is missing from the editor's pants. Remember that—and the day of judgment.
—Sharp Co. (Ark.) *Record.*

Getting What You Want

You prayed for this weather last winter, didn't you? Then stop kicking when the good Lord answers the prayer. If the thermometer remains around the 100 mark long we'll get used to it.
—Winchester (Ky.) *Democrat.*

A Wicked Man

Herbert Bowens and Miss Zadie Kirkpatrick failed to take their buggy ride as planned. Dad Coley wouldn't loan them his buggy.
—The Needmore Cor. of the Dardanelle (Ark.) *Democrat.*

He Didn't Like the Sermon

One of Isaac Hellwanger's dogs followed him to preaching at the Dog Hill Church last Sunday and went inside but got up and walked out before the sermon was half over.
—Cottonwood Cor. Ridgeway (Ill.) *News.*

Standing In with the Divorce Courts

Mrs. Wilfred Chase has gone into partnership with her husband as a house wrecker.—Sioux City (Iowa) *Tribune.*

The Narrow Path

With an ice cream emporium on each side on Main street, there is nothing left for the young man with a girl, except to keep in the middle of the road. One of the local ministers is to preach a sermon on that subject next Sunday.
—Salmon (Idaho) *Herald.*

A Confession

The editor has been rushed with outside business this week, and unable to devote much attention to the paper.
—The Gibson (Okla.) *New Era.*

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Oars and the Men

By HERBERT REED

YALE'S victory in the annual boat race at New London, and Pennsylvania's splendid showing at Poughkeepsie, do not necessarily mean that English rowing methods applied to American oarsmen are better than strictly American methods. Neither Yale nor Pennsylvania looked like a typical Oxford or Cambridge crew. The fact that both Guy and Vivian Nickalls clung to the old fashioned thole pins led many to believe that they were teaching typical English university rowing. Neither of these excellent coaches is so narrow minded. Nearly every coach who teaches sweep rowing has learned something from the English, whether or no he admits it; and both the English coaches were *adapting* the stroke, the foundation principles of which they had always believed in, to American oarsmen and American conditions. I am not convinced that the thole pins are better than the swivels, but it must be plainly apparent that they are not quite so bad as many would have us believe. A strong argument for the swivel is that the oar being merely a lever, it should have a fulcrum in which there is as little play as possible, for oarsmen lacking the experience of the Englishmen who come out for the university eights are apt to catch crabs when the oar is not in the steady grip of the swivel. For the thole pins it may be said, that the man who masters rowing with them must be well in command of his sweep. At Poughkeepsie, oddly enough, all the crab-catching that resulted in the three false starts was done by men in the swivel-rigged boats. Whatever the merits of the two rigs—and I still think the swivel is the better for our less experienced oarsmen—it is not a matter worth the acrimonious discussion that arose among many of the experts at Poughkeepsie.

When Personality Counts

IT should not be forgotten that the personality of the coach, his ability to select, teach and handle men, has a vast amount to do with successful racing. Ellis Ward, who preceded Vivian Nickalls at Pennsylvania, turned out some great eights when he was at the height of his career, and by a method vastly different from the Englishman's. Toward the close of his coaching career he did not have the same personal grip on his men, and there were so many clashes over him and his work among the influential graduates that he was thoroughly discouraged. Nickalls came at just the right moment. His strict discipline is tempered by a keen sense of humor, and he achieved almost instant popularity. His path was smoother than that of his brother at Yale, but it was at all times apparent to those who knew anything about Guy Nickalls that he was not at New Haven to "assist" in the coaching, but to coach the 'Varsity eight. There were ructions, as of course was inevitable under the strange system that the Elis sought to put in effect—a compromise between the warring factions—but in the end Nickalls was master. These two brothers are as different from the Kirby-Gold combination, which made such a sorry showing here, as day from night. It will be extremely interesting to watch more of their work another year. One of the best evidences of the personal influence of Vivian is his ability to stir up enthusiasm for rowing, so much so that the Quakers entered the Independence Day regatta on the Schuylkill when most other university eights had disbanded.

A Word for a School Coach

WHILE on the subject of rowing coaches there is something to be said for Hugh Troy, an old Cornellian and now coach of the crews of the Cascadilla School at Ithaca. Cornell's remarkable Freshman eight this year was largely the product of Troy's coaching. Six members of his school crew were in the boat. As a rule Courtney prefers men who have never rowed and therefore have nothing to unlearn, but apparently he makes an exception of Troy's pupils, which is the highest form of compliment that could be paid to any coach. Should Troy take up college coaching in the years to come, I think he will prove a formidable factor in the sport. He rowed in the Cornell Poughkeepsie crew nineteen years ago, if recollection serves — the year the Ithacans sent an eight to the Henley regatta. Frederick D. Colson is another Cornellian who coached for a time, but in recent years his other work has interfered. When he coached Harvard he was unsuccessful because of conditions over which he had no control, and which happily no longer exist at Cambridge.

The Camera as a Judge

ONE unfortunate feature of the college rowing season was the claim made that the moving pictures showed that Harvard and not Yale had won the race at New London. I have seen these pictures and they show nothing of the sort. They bear internal evidence of not having been taken from a point directly opposite the finish line. There is no more to be said save that even under the best of conditions the camera is not an infallible judge.

Columbia's Future Rowing

NOW a word about Columbia and James C. Rice, one of the best rowing coaches the sport has ever seen. The big university at Morningside Heights boasts of a splendid boating record, even though failing to win for eighteen years on the Hudson. It has a well-equipped permanent plant just above Poughkeepsie, and excellent boating facilities at home. Yet it turns over to a master-teacher like Rice the smallest squad of any of the rowing colleges. It is true that the courses at Columbia are difficult and require a deal of work; it is true that it is located in a big city, with all that means in the way of distractions, with all its drawbacks on the real college spirit. In the face of obstacles that would have disheartened any man, Rice has brought Columbia to "the head of the river." What is Columbia going to do about it? Are its undergraduates planning in future to make the necessary sacrifices that go with crew work, and are they going to come out in such numbers that the coach can sift his material? It is all well enough to celebrate a glorious victory, but the celebrants at the same time should harbor

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a grim determination to keep Columbia rowing on the same high plane. They owe it to the oarsmen who have gone before and to the eight that won this year—to Rice, and to the best traditions of Columbia. The rowing atmosphere must be kept as thick as a London fog, and nobody can do it but the undergraduates themselves. Rice will take care of the rest of it.

Two Fine Stroke Oars

STROKE oars are both born and made. MacCarthy, who drove Columbia to victory, is a rare combination of the two. He was born with the temperament, and the coach taught him the rest. He had good men behind him, but he was none the less the dominant character in that winning crew when the real test came. MacCarthy of Columbia and Appleton of Yale—these are the two outstanding college oarsmen of the year. They will rank with Briggs and Bowen, with Weed and Distler of Cornell, with Higginson and Cutler of Harvard, with John Gardiner of Pennsylvania, with Thurston of Syracuse, with Ingram of Annapolis, and with Leroy Whitney of Yale, to mention only a few. MacCarthy had much of the fire of the remarkable D. C. R. Stuart of Cambridge.

Braun Joins N. Y. A. C.

THE New York Athletic Club has gathered in a star hurdler from the college ranks who ought to pair up well with J. I. Wendel., the former Wesleyan expert. He is Braun of Dartmouth, who won the intercollegiate title this year in splendid style. Lagay, another Dartmouth athlete whose specialty is the quarter mile, will also wear the winged foot in the A. A. U. championships at Baltimore.

Henley's Fascinating History

AMERICA'S representation in the Henley regatta this year ought to revive interest in this country in one of the oldest and best events in the history of amateur sport. The Diamond Sculls, the great event for singles, has been rowed annually since 1844; the Grand Challenge Cup for eights is even older, and the Silver Goblets for pairs, the Wyfold Challenge Cup for fours, the Visitors' Challenge Cup for fours, the Stewards' Challenge Cup for fours, the Thomas Challenge Cup for eights, and the Ladies' Challenge Plate for eights, were established respectively in 1843, 1855, 1847, 1842, 1868, and 1845. The Henley Royal Regatta, to give it its full title, was first held in 1839. The only events that year were the Grand Challenge Cup for eights and the Town Cup for fours. For a time the regatta attracted only university oarsmen, but the clubs soon took to the course, and there was a big surprise in 1856 when the Chester crew, rowing in the first keelless shell of which there is any record, swept the river. Just when the famous Leander Club was organized, even the best informed English authorities do not seem to know, but it was probably in either 1818 or 1819. Oxford was rowing in 1815, and perhaps earlier, while Cambridge is known to have been on the water in 1826. Eight-oared rowing, however, was first introduced by Eton in 1811. The record for the course in the "Grand" is held jointly by Leander and New College, Oxford. Leander started its winning career in 1875, but it was five years before the club again triumphed. Eleven years later, the club made the record for the course of 6 minutes 51 seconds. Both Vivian and Guy Nickalls rowed in that crew. After this the club had a run of twelve victories. Cornell, Yale and Pennsylvania have been beaten at Henley, and in recent years the Belgians scored three victories, losing to Leander, however, at the Olympic regatta, and before that to Jesus College at Ghent. Last season Australia won the "Grand", but was beaten by Leander at Stockholm. It is pretty nearly time that America figured more prominently in this famous regatta.

The Lively Ten Eyck

JAMES A. TEN EYCK, who has brought Syracuse up into the front rank when he has had the material, is apparently a much more active figure than almost any of the other coaches. There seems to be what the collegian and the baseball player call more "pep" in his work. He has a lively crowd to handle as a rule, and his hobby is blade work—watermanship of the highest class. Probably his style of eight-oared rowing has deviated less from the methods of the single sculler than that of any other instructor of sweep racing, but he has made it count in the face of some pretty rabid criticism from time to time. Ten Eyck's is a forceful personality, and is reflected on the day of days by the attitude of his men.

Mike Thompson, Humorist

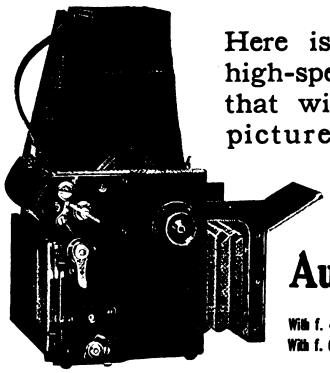
WHO does not know Mike Thompson, has missed something in sport. There is no man in athletics who has extracted more fun from his work, whether as coach, trainer, or official. Mike has betaken himself to Emmitsburg, Md., but writes that he has reconsidered his determination to give up college and athletic work. You couldn't pry Mike away from sport with a jimmy, which fact he seems now to have discovered for himself. The outsider is often prone to the view that football coaches are large persons with square jaws, thick necks, and no great amount of brow. The description fits with the exception of the brow, and, in a word, the football man is much like other people save for being huskier and healthier. Thompson is a lover of good music and has a passion for mathematics, at which he has professored from time to time. Football and mathematics have a bowing acquaintance, much to the contrary notwithstanding.

Poor College Baseball

COLLEGE baseball has not been much to brag about this year, to the disgust of old timers like Dutch Carter and Jack Highlands, who have stoutly maintained for some time that it was very much on the down grade. More pitchers seem to have "blown up" this season than in many a long day, and the only bright spot seems to have been an improvement in batting.

Yale's Football Theory

AN experienced football player of the first class who turned out for the Yale team last fall was told by certain of the coaches that "no Yale man ever leaves his feet." Perhaps this is one of the reasons for the Blue's recent failures on the gridiron. The same theory apparently is not in existence at Harvard, for the Crimson interference has made a study of the fine art of sideswiping. Perhaps it would be well if more Yale men did leave their feet.



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Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Sound Properties. 1—The Atchison

ALTHOUGH there are plenty of "timely" subjects, such as the Claflin failure, business conditions and the Rock Island reorganization, which might be discussed this week, I have decided to briefly describe a railroad system, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, which does not happen to be in the limelight in any sense. Possibly that very fact would appeal to not a few persons. Thus far in the current overhauling of great corporations the Atchison has escaped unpleasant scrutiny, in itself almost a patent of investment nobility.

But there is another reason for describing the Atchison, as it is known in Wall Street, or the Santa Fe, as it is called in the West. In this department of the issue of May 30, the alarming tendency of many railroads to borrow beyond their means was duly emphasized. It was then stated that articles would appear from time to time describing properties whose equities, as represented by stock outstanding, bore some fair and safe relation to the bonded debt. Alphabetically at least the Atchison comes first in any such grouping, and for other reasons it certainly does not come last.

The Atchison was incorporated in Kansas in 1863 and its fortunes have been largely tied up with that state. A vast network of its lines gridirons Kansas, but the system, comprising 10,771 miles of road, extends from Chicago, via Kansas City, Mo., and Albuquerque, N. M., to the Pacific Coast, and to Galveston on the Gulf of Mexico. It is commonly supposed that the Atchison mainly hauls corn, which is quite untrue. Its great strength depends on four factors, conservative financial structure, growth of population in its territory, diversity of traffic and good management. Of course the present relative prosperity of the West as compared with the East has something to do with it.

IN times past Atchison's traffic has been largely grain and minerals. These still constitute a big element, especially products of mines, but there has been an enormous growth in manufactured products, fruits, and vegetables. The citrus fruit industry of California has developed into an important asset for the Atchison. At the same time a big corn crop means much to the company because it means prosperity to Kansas and consequently larger purchasing power and increased tonnage of other commodities. It is too early to predict what the corn crop will be, but Kansas evidently is to have a phenomenal wheat harvest, in all respects a record. One authority estimates an increase in gross receipts next year of nearly $4,000,000 on the indicated wheat crop alone.

It is well understood that the Atchison serves a growing country, sure to be prosperous as the years go on, with perhaps the exception of Colorado where the mines are giving out. But nature can do nothing for a corporation which man despoils. Not a few of Atchison's early chapters were ugly, but its lessons fortunately seem to have been learned many years ago and since 1895 it has surely and steadily taken on material substance and financial soundness and credit.

The Atchison was reorganized twice, in 1889 and in 1893-5. It failed the first time because of mad competition with the Rock Island and Missouri Pacific to cover uninhabited deserts with tracks. Just before the panic of 1893 income bonds were unwisely changed into second mortgage bonds, and when the crash came, an accountant, Stephen Little, made himself famous by discovering the worst railroad irregularities of the day, for example, the crediting to assets of $4,000,000 given to shippers as rebates. But the reorganizing was wisely done and bond issues were greatly simplified. Through both reorganizations the general mortgage bonds, now one of the world's best known securities, remained practically unscathed.

THE present soundness of the property, however, is due more to good fortune and able management since 1896 than to conditions then existing. If quoted interviews with him are accurate, President Ripley holds medieval views on public questions, but in a private capacity he has ploughed in earnings and borrowed money in a way calculated to constantly strengthen his company. The real secret has been the policy of financing by convertible bond issues. From 1905 to 1910 four issues were sold amounting to about $148,000,000. This year only about $5,000,000 bonds have been exchanged for stock as compared with $20,707,000 in the year ending June 30, 1913. But the desired goal already has been attained and only about $42,000,000 of these bonds are now out.

Since 1896 the company has spent $217,000,000 of "new" money for extensions and improvements. So much of this was obtained by the sale of con-

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The Joke—He Never Thought of B.V.D.

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vertible bonds, now largely changed over into stock, that fixed obligations and stock are now about equal, the railroad having emerged from an era of enormous expenditures with only its contingent charges largely increased. There is roughly $315,000,000 of bonds and $310,000,000 of stock, a ratio which spells Gibraltar-like strength for the bonds. Moreover the company has been able to carry on its business without issuing a whole mess of equipment bonds, which are usually safe enough themselves, but simply a drag upon other securities.

In the West the Atchison is not unlike the Pennsylvania in the East. Dame Rumor has often attributed to Pennsylvania a desire to take over Atchison, but there seems little basis for the idea. There are two directors in common, Henry C. Frick and T. De Witt Cuyler, Mr. Frick being no doubt the largest individual owner in both companies. But even if the Pennsylvania had any transcontinental ambitions it could hardly acquire the Atchison with its present large ownership in Southern Pacific, a competing road. Atchison stock is widely scattered. In 1913 there were 36,341 shareholders, with average holdings of 83.9 shares. In 1906 there were only 13,143 shareholders. In 1913, 15,046 women owned stock.

Atchison and Southern Pacific have naturally fought each other more or less, and some ten years ago E. H. Harriman and his associated high financiers, H. H. Rogers, Henry C. Frick, James Stillman, William Rockefeller and Jacob H. Schiff, bought $40,000,000 of Atchison stock as a club to discipline the Atchison management. But the old disputes were long ago settled, Harriman and Rogers are dead, Frick is out of Union and Southern Pacific, and Frick, Rockefeller and Stillman are all more or less "retired." The Union Pacific no longer holds its $10,000,000 of Atchison preferred, and there is a scattering of ownership and independence of management and freedom from financial control about the company which is much like that of the Pennsylvania.

THE Dutch and English have long been large owners of both stocks and bonds. The Equitable Life Assurance Society has, or had until recently, 10,000 shares of the preferred stock. Nearly all the larger fire insurance companies have good sized blocks of both common and preferred, and nearly all the large life insurance companies own large blocks of bonds, especially the general mortgage 4s. The New York, Equitable and Mutual companies alone have more than $25,000,000 of bonds ($12,000,000 of them general 4s). The late D. O. Mills owned 6,310 shares of common stock.

The general mortgage bonds, or their equivalent, have gone through two reorganizations and many panics without harm. For all practical purposes they are a first mortgage on 8,559 miles of road, are issued in $500 as well as $1000 denominations, and are free from the Federal Income Tax to the individual owner. They are actively dealt in on the Stock Exchange and run for eighty years more. There are $150,000,000 of these bonds out, and only about $12,000,000 more can be issued under the mortgage. At current prices they yield 4.20 per cent. on the investment, and of course are everywhere legal investments for savings banks and trust funds. The adjustment 4s are likewise obtainable in $500 pieces, are free from Federal Income Tax, and yield 4.60 per cent. on the purchase. They are the reorganized second mortgage bonds of the second Atchison, and the income bond of the original concern. But today they are safer than the first mortgage bonds of most corporations. In 1895 the surplus above all fixed charges was $1,452,446, in 1913 the surplus above taxes and all fixed charges was more than $37,000,000.

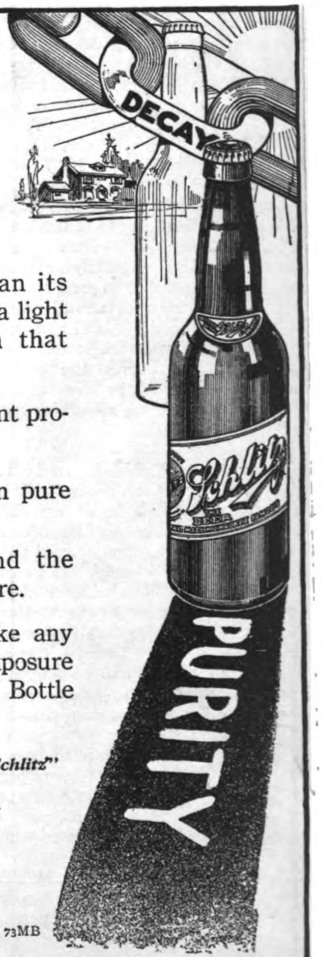
All the other bond issues, including the rapidly disappearing convertibles, and the preferred stock, are safe enough for all practical purposes. In 1913 nearly $16,000,000 remained after paying $5,708,690, or 5 per cent. dividends upon the $114,173,730 of preferred stock. At this writing the preferred sells at 101¾, which means a net return of 4.91 per cent. The stock has never sold above 106⅛ and has sold as low as 96 in the years since 1907, but its obvious advantage over bonds is its freedom from local taxes in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey and some other states.

AT present the common stock sells at 98, which yields 6.12 per cent. On the surface the company does not seem able to conservatively pay this 6 per cent. on its $195,827,000 of common stock. But the financing of past years was done on such favorable terms that a higher rate is possible than would otherwise be the case. This year the stock has sold as low as 90¼ and no higher than 100⅜. In 1913, 1912, 1911 and 1910 respectively the high prices were 106⅜, 111¾, 116⅝ and 124½, whereas the low prices were 90¼, 103½, 99⅞ and 90¾. It is clear from these figures that Atchison is well thought of. There may not be an enormous equity in the stock, but the comparative steadiness of its price shows confidence in the property. For one thing the road has been well maintained, and possibly there are equities in timber and oil lands not generally realized.

Earnings for 1913-1914 will be several millions behind those of the year before, but good crops this summer will bring an increase next year. The stock may not sell up around 125 again, but it might have sold still higher in the past except for the weight of convertible bonds constantly enlarging the volume of stock. That factor, however, is now being felt less and less. But it is not primarily the stock of Atchison which is most attractive. For reasons which have been explained the company's bonds are splendidly safe, especially in view of their great buffer of stock, and are among the best of obtainable investments.

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